

# *Inkshed*

Newsletter of the Canadian Association  
for the Study of Language and Learning  
Volume 17, Number 1, Spring 1999

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**It is also accessible through the Inkshed Web site at**

**<<http://www.stthomasu.ca/inkshed>>**

# *about Inkshed . . .*

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This newsletter provides a forum for its subscribers to explore relationships among research, theory, and practice in language acquisition and language use, particularly in a Canadian context. Subscribers are invited to submit informative pieces such as notices, reports, and reviews of articles, journals, books, textbooks, conferences, and workshops, as well as polemical discussions of events, issues, problems, and questions of concern to teachers, students, scholars and researchers interested in reading and writing theory and practice.

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## **Editorial: Language, Learning and *Déjà Vu* all over again?**

by Mary Kooy

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O, frabjous day! We've done it again! *Inkshed Newsletter*, starting Volume 17, follows the third and fourth issues of Volume 16 last December. The present issue contains a series of items related to topics discussed online and in upcoming conferences, and it uses writing by students as well as teachers. It includes the expected components: renewal forms, Inkshed conference program and registration and the minutes of the last meeting and (once again), articles based on edited online discussions. One student piece on the nature of academic writing is followed by reflections on the nature of the "Canadian way" of teaching reading and writing in the academy.

The feature article includes a set of writings produced students in my English Methods class at OISE/UT. Beginning with inksheds about their literacy experiences, the students produced numerous forms and narrative styles of their journeys. I felt that understanding how we have been constructed as readers and writers would help them frame and implement thoughtful literacy practices in schools. The results surprised me—in range, depth and variety. The students wrote letters, created "memory boxes" and scrapbooks, told stories, collected early writings and recalled favourite books. We hope you enjoy reading these and the remaining features in making sense of our membership in language communities.

As Russ Hunt made abundantly clear in his editorial in the Autumn/Winter 1998 newsletter (16:3-4), "to be or not to be" remains a question. Once again we raise the question: whether to maintain the newsletter in its current print form, restrict it to virtual form, or compromise by providing hard copy for those who wish and posting it on the Web for those who prefer virtual texts. As for content, Sandra Dueck (in a recent CASLL-L discussion) agrees with Rick Coe that edited versions of online discussion would resolve the problems of "chasing people for copy" and serve as a summary/reminder or call for further discussions among CASLL members. Anthony Paré adds the suggestion of collecting papers and summaries at Inkshed and CCCC conferences, though he acknowledges that as editor he has resorted to threats to get the material in hand. Even that, he writes, doesn't always settle the problem ("Let me tell you, Inkshedders aren't easily threatened"). Other members who served as editors along the way confirm the labour-intensive nature of collecting and ordering the writing. The time seems right to decide—at least for the next few years—on the nature of the newsletter and the content that will shape it. Calls for such action have occurred in the past, only to be briefly entertained and soon forgotten. Perhaps at the Inkshed XVI conference in Montreal we can agree on a framework for the newsletter that will satisfy CASLL members.

Regardless of the newsletter's form, the question remains of who assumes responsibility for editorship. Rhonda Schuller suggests classes of composition students taking on the newsletter as projects, and recommends moving among classes with each semester's change. The logistics remains a problem: how will we know where to move when one class completes an issue? Do we generate a list of composition classes prepared to be involved and set up a two-year schedule? For now, Jo-Anne André and Barbara Schneider of University of Calgary have agreed to take on a couple of issues beginning in September 1999. In the meantime, Margaret Procter and I will continue the editorship through a post-conference issue this spring. Thanks to Principal Paul Perron of University College, University of Toronto, for arranging subsidy of production costs.

## Literacy Autobiographies of Education Students

edited by Mary Kooy

A surprising Mother's Day gift arrived at my door in May, 1998: my daughter sent me her literacy autobiography—an assignment she had completed for an education course at Michigan State University. Reading it moved me, surprised me and ultimately prompted me to include the assignment in my English Methods class at OISE/UT.

In part, the assignment read:

As English teachers, you will inevitably be asking your students to read and write—a lot. Indeed, language is the primary concern of English Educators. Your own experiences with and understanding of reading and writing prepare you for teaching. How? Why? Our deliberate and conscious understanding of literacy grounds our practices—if we expose them. Knowing how we became readers and writers, thinking about the role of literacy practices in our lives and how we identify and construct ourselves as readers and writers, gives meaning to our teaching practices and provides a context for literacy teaching and learning. As we share our Literacy Autobiographies in class, we see the variety and range of experiences and understandings existing among even experienced readers and writers; some have been lifelong readers and writers while others didn't finish any novel assigned in high school. This prepares the way for recognizing and acting upon the variety and ranges that no doubt will exist among your students. It may prompt you to invite students to chart their journeys and name their literacies as a way of building authentic and constructive language communities.

Grounding practice beginning with the self has seemed logical to me for some time. To get students thinking about their reading and writing practices, their constructed reading and writing selves, I devised questionnaires, prefaced writing and literature study with expectations and understandings and reminded students of the necessity of deconstructing their understandings as a framework for classroom literacy practices. This literacy autobiography seems to pull it together. Students deliberately reflect on their constructed identities as readers and writers and can develop a sensibility about literacy practices by understanding the personal place and value reading and writing. Who are we as readers and writers and how did we become this way is the focus of the literacy autobiography.

The excerpts below relate reading and writing experiences that shaped the literacy lives of my students. They vary widely in content and presentation. Above all, they generate a piece of the landscape populated by readers and writers who encounter and create texts in and for their lives.

### The History of Reading

Aaron Bieman

#### The Golden Age: 1972 - 1976

Huddled beneath the winter blankets where the oxygen supply becomes stale and often suffocating, he lay. It is always difficult to arrange the densely patterned spread in such a way as to provide the maximum cocoonal space. There are a few ideal positions but none that provide a lot of comfort for defying the house rules long-term. Of course, one had to take into account that the external illusion created was of a sweet child engaged in deep slumber, so there was no way the body could be raised that much. No, as usual, the body was relegated to a slightly semi-prone elbow-propped manipulation where a hand prevented the book from its inherent nature of closing all the time (he always wondered why they made bindings that would not keep a book open . . . it never did make any sense) and the mouth was used to hold and aim the weighty flashlight. It was quite a sophisticated skill.

The allure of the book and one's place in it were the only factors that dictated the length of time the position was held. *The Beano* or *Dandy*, two English comic books, had an average durability time of fourteen minutes and twenty-three seconds. The final pages of an Enid Blyton mystery novel held the record of nineteen minutes and seven seconds, which surprises some people who think a good sports magazine would top the list. Nancy Drew/Hardy Boy novels always came in last, tied with Pippi Longstocking.

Where have those days gone? Where the innocence and eagerness of reading that captured the imagination of youth? Time blurs the memory and all that remains are fond recollections and sensations of the golden reading years. The elders, on occasion, speak about those days but question the reliability and authenticity of retold stories from so long ago. There remains, however, the distorted image of a time when

books were read to explore far away worlds and fall trustingly into the imagination of settings and characters.

### **The Dark Ages of Reading: 1976 - 1983**

Like all historical documents limited in scope and insufficient in providing what is often felt as important information for particular time spans, the literacy autobiography of the great Aaron Bieman resembles the knit sweaters his mother gave him for Christmas: uneven, lopsided, worn and sparse in some areas, voids in others—great for any spring day.

The final stages of what is know as the Golden Age of Reading constituted an attempted transitions from early childhood reading to young adult material. Oral tradition demonstrates a time when stories were used as bedtime stories. The father resided on what is now referred to as the Immortal chair and theatrically vocalize the words from a collection of Hitchcock stories. Every night at the same hour, two sons would lie in their bunks and await the next installment. Every night the anticipation of what would happen next grew. As the story entered its climactic phase, however, the father began to utter excuses to avoid continuing the readings. The first night this occurred was met with disappointment but eventual understanding. The second night created more disappointment and a little anxiety. On the third night, the anxiety developed to a fever pitch and by the fourth night, it became unbearable. The two sons were living a cruel Edgar Allan Poe story. The yearning desire to know the ending of the story read to them over the weeks began to take its toll. A decision had to be made—they would read the rest of the story themselves!

The father's plan was simply ingenuous but there was one flaw: there was only one book! And, so, Aaron listened to his brother conclude the story over the next few nights and observed him embarking on a reading frenzy for several years afterwards. Aaron, on the other hand, found himself entering The Dark Ages: 1976-1983.

Little information exists about the Dark Ages of Reading—only the records from educational institutions and the corresponding curriculum. It is known that some reading did occur (a stack of abused Cole's notes books linger in the dusty cardboard boxes of his basement awaiting a yard sale) but no evidence of any long-term effects remains. Even interviews based on primary sources do not reveal relevant information about those lost years. Anything read was done to fulfill the demands of tyrannical leaders. Sadly, no recollection of a literary work that captured the interest of his youth exists. Why? One can only speculate. In the school, literature was dry and presented dryly. Literature courses were tedious and overwhelmingly boring. In retrospect, classics such as *Macbeth*, *The Old Man and the Sea*, *Lord of the Flies*, and *To Kill a Mockingbird* were left unexplored (though, ironically, many fine essays were written on them), rendered useless and discarded. Only in the year of Orwell (ironically) did a renaissance occur.

## The World of Words

Tracey S. Kooy

Reading has always come very naturally for me; at a young age I developed a need for reading that is still with me. In reflecting about how that came to be, I begin with my earliest memories of books. It is in the first home that my father built when I was four that I first remember my mother's den. I figured out at a very young age that I was different from my grade one classmates. I realized that my mother was the one in our family with an office. Everyone else's dad had a "no entry"/"this is not a play zone" office, but in our house my mom had an office and it was a "welcome—go ahead and pick whatever book you like" office. It was filled with books! My dad built a wall of shelves for those books, and they were swiftly filled and sagging with their load.

Rather than my life revolving around the television as a young child, it revolved around a "seventies brown" fireplace. Every night there would be some type of family gathering there. I found a tape last year of my brother reading a book called *You Never Let Me do Anything*. It is about a boy who wants a swimming pool in the backyard and instead, his father builds him a sandbox. My brother was three when we made that tape. I come from a reading family.

I remember my mother reading to us from the footrest of the light blue Ikea chair. She sat on the footrest and we sat on the floor by the fire. I heard many stories that way—most notably, the Canadian classic *Anne of Green Gables* by L.M. Montgomery. I write the author's name because I was instructed at an early age that to remember a title without an author is an action teetering on the brink of literary scandal; hence, I acknowledge Lucy Maude. By the fire, I was transported to Prince Edward Island, Narnia, Camelot, and the Shire in Middle Earth. I listened to those stories with bated breath. I became addicted to the descriptions and plots of the stories. Who could resist the voices of the characters so brilliantly portrayed by my mother? I am ten years out of high school and still cannot resist her ability to captivate an audience through her gift of reading aloud. (I have to confess that by mimicking her reading style exactly, I got an A in my university Oral Interpretation class).

Now—years later—I still read like a maniac. There is always some literary adventure going on in the books I read. I try to read one Canadian literary best seller (such as the Giller and Governor General winners) for every piece of literature from other countries. Thanks to literary wonders like *A Prayer for Owen Meany* (Irving), *Alias Grace* (Atwood), *Possession* (Byatt), and *Lives of the Saints* (Ricci), I am never bored. What began with our family story time has become my personal gift to last a lifetime.

## The Lived Experience of Texts

Kim Girolimetto

Something very disturbing began to happen to me in grade six. When we had finished our seat work, we could sign out a library book from the library at the back of the room. We were welcome to take a book home to finish. Two books that I read changed the way I saw reading. I think someone decided we were ready for "mature" material; it was certainly available in that class. I read *On the Beach* by Neville Shute (about the aftermath of a nuclear holocaust, featuring the main characters dying slowly and painfully from exposure to fallout). As I read, it seemed everyone always vomited everywhere. I felt nauseous reading the book, and yet caught up in the characters and their stories; I didn't want to put it down. I kept hoping something miraculous would happen to save somebody, but the book remained unremittingly bleak. By the time I finished, I felt horrified by the experience.

A similar thing happened when I read *Watership Down*. At that age, I tended to become so wrapped up in books I read that I was emotionally involved with the characters. When bad things happened to them, I was devastated. As well, I was able to form vivid mental images of what I read, to the point where I could see, hear, and almost smell the events in my head. This tends to be overwhelming, when the scenes being pictured are violent or horrific. I could see those rabbits bleeding and dying, hear them screaming, and taste the metallic smell of blood in the air, in the back of my throat. Yet I never told anyone about this, and never asked for strategies to handle my visceral reactions.

I began reading romance novels—at least in this genre the two main characters survived and lived happily ever after. This increased the distance that I already felt from assigned books; I didn't trust the authors not to hurt their characters, my friends. I knew that they weren't following the safe formula that had become so comfortable for me.

In addition, I was increasingly reading to escape, to be in a safe place, not just anywhere. I'm now twenty-eight, and thirty-two people who have meant something to me have died. Death stalking those close to me led me to escape. Hence, between ages eleven and twenty-five, I chose only the romance genre for my personal reading. This conflict between personal and school reading increased my unwillingness to read assigned texts, and led me for the first time since grade one led me to resist reading numerous assigned books in high school. If they looked bleak or disturbing, I didn't finish them. This experience taught me never to trivialize or attribute to laziness, students' resistance to texts. If

students aren't reading, it's critical to find out why, and to try to help them overcome the barriers in their way.

## A Reading Journey

Catherine Mulkins

My mother introduced reading to me as bedtime stories. I begged her to modify voice for each character in the story. Hearing different voices sent my imagination soaring. I could clearly visualize the setting, characters and events described and dramatized.

I learned to read when my older brother was learning to read. My mother wrote out select words in large lettering on white bristol board, which she posted on the kitchen wall across from our dinner table. At mealtimes, my brother would sound out the words and describe their meaning. One word which remains vivid in my memory is the word "LOOK". My mother transformed the two "o's" into eyes. I recall practice reading from my small school text called *Dick and Jane*, at home in my kitchen. It is interesting that I have memories of reading aloud from this text at home and not from school. I remember sounding out long and short vowel words aloud.

Although I loved reading as a young child, it wasn't my favourite pastime when I was alone. I created my own stories and drew pictures to accompany them. From early infancy to age 10, I was periodically hospitalized in Montreal and Toronto Sick Children's Hospital. Being isolated from my family was a very lonely feeling, however, it also made me resourceful. It wasn't so much the physical pain that I remember during my illness, but the emotional isolation from my family. Alone and confined to bed, it was difficult to focus on reading a story book when my thoughts were racing, anticipating my mother's visit. As the visiting hour approached, I anxiously listened for the click of my mother's high heels down the corridor. Every hospital sound, smell, and the variety of people, things that passed my open doorway stimulated my senses. I didn't want to divert my attention away from this intriguing environment, but rather find a way of belonging to it. I used my time to observe, reflect and daydream; drawing and making up stories from my imagination allowed me to bridge that gap between home and hospital.

## The History of Writing

Aaron Bieman

I don't recall any evidence of creative writing throughout high school. I am sure there must have been some—my memory does not reveal any illustrious images. Only when I started studying theatre did the creative writing juices begin to flow. Not wanting to act or direct another's play, I decided to write my own. The theatre became my laboratory for creative writing. My time was consumed with writing and the theatre. I had clear views of the nature of theatre and used my writing to give them a voice. I became involved in a theatre group and began to produce my own plays on stage and radio. The special kind of writing with limitless possibilities proved a great relief from writing formal essays.

The highlight of my writing came when I entered a playwriting competition and placed third. I was happy with the ranking but on a chance meeting with a judge, was informed that my play, though unanimously selected as first, was relegated to third because the other two plays could claim the prize and be produced. Mine, the sponsors felt, was too risky. It was the first of many insights into the world of politics.

Most of my plays were dark and tragic. My mother always wondered why I didn't write more comedy; I have a certain *joie de vivre*. The fact was, I had a particular belief about what theatre was and as I mentioned my plays attempted to reflect these. I wrote a number of plays and many more are partially written—awaiting an ending or the missing second act. Some have been performed publicly; others workshopped and still others hope for their chance to make the stage. I always kept the draft copies of my plays as well. I could never throw them away. I don't think I ever wrote a draft copy for an essay in my academic career, yet I have an average of seven or eight draft copies of each of my plays. I say this all with a reflective fondness, as it has been years since I have written at all.

The writer inside me is like a hermit in a darkened cave, who contemplates daily the reasons why he has chosen this vow of silence. For the last ten years I have not consistently put my pen down on paper for any great length of time. As Mary Heaton Vorse quipped: "The art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair." There were moments when I would sit and write a little—a few poems, short story, or even a few chapters of my political treatise—but nothing that I found substantial. For the most part, I have had no desire to sit down and write.

A pen rests

A mind races

This is the true essence of the Artist

## **A Writing Journey**

**Susan Souriyasack**

A C+?  
What is this?  
I've never in my entire years seen this before.  
How could this happen to me?  
Every single page—  
Every single page is red!  
All ten.  
Almost like being slapped across the face.  
Do you know what I mean?  
Red marks over and over and over again!  
This man has absolutely nothing nice to say about my writing.  
What was it?  
It couldn't be the content.  
At least I don't think so;  
Who's interested in samurais anyway?  
Wasn't it good enough that I tried?  
Did it need to be perfect?  
I guess it did.  
I have never been so disappointed before.  
Those words still linger in me till this day:  
"If you expect to go to grad school,  
you will definitely have to do better than this.  
This is just unacceptable. I am truly unimpressed."  
What was he trying to tell me?  
What does unimpressed mean anyway?  
I guess I knew—  
I couldn't write.  
How did that happen?  
I've written before and no one ever made a comment like that.  
Why can't I write for this man?  
Maybe he expected that much more.  
Did I not even come close?  
I was so distraught;  
I was so bitter.  
What did he mean when he said that he wasn't impressed?  
It killed me to know.  
I went to the library.  
Found what I was looking for in a journal  
half the size of the entire shelf.  
Ahhhhh—an article he wrote.  
I photocopied it.  
I read it.  
I was not impressed.  
I expected more from a Princeton graduate.

I think I expected more because  
He expected so much of me.  
It never occurred to me that I couldn't write. . . .

To this day, I still hate writing.  
I don't know what it is,  
It just doesn't appeal to me.  
Maybe it's about  
Being creative and  
I don't think I always can be.  
It's hard.  
I'm pretty stiff,  
I think,  
Or at least that's what people tell me.  
Reading is so much better that way.  
You can just be swallowed up.  
I mean all the passion,  
The emotion,  
The experience,  
Everything.  
It's definitely not like writing;  
I can't write like that.  
My writing is formal;  
Structured;  
Without emotion;  
Not subjective.  
Always too objective,  
It lacks personality.  
The typical grad paper  
That all professors want,  
Or at least the stiff ones do.  
It's a paper where no one will dare complain about the style  
Or the content,  
Except for that one professor.  
But all in all it's  
Not creative,  
Will not pull you,  
Nor excite you.  
But then again,  
What do I know about writing?  
As far as he is concerned,  
I can't write and only deserve  
A C+.

My most recent literary experience occurred over the Christmas holidays. This experience involved something I read, which was neither a novel nor a poem, but rather, a couple of letters. These letters were written by my great uncle Ronnie Stringer, who was a squadron leader for the RCAF during the Second World War, and decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was writing to his brother, Roy, my Grandpa Stringer. My Grandma Stringer found these letters in her basement and gave them to my mom.

During the holidays I came home late one night after my parents had gone to bed and discovered the letters on the kitchen counter. I quickly took them to the couch, eager to read them, and yet conscious of the fragility of the pages. What I was about to read became one of my most powerful literary experiences. Uncle Ronnie wrote about the countries he visited and the family and friends he left behind. He wrote remarkably well, especially for a man who grew up on a farm with maybe one year of high school education.

The saddest part of his letters was when he wondered what he would do after the war—farming or piloting. He did neither. For you see, Uncle Ronnie was shot down over Northern Italy before the war ended. After reading one of the letters, I noticed its date—December 28, 1942. I suddenly realized that Uncle Ronnie had written on the same piece of paper that I held in my hands exactly fifty-six years ago. The next day my mom revealed to me that Uncle Ronnie was twenty-three years old when he wrote that letter, the same age as me. The realization was overwhelming—I could have been Uncle Ronnie; I could have flown through the skies over Italy; and I could be laying in my grave, away from friends and family.

## A Literary Letter

Carm Iachelli

Dear Mom:

Thank you, mom, for reading to me when I was just a child. I fondly remember when you read to me the story, *Beautiful Joe* before I went to bed. I also remember that it was your favourite childhood book, and I want to thank you for sharing it with me. Even though at the time I thought bedtime stories were "silly," I find myself somewhat saddened by the fact that I did not appreciate it more.

Thank you for being my first teacher. You encouraged me to read and stimulate my mind. Even though I resisted books in favour of TV, you made me aware of the power of the written word.

Thank you for helping me write some of my first papers in English class. I know that some of the words were yours, but your suggestions and thoughts will never be forgotten. I still remember the word, "quintessential" and what it means because of this sentence: "Romeo was the quintessential lover." My English teacher asked me if I had thought of this word or was it someone else's. I told him you helped me but I knew what the word meant—and that was the main thing.

Thank you for prodding me to write letters to Grandma and Grandpa even though all I wanted to do was go outside and play hockey with my friends. I realize (as I write this letter to you) the importance of communicating my thoughts and feelings on paper. I will never forget.

Your son,

Carm.

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## Academics and Writing: Laurance Yap and CASLL members

edited by Margaret Procter

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What is academic writing, anyway, and is it what we want to teach? An exchange on the CASLL listserv last spring involved an articulate student and a range of academics—or at least writing instructors, most of whom vigorously resisted being tarred with the student's brush. On April 16 Michael Hoechsmann of Young People's Press sent a message that included the article below; the discussion continued into early May. (The complete set of messages is available in the CASLL-L archives for April and May 1998.) Here is Laurance Yap's article, a sprinkling of excerpts from the responses, and a final note from Yap—who is

still a student, and still writing.

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## **Academics and Writing**

**Laurance Yap**

"I don't know why I'm doing this," a friend told me on the phone a few weeks ago. We were talking about a film essay she was due to hand in the next week. "I know that you're not supposed to start with a quote, but I'm going to do it anyway. It sounds so bad to say this, but I just don't care anymore."

Strange, that. If there's anything that university is about, after all, it's about caring for your writing. You've got to be able to write reasonably well to get in, and if you somehow slip through the system at admission time, you're told enough about what constitutes good writing while you're there. Writing is the foundation, after all, of academic life: careers are made on whether your stuff has been published or not; on the number of acronymed letters you can scribble before and after your name.

Yet the more courses I take and writing classes I attend, the more my own writing seems to deteriorate. Unlike most writers, I look back at work that I once put out and wonder not, "How could I have written this kind of drivel?" but "What the hell has happened? Where's my writing gone?" The narration in my short stories no longer crackles, pops, does backflips; my essays are chock-full of footnotes and page references, but lack any sort of verve or imagination. Even the articles I've recently had published in the paper lack the turns-of-phrase and one-liners that I took pride in just a scant few years ago.

Some of the fault for this decline lies with the books and articles we're forced to read in university. Since the quality of your writing is largely based on the quality of your reading, the wordy, the imprecise and often pompous drivel published by some academics has ruined many a student's talent. Things that could be said in five hundred words often are said in five thousand in an effort to make what's being said sound more important and profound than it really is; reviewing other writers' ideas is valued more than coming up with original ones. For the most part, academic life has become reading and commenting on other academics' pieces—a system that scorns "popular" work and contributes to a vicious writing cycle that makes the denseness and impenetrability of academic work worse every year.

Worse still is the unfounded attitude that only academics know what's really going on, and that reading non-academic work isn't appropriate for university. I once got burned for not being "sophisticated" enough in a first-year communications course because I referenced a book about Hollywood special effects written by a thirty-year veteran of the industry; my professor pointed to an article written by someone who had spent a couple of weeks watching what went on in a special-effects studio as something more "appropriate," no matter how inexperienced its writer. (Perhaps it was because his article had footnotes; no piece of writing, after all, is valid without footnotes.)

Having to read academic work for eight months does terrible things to your normal reading habits too. I used to be able to read a novel a day, so long as it was a good novel. But now, even the best book I've read this year\* (incidentally lent to me by the same person who didn't care about her introduction) was itself digested in twenty-page chunks over a two-week period. Why? Because every dry, boring, academic article that I've read since entering university has been about twenty pages long, and the mind-numbing experience of reading them has conditioned me to the point that all of my reading acumen seems to disappear after twenty pages, no matter how good the piece is. This may be why it takes the average adult—who for the most part doesn't have homework to deal with—three weeks to read a hardcover novel instead of a couple of days.

But we can't lay all the blame for our terrible writing at the feet of what we read. A lot of the decline has also to do with what we're taught writing is about, what we're taught writing is. All of the creativity we had during junior and senior high school, if it hadn't yet been battered out of us in those two institutions, is systematically annihilated in university.

It's not the reader's interest or your thought-provoking ideas that are valued; instead, it's your ability to restate other people's viewpoints, on being able to compile the best and most beautifully-formatted footnotes. It's about MLA documentation, about underlining titles, not putting them in quotation marks; about learning how to use *Ibid.* instead of "same." It's about your ability to state and restate, not provoke and criticize and inflame. It's about conformity, not creativity.

Case in point. About a month and a half ago, an adviser from our school's Writing Centre came to one of our classes to tell us how to approach the upcoming final essay. She began by asking us what the elements of a good story were, and then, after listing the characteristics on the board, told us how to exorcise the story-like elements one-by-one, and replace them with "logical," "concrete" and "serious[ly] academic" arguments.

I had a problem with that, contending that a paper that managed to combine the best of both worlds—interesting plotting, vivid description, fascinating characters and controlled pacing, combined with intelligent argument and reasoned input from various authors—would result in a much more creative and thus compelling paper, one that would read better, and thus was likely to get a higher mark. After all, many of the best stories I've read have taken cues from nonfiction writing, using scientific terminology, ideological discourse and dramatic proof to better explain their characters and plot machinations.

I was wrong. "What your instructors are looking for," she said, "is not original thinking here. What they want to see is if you can read other authors and analyze their writing in an intelligent manner." Was she kidding? I thought we came to university to broaden our minds and our horizons, to exploit, not suppress, our creativity. To come up with original ideas, not to rehash some other person's work.

There is hope, though. I rebelled, and my final essay in that course, a knee-jerk reaction to the Writing Centre advisor's lecture, combined five-hundred-plus words of pure storytelling with a lighthearted, sometimes glib, but most of all, lively, tone. It had pictures and full-page headlines and typographic effects; I spent an hour and a half photoshopping the front cover. My instructor liked it enough that she gave me a perfect grade. "You don't have to have a perfect paper to get a hundred," she scrawled on it. "Sometimes, you just have to be creative."

My friend eventually wrote the wordy quote out of her film essay introduction and decided to stand on her own two cognitive feet throughout the paper, rather than relying so much on authors who were echoing each other. Reebok and Jerry Maguire took on more importance than Meaning Transfer Theory.

Not so fast, though, my left brain tells me. That book she lent me—the best one I've read this year? She hasn't even started it yet. This morning, I just rushed off the first draft of a paper for an English course and decided that that was all the time I wanted to spend on it, that the extra couple of marks that I would have gained from reading it over and making some minor revisions, adding some more footnotes, just weren't worth the time or effort. It's probably better off that way, though. At least right now, warts and all, the ideas in it are still mine.

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Footnote:

\* Rothenberg, Randall. *Where the Suckers Moon: An Advertising Story*. New York: Knopf, 1994.

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Laurance Yap's summary of the works of Dr. Seuss in the second grade didn't start with a quote. Had he not spent two years in university, this piece would probably also have been half as long. He hasn't learned, though; he's going back for more next year.

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The responses from CASLL-L members soon followed; they ranged over and far beyond Laurance Yap's points for the next few weeks. (The whole set is available in the April and May sets of the CASLL-L archives at <<http://www.stthomasu.ca/inkshed>>.) Writing-centre instructors replied first, distancing themselves from the lecturer's advice—but admitting that they recognized it; then people who favoured instruction in the disciplines argued with others who liked separate courses; then the discussion returned to the original topic of why academic writing was often bad writing. That one still hasn't been settled. Here's a sampling:

**Roberta Lee:** I like to think that we Writing Centre people aren't selling out to the extent that we deserve to be stereotyped like Yap's unimaginative "advisor." Nevertheless, he does put the knife in, I have to admit: there you are, Roberta Lee, talking platitudes to those students, you who think you're above all that—ha ha.

**Rob Irish:** I confess, I found Lawrence Yap's piece just so much tedious academy bashing. It's all too easy to do.

**Christine Skolnick:** As writing centre advisors we do seem to be tethered to the generic conventions of the disciplines and courses for which the student is writing. That would seem to be the institutional rationale for writing centres; and that, I think, is the huge draw back of "substituting" writing instruction by English professors and in English departments with elaborate writing centers that merely serve other disciplines. It's not a bad thing; it's just insufficient.

**Roberta Lee:** Christine—I have to take exception to your remarks about Writing Centres: "tethered to the generic conventions of disciplines" ; "merely serve other disciplines." Yes, those are threats. However, we have the freedom of being outside of the constraints of any one discipline, as well as freedom from judging or grading. Therefore we aren't merely work horses or servants!

**Rob Irish:** I would argue first that there is nothing "mere" about entering into the discourse of disciplines. . . . I don't feel like I'm substituting anything in Engineering. It is not a matter of Engineering covering for the failure of English to offer enough composition courses. Rather my job exists because *Engineers* recognize the important of communication within their discipline. Unlike the advanced composition course you posit, I don't have to fabricate advertising or grant proposals because there is a real discourse, the discourse of a discipline, just waiting to be tapped.

**Christine Skolnick:** How is the writing assigned in Engineering courses more real than that assigned in technical writing courses? Also I don't fabricate genres or assignments. My students write job applications, journal articles, instructions for real tasks, and assignments commissioned from private industry.

**Philippa Spoel:** To separate the "what" and the "how" of a subject matter doesn't make sense if writing and knowing are interconnected, and if knowing includes knowing how people within a discipline communicate as well as what they communicate.

**Rob Irish:** From what I have seen, and tried to resist, most technical writing instructors separate "substance" from "style" and focus on the latter. As soon as that happens, the assignment is less "real". . . . So the writing loses its real focus by becoming an exercise in style, even if it is drawn from something real.

**Jamie MacKinnon:** It seems to me that an increasing portion of academic writing (at least the stuff I read) is needlessly wordy, overly theoretical, and ever more sub-specialized (sometimes on topics that are so narrow as to seem trivial). I find this especially true in English lit, but sometimes I wonder if it's also starting to happen in writing studies and rhetoric. . . .

I'm not sure why some academic writing is getting worse (if indeed it is). It sometimes seems to me that socio-political and epistemological theory is overvalued. Maybe part of the problem is in how

academics are evaluated and rewarded. . . . What gets measured, counts, so they say. Perhaps part of the reason for bad academic writing is that increasingly, academics are responding (rationally) to the wrong reward system.

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All that (and much more) was in April-May 1998. This winter I asked Laurance Yap for permission to publish his piece, and offered him a chance at the last word. He wrote:

Don't get me wrong—I'm not putting down academia or even the jargon-filled and footnote-plastered writing that I so detest in it. Such research and factual muckraking is both useful and necessary. But ultimately, knowledge has to be taken outside of an academic context for it to be of use to the "rest of us"—and to do so requires writing that's lively, interesting, and accessible, usually backed up by a visually pleasing layout and nice photography. The ability to create such writing, which I'm quite sure I had in high school, is being systematically pounded out of us by professors and TAs who've all been reading only each others' increasingly specialized, increasingly impenetrable, stuff for far too long.

I thought—still think—that university was about more than our adherence to MLA footnote style. We're here to learn about others' ideas, to form our own, to go out into the world with them and change it. We can't change the world if we're only speaking to our friends and colleagues.

## **The Canadian Question: A CASLL Exchange**      edited by Roger Graves

In October 1998, Cathy Schryer posted this question to the CASLL listserv: "For some time I have been wrestling with the question as to whether there is a Canadian tradition of teaching writing in Canada. Are there practices and positions that occur here that would be less likely to occur in the United States? Is there a conservative set of practices that is uniquely our own? Are there also less conservative (should I say "enlightened" ) practices that are also more likely to occur here?"

She invited responses, and a lively exchange ensued that touched upon many of the important aspects of cultural identity in the practice of writing instruction. What follows is an edited commentary on the responses, which are available in full-text at the CASLL archive via <http://www.stthomasu.ca/~hunt/>. Russ Hunt was the first to respond:

My own first take is that a "FY Comp" industry parallel to the US one never developed in Canadian universities (I'm not quite sure why, but I have a suspicion it has to do with the dominance in Canada of a English model of university, with its assumption that only the elite come, and with a tighter dominance of traditional English literature in the middle of the century), and so writing has tended to find its way in the existing disciplines (mainly English) or as non-disciplinary "writing centres" rather than as a separate discipline. So we got to WID before there was a WID? (Henry's Hubert's views on this would be very interesting to me.)

I think inkshedding, on this view, is a peculiarly Canadian phenomenon. Writing learning as a byproduct of something else. Very pragmatic, too.

Christine Skolnick took a different view of writing practices and specifically the place of writing centers and writing in the disciplines programs:

I also think (not without prejudice perhaps), that writing centers and writing in and across the disciplines programs *should* be viewed as a supplemental to rather than a substitute for an academic and professional writing curriculum. The argument that Canadian universities are generally more advanced in rhetoric and composition because they've invested in writing centers or WAC/WID programs *rather than* composition courses is frankly unpersuasive.

I think that rhetoric and compositionists regardless of nationality should be working seriously toward optimal pedagogical conditions. The best universities—wherever—have universal curricular writing requirements, well-developed writing centers, *and* writing across the disciplines programs. The "either or" argument is simply a copout in my mind. Call me a brain-washed, Americanized Canadian, but I'm not advocating the "American system," I'm just trying to fight for what I see and experienced as a distinctly *Canadian* academic and ethical problem/challenge . . . I just don't think we should base our ethos on "we don't do freshman comp and we're proud of it" and accept the status quo into the bargain.

Rob Irish picked up on the idea of composition courses as an alternative pedagogy to writing in the disciplines, noting that they are "contentless":

But what is a writing curriculum? Is the only way to teach writing to have separate courses in

writing? I have trouble with this precisely because most such courses are "contentless". At the same time, as someone in the thick of WID, I wish for more. I'd like to see a real writing course for my students, at the third year or so, in which they can focus on content as well as their communication.

The conclusion that I reach from this is that we are really arguing about false binaries here: composition/rhetorical strategies methods courses as opposed somehow to writing in the context of learning. Is it necessary to privilege one over the other or to the exclusion of the other? I spent a lot of time thinking about this issue from 1989-1995, and Christine's comments provoked me to post a response based on my recollection and continued reading about composition in the 20th century in North America:

The tradition as Henry Hubert lays it out is of belles-lettres teaching of writing as an adjunct to literary study. At UNB in the 40s they taught writing for engineers by having them read Hemingway, among others. So it was a "practice" that went beyond the audience of English majors, and it is unlikely to occur in the US at this point, anyway. If I remember Connors work accurate accurately, the belles lettres practice here was phased out of the engineering type curriculum in the 20s.

What I think this really points to is a sharp break in the role of universities. I once looked up the enrollment figures for all Canadian universities from 1920-1980 or so, and the figure jumped from something like 40,000 (Canadian total) in 1940 to 400,000 or more in the 1960's. I think the old liberal arts college model of education—which I think involved a lot of writing in non-English classes—just fell apart under the weight of the numbers of people and the needs/skills/abilities of these new students (returning war veterans, 1946-50, and their progeny, 1960-75). But in response to this Canadian universities didn't set up first-year comp programs, and despite these numbers didn't enroll nearly as many students (about half as many as the US by percentage) as the US model called for. So, yeah, some really different practices have arisen, but I would relate them to socio-political factors and values rather than any lack of knowledge of how to do things differently. Academics at these times knew perfectly well what US universities were doing; they simply made sure that nothing of the sort happened in Canadian universities.

Rick Coe wrote to point out that this was not a new question; Henry Hubert and Nan Johnson had also written about these questions:

I suspect what Northrop Frye said about his Canadian / USAmerican students being 90% the same, but that the 10% that differed was highly significant probably applies to Canadian/USAmerican approaches to composition as well. But I believe there has been some study of that 10%. My impression is that the belletristic "Literature and Composition" course was more prominent longer in Canada (and, in fact, was alive and well at UBC when I was there in the late-70s). Perhaps because industrialization was more prominent earlier in the USA. The writings of Henry Hubert, Nan Johnson, and Roger Graves seem to me highly relevant to this question. Among them:

Johnson, Nan. "Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the Canadian Academy: An Historical Analysis." *College English* 50.8 (December 1988): 861-73.

Graves, Roger. *Writing Instruction in Canadian Universities*. Winnipeg: Inkshed, 1994.

Hubert, Henry A. *Harmonious Perfection: The Development of English Studies in Nineteenth Century Canadian Colleges*. East Lansing, MI: Michigan State UP, 1994.

I ended by commenting on the part of Cathy Schryer's question that inquired about distinctly Canadian questions. Russ Hunt had already noted that "inkshedding, on this view, is a peculiarly Canadian phenomenon. Writing learning as a byproduct of something else. Very pragmatic, too." And I added my own view of inkshedding as Canadian:

My own experience is that Canadian practices, like Canadian politics, can be both more conservative and far more radical than the US equivalent. The whole Inkshed experience is too radical to have come out of the US, but teaching first-year writing to 200 students in a lecture hall is just as far out in the opposite direction. And both are uniquely Canadian practices.

To which Cathy Schryer added:

I like your idea, Roger, that we have the most radical sets of practices on both sides of the equation. In my own intro writing course, because of the historical and political circumstances here, I have to lecture for an hour a week to 200 students ( a practice which I compare to lecturing about swimming) but at the same time we have active workshops (2 hours a week) with inkshedding, discussion groups, peer editing, drafts, an interactive web site that supports the course etc, etc. But this is a precarious balance and one which the administration wants to challenge (in its quest for greater numbers). One of the easiest ways to challenge this balance is by calling the "newer" elements—i.e., the workshop approach— foreign, non-Canadian

For example, I am willing to go out a limb and say that because of the history of the "whole" language approach and even the Lit.Comp. approach here in Canada we have a history of retaining the interaction of reading and writing in our courses.

Margaret Procter responded by describing a writing-across-the-curriculum strategy for teaching writing that she has noticed at the University of Toronto:

I've wondered too if Canadians have a distinctive take on the reading/writing question because so much writing teaching happens within literature courses or other disciplinary courses. For instance, over the past few years I have noted an increasing use at U of T of "critique" assignments. Profs find them useful because they make students read specified texts carefully. They go beyond summaries in asking for analytic reading and awareness of argumentation, even some rhetorical awareness of intended effect on reader. They invite students to resist texts' intentions and evaluate their success. They allow for statements of opinion that are based on more than gut feeling or emotional response (while not totally excluding them).

Natasha Artemeva picked up this thread and described a technical communication course she teaches that integrates instruction in writing with study in engineering:

The students are asked to choose one of the Engineering courses they are taking concurrently with the Communication course and to follow it in all Communication assignments. They are

asked to post journals to the electronic course newsgroup discussing their chosen engineering courses (discussing assignments, asking questions, solving problems, etc.) and responding to other students' postings. It's a kind of electronic log book and at the same time it's dialogic.

Other assignments in this course include a formal letter to instructor written in response to the instructor's letter of request (in this letter students inform the instructor of the details of the engineering course they choose as the focus of their work in the Communication course); a proposal for the topic for the major Communication course project written in response to instructor's RFP; an abstract of an article directly related to the topic of their major project; a progress report (includes both a written report and an oral presentation), and the major written report (both oral and written).

In fact, there is only one large assignment in the Communication course: the major project on the topic related to the chosen engineering course. All smaller assignments reflect different stages in the process of completing the project. The instructor discusses topics for the project individually with each student and provides extensive feedback on all their submissions. Students are asked to exchange drafts, make comments on them, and revise their drafts using peer comments. They can use the course newsgroup to receive feedback from their classmates.

Philippa Spoel made an interesting observation about the lack of composition courses in Canada being related to our cultural aversion to the contemplation of the self that dominates the "expressivist" tradition in U.S. courses:

I notice in particular the privileging in (some) American comp/rhet of an expressivist view of writing—that is, writing as a form of self-discovery and self-expression. I haven't noticed this approach nearly as much in scholarship and teaching by Canadians. I think we tend instead to stress writing as engagement with a subject matter, rather than engagement with "the self" —at least, in a university context. Which may be why we haven't introduced many writing courses which don't have a clear academic subject (whether that be literature or engineering). Our emphasis on the reading/writing link and on critique, as you and Margaret have noted, seems to me to be connected to our non-expressivist tradition, if you will (how's that for an identity based on negation?).

For me, Philippa's comment circles back to the issue of cultural identity and how that identity shows itself in cultural practices such as the teaching of writing. In the same way that the people who set up the first universities in Canada wanted those institutions to be cultural beacons for the new society, so, too, does our present society express the same sense of purpose. The difference is that instead of Scottish professors and Anglican institutions we often have materialistic or economic goals competing with cultural goals. That is, universities have as their goals not only the extension of the "high" culture but the extension of our economic or mechanical control over the world. This is a different world we live in, and our universities and ourselves serve different purposes and different peoples than they did 100 years ago. And so, of course, our writing instruction is also meant to serve the new purposes of our institutions. Perhaps our purpose is to interrogate these purposes and question the effects the new university has on our students and their sense of who they are and how they fit into society.

Roger Graves  
DePaul University

## **Minutes of the Annual General Meeting, Canadian Association for the Study of Language and Learning, Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, May 10, 1998**

PRESENT: Sandy Baardman, Marcy Baumann, Ann Beer, Nancy Carlman, Mary-Louise Craven, Susan Drain, Patricia Golubev, Michelle Forrest, Betty Holmes, Lynn Holmes, Russ Hunt, Mary Kooy, Nan Johnson, Jane Ledwell-Brown, Victoria Littman, Brock MacDonald, Kenna Manos, Jane Milton, Thom Parkhill, Margaret Procter, Pat Sadowy, Barbara Rose, Leslie Sanders, Tania Smith, Stan Straw, Dorothy Turner, Kathy Voltan.

1. Moved by Stan Straw, seconded by Mary-Louise Craven, and carried: to approve the minutes of the fourth annual general meeting (Geneva Park, Ontario, May 1997).
2. Election: Nominated as members-at-large for a three-year term: Margaret Procter, Patricia Golubev, Stan Straw, Mary Kooy. Moved by Russ Hunt and seconded by Ann Beer that Laura Atkinson be appointed returning officer for this election. The returning officer marked and counted the ballots. On finding votes for two candidates tied, she suggested that all four be accepted as members-at-large. Stan Straw moved acceptance of this suggestion, seconded by Kenna Manos; carried.
3. Reports:
  - a) Financial Officer (Kenna Manos): Kenna circulated a financial statement and reported that no funds had been spent this year because the University of Manitoba had subsidized the duplicating and mailing costs of the newsletter. After discussion, it was moved by Betty Holmes and seconded by Nancy Carlman that \$1000 from the CASLL balance be set aside for distribution to subsidize attendance at the Inkshed 15 conference by graduate students and the underemployed, at the discretion of the financial officer, with applications to be made by June 1, 1998. Carried.
  - b) Inkshed Publications (Sandy Baardman): Sandy reported that no new publications have come out since 1997. Because the University of Manitoba no longer subsidizes the publications, there will be no new publications until the Inkshed Publications account (separate from the regular Inkshed/CASLL account) has built up enough money. The account currently stands at \$3858.68. There are no immediate plans to issue a call for publications.
  - c) Inkshed Newsletter: Russ Hunt conveyed regrets from Amanda Goldrick-Jones and Janice Freeman that they could not be at the Inkshed 15 conference. He reported their message that they felt unable to produce more than three issues a year of the newsletter. They also raised the question whether they should delete from the membership list those who had not paid the CASLL membership fee for 1998. The former editor Mary-Louise Craven encouraged them to do so. Discussion ensued about the possibility of replacing the print form of the newsletter with an online electronic form. Members noted that although the Web site and the CASLL newsgroup were

useful to publicize the conference call, a print form was still necessary to gain maximum attention from non-members. After considerable discussion, the "sense of the house" was that a September issue of the newsletter was needed to publicize the conference call. The conference organizers for 1999 offered to supply text for that call to the newsletter editors and help them put together the issue. It was also agreed that members should consider submitting print versions of their conference papers for inclusion in the newsletter, partly as a way of publicizing the nature of the conference. Russ Hunt offered to put together via e-mail a conference report about Inkshed 15, for which he would request responses and narratives.

4. Discussion of plans for the Inkshed 16 conference, May 1999: Jane Ledwell-Brown and Ann Beer announced to general acclaim that they would plan to host the 1999 conference in or near Montreal on a theme such as "Cultural Interfaces: Written, Oral, Visual." The conference would also continue the ethics theme from this year's conference. In discussion, members suggested that the organization should try to overcome its own lack of diversity in membership, and might consider the topic of how English is taught in other parts of the world in order to attract international and first-nation participants. A request was made for more reading time within the conference, with the suggestion that people should include a brief note to introduce the readings they brought. A suggestion was also made that potential participants should realize they did not have to present. Poster papers or five- minute presentations might be encouraged. Members also suggested ways to explain to new participants what Inkshed conferences are about.

Discussion arose about the possibility of joining with the Canadian Association of Teachers of Technical Writing and the Canadian Society for the Study of Rhetoric for a future conference, as suggested in the Canadian caucus of the Conference on College Composition and Communication. Members expressed only moderate enthusiasm, citing the importance of maintaining inkshedding as central to the conference.

6. Thanks and a standing ovation were offered to the conference organizers for Inkshed 15: Susan Drain, Jane Milton, and Kenna Manos.
7. Motion to adjourn: moved by Susan Drain, seconded by Stan Straw; carried.

(Minutes taken by Margaret Procter)

**Preliminary Program**  
**INKSHED XVI, MAY 6-9 1999, MONT GABRIEL, QUEBEC**  
**Finding each other in a hall of mirrors: negotiating goals and values in language**

**THURSDAY MAY 6TH**

Bus leaves Montreal approx. 2.45 and Dorval approx. 3.30 for Mont Gabriel

Registration at Mont Gabriel, 5.00-6.30; Dinner, 6.30-8.00

**Pedagogy, expectations, and personal values, 8.00-10.00 p.m.**

- C Stan Straw, Sam Baardman, Laura Atkinson, Pat Sadowy: "Lost in the fun house: Negotiating colliding values in literary instruction" (Inkshedding included)
- C Doug Brent, "Students' expectations of web-text"
- C Christine Skolnik, "The value of technology"
- C Inkshedding

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**FRIDAY MAY 7TH**

**Exploring values across generations, 9.00-10.25 a.m.**

- C Betty Holmes and Chris Holmes, "Teaching Past to Teaching Future: A dialogue" (Inkshedding included)
- C Anamaria Klein, "Children's vernacular: An invented language"
- C Pat Dias, "Children as initiators of language and culture"
- C Ann Hunt, Pam Whitty, Pam Nason, Lynda Homer, "The literacy of the home"
- C Inkshedding

**Imposing values on oral cultures, 10.40-11.35 a.m.**

- C Ali Abdi, "Oral societies and colonial experiences: Sub-Saharan Africa and the de facto power of the written word"
- C Anthony Paré and Laura Mastronardi, "Fun house mirrors: Stories of distortion and disruption in cross-cultural education"
- C Inkshedding

**The study of literature: whose values count? 11.45 a.m.-12.30 p.m.**

- C Martin Behr, "Recurrent patterns in Canadian Inuit testimonio"
- C Dorothy Turner, "Negotiating ideas of the Mediterranean"
- C Inkshedding

**Language goals in the multicultural classroom, 2.00-3.00 p.m.**

- C Patrick Allen, "Language and communication in the multicultural classroom"
- C José Makropoulos, "Finding the balance in Ontario immersion programs: Addressing the needs of francophone students from multi-bilingual family backgrounds"
- C Margaret Procter, "Holding the wire: Working via e-mail with ESL learners"
- C Inkshedding

**Workplace values and professional identity, 8.00-9.00 p.m.**

- C Ralph Harris, "Real and metaphorical bridges for the teaching of engineering communications"

- C Janet Blatter, "Only connect: the role of 'off-task' free-writing in teaching engineering technical communication"
- C Natasha Artemeva and Janna Fox, "Through the looking glass: indentifying causes of the Alice-syndrome in undergraduate engineering writers"
- C Inkshedding

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**SATURDAY MAY 8TH**

**Business expertise and academic goals, 9.00-10.15 a.m.**

- C Rick Coe and K.J. Peters, "The pedagogy of writing beyond the classroom"
- C Andrea Williams, "Negotiating conflicting definitions of literacy: Business literacy at ATC Corps"
- C Jamie MacKinnon, "Expertise, rhetoric and ethics"
- C Inkshedding

**Cultural survival and personal narrative, 10.30-11.15 a.m.**

- C Hourig Attarian, "Voice prints: Oral history in the classroom: a case study with Armenian genocide survivors"
- C Samia Costandi, "Cultural bridges and student testimonies"
- C Inkshedding

**Silence and the goals of power, 11.25 a.m. -12.35 p.m.**

- C Lorri Neilsen, "To publish and to perish: Collusions/collisions/coercions" (Inkshedding included)
- C Donna Lee Smith, "Mirror, mirror on the wall: Who's the cruellest of them all? The world judges a nation by how she treats her First Nations people" (Inkshedding included)

**Negotiating curriculum goals, 2.00-3.00 p.m.**

- C Joan Page and Gail Vanstone, "ESL and business: Political and pedagogical goals"
- C Sharon Josephson, "A cross-cultural course"
- C Winston Emery and Audrey Berner, "Negotiation through talk: Developing a course of study"
- C Inkshedding

**Reflections and interpretations, 3.15-4.45 p.m.**

- C Linda Behan and Marcia Dickson, "The stories students tell us"
- C Bill Boswell, "Seniors' stories"
- C Jane Milton and Patricia Golubev, "Culture of the deaf; culture of the hearing"
- C Inkshedding
- C Jean Mason and Charlotte Hussey, "Through the looking glass: Language meets body-language" (Inkshedding included)

**Talent Night, 8.45 p.m. - whenever ....**

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**SUNDAY MAY 9TH, 10.00 a.m.-12.00 p.m.**

**Review; Business Meeting; Planning for Inkshed XVII**

Bus leaves 1.00 to arrive at Dorval at approximately 2.00 and Montreal at 2.45

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## Welcome to the CASLL

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*[This is an edited version of the Web page which introduces people to the electronic mailing list. It's printed here as an invitation to Inkshedders who haven't yet joined the list and thus are missing out on a connection to the rest of the organization between issues of the print newsletter.]*

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CASLL is the acronym for the Canadian Association for the Study of Language and Learning. It's also known as "Inkshed," the name of the annual working conference held in various locations in Canada since 1984, which gave rise to the organization.

CASLL / Inkshed maintains a Web site where you can find current and back issues of the *Inkshed Newsletter*, information on conferences, and other information about and from the organization. Visit <<http://www.stthomasu.ca/inkshed>>.

More to the point, there is an electronic discussion forum, run on a LISTSERV situated at the University of New Brunswick, and "owned" (that is, he sweeps the streets) by Russ Hunt of St. Thomas University. The list is electronically archived at <<http://listserv.unb.ca/archives/casll.html>>. The archive is arranged by months, is searchable, and is complete back to the beginning of 1995.

To subscribe to this list, send, to LISTSERV@UNB.CA, a one-line mail message saying simply "subscribe CASLL [your name]." The message will be forwarded to Russ Hunt, and he'll complete the process.

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You can do this by sending a cheque, made out to "Inkshed at NSCAD," for \$20 (\$10 for students and the un[der]employed) to the following address. Request a receipt if you need one.

**Renew your <sup>Kenna Mano</sup> subscription and membership in CASLL**

Nova Scotia College of Art and Design  
5163 Duke Street  
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 3J6  
Canada

If you don't know whether your subscription has expired, it almost certainly has. Send the cheque anyway and Kenna will apply it to next year's membership—and CASLL will have money to support attendance at the conference by students and un[der]employed scholars.