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# Write ON!

A Quarterly E-zine for the Mississauga Writers Group  
Summer 2019

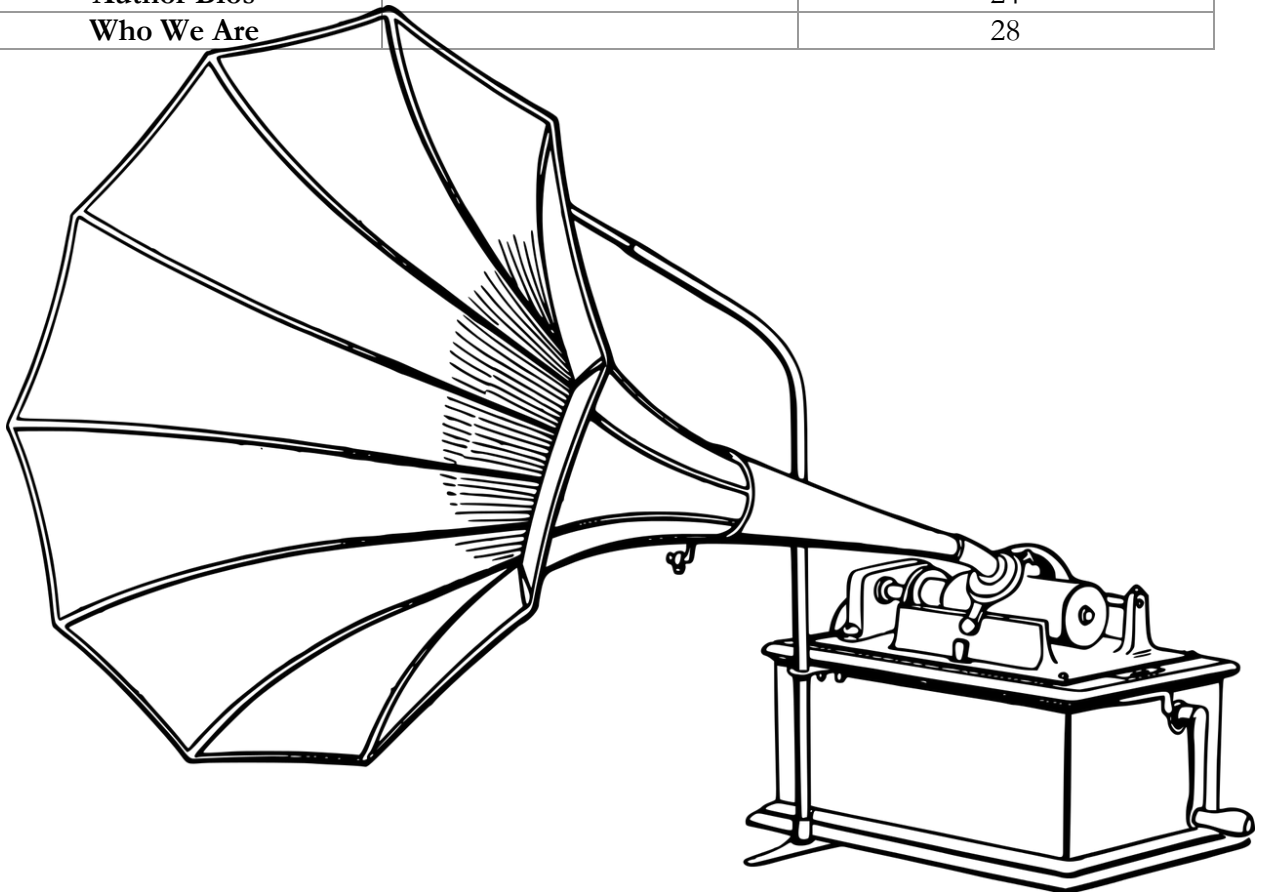
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## Music

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**Music and I**  
By Yiren

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Music is a quiet stream.  
Melody flows.  
My heart follows.

Music is a waterfall.  
Rhythm beats.  
My emotional hues increase.

Music is a clear dew drop.  
Sounds emanate pure.  
My mind becomes sure.

Music is an enchanting spring rain.  
Tones shower tenderly.  
My soul rests peacefully.

© Yiren 2019



Three poems by  
Sajeda Manzoor

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My Unique Guitar

My lovely guitar  
When I touch its frets  
I have to stretch  
My fingers hurt  
As I have tiny  
But I try my best  
My teacher says  
Don't get upset

Practice makes one perfect  
I try again  
When I play  
They beat  
EFG BCD  
EM, G and D  
I am lost in the rhythm of my songs  
It is the beauty of my notes

It teaches me  
High or low  
A lesson  
It can go up  
Or down  
Keep playing  
With patience  
You will learn

Music is everywhere  
In the sunrise  
In the ocean  
In the kitchen

It dwells in the heart  
It cherishes  
It flows

It whispers  
I am in the guitar  
I am in the piano  
I am in the drums  
I am in the flowers

I make you  
Smile and cry  
I am soothing and serene

I am in the soul  
Of every individual

I am fun  
A sign of love  
And magical  
I play  
And can't stop  
I am universal  
I am a best friend  
For healing you  
I am within you



## Echoes of Rhythm

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Music is around the world  
 In the sunrise  
 In the oceans  
 By the valleys and mountains

It echoes  
 It haunts  
 It sings a variety of songs  
 With different beats and instruments  
 Xylophone, piano, drum and guitar

It is in the whistling train  
 It is on the rooftop  
 When the rooster says loudly  
 Cock a doodle doo  
 It is time to wake up

It is in the wind  
 In the rain  
 Soothing and serene  
 It is in the flowers and bees  
 When they are kissing  
 Each other

It is in my heart  
 In my lips  
 When I kiss the tulips  
 When it sings  
 High and low  
 I am engrossed  
 I am lost  
 In my imagination

Music gives my mind a signal  
 It is love and peace  
 It is in the twittering birds  
 When they flap their wings  
 Up and down  
 With emerging spring  
 And flowers blooming  
 In red, scarlet, white and pink

Music is in the artist's soul  
 That gives spirit  
 To lift it up

It is in children's imagination  
 When they express it  
 Without any direction  
 With aimless dance and giggles  
 With their senses  
 Of touch, feel, vision and love

It is a lesson  
 It is the panacea for every soul  
 Young and old

Music is a box of treasure  
 It is all around the world

©Sajeda Manzoor 2019



## Rays

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Music is rays  
In the wind  
With soothing rain  
In the clouds  
Calm it floats  
Like a flute goes

On the seashore  
With dazzling sun rays  
Kissing the branches  
When gentle swaying wind blows

Music is like seasons  
Broken into pieces  
It is peace for every soul  
It sigh and cries  
And gives a clear note  
It is always high and low

It can heal  
It makes one to cheer  
It is broken into lovely chords and notes

It is in the nature  
In tiny creatures

In chirping birds  
In cuckoo's soul  
It heals every creature

It is rays  
It is the rainbow  
With lovely colors  
When it is seen  
Heals every broken soul

It is rhythm  
It is symphony  
It goes around the world  
It is melodious

Music is on the stage For every age  
A fetus, young, old and every soul  
It is harmony  
It conciliates

©Sajeda Manzoor 2019



## The "Mozart of Spain"

by Veronica Lerner

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Not many people have knowledge of the all names of the famous Austrian composer Mozart, that is **Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart** (January 27, 1756 – December 5, 1791). It is even more unknown that in Bilbao, Biscay, Spain, a child was born on the same date as Mozart, but fifty years later. He was a composer as talented as Mozart, named **Juan Crisóstomo Arriaga** (January 27, 1806 – January 17, 1826).

Although music has been always my passion, I had not known nothing about this composer until recently, when I learned details about him from CBC Radio 94.1 FM (classical music). So, here it is Arriaga's story.

When his younger son was born, his father, a Spanish musician, Juan Simón, intentionally choose two of Mozart's four given names, hoping that the baby, when he'll grow up, would become a composer as talented as Mozart. And Juan's dream became reality: not only Arriaga was a child prodigy, like Mozart but also, unfortunately, he died very young, few days short of his twentieth birthday.

Juan Crisóstomo Arriaga took his first music lessons with his father and older brother. His father, after being a church organist, became a merchant of wool, rice, wax, coffee and other commodities. The income generated in this way allowed Juan Simón to spend it on his son musical education. So, in September 1821, when Arriaga was only sixteen, his father - with the encouragement of a composer friend, sent Juan Crisóstomo to "Conservatoire Paris", where the young Arriaga took violin, counterpoint and harmony lessons with prestigious teachers. very soon he made quite an impression on his mentors.

In 1823, Cherubini, who had become director at the Conservatoire the previous year, famously asked upon hearing the young composer's *Stabat Mater*, "Who wrote this?"; learning it was Arriaga, he said to him, "Amazing – you are music itself."

At eighteen, Arriaga became a teaching assistant, noted and highly praised for his talent both by fellow students and other faculty at the Conservatoire. Cherubini referred to Arriaga's fugue for eight voices (also lost) based on the *Credo* simply as "a masterpiece". Apparently, what impressed all his mentors was his use of sophisticated harmonies, counterpoint and fugue with minimal or no formal instruction.

Arriaga wrote also an opera - now-lost, *Los Esclavos Felices* ("The Happy Slaves"), and the musicians wrote about it that "without any knowledge whatsoever of harmony, Juan Crisóstomo wrote a Spanish opera containing wonderful and completely original ideas".

Arriaga was well supported by his father during his four years in Paris, but the intensity of his commitment to his studies at the Conservatoire and his meteoric rise, based on his teachers' compliments and assessments of his promise, may have taken a toll on his health: he died in Paris ten days before his twentieth birthday, of a lung ailment (possibly tuberculosis) or exhaustion—perhaps both. He was buried in an unmarked grave at the *Cimetière du Nord* in [Montmartre](#). Thanks to the Spanish Embassy, since 1977 there has been a plaque marking the house at 314 rue Saint Honoré in memory of the composer.

I looked on Google and found few recordings of Arriaga's music on YouTube. I not only enjoyed listening to them but was also deeply impressed by the maturity and complexity of the music written when he was only eighteen years old.

Here is a string quartet:

(<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=juan+arriaga+composer&&view=detail&mid=EDA74C3BD205B06B3906EDA74C3BD205B06B3906&&FORM=VRDGAR>)

And here is a symphony:

(<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=juan+arriaga+composer&&view=detail&mid=380E19E69A86F6F9B664380E19E69A86F6F9B664&&FORM=VRDGAR>)

Arriaga's beautiful music justifies why Spain named him the "Mozart of Spain". Arriaga was definitely a musical genius, and his limited number of compositions is only because of his too-short life. They are as complex and beautiful as the ones written by the world's greatest and well-known composers.

©Veronica Lerner 2019





## Sounds of Emotional Chaos

by Hasan Zia

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High gain distortions,  
Chaos of emotions,  
through screaming echoes -  
exhibit art of abstraction

In the shadows of the axes -  
craftsmen carve the sound,  
The sound that gives voice -  
to the somber spirit drowned

Inhaling coldness of winter  
with warmth in their voice,  
They ignite the hearts of the broken ones -  
with utter delight to rejoice

Shrieking vocals amidst growls,  
With blasting beats the beating hearts,  
And banging heads of metalheads -  
take their dose of black arts

Music is a means of catharsis to me  
A therapy and a way of rehabilitation  
As the agony rises, tearing me through -  
a cry of the soul and a tool of expression

The stories of tragedy  
and sorrow and pain,  
and accounts of memories  
that forever remain  
keep me alive  
in the solitude - fertile

When my spirit screams loud -  
the silence breaks me free,  
In the realm of black metal  
I embrace my tormented self

©Hasan Zia 2019



**Texas**  
by Maria Cecilia Nicu

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*“Songs” Cycle*

She watches the sun going down in a slow motion jump into the sea. He still wears his sun glasses, lying on sand, and the tall man walks his dog as he does every evening. The beach is almost empty!

-Texas, she says!

-What?

-Listen, Texas...

-It's only a sunset, dear!

-It's the song, silly. Chris Rea. Don't you remember?

-Should I?

-You should!

-My dear, it's you who pile up a whole lot of remembrances, *climb up* it and *sit on top* of it, not me. Don't ask me to follow you. I won't do it. When you reach a certain age life, as you know, it naturally takes a step to distance itself from you.

-Oh, you've reached that certain age, I presume, and you forget to whom you speak...

-No wonder you're confused.

-You can watch as many sunsets as you want: singing was never a part of their job...colouring the sky, yes, sending some heat burning waves, yes... but singing?

No answer here, she thinks, it is going to be a night of questions hanging in the air. I feel so thin that they will die before we are be ready to formulate them. I'm pretty sure, it's enough to see his face.

What the song says? “Warm winds blowing/ heating blue sky/ and the road that goes forever....”

Texas!

The sun is almost gone... some red traces make the sky look like a surrealistic painting as a bit of light lingers around dark waves in the water.

Sometimes, it isn't bad to be alone!



## Chakras and Music

by Elizabeth Banfalvi

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*Chakra* is a Sanskrit word meaning *wheel* or *vortex*, and it refers to each of the seven energy centers of which our consciousness, our energy system, is composed. It is part of the Hindu philosophy of healing. The seven main chakras are described as being aligned in an ascending column from the base of the spine to the top of the head. Each chakra is associated with a certain colour, multiple specific functions, an aspect of consciousness, music, and other distinguishing characteristics, and they relate to our auras.

Our aura, or energy field, not only goes around us but moves within our body as well. Auras and chakras vibrate to different colours, sound, and light frequencies. The colour spectrum varies with one's physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual states.

Music, associated with one of our five senses, is vibration, and this helps in the healing process. Hospitals, hospices, and mental clinics use music as a way to help heal their patients. It improves our energy on many levels and helps us visualize better. If you can't visualize, then put on a piece of music. The music's energy and vibration will do wonders.

Each chakra has a music note and musical instruments which influence that chakra's location. As the chakra locations go up the spine, the instruments and musical notes become finer and higher in vibration. Your body is actually a musical instrument so it resonates, vibrates, and harmonizes with a corresponding musical note on the C Scale. Check out the different notes and instruments.

Think also of the music of the heart. Some instruments sit by, on, or to the front of the heart – guitar, cello, harp. Also pay attention to how your body listens to music. Your body responds even if you don't realize it.

### **Chakra Levels**

1st Chakra – base of spine, red, earth, survival, grounding, stillness, elephant – Note: C – U (ooh) – cello, trombone, tuba, bassoon, deep & low drums, primitive drum rolls

2nd Chakra - lower abdomen, orange, water, emotions, sexuality, desire, tears, crocodile, moon –  
Note: D – O (home) – string orchestra, French and English horn, viola, cello, electric guitar,  
marimbas, saxophone

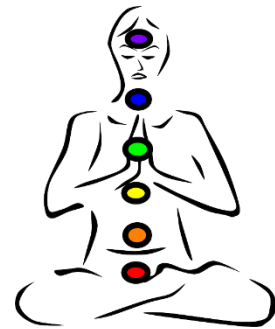
3rd Chakra - solar plexus, yellow, fire, will, power, anger, joy, laughter, ram, sun – Note: E – O (top)  
– clarinet, oboe, violin, cello, piano, guitar

4th Chakra - heart, green, air, love, balance, compassion, antelope – Note: F – Ah – flute, oboe,  
trumpet, harp, violin, piano

5th Chakra - throat, blue, ether, sound, communication, creativity, expansion, excitement, deer –  
Note: G – Eh – tinkling bells, crystal bowls, high pitched sounds, flute, wood winds, human voice

6th Chakra - (third eye) forehead, indigo, light, clairvoyance, psychic abilities, imagination, dreaming,  
owl – Note: A – Ee – harp, guitar, piano, synthesizer, symphony orchestra, higher electronic  
instruments, synthesizers

7th Chakra - top of head, violet, thought spiritual connection, understanding, knowing, bliss, God –  
Note: B – Ohm – organ, electronic synthesizers



As you can see, there is a connection between the chakra, its energy, the musical note, and instruments listed. If you are feeling low or over-energized, check out the chakra the feeling is associated with, and then use a piece of music that has the musical instrument featured in it.

Think of going to church and hearing the organ. What a magnificent energy it has, and it gives us a higher sense of ourselves. Even Earthly processes such as the flow of water set to music is so lovely and can calm us.

We don't realize how often we hear music in our day and how it affects us. Use the power it has to help you feel healthier and more energized. Try variations of music to gain more and finer energy. Music is featured in so many ways: radio, recordings, television programs, and venues also pipe music through their sites.

Music is definitely energy in a significant way. Pay attention, and use it as often as you can.

©Elizabeth Banfalvi 2019

## Music

by Vidya Gopaul

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Just imagine the world without music. It would definitely be a lonely place to live in. Just venture outside the Earth's atmosphere and you will find absolute silence, and I am sure it is no fun to live there.

When God created Earth, He did the right thing to add music to our lives; otherwise, our lives would have been very monotonous. What is music? Music is rhythm in many forms. It can be found everywhere, especially in nature: birds singing, rivers flowing and breeze blowing. Just like most of the discoveries are derivatives of nature, music is no different. And where is the best place to experience the music of nature? In nature.

The way I experience the music of nature first hand is to go fishing. I go to Lake Simcoe. There is a river that flows to the lake and, if you go two miles deep in the bush, there is a great place to fish (and, I must add, fish are guaranteed). But most importantly, I go fishing there because of the tranquility, birds singing, water flowing and the gentle breeze that hushes among the trees. They all are music to my ears, as the saying goes.

Not too far from where I fish, there is a small waterfall. The sound that is generated by the falling of the water is unique. The water does not fall in straight line from top to bottom, like most waterfalls do. It does two loops halfway down and then falls to the bottom. Because the waterfall is located in a semi-circular landscape, it produces a sound that resembles a flute when the wind blows from east to west and wraps around the two loops of the fall.

When all of sudden I hear the sound of a flute, I feel that I am among the angels, each one holding a flute in the abundance of colourful flowers and greenery. At times, it seems that Lord Krishna is playing His flute. For a moment, I feel that all the fish are dancing in rhythm with them too. The feeling is out of this world. Then, slowly, the birds join them with their sweet tweets and chirps. Not too far in the distance, there is a farm where you will find cows, goats, horses and other animals. They, too, seem to join in the choir. For a moment, I feel that a complete orchestra is playing beautiful music in Carnegie Hall.

And that brings such peace, joy, and relaxation to me that I feel I am ready to live another day. My mind, body and spirit are all rejuvenated and ready to challenge what comes next in life. When time permits, I take this trip two to three times a year, and I consider the time well spent.

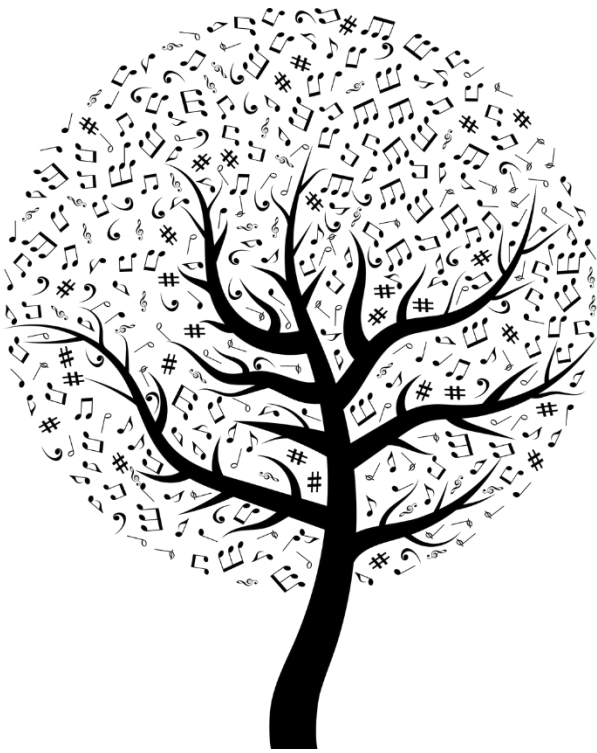
One may ask this question: all those sounds can be heard in the city, and yet how is that they do not have the same effect? Around the city, we do hear birds singing, there are the rivers or streams that flow, and wind breezes. The difference is way the sounds are coordinated harmoniously in a manner that the result becomes a rhythm, and it is music to the ears. You can only experience them in that natural environment. I am a city boy and enjoy all the city activities but even more so I really enjoy nature in its original state. To truly experience nature in its original state, you have to be soaked in it.

Picture this, if you please: the sun is just rising above the trees and you can feel its warm rays. The surrounding is still and quiet, except you hear the slow flow of the water. It is so peaceful that the tranquility itself becomes a soft background music. Then all of a sudden, the wind blows at thirty kilometres an hour and, as it swings in that semi-circular landscape behind the waterfall and wraps around it, it produces the piping of a flute. That music goes on for few minutes until the birds join in.

If you really pay attention to those birds, you can detect the sound of piccolo or clarinet in the same way music was composed in the classical era. The imitation of bird song was stylized, as in Beethoven's Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral". Not too far in the distance, the moos of the cows add the bass to the orchestra. Once in a while, the woodpecker will add the bongo effect to entire musical event. Quite often, the splash of water will sound like a tambourine. If there are doves around, they will add the soft flute-like tones of an ocarina.

Believe or not, there are times I am so absorbed in nature's music that I do not realise there is a fish on my hook; I cast the fish and release it. Studies have found that music plays an important role in the well-being and health of human beings. I am one of the humans who takes advantage of it by spending a day in nature.

©Vidya Gopaul 2019



## What Music Has Meant to Me

By Miranda Wong

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Music has meant many things and has been vital to my well-being.

Firstly, music has been connected to children. The rhythmic breathing of my children asleep, the giggling and glee in their voices, their footsteps upon their return and the sweet sound of “Mom” were some of the many things that were music to my ears, and it meant their contentment, joy, safety and affection.

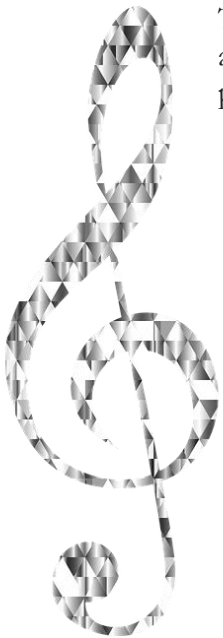
Secondly, the antithesis to music, namely silence, can be cherished as “me time”—but, for a long while, many decades ago, it was the calm before the storm. Music helped drown my sorrows and despair in my recall of silently praying for salvation from captivity as a refugee, judgment for being the wrong colour, disability, size and scarring, and being manipulated to keep quiet about being abused. Thus, I felt blessed when music came back on. I couldn't survive without music.

Thirdly, music is a means to hear another person's message or story, and equally crucial opportunities to relate, connect, recall my personal experiences, release my emotions, get over my demons and learn. Further still, music has been a structure and a motivation for me to write lyrics to share my story and to be my way of giving forward. I've benefitted greatly from others' musical talents and, through my lyrics, I try to give lessons and a voice to those who have remained unable or don't yet have a voice to articulate their stories.

Also noteworthy are the countless other ways music has brought peace, joy and excitement to my life. Meditation, celebrations (such as weddings, anniversaries and statutory holidays), religious events, concerts, orchestra, movies and memorials would be otherwise dissatisfying and incomplete without music. Music is amazing at connecting people, setting the ambience, providing a precursor to what comes next, perking me up, helping drown out background noise so I can concentrate on my task at hand, easing me to sleep, igniting a recall of a memory long forgotten, and regulating the pace of physical movement in exercise and dance. If I may add proudly, as well, music is an art form and skill that humans, animals and birds can produce. Music gives me joy to be alive and constantly reminds me to appreciate my sense of hearing.

These are endless ways I have reaped the benefits of music. Music has helped me heal and feel at peace, loved, needed and helpful, to enjoy life and to connect with other people emotionally, physically and intellectually.

©Miranda Wong 2019



**Music Musings**  
by M.L.M. Lagarde

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I

Eight thousand years ago,  
there was a wise man  
who spoke of the flute where flows  
the music of the One who goes  
by the name I am.

II

Music is an endless stream  
quietly meandering  
towards the ocean of everyone's being  
even those bereft of hearing.

III

Surely beyond sound or song  
music speaks  
ten thousand truths  
including silence.

IV

Music enters the eyes  
where lies an infant  
soundly asleep in a mother's embrace  
Music passes through the nose  
in the sweetness of a baby's breath  
Music comes into the palate  
as bread baked with love is partaken  
Music touches the skin  
while one walks hand in hand with a child  
Alas there's also music circling in the brain  
with memories of the most tender kind  
and melts the heart or remove its pain.

V

Music can be a hum, a whistle, a tune,  
a jingle of raindrops falling on a window pane,  
a roar of waterfalls cascading down mossy rocks, or  
a sense of quietude made by waves on a sandy shore.  
As for me, music is whatever brings fire to the doorstep of my soul  
then swings me open to experience the beauty of love's many expressions  
and makes me feel alive.





## Music Challenge: A Memoir Through Music

By Shannon L. Christie

There's a music challenge making its way around social media, requesting individuals to post, over a 10 day period, 10 albums that really made an impact on them. You post the album cover with no explanation, and then nominate one friend each day to pick up the challenge.

I was nominated for this challenge and, as I sat to think about the albums that made an impact on me; I found it hard to pick only 10; as you delve into your album archives, it's hard not to think about how a particular album impacted your life. Music has the ability to create memories, help us retain memories or even recall memories we thought long gone. This is the story of my first album, my first record player, my first boy crush and my first stitches, all set to music.

My first LP (long playing) album was *Rollin'* (1974) by the Bay City Rollers, the Scottish boy band from Edinburgh. I owned 45s before but this was my first LP album. It was my fifth birthday and, as a present, I received my own record player: white on the bottom, red on top, clear blue cover with a handle to transport it, and the album *Rollin'*!

I had been given instructions on how to flip a record over from Side One to Side Two, so as not to get any fingerprints on the vinyl. While flipping *Rollin'* between my palms, it fell to the floor and broke... and I was devastated!

Even though I was quite young, my older friend Arlette had introduced me to the Bay City Rollers. She was in love with Leslie McKeown, the lead singer, and I adored guitarist Stuart 'Woody' Wood. I remember going to the Canadian National Exhibition and having a top hat glittered with "Bay City Rollers". We had Bay City Roller t-shirts and plaid-trimmed pants. (I still have mine); I even had Bay City Roller socks! There's a photograph of me all decked out in my Bay City Roller gear—a Polaroid in fact!

I lost one of my precious Bay City Rollers t-shirt when I cracked my head off the corner of a desk while being swung around in a swivel chair by Arlette. The t-shirt was covered with blood. I had to have stitches and was in the hospital for a few days, which of course I absolutely hated!

To this day, I still own my Bay City Rollers albums, and I still own the album jacket from the broken LP *Rollin'*. (It was replaced with a new copy; I just couldn't let go of the original.) I still get goosebumps when I hear *S-A-T-U-R-D-A-Y NIGHT*!

©Shannon L. Christie 2019



## The Power of Music

By Don Gamsby

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As a young teenager in the early 1960s, my obsession with pop/rock music and its makers (especially The Beatles) replaced my difficult personal life with a kind of fantasy. I soon morphed from a fan to a guitar player, and then later to a reseller of the music I loved. Music became my teacher and the theme by which I lived.

Fast forward to 1989: I was in Los Angeles for a Beatles convention and to buy loads of collectable records for my Canadian resale business. The power of music was providing me a very interesting life, as well as keeping a roof over my head. Later that night, I went to see Paul McCartney's first U.S. show in many years. The place was to be full of Hollywood's elite.

Outside the L.A. Forum at 6 pm, I met Jim, a struggling L.A. musician and actor who waited celebrities' tables at night and did endless auditions during the day, waiting for a break in the business. I had a long and emotional conversation with him about constantly seeing the stretch limos full of the lucky few screaming and laughing beautiful people as they sped off into the night to their mansion parties. His story painted a stark picture of the incredible contrast between those living in castles with servants and the countless wannabes who move to California every year only to find themselves grinding it out and living in bad areas of L.A. He was really choked up. I teared up too, but I turned my head away. It seemed so unbelievably unfair.

He then explained exactly just how different mega rock stars were from us. "They are not like us," he stated passionately. "They're our gods! They have an energy above ours that comes from their millions of fans. I *have* to get some of it, somehow!" I knew that people throughout history have believed that by touching their iconic leaders, they'd absorb some form of spiritual energy that would elevate them in life, and that rock stars and movie stars were just the latest versions of that.

But from his connections, he knew that ex-Beatles Ringo Starr and George Harrison were also definitely in L.A. that night! Those two often frequented the famous celeb nightclub hangout called The China Club. And, unbelievably, Paul McCartney's inner circle road-crew was likely to attend later that night! Would Paul come along and would this be the unannounced Beatles reunion (minus the assassinated John Lennon) the whole music world had been waiting for?! Even without invitations, we decided to meet there after the concert, to do our best to not miss this possible historic music event, even from outside.

By 7 pm, I was standing next to the McCartney concert venue's huge red carpet, watching the movie stars walk by me among hundreds of paparazzi. I saw movie star bad-guy Gary Busey stand up behind his limo for a solid five-minute barrage of flash bulbs. I was a huge fan, and Busey was the first real movie star I'd seen up so close. I took a step forward onto the actual red carpet to get a better view, but then my spot was immediately taken behind me and I couldn't get back! I was stuck on the carpet where, as a non-star, I was NOT welcome!

As Busey left his limo, he saw me on the carpet and, thinking I was paparazzi out of bounds, the look on his face switched to that of a madman. He clearly had a lesson to teach me. He made a unnecessary beeline for me, coming at me like a raging bull. Thank goodness that I saw him coming! I bricked up my right shoulder and prepared for the impact. We bounced off each other like two big

horn sheep! We both grunted out loud in perfect unison! I thought to myself, “Wow! I can’t believe that just happened!!” It was at least an even score. So I thought.

8 pm: The Paul McCartney show was incredible. For the first time, he did a lot of Beatles songs. The power of his music left me riveted to my chair. Maybe he’d given it a bit more juice, knowing much of Hollywood’s elite were there. McCartney’s music had impacted me since ‘63, yet the global importance of his music was driven home in me and everyone else there that night. It became much more obvious to me that my whole life had been evolving around the music he’d made with the Beatles. He’d helped create the soundtrack of my life!

After the McCartney show, I drove to the legendary China Club, known for its iconic Pro-Jams. I met up with Jim again outside. The place was packed, and we didn’t have invite badges. Jim immediately came up with a ruse and, in a flash, we were inside the dark world of a private L.A. celebrity party with a big music stage and an incredible house band comprised of some of rock’s elite players!

From the front row, we watched the wildest evolving jam session of the century. I’d never seen or heard anything like it before. Even though it was mostly improvisational, it all sounded like professionally produced studio albums! I was never to think about live music the same way again. Still, everyone was waiting for the three Beatles to appear! The MC teased us about our expectations before suddenly introducing Elton John who came out and took over the electric piano and vocal mic from only about twelve feet away from us! For forty minutes, Elton John and the house band blasted through all the rock n’ roll standards, as if it was his last ever show! I was left in awe and absolutely speechless.

Now, at 3 am, while waiting outside the China Club with the paparazzi in a dimly lit parking lot, suddenly, everyone was yelling, “Wayne, Wayne, Wayne!” Before I had time to ponder why Wayne Newton was there, the great Wayne Gretzky #99 crashed his way past me, spinning me like a top and almost sending me to the tarmac! He was furious that people were there between him and his car!

Unlike earlier that night with Gary Busey, I hadn’t had any time to brace myself. Gretzky had come out of nowhere. Without shoulder pads and in NHL game-shape, Gretzky gave me a shot I’d never forget (and certainly an interesting badge of honour very few regular folks can make claim to!): a mean spirited body check from the greatest and most famous hockey player the world has ever known! And, at that, my second celebrity body check of the night! As Wayne and his wife got clear of the crowd, they strolled hand in hand down the deserted and quiet street to the only car there, a Porsche.

Jim said, “They are going to their mansion.”

I replied, “Where else?”

He replied, “That’s L.A.”

Within moments, the same thing happened, except now everyone was yelling “Elton, Elton, Elton!” From my right, Elton John was taking dead-slow mini-steps through the dense crowd, trying to get to a waiting car. As he moseyed his way, passing three or four inches in front of me, everyone was stroking his upper body from all sides! His back, arms and chest were all being caressed as if he was a cat or a dog! He looked to be so used to it that he didn’t even mind, or maybe didn’t even

notice! He signed a few autographs as he passed by me and Jim, who was right next to me. Jim momentarily placed his hand gently on Elton's shoulder and then slowly pulled it back.

After Elton disappeared, I asked Jim, "Why did you touch him?"

Trembling, he said, "I want... I need... I need some of that 'stuff,' that energy that they all have that we don't! If I get only a bit from Elton, my luck could change forever."

I totally believed him.

At 4:15 am and, after a very long day and night, I placed my tired head on my hotel pillow and eyed the mountain of boxes of exciting music albums I'd acquired earlier. I also mulled over the many unforgettable experiences. Would anyone I know in Canada believe all that I'd just been through? The LP boxes spoke to me. This had all happened because of the infinite power of music. With that thought, I drifted off to sleep.

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## Writing Exercises

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1.

In his brilliant civil rights novel *Invisible Man*, Ralph Ellison used jazz to inspire the style of his narrative. Some sentences are short and sharp, coming at the reader in a furious beat; sometimes the sentences are long and smooth, slowly sliding into the reader's brain and settling in like cool water on a hot day. Repetition and anaphora are commonplace in the text.

Select a topic that really speaks to you—something you can write passionately about. What style of music fits best with that topic?

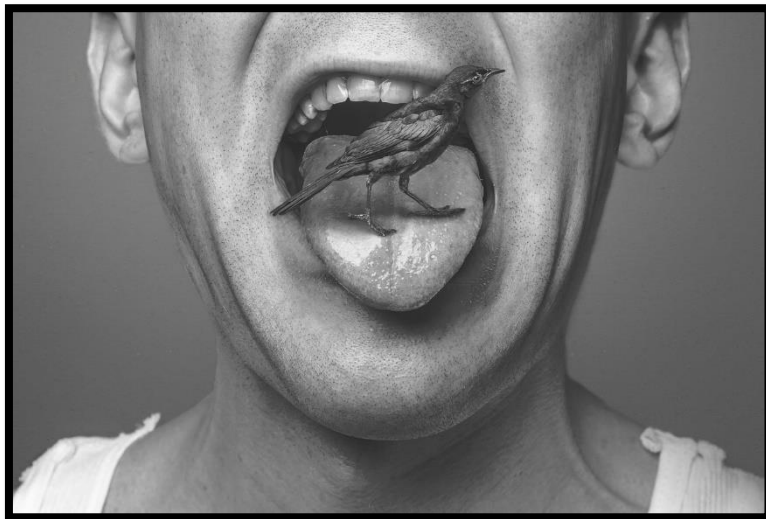
Set your timer for 15 minutes. Write about your topic, using your chosen style of music to shape the language of your writing.



2.

This exercise is best done in several sittings, giving your brain time to let the creativity percolate.

Various artists, including Weird Al Yankovic, take great delight in parodying popular songs. Choose a song—something with simple lyrics is best (think pop music). Write your own parody.



## Coming Up Next

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Autumn 2019

### The Global Village

deadline August 15<sup>th</sup>, 2019



#### Submission guidelines:

- electronic submissions only
- send submissions to [sheilavdhc@gmail.com](mailto:sheilavdhc@gmail.com) and [info@mississaugawritersgroup.com](mailto:info@mississaugawritersgroup.com)
- include submission, a short bio (2-3 sentences) and an author's photo
- ensure your submission is relevant to the theme
- content must be in English or include an English translation

**N.B.** Content which contains hate speech or images, extreme violence or explicit sexuality will not be published.

## Write ON! in the Near Future

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Not inspired by the theme for the upcoming issue of Write ON?  
Perhaps you need a different theme. Here are the upcoming themes for  
Write ON!

Winter 2019 **Double Issue: Dystopia/ theme-free** deadline November  
15th

Spring 2020 **Sports** deadline February 15th

Summer 2020 **Mystery** deadline May 15<sup>th</sup>

Autumn 2020 **Family** deadline August 15<sup>th</sup>

A reminder that Write ON! also accepts theme-related drawings, paintings  
and photos by group members. Please send images in .jpg format.



### Author Bios

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**Elizabeth Banfalvi** started writing her meditation series books in 2008 and now has nine in print. She taught Meditation and Stress Relief Naturally topics in the Dufferin-Peel DSB, Peel DSB, Halton CDSB, Brampton Parks and Rec and the Mississauga Library System. She is the President of the Mississauga Writers Group and writes weekly articles for the Peel Weekly News. She is also a Registered Canadian Reflexology Therapist since 1996. [www.elizabethbanfalvi.com](http://www.elizabethbanfalvi.com)



**Shannon L. Christie:** The arts are a huge part of my life, being a writer is a new chapter for me. I am an accomplished photographer, artist and a graduate of Sheridan College with a diploma in Interior Design, working in the textiles and merchandising industries.



A MWG member since 2015, **Don Gamsby** is a retired semi-pro musician, and dealer of rare recordings and vintage musical instruments.



**Vidya Vasant Gopaul** is the author of a novel, *Race the Time*, and a screen play, *Fires of Times*. He is a regular contributor to the publications of Mississauga Writer's Group. He is currently working on other novels.

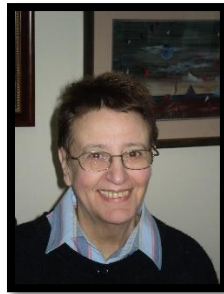




**M.L.M. Lagarde** has had a long career in public service and now aspires to share, through creative writing, her musings about life, people, and the world around and within us. A resident of Mississauga, she moved here from the Philippines not too long ago and her first attempts at writing draw from this experience.



Poet, Editor and Freelance Journalist, **Veronica Lerner** is a Romanian-born scientist that came to Canada in 1982. In parallel with her scientific profession, she has pursued her passion for literature by publishing seven books (five in Romanian and two in English), collections of short stories and poems. She is present in numerous Romanian and Canadian anthologies and she works as editor of the award-winning Romanian magazine *Observatorul* in Toronto. For promoting abroad the Romanian language and culture, in July 2018 she was one of the ten recipients around the globe of the medal issued by the Romanian publishing house "Vatra veche" as a celebration of 100 years from the Romania's provinces unification.



**Sajeda Manzoor** loves to write about culture, nature, seasons, art and beauty. She writes short stories, haikus and theme-based poems, and believes that to live happily we need to see the beauty of nature and beauty in others. To live humbly and with compassion is the real goal of life. "Life has a beginning and an end nobody can deny".



**Maria Cecilia Nicu** was born in Bucharest-Romania and became a Canadian citizen in 1980. She has a Masters in Literature and History. She is the author of three published books: a collection of short stories entitled *A plouat cu iguane* (*It Rained with Iguanas*), a novel called *O mie o sută de ani* (*Eleven Hundred Years*), and the book of short stories, poetry and essays *De ce* (*Why*). She is also a columnist for Toronto's Romanian newspaper *Observatorul*, as well as print and digital collaborations in Romania, France, Ireland and USA.



**Miranda Wong** is a Mississauga author and poet who has been a member of the Mississauga Writers Group since 2016. Her published works appear in their Spring 2018, Summer 2018, Spring 2019 Write-on quarterly e-zines and their anthologies called *Canada, our Home*, *Word Fest: Celebrating Who We Are!*, and *Our Voices in Verse*. She is passionate about awareness for equality, discrimination, abuse, mental health and violence. She can be reached at [vmiranda98@yahoo.com](mailto:vmiranda98@yahoo.com).



**Yiren**, a translator and interpreter, writes both traditional and modern Chinese poems. Now she is trying her hands on English poem. Poetry is her way to convey her feelings and love for life.



**Hasan Zia** is an ambient doom, grim romantic poet from Mississauga, Canada. His poetry has aesthetics of symbolism in the perspective of romanticism with gothic ambience. In Hasan's writings one can feel melancholy and gloom. His debut poetry book "Season of Gloom" is available on Amazon. He can be reached at [www.instagram.com/hasan\\_zia\\_poet](http://www.instagram.com/hasan_zia_poet)



## We are the Mississauga Writer's Group

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We are a group of writers who have established this forum to share our experiences and pursue our dreams through creativity, knowledge and mutual respect. We want to learn from our strengths and talents and have enjoyable and stimulating conversations that only writers can relate to!

We would love to have writers from our community join us. All aspiring and established writers are most welcome. We believe we all have something special inside us. Come explore your talent with the Mississauga Writers Group.

**Website** - [mississaugawritersgroup.com](http://mississaugawritersgroup.com)

**Email** - [info@mississaugawritersgroup.com](mailto:info@mississaugawritersgroup.com)