

THE WRITE PLACE



How ELAN Began: The English-Language Arts Network's First 10 Years by Amy Macdonald, and Guy Rodgers

Over the past 15 to 20 years, Quebec’s English-speaking arts community has undergone a renaissance of sorts. After a period of declining numbers and discouraging invisibility during the 1980s and 1990s, a new crop of artists is rising to international prominence and bringing awareness to Quebec’s English-speaking talent. Its diversity and vitality reflect the contemporary identity of the province it calls home. The English-Language Arts Network (ELAN) works to support the members of this community, connect them with their francophone colleagues, and spread the word about their accomplishments on the provincial, national, and international stages.

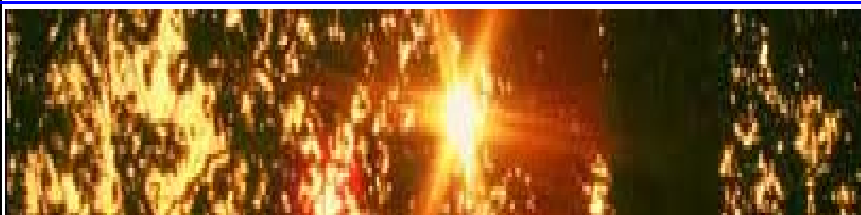
ELAN was conceived during the Quebec Arts Summit, a three-day gathering of senior community members held in 2004. At this point in time, writers and theatre artists - whose artistic work is very much focused around expression in a certain language, in comparison to disciplines like dance or visual art - were already represented by two disciplinary organizations: the Quebec Writers’ Federation and the Quebec Drama Federation. Although the idea of a multidisciplinary umbrella group was not immediately supported by everyone in attendance at the Summit, it was clear that English-speaking Quebecois artists faced a unique set of challenges and advantages that needed to be addressed. ELAN’s beginnings emerged from the Summit, as the nascent organization gained a conditional mandate to build bridges, contribute to a positive dialogue, and avoid enflaming linguistic tensions.

(Continued on page 11)



INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Grandparenting: A Better Life <i>Fiction by Linda Turner</i>	2
Submission Guidelines	2
About the Paper	2
A Very Short Story <i>Fiction by Kendall Defoe</i>	3
Debunking Myths About Editors <i>Article by Anne Fotheringham</i>	4
Time Was <i>Poetry by Ann Cheroff Weinstein</i>	5
Grammar Rules	5
Bach and Mrs. Berko <i>Fiction by Vivianne M. Silver</i>	6
Sentries <i>Poetry by Paul Tagney</i>	6
Pebbles <i>Poetry by Sbai Yassin</i>	7
The Unknown Caller <i>Poetry by Paul Tagney</i>	7
And <i>Poetry by Jacob Greenbaum</i>	8
Ghosts in the Hallway	8
Paying It Forward	9
A Record Snow Storm <i>Poetry by Ann Cheroff Weinstein</i>	9
A Unique Publishing House Closes Its Doors <i>Humour by Doug Lucas</i>	10
When I Consider How My Life Is Spent <i>Poetry by Ann Cheroff Weinstein</i>	Back Cover



Darkness before the Light by Timothy Martin

My eyes are dim, I can barely see.
My master was cruel and beat me.

They found me; fed and bathed, took me in.
So I lie here awaiting the eventual destruction.

Trapped in a cage, so far away from the old days.
Waiting to be ended and then put into the blaze.

Animals go down the hall but do not come back.
But these people are gentle; always ready with a snack.

My turn, as I am carried down the hall; I show no shame.
Although I have lived my life in pain, I will not blame.

The room is bright, the hands gentle and kind.
I show my appreciation with tongue and hind.

Wrapped in a blanket, carried out to fresh air.
Laid on a car seat, caresses leave me without a care.

Carried in and laid by a warm fire, brushed by a comb.
Love envelops me; at last I have found a home.

GRANDPARENTING: A BETTER LIFE *by Linda Turner*

I am past the prime of my life and have finally made it to the stage of palm trees and umbrellas in my drinks. So, why am I still hearing the pitter-patter of little feet? Many retirees have asked themselves this very question.

Across Ontario, and throughout Canada, thousands of children are being raised full time by their grandparents. According to CanGrands, a national support organization for kinship families, approximately 80,500 children are being raised by kin (grandparents or other extended family members).

These grandparents face an unexpected return to parenting. From the stress of dwindling nest eggs, remortgaging their houses, physical and emotional upheaval, and derailed retirement dreams, their struggles can be overwhelming. Support for them and their grandchildren, many of whom have special needs, is often lacking.

Some grandparents are barely seniors. Others are well into their 70's and beyond. Some had planned for a reasonably comfortable future, complete with hard-earned RSP's, only to find they need to cash in their nest eggs or continue

working well past retirement in order to support their grandchildren.

One such grandparent is Betty Cornelius, whose own life plans and financial situation changed after the birth of her granddaughter, Asheleigh, in 1993. She soon found herself seeking custody of Asheleigh, who was being neglected and abused. To deal with her own stress and isolation, she founded CanGrands, an online support group that has expanded to a non-profit organization with 25 chapters across the country (Google Cangrands kinship and join us). Just sharing, crying and laughing with others who really understand is like a breath of fresh air.

Peter and Elaine are raising 2 grandsons by their son Joe, who has fathered at least 19 other children. Their love and devotion for their grandchildren comes at a price: in order to supplement his pension, Peter, a retired fire chief, goes back to work, part-time, training firefighters.

Kids are living with their grandparents because their parents are unable to care for them. I am grateful my grand

(Continued on page 4)

Submission Guidelines

An eight- to twelve-page B&W news magazine, dedicated to the English-language community of the Greater Montreal Area, will be published every three months. Submissions for entry into the paper will be accepted from any writer, with preference given to those resident in the Greater Montreal Area.

There will be no compensation to the writer for any work that we might publish. All submissions will be reviewed by our team of editors. There is no guarantee that any submission will be accepted for publication, nor that any accepted submission will be published. Submissions can be made a number of ways:

by e-mail : the.write.place@hotmail.com (subject line: Submission)
 by fax : (514) 383-6683 (with a cover page)
 by snail mail : The Write Place, C/O 9770, boulevard Saint-Laurent, Montreal, Quebec H3L 2N3

Please include, with your submission, your name, an e-mail address where we can contact you, and a short bio that we might include with your story, if it is accepted. If you have a picture, please feel free to include it. If you want your snail mail submission returned, please enclose a SASE with sufficient postage. Any submission you provide should try to stay within a reasonable limit of these word count guidelines:

Short story :	500-2000 words	Postcard story :	250-500 words
Poetry :	3-50 lines	Book reviews :	500-525 words
Articles (by experts in the field) :	500-1000 words	Letters to the Editor	50-250 words
Advertisements:	increments of 1/8 page (contact us for rates)		

THE WRITE PLACE

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Send submissions to our e-mail with "Submission" in the subject line. Snail mail will be accepted as well. Please include your name and address in all correspondence. There is no compensation to the writer for any work that may be published. All submissions will be reviewed by our team of editors and we reserve the right to edit all material received. There is no guarantee that any submission will be accepted, nor that any accepted submission will be published in the next issue.

Before publishing an Author's Work, a publishing agreement will be signed by both parties, specifying that the Author grants to the Publisher, and the Publisher accepts from the Author, Primary first serial, one-time rights and license to print and publish the Work in the English language in Canada. In no event shall the Publisher be obligated to publish or cause publication of the Work if, in the Publisher's opinion, the Work violates the common law or statutory copyright, or the rights of privacy, publicity, or any other right of any third party or contains libelous or obscene matter.

DEBUNKING MYTHS ABOUT EDITORS *by Anne Fotheringham*

Myths. Urban legends. We hear about them all the time. Most of us chuckle and shrug them off. But when it comes to myths that can affect your profession, it is time to take a step back and examine them closely. There are a number of myths circulating about working with professional editors. I'm not sure if I've heard all of them, but most of the ones I have heard are based on false assumptions.

Here's some of the most prevalent and why they aren't true:

1. **"I don't need to hire an editor – when I sell my work to a publisher, they will edit it for free."** Time for a wake-up call on this one. Years ago, most publishers had staff editors. In today's economy, this is no longer the case. Publishers have had to downsize and many no longer have resident editors. Send in a manuscript full of mistakes, bad sentence structure and misplaced modifiers and it will come back to you with either a rejection slip or, if you have a good story that piques their interest, the suggestion that you have the book professionally edited before they take another look at it.
2. **"I can edit myself; after all, I know how to write."** Yes, I agree, writers should edit themselves as they go through the different drafts of their work. There are self-editing books available to assist. However, by the time you get to the final version of your work and want to submit, your mind has memorized much of the material and you are not always "seeing" what is really on the page. A second set of eyes, preferably a professional editor who has never seen the work before, can find the typos, sentence problems and grammar faults, etc., that you no longer see as well as make suggestions for turning that final draft into one ready for submission. This is particularly important if you plan to self-publish.
3. **"It is my work and no one else is going to tell me how to write it."** A professional editor will not change the premise of your work, the tone of your writing voice nor the intent of the book. Think of the editor as a mechanic. You have created a prototype vehicle. The mechanic will fine-tune the engine and make recommendations to enhance performance. Professional editors work the same way. The editor help you see where you can improve, but will always tell you, you are the author and it is your work, not theirs.
4. **"The editor is just a wannabe writer and will steal my story."** Many editors are also writers, but when they put on their "editor's hat," they are professionals working to "tune-up" the client's product. They share their skills, honed through years of working with words, and can make recommendations to enhance your work. Most professional editors will use some form of contract or agreement with clients and this protects the confidentiality and ownership of your work.
5. **"The editor will reveal my mistakes to others and damage my reputation as a writer."** Professional editors have ethics. First of all, the editor-client relationship is based on trust. If your book becomes a national bestseller, your editor will not be doing the talk shows making fun of the typos found on your first draft. You hired the editor to work in confidence and that's what he or she does. Secondly, editors tend to work in the background, supporting the author, but rarely sharing equal billing. They are very appreciative, however, if you mention their assistance in your Author's Notes your book is published and also if you refer them to fellow authors.
6. **"Editors are trying to rip me off by charging me for their work."** Again let's look at the mechanic example. When you take your car to the garage, do you expect the mechanic to work for free? And conversely would you trust an untrained person to repair your engine? No, you pay to get the work done by a trained professional. The same is true when it comes to having your manuscript revised. Editors, like mechanics, lawyers, psychologists, etc., have invested time and money in their training. So, yes, they do expect to be paid for work performed and you should expect to pay for services rendered. For example, an in-depth edit for a 400-page book can take more than 35-40 hours to complete. Would you work 40 hours for free?

So next time you hear someone sharing myths about working with editors, please feel free to pass along a copy of this article. And, for more information on what a professional editor can offer, please visit my website at:

www.bookeditorplus.com

(GRANDPARENTING, continued from page 2)

kids are fantastic teenagers now, unlike a lot of these children who come to life facing drug addiction, attachment disorder, FASD, ADHD and more. They also grow up watching their biological mom and dad being caught in a drug haze, usually with mental disorders, or incarcerated. Rather than losing their grand kids in "the system", more and more grandparents are loving them like their own biological chil-

dren, no matter what it takes. I've always wondered what my purpose was in life. Now I've found it. The joys are endless when you hear the words "I love you" as the kids head out to school.

If you would like to donate tickets for a concert, play or circus, etc., please send them to our Montreal chapter. The grand kids enjoy outings that their family may not necessarily be able to afford.

TIME WAS by *Ann Cheroff Weinstein*

Time was when we elderly died at home
 Were not witness to what went on behind our
 Backs with disposing of our leftovers and prized
 Acquisitions.

Today we end up dying in senior residences
 Or nursing homes after first supervising the
 Disposal of our lifelong possessions.

Our children, after helping themselves
 To things to remember us by, contact buyers
 After silver, china, art to resell for a profit,
 then hold garage sales, hoping sales addicts
 will help themselves to what's up for grabs
 What's left over will be given away to
 friends, charity, the Salvation Army,
 the remains dumped into garbage trucks.

I, for one, am now left with a setting of dishes and
 Cutlery to tide me over 'til I make my final move,
 Experience a completely new change of life.
 Much as I value my privacy, what lies ahead
 Should be better than living alone,
 Dozing out of boredom, falling asleep
 On books, mags, newspapers, TV.
 I will now have to adjust to making and
 Listening to small talk over healthy, balanced
 Nicely served meals, bound to be more delicious
 And nutritious than my previous frozen dishes
 or meals on wheels.

Will certainly welcome certain activities
 Such as stimulating lectures, concerts,
 Painting and creative writing, also
 Being conveniently located near the
 Westmount Library, Victoria Hall and
 Westmount Park, hope to take advantage
 Of others there, but it will, no doubt,
 Be hard to get used to a regimented life
 Like that of kids at summer camp.

I'll soon find out what communal living's all about.
 Hope to take it rather than leave it.

GRAMMAR RULES by *Christina Strigas*

Do not look at apostrophes
 and their useless need
 to invade your sentences
 just as I can capture your baseballs
 with my all-American mitt
 throw me abundant adjectives
 that make me want to come up for air
 it is those compound words that make me flush
 lovestruck
 headstrong
 sunset
 conjunct my sentences
 do not leave me in fragments
 syntax errors
 edit my run on sentences
 with your witty remarks
 cross out dialogue tags
 and for fuck's sake
 indent my new paragraphs
 my grammar requires your revision
 it is dangling in participles
 awaiting your quick stroke
 and penmanship
 make sure to space between my words
 I left you this love exercise
 which spins you around
 and leaves you with writer's block
 while I sit holding my manuscript of poetry
 wondering if these words reflect
 nothing and everything between us.



BACH AND MRS. BERKO by *Vivianne M. Silver*

As I walked by the Music Room, the sound of my favorite Bach Prelude called out to me. I gingerly opened the door so as not to disturb the piano player. It turned out to be an elderly woman, a bit portly, dressed in loose-fitting clothes and comfortable slippers. Her long, salt and pepper hair was pinned high on top of her head. Huge reading glasses were perched on her nose. It was, however, her hands moving swiftly and nimbly across the piano board that captivated my attention. She stopped playing when she saw me and called out, "Come in, come in – I'm almost finished for the day." A lover of piano music, I could not resist the invitation, so I sat down and listened to Mrs. Berko play Bach. That was the moment that sealed our five-year relationship.

Ever since the onset of my gradual retirement from a forty-plus years teaching career, I had begun to prepare myself for the day when I would no longer return to the classroom. Going back to studying the piano, after more than a four score and ten year interlude, was part of my Plan B. So, for the last few years, I had the opportunity to be in an adult retirement setting during the winter season. Not wanting to lose whatever I had learned, I would reserve the Music Room a couple of times a week in order to practice. That is how Mrs. Berko came into my life. Her practice sessions usually preceded mine. That is how I had the opportunity to sit and to hear her play Bach and only Bach. All of his preludes, his fugues, his concertos, etc... Not one of his compositions escaped her faithful interpretation. Looking at her aged, gnarled fingers, one would never have guessed that such beautiful music could still be played that way. It was a manifestation of pure passion. Mrs. Berko would often say to me that Bach was the reason she got up in the morning. She said that she couldn't wait to dress and to shuffle her way to the Music Room in order to spend a couple of hours with the present Love of her life. For me, it was inspirational!

Mrs. Berko was ninety years old when I first met her. I so admired her discipline, her tenacity, her determination to learn and to play every single piece of music the great composer had ever written. My music friend also began to take an interest in my own playing. She always inquired about what new piece I had learned and she would

invariably ask me to play it for her. Be it Beethoven, Mozart, or Chopin, I appreciated her commentaries. They were most accurate and helpful to me. Even her dismissive comment, "Pfff, you're a hopeless romantic. You should attempt to learn and to play Bach –you'll never go back to the others." So, in about the third year of our friendship, I responded to the challenge and I learned one of Bach's Preludes – and loved it! I couldn't wait to return to our music haven and to play it for her. When I did, she listened attentively and then pronounced, "Yes, there's hope for you. Bach sounds good at your fingers. But, be forewarned, it will be a long journey."

This past year, when I returned and opened the door to the Music Room to announce my arrival to Mrs. Berko, I was shocked to see how much she had changed. I noticed that there were no music sheets in front of her. Her glasses seemed quite foggy, her appearance more in disarray than usual. I gently called out, "Hello Mrs. Berko, it's me, Viviane, from Montreal." She replied, "Oh, hello dear. I'm glad you're back." I then cheerfully inquired, "How is your Bach doing?" She lamented, "Not so good these days. I am rapidly losing my sight and I can no longer read the notes. All I can do now is play by memory all of the music I have stored in my head." I softly responded, "I'm so sorry to hear about your sight. I notice, however, that your fingers haven't lost their magical touch. Would you play something for me? I have missed listening to you play Bach." She did. It was a fugue, one that she played with so much passion, so much love, I felt my tears gently rolling down my cheeks. That was the last time I heard Mrs. Berko play Bach.

When I noticed her absence after days of not seeing her in the Music Room, I called her home. Her son answered. My heart sank for I knew that she lived alone and the news would not be good. It wasn't. Mrs. Berko had suffered a massive stroke. She could no longer speak nor move. After expressing my deepest regrets, I gently reminded her son of Mrs. Berko's love of Bach. He responded, "We know, we have his tapes playing for her all the time. It seems to be the only thing that makes her smile." After I said my goodbyes, in my heart I prayed that the sounds that had kept Mrs. Berko alive and vibrant for so long, would now gently lead her into the night of her life.

SENTRIES by *Paul Tagney*

do not be afraid
for your clothes
that lie scattered
by the bed
as i make love
to you.
my boots
are watching
over them.



PEBBLES by *Sbai Yassin*

Those glistening pebbles
 Reflects the rays of that sleeping sun
 Silent with hidden eyes
 They hear the anger of the sea
 Night and days
 Showering their ears
 With its howl and roar
 It keeps still
 It has no feet to walk
 No feelings to sense
 They lay over there
 Like crammed baby turtles out of their nest
 Or some resting seals
 To be warmed by the sun
 To be washed by the moist of rain
 Its eyes open
 Day and night
 In concord with the sound
 Of the eastern Atlantic ocean

THE UNKNOWN CALLER by *Paul Tagney*

the most intense
 of all silent sounds
 is the one that comes
 creeping at you
 from your telephone receiver
 as you say
 "hello, hello,
 who's there?"
 and nobody answers.....
 you wonder
 about the mind
 that is silently
 listening to you
 from the other end,
 listening as you
 ask it to
 identify itself....
 until its silence
 becomes so over-powering
 that you hang up
 because your curiosity
 has turned to fear.



BOOKS

Book Synopsis: FAMILY AND LOVE by *Paul Tagney*

Family and Love initially describes Paul's early years in Bristol, England, a brief torrid equatorial experience, and subsequent immigration by ship to Canada in 1953.

Numerous challenges and adaptations spring from this major uprooting, growing up in the fifties and sixties, initially in rural Alberta, followed by later childhood and adolescent experiences in a small town on the Ottawa River, west of Montreal.

Next comes life in Montreal during the sixties, with all the social, cultural, and musical changes. Challenges, like a negative father-son relationship, are more than balanced by bonding with a best-friend's family, time and escapades with other friends, and young early-parenthood.

Book Review (by *bristolpirate* at *Amazon.com*):

Paul Tagney's new e-book, Family And Love, gives an unflinchingly honest and gritty account of growing up in Canada as a baby boomer. Written when he was 24 years old, Paul manages to capture vividly the voice of each stage in his early life, the young boy, the awkward adolescent, the rebellious teenager and, finally, the young adult. In staccato-like paragraphs, he recounts a huge variety of experiences, all set against his awe at the many beauties of the Canadian landscape. "Family And Love" is an intensely personal portrait of one young man's attempt to find redemption, and it's one helluva read.



Now available as an e-book on www.amazon.com and www.barnesandnoble.com.

AND by Jacob Greenbaum

And when the night came we as a people sat on the ground with our faces hidden.

And when the day came we pranced around the artificial sunlight that we created.

We boasted of the nuclear winter that was potentially ours and cavorted with dead minds, which we ensconced in museums.

The sunlight was a mystery to us, but that was ok. We left it to the scientists to unravel in their good time for Science was patient with us and cannibalistic with itself.

We told more sad stories and tried to get onto reality television; we lent our best minds to pitch jars of cold cream to the celebrity challenged. And we encouraged the face to remain hidden and all else to be open to scrutiny.

I tried to draw a word but was unable to do so because my left hand could not find the basement amp, which was delivering multiple decibels per annum, as outlined in the last quarterly report. See accompanying addendum.

And I cried and the people looked at me. I was hopeful because for a moment they really looked and smiled. The smile was as broad as the tree lined valleys I remembered from my childhood.

Then the smile changed. It's amazing how crowd psychology works. The smile became opaque, generic, tinfoil shiny; it held the promise of satisfaction but lacked the required nutritive supplement.

And the words were a mirage, lacking definition. I couldn't even cry for there was no word for it.

And the people had pity for me since the P's were still available. The people consulted their blackberries for synonyms, antonyms, and why-can't-I-be-hims.

And the people stood on their hind legs and scratched each other's backs.

And the reptiles came while the people slept and ate the thin crust pizza we call civilisation.



AND THE WINNER IS ...

The First Prize winner for the 2013 Quebec Writing Competition is Canadian Writers Society's own Steven Manners, for his story "Agnosis".

The judges for the competition were profuse in their praise of his work:

"Themes of memory and guilt are explored in this sophisticated, formally complex story about caring for an aging parent."

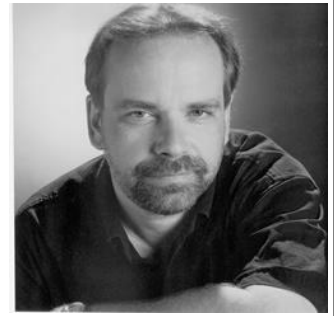
"Resonant with the passage of time, touching and elegantly wrought; Agnosis travels far in just a few words."

"Memory becomes more weighted than physical mass in this story exploring the duty of care."

The jury for this year's Quebec Writing Competition was composed of Kevin Chong, Haley Cullingham and Alice Petersen. The grand prize winners were announced at the QWF's Literary Awards Gala, held on November 19 at the Corona Theatre in Montreal.

As First Prize winner, Steven will receive a cash prize of \$1,500 dollars, and will have his story broadcast on CBC Radio's *Cinq à Six*, on Saturday, January 4, 2014. His story will also be published in the Winter edition of *Maisonneuve Magazine* as well as in an anthology by Véhicule Press.

Congratulations, Steven, on this well-deserved honour!



Ghosts in the Hallway by Christina Strigas

If you turn into an ice cube I will not melt you with my body heat but walk through that door and leave it open a tiny bit for one footprint.

There's other fish in the sea.

That day and night I did not leave my room or my bed. I cried my soul out.

You'll get over it.

Of course, here I am.

O, it was you who turned into a young man and then a man and now a middle-aged man full of anxieties.

Perhaps I lack the love to fill your cup up.

He is not the only boy in the world.

And I still think he was the only boy in the world for me.

My father's voice haunts me

The pain will get better, you'll see.

And the pain did

And he was right

And now I am trying to unlock my front door

And see your shoes in the hallway\but all I see are ghosts

Soon I will turn into one too

If you refuse to look at me

I love you.

PAYING IT FORWARD by Rosalie Avigdor

Michael Owston is a well-known figure in the Montreal community for his tireless efforts in raising much needed funds for the city's homeless. He works side by side with the organizing committee of the Old Brewery Mission and together, through their work, are able to provide food and warmth to those very much in need.

I met Michael Owston at his "office", a table on the terrace at the Second Cup on Greene Avenue in Westmount. We had a short conversation and, a few e-mails later, managed to set up a meeting for an interview.

Michael, tell me a bit about yourself.

My father was a pilot, so we moved around quite a bit in my childhood. When my father retired from the Royal Canadian Air Force, we moved to the Bahamas, spending two and a half years in Nassau. Our next move was back to Canada, first to Ottawa, and then to the West Island area of Montreal. I graduated from McGill (University) in 1979, with a degree in Political Science, then became involved in the Montreal music scene . . . basically helping musicians get gigs, etc... I have always had an affinity for them. I have been semi-retired for 11 years.

How did you get your start fund raising?

Eleven years ago, Jim Ross, a Vice President of CIBC Wood Gundy, and I were having coffee in a downtown Montreal café. Both of us had seen an article about the Old Brewery Mission (OBM) in that morning's Montreal Gazette. We are both avid golfers and decided, at that moment, to create a golf tournament to benefit the OBM. Both of us knew Ronald Lawless, the then-Chair of the OBM, and we arranged a meeting to discuss our idea. Ron gave us the OBM board's blessing and the first golf tournament took place in 2004.

Was it a success?

The first OBM golf tournament was a great success, to everyone's surprise. We were new at this and hadn't realized the huge effort setting up the charity would involve. We were fortunate to have been able to hold the tournament at the Beaconsfield Golf Club. We raised over \$80,000

for the OBM, and over the past 10 years, we have raised over \$ 1.6 million for them.

What other activities are you involved in?

As a co-founder of the OBM golf tournament, now known as the Ken Reed Golf Tournament, I have been able to involve myself in events to help the homeless in Montreal. Each year, I present four concerts at the Webster, the OBM's main pavilion, for the homeless in Montreal. At Christmas, I have a big concert for OBM clients. Food is served and each client gets a least three gifts. One of my latest interests is the Canadian Hockey League, called the Montreal Stars.

What advice would you give someone who wants to embark on a career raising funds?

I believe that it is important to have mentors. Both Ron Lawless and Jim Ross have been mentors to me. I am able to tap into their experiences and wisdom when I need advice regarding my charity work, or life in general.

Where do you see yourself in the future? Would you still want to be out there, helping different charities?

I am only 57 years old. I see myself involved in homeless issues in Montreal for the rest of my life.

Clearly, Michael brings passion, creativity and dedication to all that he undertakes. The American Womens' Club has become involved with another project of his, the Annual Sock and Gift Drive, which takes place during the Christmas season, to be donated to the homeless of our fair city. His charity work is his passion and, with his personality, he attracts friends and strangers alike to assist him in all his endeavours.

Michael, it was a pleasure meeting and interviewing you!

For any information concerning his fund raising activities, he can be contacted at owstonm@hotmail.com.



A RECORD SNOW STORM by Ann Cheroff Weinstein

The snow is snowing, the wind is blowing, but
I can weather the storm because I've got
my new home to keep me warm,

Yes, outside the snow is blowing,
The wind is howling but
We at Manoir Westmount are not growling.
Cozy and comfy, we are sheltered indoors
among a lonely crowd of talked-out
seniors with not much to look forward to,
but weathering the storm within,

battling all kinds of pain dealing
with 'the lousiness of old age',
The bane of our existence.

All the same, we put on a happy face
And maintain, "God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world," so
Who are we to complain when
we are so well-fed, entertained,
visited, not on our lonesome
as the whiteness of the snow
covers up the blackness of our
reality.

A UNIQUE PUBLISHING HOUSE CLOSES ITS DOORS *by Doug Lucas*

It is with an overwhelming sense of sadness I must announce the closing of yet another icon in the world of e-publishing. The much beloved non-publishing firm of Pipe Dreams Publishing Inc announced recently they will be closing their doors to the world of literature forever. Among many of their recent accomplishments was the distinction of having seven of their published novels on the prestigious Biglerville Bestsellers List for two years in a row. Added to this achievement was the honor of having their renowned author, Doug Lucas, named as the borough of Butler Township's best-selling author.

I can proudly say I was present when the decision to form this exceptional literary firm was first discussed. I must also admit that I really had no comprehension of the success they would achieve with their enterprise. When one considers the diverse differences in personalities of the four individuals involved in this project's birth, it becomes clear their legendary success was firmly based on the erudite artistic abilities of Mr. Lucas.

I know for a fact that one of their members was renowned for his rendition of Handel's Messiah in Tokyo, Japan in 1965. Who could ever forget the astounded gasps heard by all, as this future college professor thrilled and entertained members of the Military and Tokyo Police departments with his raw, naked performance of this classical master piece.

Added to this talent was the legendary Mr. Symons, noted for his contributions to motion pictures, the arts and, of course, various musical recordings over the years. Tales of his never-ending search for excellence on sound stages throughout his career are still celebrated. People speak with reverence when they recall his execution of a faulty recording microphone with his beloved Smith and Wesson. None will ever forget his words of encouragement to a well known singer, "You're next...one more sour note from you and we're all done for the day." His decision to become a United States' citizen was truly something of a loss for the citizens of Canada. I know for a fact that several of his friends have encouraged him, over the years, to reclaim his birth right, in an effort to repay his home of birth for their gift to The United States.

Sadly, one member of this extremely talented group never lived to see the success that the company would achieve. Known simply as the "Gooch", this gentle Southern giant of a man and pastor to a flock of over four hundred souls could have contributed so much to the world of literature. One can only wonder what else these four men would have achieved with his assistance. An example of his persuasive gentle guidance was the manner in which he convinced another group of Christians not to interfere with funeral services he was conducting. His legendary, "I'll kick the first man or woman's ass who tries to make a mockery of this man's death till hell won't have it," must have truly been an inspiration which guided the actions of those folks

that day. I firmly believe the foundations for Pipe Dreams Publishing were laid in 1964 when these four men first met. This meeting took place as a result of all four young men desiring to claim the title United States Marine. As a consequence of the time these men spent together, a bond was formed which only combat or bar fights could produce. In the beginning, this group was significantly larger, but the passage of years and habitual excessive use of alcohol reduced them to the final four. Over the decades, these four men, and those who'd passed before Mr. Lucas began his writing career, remained friends. We of the literary community have the Gooch and his love of Mr. Lucas's work to thank for the shining light of Lucas' fictional escape, which is based partly in truth and mostly on adult beverages.

Shortly before his untimely death, the Gooch extracted a promise, under threat of physical duress, from these men. Mr. Lucas had parted company with yet another Publishing House and removed all his work from the public view. At this low point in his literary career, Lucas had no intention of ever finding another publisher. The Gooch tenderly persuaded his friends into agreeing to work with him to republish all of Lucas's books. Unfortunately, the inspiration for Pipe Dreams was called home before the other three men took the time to fulfill their promise.

A direct result of Gooch's passing was the formation of the world's very first non-publishing Publishing House. Who could ever forget their mission statement, telling authors all over the world not to submit query letters or examples of their work for consideration by Pipe Dreams Publishing? I, for one, was astounded by the number of aspiring authors who flocked to the Pipe Dreams banner, flooding their e-mail boxes with the hopes and dreams they had of success.

The locally renowned book cover art of Mr. Symons drew many requests for assistance from various authors. All of these pleas and offers of financial rewards were seeking his gift for constantly failing to produce just the right blend of mood and eye catching appeal to repel readers all over the world.

The single offsetting characteristic of all of Pipe Dreams offerings was a complete lack of professional editing. One can only wonder why more aspiring authors failed to seek the services of this icon of grammatical imperfections, produced by the staff of Pipe Dreams. Those who did seek their editorial services were always greeted with a warm "You have got to be kidding me" greeting.

The last literary offering by this firm will be released sooner or later in the near or distant future. In answer to all of their loyal readers who have sought the dates for free downloads of Lucas's work, Pipe Dreams Publishing has stated there will be none. Their answer is simply if you want to read the junk, pay for it. As for the last of the five book Good Servant series, yes, it will run for five free days

when they get around to publishing it on Amazon.

There is one shining light remaining for followers of Pipe Dreams Publishing Inc. They will continue to offer all of their other services to aspiring authors.

Their services include:

5-Star book reviews

2 bottles of Ten High (plus \$100.00 to actually read your work)

Book covers we like for your book

\$200.00 (plus two bottles of Ten High if you want color)

Editing

you don't have enough money for that.

Form letters of rejection

\$120.00

Handwritten letters of rejection suitable for framing

\$420.00

(ELAN, continued from page 1)

Our community: Evolving identities

ELAN believes that the gains of English-speaking artists are not the losses of their French-speaking colleagues, and the organization works to be a constructive force in linguistic discussions. This is especially important because the linguistic reality of contemporary Quebec is complex. Bilingualism, trilingualism, and moving back and forth between languages are common practice. ELAN welcomes members from diverse linguistic backgrounds who self-identify as part of the English-speaking community. This community itself is composed of a great variety of groups, each with its own histories, defining stories, and changing identities. The English-speaking arts community is continually evolving, just like Quebec itself, and ELAN strives to understand and reflect this evolution.

Recent projects: Visibility and celebration

Along with language, visibility is an important consideration for ELAN. From 2009-11, the organization received support under the Department of Canadian Heritage's Cultural Development Fund for a project called Recognizing Artists: *Enfin Visibles!* (RAEV). Community members nominated over 1800 artists who they felt deserved greater recognition. ELAN produced profiles of over 150 of these artists, along with video interviews and cultural essays, all of which can be viewed at raev.ca.

In 2011, ELAN mounted the State of the Arts summit, which gathered 100 community leaders from a variety of artistic disciplines and regions of the province, including representatives from French-speaking cultural milieu. Over two days, summit participants identified their fears and hopes for the future, as well as challenges and concerns faced by the community at that point in its development. From cultural diversity and gender equality to linguistic division and the creative economy, discussions broached some of the most important themes on the minds of English-speaking artists. Funded by all three levels of government, the Summit acted as an important touch-point and demonstrated ELAN's ongoing commitment to collective conversation.

From 2011-13, the ACCORD (Arts and Community Culture on the Road) pilot project, also funded by Canadian Heritage, linked artists interested in touring Quebec with

regional associations, communities, and schools which were willing to plan, promote, and host performances by these artists. The project website (<http://www.quebec-elan.org/accord>) continues to provide a valuable touring infrastructure for artists and presenters all over the province.

Accolades for English-speaking Quebecois artists have continued to roll in, and recently ELAN has set its sights on raising awareness among French speakers of their fellow Quebecers' successes. In early 2013 ELAN created Made-au-Québec.ca (also funded by Canadian Heritage), a website that aggregates recent media coverage of Quebec's English-speaking artists. Interviews, articles, and audio and video excerpts of new works are all featured on the site, which highlights artists of all disciplines and draws upon media sources from around the world. Each post is translated into French, and the site's launch was covered by several French-language media outlets, including *Voir* and *Radio-Canada*.

Looking towards the future

English-speaking artists continue to flourish and enrich Quebec's society in the second decade of the twenty-first century, and ELAN continues to support their hard work. As ELAN approaches its 10th year, the organization looks forward to celebrating the remarkable accomplishments of the English-speaking arts community for many years to come.

Amy Macdonald is ELAN's Program Coordinator. She recently graduated from McGill's Communication Studies M.A. program, where she researched media, urban culture, and festivals. Originally from Edmonton, Alberta, she is an avid musician and volunteer in the arts and culture sector.

Guy Rodgers is ELAN's Executive Director. He graduated from the National Theatre School in the early 80s and has subsequently divided his time between writing and arts advocacy. He has previously been involved with Playwrights' Workshop Montreal (PWM) and the Quebec Drama Federation (QDF) among others, and was on the founding board of le Conseil des Arts et des Lettres du Québec (CALQ). He has served on boards for le Conseil Québécois du Théâtre (CQT) and the Blue Metropolis Literary Festival and currently sits on the board of Culture Montréal. He has written several large multimedia shows, including Montreal, Tales of a City at the Pointe-à-Callière Museum.

WHEN I CONSIDER HOW MY LIFE IS SPENT *by Ann Cheroff Weinstein*

Cul de Sac

When I consider how my life was spent
In comparison to how it is now being spent,
I ask myself, "Am I content with the way it was
When I was young and gay and the way it is today
now that I am old and gray?"

In the old days, I was constantly trying not to
lay waste my hours, "getting and spending,"
As most do, but was bent on looking for the light,
making the best of all my powers, wishing to bud
flower, and ripen.

Now that I'm here at Manoir Westmount,
I can't help reflect on what Irving Layton
calls the physical "lousiness of old age,"
cul de sacked with fewer options, but
supposedly, all the more wiser and experienced.

The Cup Half Full or Empty

When I consider how my life was spent
Ere half my life on the go to gain the light,
As I look back, I ask, "was I content"
With the way it was and now is?

Before I became old and lame,
I was constantly trying not to
Lay waste my hours, "getting and spending,"

As most are wont to do, but was bent on
Trying to make use of all my powers,
Wishing to bud, flower and ripen.

Now that I have blossomed intellectually,
I can't help reflect on what Irving Layton
Calls, "the lousiness of old age, cul de sacked
With fewer options but like to think,
Fulfilled and oh so much wiser.

The Cup Half Empty

When I consider how my life WAS spent
Compared to now, I can't help reflect on the
differences between youth, middle and old age,
The comedy, tragedy, brevity, and precariousness of life.
Now you see me, soon you won't.

Heidegger once said, "We are thrown into
the world that is ours to make sense of."
I can make sense of man struggling to
realize his potential to become what he is capable
of, but can't reconcile myself to humans
being taken when they finally see the light,
understand the blight that humans are ere to.

As for the end of days, I'd like to think whoever said
The following is right: "If we are remembered
for doing good, then our souls live on and on."

Canadian Writers Society
For the Love of Writing

Rosalie, Joseph, and the members of the Canadian Writers Society, would like to take this opportunity to thank the Cote Saint Luc Recreation Department for their continued support, and to thank our numerous contributors to this issue, writers from Montreal and other areas of Canada, as well as contributors from the United States and the UK.

NEXT ISSUE — Deadline for submissions for our next issue: **December 10th, 2013.**

We look forward to receiving your SUBMISSIONS . . . short stories, poems, articles, book or movie reviews, letters to the editor. We know you can do it. Let's get your name, and your work, out there for the public to enjoy! Be a part of our new and exciting plans!