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WORD PASSED ON FROM THE MOUNTAIN

by Ben Henderson

Dramaturg, Saskatchewan Playwrights Centre

It's that time of year again. Twenty-five new plays have been sent up to the reader at the top of the mountain. The Kugler has spoken and six have been chosen.

Yes indeed, we had a record-breaking number of Spring Festival submissions this year which made both for a tough competition and fourteen hundred and fifty five pages of reading for our outside reader DD Kugler (he actually counted and I see no reason to question his math skills, he is after all a professor.)

So enough of the blether, what did he actually pick? The four main pieces will be **Peaches and Cream** by Jennifer Wynne Webber, **Prelude to Munich** by James Trettwer, **The Evil Among Us** by James Misfeldt, and **Grease Paint and Gasoline** by Mansel Robinson. Our two extra projects this year will be **Whore** by Rob Van Meenen and Cherise Arneson, and **Valentine's Day and Bathurst Station** by Trenna Keating. Schedules and directors are still to be worked out but we are on our way. Put aside the 9th to the 14th of May and plan to be in Saskatoon for a week of play development and general merriment.

In other news, things trot along much as usual. Much of our recent efforts have gone into our first global grant application to the Saskatchewan Arts Board. The exercise of self description always seems like a long one, but it is actually an interesting exercise in self definition. Now we just have to hope the jury liked it as much as we did.

The fall has also been filled by a number of workshop projects. A productive time was spent on Madaleine Dahlem's two plays **Old Farts** and **Almost Home**. The latter is about to premiere in its French version at L'Uni Theatre in Edmonton. It will

then be transferring to La Troupe du Jour in Saskatoon. Watch for it under the title **Foyer**. The process of developing the play in two languages at the same time has been a fascinating one. Although it is undoubtedly the same story it is quite intriguing how the characters and their relationship changes as it moves back and forth between the two languages and attendant cultures. We also had a fascinating workshop session on Tim Boechler's **Beside the Apple Tree** and a very lively half day on Leanne Griffin's **The Olympic Tryouts**.

This year's AGM also proved to be a very enlightening weekend. The Saturday we spent exploring story, first with a panel and open discussion in the morning and then in the afternoon with a hands-on experiment in creating story. Both sessions are described elsewhere in this issue. Byrna Barclay hosted a lovely soiree on the Saturday night and then we gathered again on the Sunday for a session on writing for the CBC with Kelly Jo Burke and then our regular AGM meeting.

For those of you who missed it, we are trying to extend the AGM weekend into a conference and discussion opportunity. I was very happy by what we were able to achieve this year. I encourage you all to partake of whatever we come up with for next year.

And speaking of Byrna Barclay, congratulations are due for her many recent awards, including a Regina Book Award for her play **The Room With Five Walls**, as well as receiving a Saskatchewan Order of Merit.

So, on to the new year. Both Spring Festival and the 24 Hour Playwriting Competition will soon be upon us so keep
(Continued on Page 3)

DUES NEWS

SPC Membership dues are going up \$5 for both associate and playwright members effective January 1, 2005. A motion passed at the recent AGM allowed for the increase.

Members who have already paid their dues for 2004-2005 are not subject to the increase until July 31, 2005.

A substantial number of members have not yet renewed their memberships. Anyone who has not yet paid their dues will no longer receive the SPC E-zines or the newsletter. They will also pay the \$5 membership increase if they do not renew before January 1, 2005.

GOODBYE, MARGARET!

After eight years as the SPC Administrator extraordinaire, Margaret Kyle has moved on. A celebration honouring Margaret was recently held in Saskatoon. Below are two testimonies to her commitment, selfless toil, and humour: from Rod Macpherson, former SPC Administrator; and **Margaret's Gin Joint**. Margaret's play, **Board Silly**, can be found on page 6.

Rod Macpherson

Margaret came to the SPC with wonderful references, and I'd heard that she had done a great interview with the board to get the job. As the outgoing Administrator, I was to meet Margaret at the SPC office in the Bessborough to begin the transition.

She arrived a little bit late and out of breath, explaining, "I walked up [7 floors]. I don't like to use the elevator."

My first thought was, *My God, is she a technophobe? Did they tell her she'll have to use a computer? What do I say if she insists on writing the minutes by hand and keeping the accounts in a big ledger like Bob Cratchit?*

As we all know, Margaret turned out to be pretty darned good with the newfangled technology — and even better with the people. She took that fledgling thing called the SPC and made it fly.

Thanks, Margaret.

Rod M (not MacIntyre)

MESSAGE FROM THE (NEW) PREZ

by Dan Macdonald

President, Saskatchewan Playwrights Centre

Greetings fellow playwrights, aspiring playwrights, people who support playwrights and those who just love playwrights in general. This is my first crack at this "president's message" thing so please bear with me.

Firstly, a huge note of gratitude must go out to Robin Mueller, SPC president for the last two years who did an astounding job of leading the SPC during that time. Her hard work and dedication will be sadly missed — especially since I'm the one following her (Yikes!).

Also a welcome to our new board members, Cheryl Jack from Saskatoon, and Trenna Keating from Regina. It's great to add some (sort of) new faces and fresh ideas into the mix.

Our first real board meeting with the new board will be held in early January. A few things we'll be looking at is setting up plans for Spring Festival (Saskatoon) and 24 Hour Playwriting Competition (Regina).

We are also always looking for members to sit on committees. While each committee has at least one board member on it, it is always imperative to have at-large members as well. Remember - this means you. So if we come a knockin...

Wishing you and your families a fabulous holiday season and happy (and productive) writing!

MARGARET'S GIN JOINT

It was Bangkok, I think. Or Saskatoon. Memory fades. But I remember the slow, muddy river below. And the painful blue sky.

We were broke in those days, always, a huddle of destitute writers. We scuffled with our poems from publisher to insulting publisher, the rejections falling like bitter rain. But on the 7th floor of a once-grand hotel going to seed the light burned day and night.

There was always a bottle in the bottom drawer, warm beer perhaps, but comfort still. Margaret let us copy our tattered manuscripts as we prepared our words yet again for the arrogant response from the sick *fuhrrers* who ran the show in those (in these) days. We drank warm beer, laughing at the world, cosseted by the smell of paper and ink. We talked of better times to come.



With our landlords hammering at the door, Margaret would find work for us around the joint, hauling chairs or carrying water. She paid in cash, in advance, trusting. When our eyes shone too madly or our cheeks grew too gaunt, Margaret would make the calls and she would lay out a smorgasbord. We trudged in from the districts to feast, we stuffed our mouths and then our pockets with bread and meat. We returned to our garrets and the rats, fueled.

Always she talked of our work - prodding, encouraging, praising. When no one else believed, she believed.

It was Bangkok, I think. Or Saskatoon. But on the 7th floor of a once-grand hotel going to seed the light burned around the clock. And we found refuge.

Dougie McCrae aka Floyd DesLormier aka Stevie Sikorski aka

SPC Board of Directors 2004-05

President: DAN MACDONALD
macdan@sasktel.net
 522-5098

Past-President: ROBIN MUELLER
ram125@mail.usask.ca

Vice-President: SKYE BRANDON
skyebrandon@hotmail.com
 (306) 653-2114

MEMBERS AT LARGE

WILL BROOKS williamallenbrooks@yahoo.ca
 (306) 341-4089

CHERYL JACK jack.mckay@sasktel.net
 (306) 668-8039

TRENNA KEATING trennakeat@yahoo.com
 (306) 525-4484

DAVID SEALY dsealy@sasktel.net
 (306) 546-2427

DRAMATURGICAL COMMITTEE

Chair: BYRNA BARCLAY brynabarclay@hotmail.com
 Members: Ben, Dan, Skye, and Kathryn Bracht

STAFF

Dramaturg: BEN HENDERSON
lbbh@telusplanet.net

Administrator: Sheila Angelstad
sk.playwrights@sasktel.net

SPC Ph: (306) 665-7707 / SPC fax: (306) 244-0255
 Mailing address:
 PO Box 3092
 Saskatoon, SK S7K 3S9

email: sk.playwrights@sasktel.net
 Website: www.saskplaywrights.ca

CALLING ALL PLAYWRIGHTS!



Want to stay current with events in our community? Have some news you want to share? Make sure we have your current contact info to take advantage of the SPC:

- ✓ E-zine
- ✓ E-bulletins
- ✓ Newsletter
- ✓ Discussion group

For info, email dsealy@sasktel.net or phone: 546-2427

(Dramaturg's Column continued from Page 1)

your eyes open. We are also working with 25th Street Theatre on their commissioning project for the centennial. They will be commissioning a playwright/composer team to be writing a new musical. We will be helping with the development. They are choosing the team by open competition, so if you are interested get in your proposal by January 7, 2005.

Also in a piece of shameless self promotion, if you are in Saskatoon in March make sure you catch the world premiere of our own new president, Daniel Macdonald's MacGregor's **Hard Ice Cream and Gas** at Persephone. So why do I call it self promotion? Oh yes, I'm directing it.

That's it for now. On towards Xmas and then the half-decade mark. See you all next year.

Ben

TWENTY FIFTH STREET THEATRE
announces a competition
commissioning a new piece of theatre
from Saskatchewan writers.

Deadline: Friday, January 7, 2005

The aim is to create a theatre piece celebrating Saskatchewan's Centennial for delivery at the 2005 Saskatoon International Fringe Festival. The piece should accomplish the following:

- 1. Celebrate our diverse cultural landscape**
- 2. Have three points of reference:**
 - a) The early history of the province where differences (European and First Nations) were overlooked because of the harsh nature of early settlement.
 - b) The current cultural arena which has trends towards tolerance and acceptance through cultural activities as a connecting link: theatre, hip hop, music in general.
 - c) An positive evolving future that continues to build bridges in all communities through the dynamic example youth have brought forward.
- 3. Have a musical component that will appeal to a youth audience.**

The creative team of playwright and composer will share a \$7,000.00 commission.

Applicants are asked to provide a resumé of their past writing experience and musical experience, a description of their project proposal, an excerpt from a previous work (ten pages max.) and an example of their past musical composition (tape or CD).

Submissions should be sent to:

Bob Wyma
 25th Street Theatre
 600-245 3rd Ave South
 Saskatoon, SK S7K 1M4

IT'S COOL TO BE DUAL

by Madeleine Blais-Dahlem

A few years ago, I won a T-shirt as a door prize. The slogan read: "It's cool to be dual." Had I not been at a French teachers convention, I might have thought it was some kinky sexual option. But it referred to bilingualism.

French is my first tongue and it is, for me, very evocative. English is the language of my every day life, the language of discourse and analysis.

My first decision with a writing project, regardless of genre, is the choice of language. Then some time later, after a complete first draft, I decide if the story might be tellable in the other language. The immediate advantage to that is that the two solitudes are alive and well in Canada and I can double my mileage on my writing efforts.

More importantly however, in playwriting, working in the two languages concurrently helps clarify plot, character, dialogue and tone.

My first play was a bilingual script *Les Mis Érables* (The Half Maples) which explored bilingualism. It showcased language interference in syntax, played with bilingual puns and linguistic misunderstandings.

Since then, I've written two versions of a one act play for adolescents *Tournesol/Sunflower* and two versions of a full-length adult play *Almost Home/Foyer*. I'm just starting the same process with *Old Farts/Les vieux péteux*.

The writing and development of *Almost Home/Foyer* has been a bilingual adventure which is not yet done but where I have learned and been enriched by the two cultures/communities in which I'm placed by the choice of language.

It was first written in English and received a two-day treatment at the 2002 SPC Spring Festival. I competed in Le Festival de la Dramaturgie de l'Ouest with a French version which was rejected the first time, but I was encouraged to keep on working at it and was chosen in my second try, in 2003.

The two plays have the same plot. An old woman gets a nosy new neighbour in a senior citizen's high rise. Do they know each other? Candy/Bijou, the daughter of the first woman, shows up and propels the plot into old secrets and new choices. But my characters refuse to behave the same in the two languages. They choose different words to insult each other. They avoid different topics. In English, there is an ethnic snobbery. The protagonist is Elizabeth Brown, a store-keeper's daughter; her antagonist is Leona Woytowich, a poorly educated Ukrainian. In French, the snobbery is social. The protagonist is Aurélie de la Gorgendière, the "de la" suggesting a noble past. She's still the store-keeper's

daughter but her French is formal. She always does the two-part negative! The antagonist is Florence Coutu, unschooled and speaking a patois.

Each character of *Foyer* has her own voice and her own language but they are from the same world and culture. In *Almost Home*, Leona is clearly from a different culture, her Ukrainian accent and syntax accentuates her contrast to Elizabeth. She grates on Elizabeth for more reasons and also behaves differently with Candy.

One question which intrigues me is whether or not the language will affect the characters' behavior to the degree that it will actually change the plot. For example, the word "rape" needs to be used. In English, that word is phonetically an ugly, guttural word which ends with an explosive consonant. It's like a punch in the face. In French, the noun for rape is "viol", the verb "violer". This is a soft word, like a whisper. The effort to say the word and its oral effect is different in each language, and consequently in each version of the play.

Add to that the cultural differences in expressing regret, polite kiss-offs, put-downs. I could not force my characters into a word for word translation.

Not forcing them to the same dialogue clarified the plot points. I knew where I had to get but I didn't have to follow the same path in each

play. For example, in English, an off-stage character goes moose hunting but in French he goes fishing, for the sake of the most appropriate metaphor in either language. The jokes also have to be different. Just because.

Even the titles are chosen for different reasons. The title French, *Foyer* is ambiguous because it is a multi-layered. It means (1) the hearth of the home, (2) the entrance, (3) an old folks home. Because I have not placed the definite article "le" before it, it sounds like an imperative verb which, if it existed, would mean "have faith." There is also a verbal echo to it: "fuyez" which means to flee. The title in English, *Almost Home*, is plain and explanatory.

I have just finished a one-day workshop on *Almost Home* even though rehearsals are beginning on December 6 for a professional French production of *Foyer*. So although the French text is done, the journey on the English one is not because the English speaking actors asked different questions of my characters which might lead to a different dénouement.

Foyer will be jointly produced by La Troupe du Jour of Saskatoon and Unithéâtre of Edmonton in January and February 2005. Hopefully, I can draw another advantage from my duality: to generate interest in an English production if the French one is successful. Dual marketing.

Foyer on Tour

Alberta St Isidore: January 14, 2005; Lethbridge: Jan. 21; Calgary: Jan. 22, Bonnyville: Jan 28; Plamondon: Jan 29; Edmonton: February 3-6, 10-13.

Saskatchewan Saskatoon: February 17-20; Regina: February 25; Gravelbourg: February 26, Prince Albert: February 28.

STORY SYMPOSIUM

by Mary Kondziewski

As part of the recent SPC AGM, three Saskatchewan playwrights presented his or her view of story to an attentive group under the guidance of SPC dramaturg Ben Henderson.

Byrna Barclay read a short story in which she treated the story itself as a character. A story is an eccentric thing: it won't work unless you give it the form it wants; it becomes stubborn if you work with the wrong point of view. A story usually contains inciting conflict, followed immediately by conflict; something has to be in the way of the character getting what he/she wants. Sandra Birdsell's definition: story's about the changes a character goes through from the beginning to the conclusion.

Why can't I tell a joke? Mansel Robinson mused about jokes with their clearly defined structure and punch line (the pay-off) versus the fact that, not being able to tell a joke, he spends his time struggling with story in plays. In a story you imitate "doings", not "characters". Character is demonstrated by action, by watching this person in action over a few scenes; character is defined by those struggles she/he (the character) cannot walk away from. The end is surprising or shocking; the drama is over when equilibrium is once more established.

Mansel stated there are only 2 stories in the art of fiction: a stranger comes to town, or a hero goes on a journey. When you tell a story about conflict – the audience needs to say "What is going to happen next?" You can do whatever you like – as long as you neither bore nor irritate your audience.

WRITING FOR RADIO

by Mary Kondziewski

Kelley Jo Burke is a spoken word producer at CBC Radio in Regina. She is a host of *Gallery*, heard Saturdays at 5:00 pm on Radio One, Sundays at noon on Radio Two. She also produces work for *Showcase* and short pieces for current affairs network shows. On Sunday morning at the SPC AGM, she talked to members about writing for radio.

CBC is increasingly interested in short docudramas that can be integrated into the news cycle (i.e. human interest stories or especially political satire that tie in with the day's news). These five-minute minidramas are typically commissioned as part of Radio One current affairs shows like *The Current*.

Kelley Jo is interested in seeing your work, even if it isn't necessarily appropriate for radio, just to get a sense of your style and abilities. She would like to hear about whatever topics you are currently researching or knowledgeable about. That way, if your topic comes up, she may be able to commission something from you.

Storytelling is a vocation, a community service and entertainment according to Ken Mitchell. It was and continues to play an important part in our biological development. (See Joseph Gold's book *The Story Species*). We need stories. We tell them because we have to, not because we want to. It's the way we tell the future – through imagining. We remember and dream in narrative; it's a map to store data in our brain.

But old forms of communication are being displaced by reliance on the visual, on digital bits, on incomplete email communications rather than direct/verbal communication. It is necessary to get reading and storytelling back into its central place in our society.

In the afternoon session, Ben Henderson led a interested group of playwrights in a storytelling exercise. Story endings and their importance (which had been discussed during the morning session) was also discussed during this afternoon session.

One attendee was asked to describe a car accident he had recently been involved in. First, he told his story without embellishment. Then he told it a second time, putting in whatever details felt natural. Then the rest of the group discussed the story: what they found interesting about it, what they would still like to know, if there were any questions raised that weren't answered.

The story has to satisfy a certain need in its audience. What this need is was never actually determined by the playwrights present, but it exists: if you invest two or more hours of your time listening to something, you need a pay-off.

Thanks again, Ben, for your time and effort in putting this symposium together. We appreciate it!

The CBC Radio drama series *Showcase* has increasingly turned to genre production. For example, the recent "Winters Tales" — a collection of gothic & noire stories (mostly short stories & one play). A series on immigration stories is currently in production. When *Showcase* issues a callout for work in a specific genre, Kelley Jo forwards the info to SPC.

As a producer of *Gallery*, Kelley Jo typically schedules one hour-long drama per year and several shorter 10-minute pieces. If you have what you think is a radio-friendly piece, Kelley Jo recommends submitting a synopsis and a few sample pages to her to gauge its potential.

Time is a harsh mistress. In 10 minutes you only have time for a few main characters, one plot, one story, and one story arc. Often, short stories or poems can be converted into a 10-minute piece. Some plays are actually well-served by reducing them to 10 minutes!

FOR MORE INFORMATION:

E-mail: kellejjo_burke@cbc.ca

Phone: 306.347.9426 or Fax: 306.347.9797

Website: <http://sask.cbc.ca/radio/gallery/drama.html>

Dear SPCers

I wanted to write a sincere and heartfelt reflection and bid you all a syrupy-sweet adieu but I just did not have the time.

So I wrote a play instead.

BOARD SILLY

A new play by Margaret Kyle

Dedicated to James M, Janice S, Madeleine D, Mary L, Mary B, Lloyd D, Ben H, Pam B, and Mansel.

(Rated 14A - Strong Language warning)

Dramatis personae

Jim: Perpetually cold. Dresses in layers of thermal nuclear polar fleece, sheepskin vests and flannel underwear. He wears several pairs of gloves and a woolen ski toque. Likes to stare out the window.

Jann: Fifty-year-old stripper with an imaginary dragon for a friend. She is a chain smoker.

Maddie: Bilingual old fart. Likes to admire zippers in the mirror.

Mary and Mary: Schizophrenic Siamese twins separated at birth. Mary is a former Scout leader. She wears a brownie uniform. Mary is an illiterate blowhard with a PhD in dramaturgy; prone to fits of hysteria.

Pammy: A dreamer suffering from a skin disease. Draped in a white cloth, she spends her time soaking in a tub.

Floyd: A disgruntled war vet who lost the use of his legs in a mining accident. Now serves as a Court of Queen's Bench judge. He drinks a lot.

Man: An allegorical figure.

Agents Maggie and Ben: Experts in the paranormal.

Setting

The play takes place at Floyd's isolated hunting lodge somewhere in northern Saskatchewan. The great room is furnished with heavy oak chairs around a large oval table. Trophies of Bear, Wolverine, Raven and Maggie are mounted on the walls. There is an enormous stone fireplace and large windows looking out onto a desolate bleak landscape. There should be an air of a vague apocalyptic situation, as if on the cusp of nuclear holocaust. It is a taut, claustrophobic atmosphere.

Jim, Jann, Maddie, Pammy, Mary and Mary have gathered with Floyd for a healing circle on behalf of Man who has committed untold crimes against himself and others. The group spends much of the time appropriating the sacred spiritual rituals of Canada's First Nations people. And drinking.

Scene One:

Lights up on Man who is seated, bound and gagged, in a wheel chair. He is wearing a white t-shirt.

Lights out.

Scene Two

Jim is standing in front of the fireplace. The rest are seated around the conference table.

Jim: Fuck it's cold!

Maddie: Il y a un champ à côté de la rivière.

Mary: Perhaps it would be helpful if we all asked ourselves

the difficult questions.

Other Mary begins to cry, softly at first, then with increasing urgency throughout the remainder of the play.

Pammy: Who will dress my wounds? Who will heal my affliction?

Maddie: Qu'est-ce que t'as fait?

Jim: Why is it so fucking cold?

Floyd: *Entering with a case of Big Rock Traditional Ale, product sponsors of the Spring Festival of New Plays.*

More beer, anyone?

Jann: Don't any of you get it? We are on the brink of annihilation because of Man's inhumanity to man and all you can do is spew hastily scripted dialogue that neither forwards the story nor reveals character. At any moment it could happen. Are you ready? Are you prepared?

Floyd: He says not to worry.

He says it is all a commie fascist sub-plot.

He says it is nothing but bullshit and propa-fucking-ganda by red-necked bureaucrats designed to bring the little guy down.

He says he'll pick up the tab.

A moment.

David, a newsletter editor, inserts himself into the play and says: "I only wish you'd write a board play with me in it as well. I fear my brief time on earth and yearn for immortality — I could say stuff like that."

He is ignored by all.

Mary: Maybe Jann is right. It is best to "be prepared". I should have thought of that. Maybe we should all grab what we can and head further north.

Jim: It's too fucking cold. I gotta get outta here.

Pammy: *taking an elastic from around her wrist and tying back her hair.*

Perhaps the journey is really within. I will follow you there and you will find warmth. I know your dreams.

She begins to paint a picture of her nightmare on a canvas flown in for this purpose.

Maddie: Il y a une langue dans ma bouche que je ne reconnais pas.

An air raid siren is heard.

Jann: My God, it's happening. Quick we've gotta head north. Let's get out of here. Come on, Thomas.

Jann exits.

Mary: Well, I guess we'd better do as she says.

Mary, Mary, Jim, Maddie and Floyd, wheeling Pammy in her claw foot tub, exit.

A moment.

The lights begin to fade. Bluesy guitar music is heard.

Agents Maggie and Ben enter and cross to Man.

Ben: Well, I guess they've all gone. Maybe we should too.

Maggie: Shouldn't we at least un-gag him so he can rant
(Continued on Page 7)

LIVING LA VIDA LOCA

by Mansel Robinson

I really shouldn't be telling you this. We've got Socialism for the rich and Capitalism for the poor. Gated communities that make the Berlin Wall look like the Welcome Wagon. Stephen Harper chanting "Kill a beggar for Jesus." Nope. This is no time to be sharing the wealth and I sure as hell don't need the competition. But the next time you see an ad for a Writer in Residence, you might want to add some fictional swoop to your resume; use those Polaroids from that drunken party to blackmail a literary prize winner into writing you a recommendation; pawn Momma's best china to pay for the courier – and apply. I was writer in residence at the University of Windsor in 2003/04 and it was quite simply the best job I ever had – yes, even better than the lead smelter where I melted car batteries to make even more car batteries. (Screw the Arctic – what did it ever do for us?)

The University provided me with an office, administrative support, a library card, high speed internet to catch up on the porno (I mean the New York Times), money in my pocket every month. [!!!!] And for nine months I read manuscripts, wrote about those manuscripts, talked to the writers of those manuscripts. I read short fiction, long fiction, autobiography, travel writing, a libretto for a chamber opera, poetry, screenplays, text for a visual arts installation, stage plays, stories for children, essays. I read the good the bad the ugly and the forever dateless. And although I'd been warned that residencies can suck up all your writing time, I was still able to work on three plays and scribble a little poetry and fiction in between. Sweet.

A residency is not, or at least shouldn't be, a regular teaching gig. I did eight or ten class visits to talk about craft, or the business of writing, or was invited to read and then talk about my own writing. But the bulk of the job was consulting one-on-one, pencil in hand, looking closely at the work: "This is what I see on the page; is that what you want me to see?" (Which is how our dramaturgs sometimes phrase it, and a tack I was grateful to steal. No royalties for them, though. The money's gone.)

Unlike a community, or public-library based residency, most of the people I saw were students. Some were recently graduated, and were missing the focus and camaraderie of a regular workshop group. Some were creative writing students disgruntled with their marks or their Profs. But because I had more time per writer than your average creative writing teacher, and I didn't have to assign a mark, and students didn't feel the need to emulate my "style" in order to pass – students often went away less grunted. But I also had a couple seniors looking back at full but unrecorded lives, some recent empty nesters

trying to find their feet again, artists who were professional in one area looking to expand, as the poet says, their "stock of available reality." All most of these writers wanted was an honest, thoughtful and concrete reaction to their work – and that's what I tried to provide. (An honest response, as we all know, can sometimes sting. And walking that fine line between encouragement and fostering delusion is difficult. And all readers (including mentors) are blind or biased in varying degrees. But I got outta Dodge with only one piece of hate mail so make of that what you will.)

It was good to be connected with a University again, all those ideas in the air. (You thought I was going to mention all those co-eds, didn't you? Ha.) I was seconded to the English department and made some good friends in the faculty, even though many English teachers actively ignore living writers. And sadly, after an early promising connection with the Theatre Department (student actors helped me present my inaugural reading) this connection petered out. ("Playwrights? Who needs playwrights in the theatre?") But there were dozens of literary readings on campus, attendance at which I made part of my job, especially student readings. And as with the cornucopia we call Spring Festival, it remains a happy mystery how differently we look at the

world as humans and how differently we present this world in our writing.

So, yeah. Do it. There are a number of residencies across the country, both University and community. Most are poorly advertised so you have to hunt 'em down. It's worth the search. They're great gigs. And a fine place to learn more than we can ever teach.

But the bulk of the job was consulting one-on-one, pencil in hand, looking closely at the work: "This is what I see on the page; is that what you want me to see?"

(Board Silly *Continued from Page 6*)

and speechify with hostile yet righteous indignation expressing a developed sense of hopelessness while making poignant statements in an 8-page, 9-scene monologue?

A moment.

Ben looking at Man then back at Maggie: Naaahhh.

They turn and leave.

Lights slowly fade to black.

Curtain.

Thank you all for your support over the past 8 years. It has been a delight working for you. I am so proud of the growth, innovation and dedication that the organization has shown. I will miss the hustle and bustle of the SPC, the wonderful in-person and e-relationships, and my gorgeous river view from atop the castle by the river. And I will miss you. Margaret

SASKATCHEWAN
Playwrights
CENTRE

Mailing address:

PO BOX 3092
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
CANADA
S7K 3S9

Office address:

7th Floor, Delta Bessborough Hotel
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Phone: (306) 665-7707

Fax: (306) 244-0255

E-mail: sk.playwrights@sasktel.net

Website: www.saskplaywrights.ca

Season's Greetings
and a play-full
New Year!



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