



INK SPOTS



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

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

Webmaster – Linda Lee Chernoff

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MISSION STATEMENT: Fremont Area Writers educates writers and the public by providing: a. Forums for educating members in the craft of writing and marketing their works and, b. Public meetings, workshops, and seminars open to all writers and the general public to facilitate educating writers of all levels of expertise.

Membership Renewal Time

FAW Book Signing



Jan Small, Book Signing Chairperson, announced that the Fremont Area Writers Group will be holding a “Books and Bites” book signing Saturday, May 7, 2016, from 11:00 am to 3:00 pm at Round Table Pizza, 37480 Fremont Blvd., Fremont. She is inviting you to come grab a pizza, meet and talk with the authors, buy a book and get a free soda.

Dear FAW Members:

Your membership expires on June 30, 2016. Dues for the upcoming 2016-2017 year are \$45.00. The dual member fee is \$25.00 (if you are already registered with another branch, please specify which one). Student member fee is \$10.00.

Congratulations to our member **Dave Strom** whose story “Super Holly Hansson in Super Bad Hair Day!” can be read on Amazon Kindle.

You can find his story by searching for Dave M Strom or “Super Holly”.





Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch
"Writers Helping Writers"



Let 'em Talk! : Writing Good Dialogue



Good dialogue brings characters to life. Bad dialogue turns them into zombies.

That's the belief of author and freelance editor Tanya Egan Gibson, and she'll explain it to Fremont Area Writers on Saturday, April 23. Gibson argues that effective dialog reveals things about characters they may not know about themselves. It also shows, rather than tells, how they

feel and relate to each other.

She is the author of the novel *How to Buy a Love of Reading* and has contributed to magazines such as *The Writer* and *Writer's Digest*. Currently, Gibson is working on a young adult novel about a figure skater at a theme park ice show where people lose themselves in dressing as mermaids and mermen.

You can find out more about Tanya at <http://www.howtobuyaloveofreading.com/>

Writers and Poets Open Mic!

When: 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Monday, April 25

Where:
Suju's Coffee and Tea
3602 Thornton Ave.
Fremont

Tanya Egan Gibson
"Let 'em Talk! : Writing
Good Dialogue"
Saturday, April 23, 2-4 p.m.
DeVry University
6600 Dumbarton Circle
Fremont, CA

Fremont Area Writers is a branch of the
1,900-member California Writers Club.

Shirley Ferrante, President
510-791-8639
cwc-fremontareawriters.org

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Shirley Ferrante, FAW President

Say hello to spring as she flaunts fields of iridescent yellow mustard greens, fills the air with the scent of orange blossoms and prompts backyard farmers to prepare their vegetable gardens. Driving toward Santa Cruz on Highway 17, it's obvious Il Nino kept a promise and filled Lexington Reservoir.

And, yes, along with spring comes the time to consider 2016-2017 FAW elections and Board appointments. June is election month. This is a great opportunity to take an active position to fulfill your club's commitment to the writing successes of its members. Offices to be voted on are President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Congratulations to our member Dave Strom whose story "Super Holly Hansson in Super Bad Hair Day!" can be read on Amazon Kindle. You can find his story by searching for Dave M Strom or "Super Holly".

April is National Poetry Month. Come to the April 23rd meeting to celebrate the spirit of poetry and hear poems read by your fellow FAW members. You can also enjoy author and freelance editor Tanya Egan Gibson present a talk on dialogue.

Down the road, but not too far....

Fremont Area Writers Group will hold a "Books and Bites" book signing Saturday, May 7, 2016, from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. at Round Table Pizza, 37480 Fremont Blvd., in Fremont. Come grab some pizza, meet and talk with the authors, buy a book and get a free soda.



ADVERTISE IN THE CWC *LITERARY REVIEW*!



That's right. For the first time ever, the 2016 Spring/Summer edition of the *Literary Review* can contain **your** ad!

These are introductory rates and may change in future editions, but we've gone as low as we can go to offer you and other writing-related advertisers a huge advertising opportunity at low rates.

In fact, the larger the ad, the greater the discount. Everything above a 1" Column-Inch ad gets a 10% or greater discount.

Check out the ad rates on the rate sheet to see examples of space and advertising rates for this first-ever opportunity to display your ad in the California Writers Club's prestigious publication, the *Literary Review*.

Deadline for submitting your ad is May 1, 2016.

All ads must be submitted to AdvertisingCWC@gmail.com in a jpeg file. Checks in the appropriate amounts should be made out to CWC Central Treasury and mailed to:

**HDCWC Advertising Department
20258 Hwy 18 Ste. 430 PMB 281
Apple Valley, CA 92307**

**Advertise in, or support with donation
to the CWC Literary Review.**

1/2 Page
B/W \$405
Color \$600

4 Column Inches
B/W \$90
Color \$133

1 Column Inch
B/W \$25
Color \$37

2 Column Inches
B/W \$45
Color \$66

Full Page
B/W \$810
Color \$1198

6 Column Inches
B/W \$135
Color \$200

Direct your inquires to CWC Advertising
Director, Bob Isbill at:
AdvertisingCWC@gmail.com or call him
at 760 (221) 6367.

4 Column Inches
B/W \$90
Color \$133

FAW'S REGULAR MARCH 26, 2016 MEETING



Poet & Playwright Alison Luterman presented The Joy of Walking in Someone Else's Shoes (Even in a Poem)



FAW President Shirley Ferrante opened the presentation.

The attendees:



FREMONT AREA WRITERS OFFICERS



President– Shirley Ferrante



Vice President – Erika Anderson-Bolden

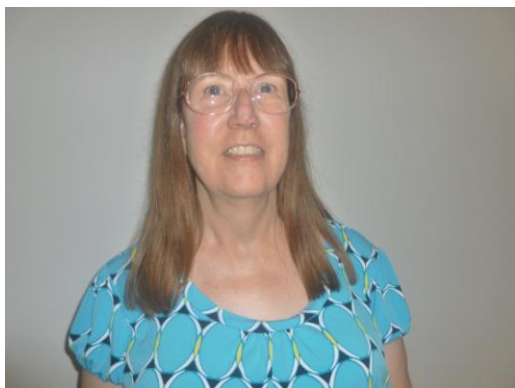


Treasurer – Cherylín Jose



Robert (Bob) Garfinkle –
Past President, California Writers Club

FREMONT AREA WRITERS CHAIRPERSONS



Secretary – Joyce Cortez

Tony Pino – Open MIC
Jay Swartz – Nor-Cal Representative
Andrew Halligan - Membership Chair
Art Carey – Public Relations
Nancy Curteman – Hospitality
Carol Hall – Facebook Coordinator
Bruce Haase – Book Exchange
Pat Van den Heuvel – Telephone Outreach
Coordinator
Liz Breshears – Community Outreach
Coordinator
Jan Small – Book Signing Coordinator



Tony Pino, the Open Mic Chairperson, leads the group. Open Mic is held monthly at Suju's Coffee Meeting Room, 3602 Thornton Ave., Fremont.



Nancy Curteman—Hospitality



Jay Swartz
NorCal Representative



Carol Hall – FAW Facebook Coordinator



Andrew Halligan
Membership Chairperson

Bruce Haase –
Book Exchange & Authors Book Table



Bruce Haase urges everyone to bring books to our regular meetings. The Authors Book Table 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.



Art Carey – Public Relations



Pat Van den Heuvel
Telephone Outreach Coordinator



Liz Breshears
Community Outreach Coordinator



Jan Small, Book Signing Chairperson

**JACK LONDON AWARDEES
FREMONT AREA WRITERS**

2009 Robert Garfinkle
2011 Myrla Raymundo
2013 Carol Hall
2015 Art Carey

CALENDAR

BOARD MEETING – Fourth Saturday of the month 1:00 pm - 2:00 pm – DeVry University, Fremont.

OPEN MIC – Fourth Monday of the month
7:00 pm – 9:00 pm.

FREMONT AREA WRITERS REGULAR
MEMBERSHIP MEETING – Fourth Saturday of the
month, 2:00 pm -4:00 pm, DeVry University, Fremont



Myrla Raymundo, MBA-Writer/Editor

Ink Spots Newsletter



This Editor welcomes you to our April 2016 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.

Ink Spots welcomes you to write articles and submit them to this Editor at raymundomyrla@gmail.com.

FAWS WRITERS CORNER

Memory - By Tish Davidson

"How many times can you play 'Memory' and not puke?" Archie asked.

Peter picked up his violin case and headed down the hall. "As many as it takes to pay the rent," he snapped. "At least I have a job."

"Pandering to tourists," said Archie.

"It's not pandering. I go out every night and try to play my best. Sure I'd rather be playing with the New York Philharmonic, but it ain't gonna to happen. Hey, don't forget the rent's due Friday. I'm not paying any late fees just 'cause you're such an *artiste* that you won't audition for that job at the Plaza. And you owe me \$41.50 for electric and \$67 for groceries, too."

Archie and Peter had had this conversation many times before. Peter played violin in the pit orchestra of the long-running Broadway musical *Cats*, a solid union job that guaranteed him at least six shows a week.

"How can you do it? How can you play that Andrew Lloyd Webber crap night after night?" Archie would whine. "I mean, Jesus, Peter, you went to Julliard."

"I like people to hear me play. So I'm not the main attraction, I've still got to pay back my student loans. And it's not as if I'm working with a bunch of hacks. There are some damned good musicians playing that show. It's a challenge to sound first-rate every night, and during the day I've got time to work with my band."

Archie made a sour face at the mention of Peter's band. Two months ago, Peter had put together a western swing group that was trying to develop enough material for a CD in the hopes of attracting the attention of an A&R man. He had invited Archie to play keyboards.

"No way," said Archie. "I'm not selling out."

"Neither am I," retorted Peter. "Selling out is when you stop giving your best."

"Why bother? It's not real music."

"Sure it is. It just isn't classical. I like a lot of kinds of music, and I work just as hard at playing good honky-tonk as I do playing good Webber or good Vivaldi."

"Waste of time," answered Archie. But secretly he envied Peter his breezy confidence and ability to shift from pop to classical to country and still feel good about the music he made. Archie could play a pop repertoire, but doing so made him feel slightly dirty, the same way he felt when he looked at *Hustler*.

From the time he was six, Archibald Greer had never wanted to do anything except make beautiful, orderly sounds emerge from the eighty-eight black and white keys of his family's piano. In the fourth grade his parents recognized that his talent had outstripped the instruction of Mrs. Lundquist, an emaciated widow who gave piano lessons to the children of socially aspiring families in Sturgeon Lake. A music professor at the university in St. Cloud suggested that his mother take him to audition for Herr Mueller, a concert pianist in Minneapolis. After hearing Archie play, the maestro agreed to take him as a student on the condition that he take two lessons a week and his parents invest in a Steinway grand piano.

"You can't make beautiful music on a wooden box," Herr Mueller said when Archie's father balked at spending \$25,000 on a restored piano for a nine-year-old. So after some whispered late night discussions between Archie's parents, there were piano payments instead of

a new car, and monthly checks to Herr Mueller instead of family vacations to Lake of the Woods or Chicago or Disney World.

Starting in the fifth grade, Archie made the 250-mile round trip to Minneapolis every Tuesday and Saturday, first with his mother, and then later alone, driving the family minivan. The lessons with Herr Mueller simply punctuated hours and hours of scales and arpeggios and finger exercises, Mozart sonatas, Bach fugues, and Schubert lieder. When he wasn't practicing, Archie listened to recordings of old masters, absorbing their interpretations and phrasing, then experimenting with his own in still more practice. By the time he was ten, Archie had accepted that he was different from the other boys in Sturgeon Lake.

"Hey Arch, wanna play? We need one more guy." His neighbor Damon, who imagined himself the next Brett Farve, was forever rounding up kids to play touch football. Archie always declined. He didn't speak the language of punts, blocks, and interceptions or see beauty in the spiral of a perfectly completed pass. His social life dwindled. By high school, although he dreamed about girls at night, his demanding schedule left him time to do no more than fantasize.

But in his music Archie found an intensity and emotional outlet that more than compensated for his outcast status. The passionate sounds that his long, slender fingers brought to life from the keys under his control produced an adrenaline rush and power surge that made the pain of being different not just bearable, but almost welcome.

When he was fourteen, Archie began performing in Midwest regional piano competitions. His parents bore the travel costs without complaint. In his senior year, the whole family rejoiced when his years of dedication paid off with a partial scholarship to Peabody Conservatory of Music. To make up for what the scholarship didn't cover, his mother took a job at Wal-Mart, his grandparents gave him \$5,000 from their savings, and his father co-signed his student loans.

It was a bright and hopeful day when Archie left Sturgeon Lake for Baltimore, but soon he discovered that his talent, so shiny and expansive in Minnesota seemed small and constipated at the conservatory. Some of his classmates who were the pride of El Paso or Mecklenburg or Augusta concluded that they would never grace the stage at Carnegie Hall or Lincoln Center and slunk away to teaching positions, where they transformed their dreams of personal glory into discovering the next Rubenstein or Van Cliburn.

But Archie was descended from a line of plodding Norwegian farmers whose only response year after year to drought, locust, tornadoes, and falling wheat prices was to go out and plant their wheat and till their fields and pray to a God they never questioned. His dream of solo glory remained steadfast. He redoubled his efforts, driven always by the fear of spending the rest of his life listening to mechanical student renditions of the music he loved. At the end of four years, he had earned a B.F.A., a performance certificate in piano, and the grudging respect of his professors.

In 2002, after graduation, Archie moved two hundred miles north to Manhattan and took a room in small, roach-infested apartment in SoHo that had recently been vacated by a discouraged flamenco guitarist who had decided to try his luck in Miami. From the start, his roommate, Peter, encouraged Archie to audition for jobs playing piano in the small bars and restaurants of Greenwich Village. Any paid professional work, Peter reasoned, was better than none. But Archie refused to consider jobs that weren't strictly classical.

"I'd rather wait tables than play that swill," he said.

To Peter's disgust, instead of hustling for a waiter's job, Archie rented practice space in a studio on Tenth Avenue and hung around with other aspiring classical musicians waiting for his

big break. Whenever Peter's friends came over, Archie talked a good line about the artists he knew and how soon he would have an agent. He did make a few appearances at showcases and charity events, but neither an agent nor steady paid work came from this exposure.

Then last night, a clarinetist Archie knew from the conservatory called.

"They're getting rid of the string trio and hiring a pianist to play the tea room at the Plaza Hotel," the clarinetist said. "The repertoire is popular and light classical, and you'd alternate sets with a harpist. My girlfriend is setting up the auditions. She can get you in for one if you want."

"You know I don't play restaurants," said Archie.

"I thought you might be interested, since the Plaza is pretty up-scale and the pay is good."

"I'll think about it, and let you know," said Archie, not wanting an argument about why he didn't perform while people ate.

"Got to know by three tomorrow. If I don't hear from you by then, I'll figure you aren't interested. But honestly, Archie, I wouldn't pass this up. You're good. You could get this job. Why waste the talent you've got?" And with that, the clarinetist rang off.

It was after one, and Archie was hungry. He left the apartment, picked up a hot dog from a street vendor, and started walking south, his eye drawn unconsciously to the altered skyline where the World Trade Center had once jutted above Wall Street. Changed, just like that, he thought, the skyline of the greatest city on earth altered in minutes.

He chewed his hot dog and thought about Peter, sitting in the darkened theater playing the music of Andrew Lloyd Webber night after night. He thought about the flamenco guitarist who had moved to Miami. He thought about his father, still driving a fifteen-year-old Ford and his sister still living at home and attending the local community college, instead of living in a dorm at the university in St. Cloud.

Archie paused at an ATM to deposit the \$300 check his mother had sent him to pay for his practice studio. The balance on the receipt reminded him of the \$595 of rent due Friday, the outstanding balances on his Visa and MasterCard, and the call he had gotten yesterday saying his Discover Card was being cancelled. He walked on, heading for the open gash of sky.

When Archie came to Trinity Church, just yards from where the South Tower fell, he slipped in the side door and let the cavernous dimness wash over him. Since he was ten, Archie had built his future on the unwavering belief that if he worked hard enough, practiced passionately enough, and showed the world a confident face, he would achieve the success he craved. The church gave him an anonymous place to lay aside his façade and consider a future that might not bend to his will through effort and perseverance.

Today the church's 150-year-old walls hushed the clang and crunch of bulldozers and backhoes and the cries of men trying to lift their voices above the pounding of jackhammers. They muffled to a soothing monotony the engine grind of dump trucks crawling up the gravel incline out of The Pit loaded with twisted I-beams and shattered concrete, wall board, plaster, computer print-outs, stained coffee cups, and a plastic flower pot that had once sat on a window sill in someone's office on the eighty-sixth floor of the World Trade Center.

A few tourists ignored Archie and wandered through the church, searching for the pew where George Washington had prayed the night before his inauguration or looking for traces of the damage done by the 9-11 blast. Most of the dirt and debris had been removed and the damage efficiently repaired, but the organ at the back of the nave had been mute since the terrorist attack. When the towers fell, the venerable old pipes had inhaled dust so caustic that it etched the metal

and ate away the leather fittings. The only way to save the organ was to keep it silent until it could be restored.

Normally Archie found the church restful, but today his mind churned like a kaleidoscope, a thought no sooner formed than it was wrenched to pieces only to be replaced with another that lasted no longer than the first. Hope collided with despair, only to be displaced by determination that was then shattered by doubt—doubt about his choices, his talent, his future. He was so anxious that he failed to notice John Reeves, Trinity’s assistant music director, seated at the organ. John was one of the few classmates from the conservatory that he knew in New York. Shortly after Archie had arrived in the city, John had invited him to a recital he was giving at Trinity, and Archie had used the church as a refuge ever since.

Jolted from the tumble of his thoughts, Archie flinched as the first stirring bass notes rumbled through the nave. Concerned, he stumbled out of the pew and toward the organ.

“Hey! What are you doing?” he demanded.

“Trying out our new organ,” said John. “We can’t use the pipes the way they are now. It’ll cost at least \$3 million to clean and repair them, so the church decided to go electric.”

“Nah. You can’t!”

“Sure we can. The music committee decided that we couldn’t keep on worshiping in silence and praying for \$3 million to appear. We have to do the best we can with what money we’ve got,” Reeves said. “When I first heard we were going electric, I was dead set against it. I thought the sound would be thin and pale without all the natural harmonics, but they hired a top organ maker who experimented with a new way to record digital sounds. Sit down and listen with an open mind and tell me if it doesn’t sound great.”

Archie returned to his pew and the organist launched into Gigout’s Toccata in B-minor. Notes cascaded from speakers placed behind the non-functional pipes in the apse, surrounding Archie, creating a rich wall of sound that released his emotions and made him feel warm, fluid, and powerful in a way that only music could. When the piece was finished, Archie sat relaxed, savoring the memory of the sound.

“So what do you think?” asked John.

“It sounds so real.”

“It is real. Sounds good, doesn’t it?”

“Yes,” Archie admitted reluctantly. “It’s stunning. But it’s still not the same.”

“Don’t stress over what it isn’t. Listen to what it is. It’s a gorgeous sound. So what if it’s electric?” John motioned with his head toward The Pit outside. “Nothing stays the same, no matter how much we want it to. We have to move on, do our best with what we’ve got. Come back on Sunday. I’m playing a Bach Mass. We’re going to be rocking to the rafters with this new organ.”

Unable to recapture the light, loose feeling the music had given him, Archie left the church a few minutes later. Briefly blinded by the afternoon sunlight and assaulted by the clamor of the South Tower clean up, he paused to watch the efforts of a hundred workers doing the best they could to transcend the horror and destruction, even as they sorted through the shattered remnants of a thousands lives. The gash in the sky loomed above him.

Turning from the scene, Archie checked his watch. 2:50. He stepped away from the noise into the sheltering doorway of a boarded up store. He hesitated, overwhelmed by the feeling that he was slipping out of his own body. He watched himself fumble for his cell phone and search through its electronic directory. A disembodied finger hit the send key, and he heard his voice say, “about that audition at the Plaza.”*****

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