

# INK SPOTS

*The Newsletter of the Fremont Area Writers, A part of the California  
Writer's Club*

**Myrla Raymundo, MBA, Editor**

E-mail [ligfinio.raymundo@sbcglobal.net](mailto:ligfinio.raymundo@sbcglobal.net)

Visit us at <http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org>

**VOL. II, Issue 8, February 2012**

**PURPOSE:** For the purpose of providing a forum of educating both members and the public in the craft of writing and in marketing their works. This is served by the monthly public meetings, workshops, and seminars, which are open to all writers and the general public, and is conducted for the purpose of educating writers of all levels of expertise.



**Valerie Estelle Frankel**, our guest speaker last General Membership Meeting of January 28, 2012, made a smashing presentation to a big group of the Fremont Area Writers.

She is the author of *From Girl to Goddess: The Heroine's Journey in Myth and Legend*, the first book to examine the heroines' epic quest in women's mythology the world over.



**The group**

## FAW'S GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

The next General Membership Meeting will be on February 25, 2012 at De Vry University from 2 pm – 4 pm.

Our guest speaker is **Nina Amir**. She is the author of *How to Blog Your Way to a Book Deal*.

The following are the prospective Guest Speakers for the next months:

March – Davina Kotulski

April – Susanne Lakin

May – Alon Shalev

## OPEN MIC FOR WRITERS

Open MIC nights for writers, presented by Fremont Area Writers are cancelled temporarily. We will be looking for another venue.

**Donna McCrohan  
Rosenthal, CWC PR Chair is  
sending us a note:**

Subj: CWC Literary Review

Watch for your copies of the inaugural issue of the California Writers Club Literary Review, soon to arrive in your mailboxes.

The Winter/Spring 2012 edition contains fiction, memoirs, essays, mood pieces, poems and cartoons about love and death, longing and madness, horses, poison, Vincent Van gold and his obsession with colors, the attics of our memories, floundering about aimlessly searching for the meaning of life instead of living it, the quirkiness of writing and aspiring for recognition, and absolutely so much more.

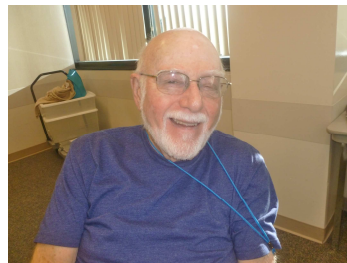
We can take pride in the talent of our fellow members as we read the Literary Review and show it to prospective members. You might find it so worthwhile that next time the call goes out; you'll study the guidelines in the back of the issue and send in a submission or two of your own. Appearing in this handsome magazine definitely counts as a credit for you, and your best work will make it a better publication. We all benefit from that.

We may not wind up with many extras to keep on hand, so the magazine has the potential of becoming a collectible. Nonetheless, consider mentioning at meetings that if members do not want to keep their copies, your board or branch would like to have them for future use.

## **AUTHORS BOOK TABLE**

**Carol Hall** is the Chairperson of the Authors Book Table. It is a free service of the Fremont Area Writers. Two long tables are set up at each regular meeting, enough space for eight separate titles. Authors may display a short stack of one title per meeting. Multiple titles will be allowed as space permits. Books will be set up on a first come, first served basis.

## **BOOK EXCHANGE**



**Ken Weiss** manages to lug many pounds of books to and from each meeting for our Book Exchange, and single-handedly keeps this valuable service alive and well. He urges you to bring books to our regular meetings.

## **FAW'S COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT**

**Myrla Raymundo** is still working on her next project on the Fremont Area Writers' Community Involvement.

Community Involvement is a great way to help out our fellow citizens and improve the community. This is also a good way to let the community know about our club.

**ANTHONY (ADRIAN)  
(TONY) PINO**

Anthony (Adrian) (Tony) Pino teaches English at Ohlone College and San Jose City College. He travels often and was recently inspired to write "Take Off Your Shoes" in a recent trip to El Salvador, where, he observed, the mothers of that country seemed to hold it together. He has been married 42 years to Judy Rausch of Fremont, California, has two grown children, Petra and Mark, a dazzling granddaughter named Sophia, and two arrogant cats. He has master degrees from George Washington University and Cal State East Bay. He is devoted to prayers poetry and fiction- and two arrogant cats.

The following poems of Tony Pino were published. I am publishing them here.

CONGRATULATIONS TONY!!

**TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES**

This is for the mothers of El Salvador.

Lower your Voice;  
They have heard all these sounds before

Listen,  
Listen to the winds of the mountains,  
The calls of owls and torogoz birds  
Turn off your motor,  
The children need air.

The mothers  
Their breasts had fed generations.  
Their feet have walked us into life  
Take off your shoes!

These Maya,  
They remember it all.

They have come from the deep green  
halls  
The walls of history.  
They-

They re the continuing mystery  
The question, the answer.

They knock on your doors  
Answer them-but first

Take off your shoes!

**RIVERHEART**

This is how it is with the heart:  
There are no words.  
Like a river it pushes on  
Listening and moving  
It leaps  
It laughs  
It weeps  
It finds its joy in the beluga  
Its peace in the resting Chinook  
Its sorrow in the long-waiting river rock  
It lies deep in caves like desire  
And pushes forward to an ecstasy of  
ocean  
Or it falls, and dissolves into hidden  
pools  
-So close to the unseen fire.



**Tony Pino**

## President's Message



So, how are you doing?

How's the writing coming along?

Are the words flowing, the ideas fighting each other for supremacy in your head, are you happy with what you do?

Do you have doubts? Are you concerned that your work may not be good enough? Are you afraid you'll never make the big time?

And the big one, do you think everybody is doing better than you are?

If your answer to any one of the above questions is yes, guess what? You're normal.

I think that only the truly unbalanced believe in their work so completely, and with such assurance that nothing fazes them.

Let's put things into perspective.

First, and you really need to get this, about 90% of literate people either think of themselves as writers, or are thoroughly convinced that "I could write a book". The fact is, the number of

college graduates who never read another book after finishing school is stunning.

If you tell people you write, they tell you they could write a book and sell it in no time at all. "My life is so fascinating," they'll tell you. They firmly believe their book would sell and the big 3 studios would fight over the rights.

If you tell people you write, and they ask to see it, they'll tell you they can edit it for you. A year later when you ask about the progress, they'll tell you they've been busy, but they'll get to it next week. This is not an exaggeration.

Now, let's look at who you are, and what you do.

You read. You read every day.

You actually DO write, and most of you write every day as well.

You look at the world for your ideas. You see them everywhere you go. You find characters everywhere, even in the personalities of your dilettante friends.

You do your own editing, and you help others with critiques and edits.

You know what kind of work it takes to write every day, and you encourage others, because writing isn't a zero-sum game.

**Richard Scott**  
President

\*\*\*\*\*

## **More on Pres. Richard Scott:**

### **That Ain't Write**

"What's the matter, your dog die or something?"

"I don't have a dog."

"It's just an expression. So, really, what's wrong?"

"Maggie."

"She's still givin' you grief about your writing?"

"Yeah. It's not like we're hurting for money, or anything."

"Well, it wouldn't be a bad thing if you sold something."

"Don't I know it."

"So, what was it this time?"

"My sweats."

"Pardon me?"

"OK, see, I don't really need to get dressed up to sit at my computer and write."

"So you wear your sweat suit all day, right?"

"Right. All except for my—"

"Shoes."

"Yeah. Shoes. Did I tell you about that?"

"You might have mentioned it... oh, just about once a week for the last 5 years."

"Really? Well, it's true. I can't write if I don't put on my shoes."

"You know that's really weird, right?"

"You want to hear this, or not?"

"Yeah. Please. I've got nothing better to do than—"

"—I can go home."

"Nah. Sorry. What happened?"

"Well, she's on her way out the door. You know, shopping with her girlfriends, when she stops, comes over to me and tells me that I dress like a slob."

"You do. Everybody knows it. What was her point?"

"Right. So I ask her."

"And?"

"Oh. Yeah. Well, she says that knowing me, I'll be sitting in front of the computer wearing the same dumb sweatshirt and pants when she comes back from shopping, and she's really bored with it all, and, hell, I don't know what else."

"You stopped listening?"

"I stopped listening. I mean I've heard it a million times. Gets old, you know?"

"Yeah. So, what's the point of this?"

"Right. Getting to it. So, she's out the door, slams it, actually, and I'm sitting at the computer and thinking. She's right."

"Good for you."

"Shut up. So, I'm thinking she's right. I want to do something about it. You know, surprise her."

"What did you do?"

"I put on a pair of jeans."

"Big whoop. That must have gone over well. Were they clean?"

"I don't know. I found 'em on the floor of my closet."

"Uh-huh. So what'd she say about that?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? You mean to say she didn't notice?"

"Nah. She didn't come home."

"She left you?"

"No! Cheeze, man. I mean she didn't come home from shopping right away."

"So you waited there at your computer, dressed to the nines in a sweatshirt and a pair of dirty jeans."

"Well, yeah. But you know, I got to thinking about it. I thought what the hell? I found a shirt."

"Was IT clean?"

"Probably not. It was in the clothes hamper, but that's not the point. It wasn't a sweatshirt."

"Quite a push for you. So when she came in..."

"Well, she still hadn't come back yet. So, I'm working on the novel, see, when I notice what time it is. It's getting late, and I'm starting to worry a bit—"

"So you called her cell?"

"No! I don't do that. Makes her think I don't trust her, or something."

"All right, OK, so what did you do?"

"Well, I got to thinking, I'm getting dressed up, anyway—"

"—old jeans and a dirty shirt, and you call that getting dressed—"

"—So, I'm thinking, since I'm getting dressed up anyway, why not really do it up. You know, surprise her."

"Not bad. Now you're movin' in the right direction. What did you do?"

"Went digging in my closet, and I found a white shirt."

"Aw, man, just when I thought you were getting it together. I don't think one of your *Grateful Dead* t-shirts would impress her. Did it?"

"Let me finish. I found a *dress* shirt, clean, and on a hanger."

"You're kidding me. I didn't know you even owned a dress shirt."

"Jerk."

"Sorry. So, you put that on?"

"Yeah. Then I take a look at myself in the mirror, and I'm thinking, shirt looks nice, but slacks would be better than jeans, and—"

"—You have slacks?"

"Do you want to hear what happened, or not?"

"Hey, I'm in. Talk away, maestro."

"OK, so, I find my slacks, and they're in pretty good condition, and I put 'em on. They fit, and everything. I dig around, I find a belt--"

"Man, goin' for the gold!"

"I find some dress socks, and I find my dress shoes. They're a little scuffed up, but I brush 'em up a little, and--"

"Who are you? And what have you done with my friend?"

"Cut it out, will you? Anyway, I find a tie, it's a skinny one, but hey, and I find a sports coat that I'd forgotten I owned."

"This is amazing. She must have been shocked."

"Wait. Not done yet. So, I'm looking at myself in the mirror, and I can hardly recognize myself. It's pretty remarkable, but there's something wrong. Then I get it, and go into the bathroom and comb my hair and shave."

"You did this while wearing a suit?"

"Yeah. Well, I took off the coat and loosened the tie, but yeah."

"I can't wait. She must have been amazed."

"Nope. She hadn't come home yet."

"Must have been frustrating."

"Yeah. So, anyway, I'm looking at myself in the mirror, all spiffed up, and I'm thinking I'll take her out to dinner. Really blow her mind. Then, all of a sudden, I remember the tux."

"You've got a tux?"

"Yeah, I know it's hard to believe. But back when I was working in an office, I got it for a

Christmas party. It was all the thing, back then—"

"Don't tell me—"

"Yeah! I'm thinking, if me shaved and clean, and wearing a suit would start her fire, how would it be if she came home and found me waiting for her in my tuxedo?"

"So you put it on?"

"Well, I got it out, and it was in great condition. You know, the whole works. Bow tie, cummerbund, cuff links, ruffled front shirt, studs, I mean the nines."

"So you put it on?"

"Well, I started to. I was getting out of the suit when I had an idea for a story. See, it's about a guy who's lady doesn't get it about his writing, and is always complaining about how he dresses, and—"

"—You're kidding me."

"No. So, I'm standing there in my underwear when the idea hits me full on, and I run back to the computer to start writing it, and then—"

"And THEN she walks in."

"Yeah. Go figure. So, she puts down her shopping bags, looks at me sitting at the computer in my underwear, and she says, 'Nice. Well, at least you shaved'."

.....

## **AGENTS DAY**

June 30, 2012

Hyatt Place

3101 West Warren Ave.

Fremont, CA 94538

\$55 for members

\$65 for non members

Deadline: May 1, 2012

Speakers:

Alan Rinzler

Michael Larsen

Elizabeth Pomada

Please contact Geraldine Solon at  
gsolon08200@gmail.com



## FREMONT AREA WRITERS OFFICERS

President – Richard Scott  
Vice President – Dawn Armstrong  
Secretary – Myrla Raymundo  
Treasurer – Geraldine Solon  
Past President & President, California  
Writers Club – Robert Garfinkle



## FREMONT AREA WRITERS CHAIRPERSONS

**Carol Hall** - Donation Drawing and  
Authors Table  
**Nancy Curteman** – Central Board  
Representative & Hospitality  
**Art Carey** – Public Relations  
**Ken Weiss** – Book Exchange  
**Shirley Scott** – Telephone Outreach

\*\*\*\*\*

### CALENDAR

BOARD MEETING -Second Wednesday of the  
month 7:00 pm-8:30 pm – De Vry University,  
Fremont.  
OPEN MIC – Postponed until further notice.  
FREMONT AREA WRITERS REGULAR  
MEETING – Fourth Saturday of the month, 2-4 pm,  
DeVry University, Fremont

## FROM THE EDITOR



**Myrla Raymundo, MBA, Editor**

Myrla Raymundo welcomes you to our  
February 2012 issue of the Ink Spots. It  
contains the latest FAW news and  
tidbits, poems, prose, essays and articles  
written by our members.

Ink Spots is issued monthly and is  
distributed to FAW members at the club  
general meeting every month. It is also  
emailed to those with email addresses.  
Submit your articles in Word format  
(.doc) and one or two pages maximum.

Submit your articles to  
[ligfinio.raymundo@sbcglobal.net](mailto:ligfinio.raymundo@sbcglobal.net).  
Visit our Web - [www.cwc-  
fremontareawriters.org](http://www.cwc-fremontareawriters.org)

\*\*\*\*\*

### Postponed FAW Projects

**FAW Casino Fund Raiser**  
**FAW Screenwriters Course**



\*\*\*\*\*

**FAW WRITERS CORNER:**

*We invite FAW writers to submit their writings to our Newsletter.*

**ART—A Philosophical Observation**

**By Darwin Mathison**



Why is art so cherished by all the people, of this Earth in general, no matter who these peoples happen to be, or in what form, this Art is displayed or portrayed? I myself think this occurs, because arts of all kinds are a communication of Soul, or mind awareness, of two or more individuals, consisting of the one creating and the other sensing or observing. Both Souls conversing with one another, on the same plain of thought, devoid of the lease shred mortal interaction. What could be of greater pleasure, than the intermingling, of totally differing in comprehension senses or Souls?

Things that a Humanoid makes, such as descriptive inner self pleasing arts, can exude or give we all, the same sensation along with feeling of elation when viewed, or comprehended with the physical since and processed by our consciousness, is exactly the same, as the physical creations given to se all, by the Almighty GOoD GOD.

Think of the times you have stood in awe, of a beautiful sunset, or the song of a bird, smelling the sweetness of a rose, or the beauty of another Human body, to which I ascribe to be a GOoD GOD given, greatest of works. At these moments, the Human spirit is filled with the most pleasurable of feelings, quite like that same feeling of elation, along with the goose bumps of the flesh, you get when listening to Van Cliburn play Chopin, or viewing the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Art is! The cross communication of the immortal Souls.

Man to Man. GoOD GOD to man. Me-to-I—to---Your Me-to my I!

**ART IS!**

Ps: You are “I” sentence “thought”; contained in a Me material body!

## Why Go to FAW Meetings? by Tish Davidson



At the beginning of the New Year, our president asked why we go to FAW meetings. There are plenty of reasons—meeting other writers, sharing marketing tips, getting encouragement during the dark days of rejection. And sometimes something unexpected happens.

Jennifer Basye Sander, co-author of *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Self-Publishing*, spoke at our FAW meeting last November. She gave dynamic presentation on the process a book goes through when it is being evaluated by a traditional publisher. Good books, she explained, can become stalled at any step in the process. It isn't enough to have the acquisitions editor love the book. Marketing, production, public relations, accounting, and the foreign rights department all have to get behind the book before the author is offered a traditional contract. This was useful information for aspiring writers, but nothing that couldn't have been learned with a lot of time and effort from the Web.

No, the real benefit of attending FAW meetings is in the opportunity to make personal connections with people involved in writing and publishing. At the conclusion of her presentation, Basye Sander mentioned that she was soliciting true dog stories for an anthology to be published by Harlequin's nonfiction division. Who knew that Harlequin, the romance publisher, even had a nonfiction division? She invited FAW members to e-mail her any true dog tales they had written.

I had written a dog story that fit her criteria. It is a real tearjerker about a woman in Newark who experienced loss and recovery through a special dog. So the day after the FAW meeting, I e-mailed the story to Basye Sander. And nothing happened.

Christmas came and went. No sign that she had even gotten the piece. New Years passed. Nothing. Martin Luther King's birthday came and went. By this time I had forgotten all about the dog story.

The phone rang, one morning at the end of January. I almost didn't answer it, because I had been inundated with calls from people who wanted to improve my credit rating (It's just fine, thank you.), lower my mortgage payments (We just refinanced .) , and collect money for politicians I don't support. I didn't recognize the caller ID, but since it wasn't an 800 number, I picked up the phone. Jennifer Basye Sander identified herself.

My reaction was, "I'm sorry, who *are* you?"

"It's about your dog story," she said.

Her name clicked into place. She told me the story had just come back from the editor at Harlequin. She wanted to use it, but could I write a brief introduction to the piece and send her a short author biography?

“Where the Need is Greatest” will appear in a Harlequin anthology called *The Dog With the Old Soul* to be published for fall 2012. If I hadn’t gone to the FAW meeting and met Jennifer Basye Sander, I would never have known that Harlequin published anything besides romance novels. FAW made the magic of publishing with a major publisher happen for me. That’s my very good reason for going to every meeting. What’s yours?

### **Calling All Writing Problems** **By Tish Anderson**

We will continue to do the Here’s My Problem exercise at our monthly meetings. To participate, please bring to the meeting a piece of writing that you are not satisfied with. Let other help you solve your writing problem so your writing can reach its full potential. We will break down into small groups. Ideally, these groups will be genre based—romance, sf, literary fiction, nonfiction, poetry. The writer will explain (or try to explain) what he or she thinks might be the problem with the piece. The writer will then read the piece and other members will suggest ways to resolve the problem. Learning to recognize problems in your writing is a critical step in self-editing. No one gets early drafts right, so please do not feel embarrassed to share a work in progress. This is not intended as a critique of your writing, but rather as a learning experience for everyone in the group. Guidelines will be available at the meeting to help focus the exercise.

\*\*\*\*\*