



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>

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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.

President's Message



Shirley Ferrante

Welcome to the new FAW Members and thank you all continuing FAW Members.

Thanks to your very busy FAW Board, we can look forward to a productive and interesting new year.

Your Vice President Erika Anderson-Bolden has lined up a slate of interesting speakers. I'm sure attendees remember Andy Weir, author of *The Martian*, who was one of our guest speakers. Imagine my delight when I attended the Century 25 Theater and there on the screen was a preview of the movie being made from his book. Directed by Ridley Scott and starring Matt Damon *The Martian* is in theaters October 2, 2015.

Is your book next?

Jan Small is working on finding a venue for our next Author's Book signing. A workshop for members is in the planning stage. You remember the informative workshop chaired by Erika last year? Your Community Outreach Coordinator, Liz Breshear, is working with the FAW Board to sponsor a writing contest in the local schools. Our Holiday Pot Luck will be held in December, a non-meeting month. There's a new feature on the FAW website: Shelf Life. It contains mini-book reviews of up to 75 words by FAW members. If there's a book you like to praise, send a review to accarey2-at-gmail.com.

Congratulations to Doris Nikolaidis. Her book *Don't Eat the Flowers* will be featured at the Fremont Library's Brown Bag Series, Thursday, September 17, 12:30-1:30. Doris will share her humorous and heartwarming vignettes.

Open Mic held on the 4th Monday at Suju's Coffee on Thornton in Fremont is sponsored by FAW, chaired by Tony Pino and co-chaired by Bruce Haase.

Your Board invites you to volunteer for any of our upcoming events. We appreciate your help, enthusiasm and experience however it is given. If you have a friend who needs support to write, extend an invitation to him/her to be our guest at the next FAW meeting.

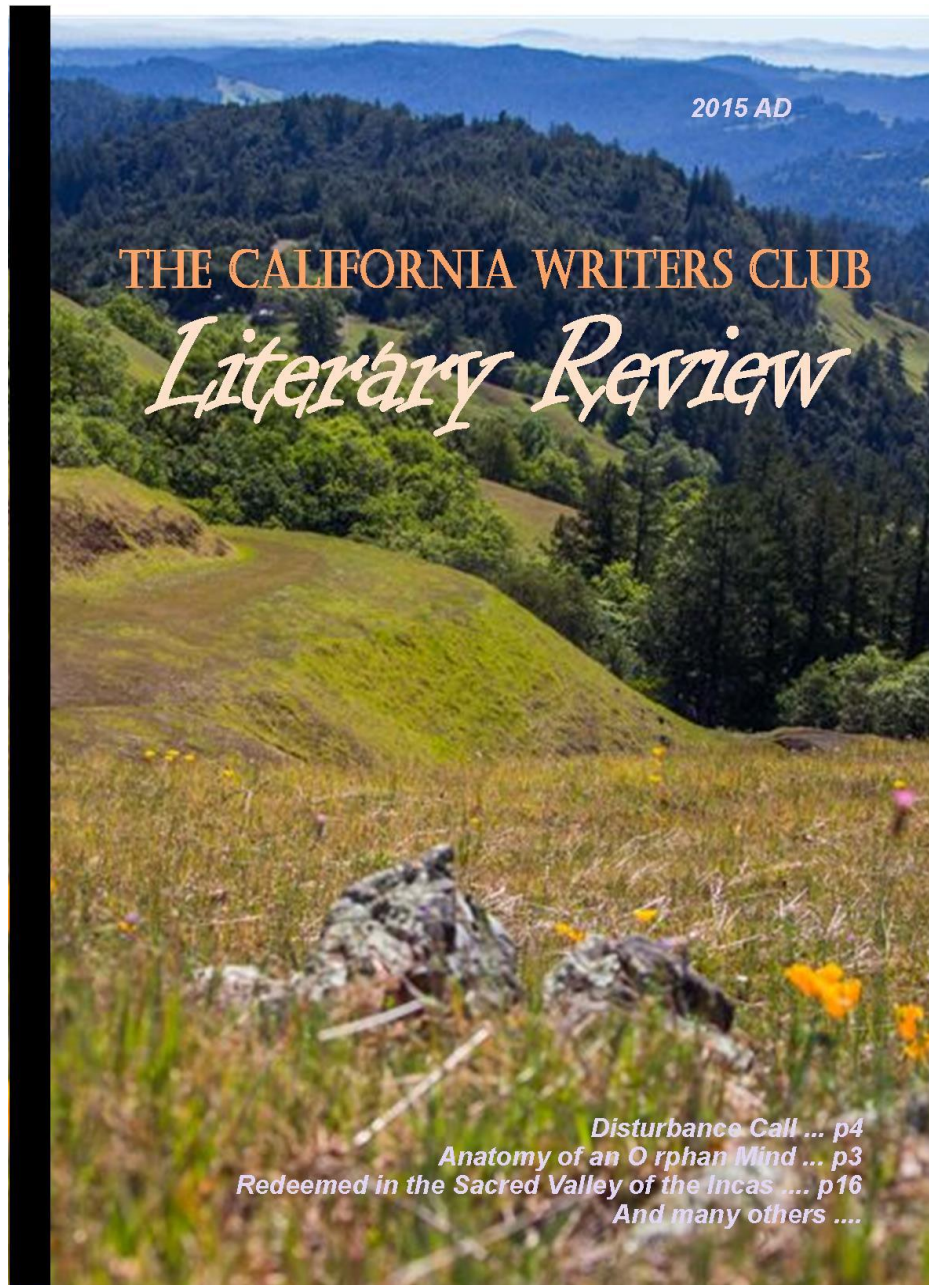
Our next FAW general meeting will be held Saturday, September 26 at DeVry University, 2-4, Speaker Aleta George, Subject "How to Research Non-fiction".



**The July 1, 2015 through June 30, 2016 Officers
of the Fremont Area Writers.**

From Bob Isill, HDCWD Programs/Publicity

Dave LaRoche, Editor of the Literary Review, says that the Literary Review will be published and distributed about mid-September. High Desert is publishing the photo of the great cover for this upcoming issue of the Inkslinger, along with a notice to our membership that their correct address is listed.





Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch
"Writers Helping Writers"



How Research Road Trips Can Enrich Your Life: The Rewards of Research



Some writers consider research to be a drag, time spent away from the fun part—the writing itself.

Not Aleta George, author of *"Ina Coolbrith: The Bittersweet Song of California's First Poet Laureate."*

A first-time author, George writes about nature and culture in California. She'll talk to Fremont Area Writers on Saturday, Sept. 26. Her topic: "How Research Road Trips Can Enrich Your Life."

She should know. In researching her book, George wandered streets in San Francisco and Los Angeles, visited Beckwourth Pass and Marysville, and took a train to New York on the same rail line that Ina Coolbrith rode 100 years ago. George's work has been featured on Smithsonian.com and in the San Francisco Chronicle, California, and Bay Nature.

To find out more about our speaker or read some of her work, go to her blog at:
<http://aletageorge.blogspot.com/>

Aleta George
"How Research Road Trips
Can Enrich Your Life"
Saturday, September 26, 2-4 p.m.
DeVry University
6600 Dumbarton Circle
Fremont, CA

Writers and Poets Open Mic!

When: 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Monday, September 28th

Where:

Suju's Coffee
3602 Thornton Ave.
Fremont

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

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

FAW'S REGULAR AUGUST 22, 2015 MEETING



Alejandro Murguia talked about
"Art & Craft of Poetry and Short Story"
How Poetry Craft Can Be Applied To
Fiction



Vice-President Erika Anderson-Bolden
opened the meeting

The Attendees





The Ink Spots Editor with our two FAW members

ANNOUNCEMENT

We are happy to announce that Solstice has now released **Nancy Curteman's** novel, "[Lethal Lesson.](#)"

It is available on Amazon in both electronic and print format.

AUTHORS' TABLE



Members bringing their books to the Authors' Table are provided 30 seconds to talk about their book.

FAW'S COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT



Liz Breshears, Community Outreach Coordinator, is Chair of 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.

Liz is working with the FAW Board to sponsor a writing contest in the local schools.



Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch
"Writers Helping Writers"



Twelve Reasons to Join Fremont Area Writers

1. Support and camaraderie of other writers—Fremont Area Writers has over 60 members.
2. Opportunity to hear professional speakers—Monthly meetings bring in experts from all fields—craft, publishing, tech, and more!
3. Inkspots Monthly Newsletter—submit stories and articles for a chance to be published.
4. Open Mic Monthly Gathering—share your work aloud in a comfortable and non-threatening environment.
5. Book Signing Events—Published authors can sell their books to the public.
6. Authors Table—Published authors can advertise and sell their works to other members.
7. FAW Website provides news on upcoming meetings, member bios, writers resources and links from published authors bios to their book selling platforms and author websites.
8. Free Book Table—Bring your used books to share with others and take some home for yourself.
9. Workshops on the writing craft—for newbies to seasoned pros.
10. Social gatherings like our Holiday Party in December and California Writers Club picnic in July.
11. Community Outreach events like writing contests and reading to seniors.
12. Statewide support from the California Writers Club, founded in 1909, to continue in the tradition of Jack London and friends, who believed that California creates talented writers.

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

FREMONT AREA WRITERS OFFICERS



President– **Shirley Ferrante**



Treasurer – **Cheryl Jose**



Vice President – **Erika Anderson-Bolden**



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

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**FREMONT AREA WRITERS
CHAIRPERSONS**



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**

Tony Pino – Open MIC
Jay Swartz – Nor-Cal Representative
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
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WRITERS AND POETS OPEN MIC



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



Jay Swartz
NorCal Representative



Art Carey – Public Relations



Nancy Curteman–Hospitality



Carol Hall – FAW Facebook Coordinator

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.



Pat Van den Heuvel
Telephone Outreach Coordinator



Liz Breshears
Community Outreach Coordinator



Jan Small, Book Signing Chairperson

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 September 2015 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.

JACK LONDON AWARDEES FREMONT AREA WRITERS

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

FAWS WRITERS CORNER



CLUTTER



By Helen Vanderberg

When I tried to explain a recent technical problem to a visual but orderly friend, it was completely over her head, and I realized something vital.

Visual people (un-math) actually think differently than techies (geeks). Really. It's not just "don't want to make the effort." I experienced the same frustration in talking with other math-oriented friends. They just don't get it. Perhaps I use too many words, my cadence and syntax is incomprehensible.

Which brings me to the core of my issue. Too many words, in an unexpected order are what baffles most tech readers. (Which, of course, makes them look—and probably feel---illiterate) Thus explaining Twitter's success.

But it's the thinking process I'm trying to document here.

The tech/geek is one-pointed, which makes them insistent in their opinions. No stroke of genius for them. No thanks, not interested. Nothing is worth considering if it hasn't been mined with pick and shovel from solid rock, fully documented and understood, proved and tested by tech articles in esteemed publications. It's a cautious, bridge-building approach, carpentered in such a way as to be unshakeable. It's the Industrial Revolution approach to problem-solving.

The Vision-ary approach which I call problem-solving by looking at Things is messier—Things must be laid out on the floor/table/ or the wall-of-mind---before they can be comprehended, truly “seen-for-being-what-they-can-be.” It’s this approach that is tested by showing you a tray of unrelated stuff, all disorganized, tangled, mucky, not what anyone would want in a sterile environment.

This must be the Hunter-Gatherer approach—kids start this way; some of us never outgrow it. We are the collectors of memories and Things, (which may suggest another approach to the treatment of Alzheimers.)

Perhaps that’s why we hang on to our possessions and some things are so hard to throw away. Do our Things possess memories, do we actually need them to trigger memories of a life well-spent or do the Things themselves possess memories, imbued as they are with our thoughts, our handling, our smells, our touch? Do our Things make us who we are? Hunter-Gatherers at heart.

ARE YOU A VISUAL OR VERBAL ORGANIZER?

****Visual Organizer***

You can understand humor in a cartoon with no labels.

You keep reminder objects in full view: empty bottles upside-down to remind you to get more.

Keys in familiar place in full view.

Hazard: They get covered, hidden, misplaced.

Note your reaction:

- Panic
- Going senile
- Frantic retracing
- Loss of hours, days, \$\$\$

When doing normal errands: commuting, shopping, etc.) if you always take the same path and the path is blocked, do you . . . (see above @ panic)

- Try another, and another and another random route
- Sit and stew- do some frantic phoning
- Access Mapquest– but you’re in a tunnel, no signal, so swear off tech forever.
- Finally give up, turn around, go home, take the kids/dog to the park.

Congratulations on your creativity. You can always read a book,

****Verbal Organizer***

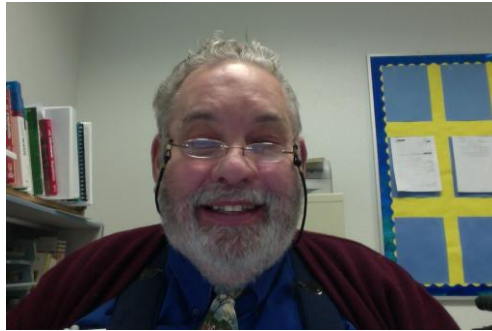
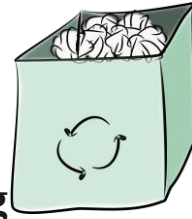
You make lists of things to do, things to get, and lose the list

- Find its habitual HOME, it’s still missing
- Stick next list on your usual pathway
- Your house begins to resemble a board game so you quit inviting visitors, and go out to meet them in public places, and get lost.
- See above at Mapquest.

Just so you know how you habitually think, and can find the resources to deal with it.

Tags: Mapquest, clutter, overcoming clutter, visual organizer, understanding mess, practical thinking, panic, creativity

Don't Be A Litterbug



By Walt Huckaby

Jynxxx Lynxxx had never been so excited. He was finally going to solo in the Galaxy Class spacecraft. His only limitation was that he could not go too far.

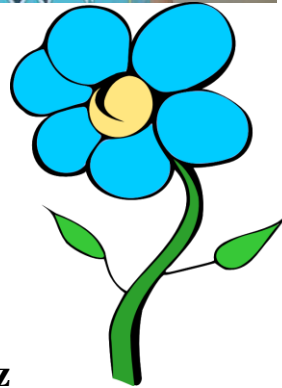
As soon as he cleared the planet, he activated the hyper-drive. Stars blurred as he approached and then exceeded light speed. He was so absorbed in the fantastic sight through the front widow, that he went way beyond his allotted 20 parsecs.

In his panic to slow down, he accidentally pressed the radiation dump button. The ship came to an abrupt stop spilling huge amounts of radiation on the nearby planet.

He flew close to the ground to get a better idea as to how much damage he might have caused. The damage was extensive, affecting huge chunks of ore in the surrounding hills. In the process of documenting the damage, he almost did not see the giant two-legged creature from this planet. He buzzed right by his head, barely missing him.

John Marshall went down to the river to inspect progress at Sutter's Mill. He felt the breeze as the very small spaceship buzzed by his head. "Dratted bugs," he said. Then his eye caught something new in the bottom of the ditch in front of him. As he said later, "I reached my hand down and picked it up; it made my heart thump, for I was certain it was gold... Then I saw another."

Last Tech-free Day



By Joyce Cortez

My husband and I toured the Winchester Mystery House recently. When our group entered the séance room, my husband and I were the first to step inside. I immediately felt a chill go down my spine, strike fear in my stomach, ricochet back up the spine and invade my thoughts. I saw images of places here that were not on the tour, but as sure as I know my own home, I knew just where these places should be on these grounds. I whispered this sensation to my husband and he suddenly looked pale. He whispered back that he had the same experience. A visual survey of the room revealed that no other people seemed to have felt anything unusual. As the tour guide spoke of Mrs. Winchester's séances and how the spirits guided her construction plans, we suffered more images of building plans. We spoke of these images in whispers only to each other, taking our place at the end of the tour group. We didn't realize we had fallen so far behind until we heard keys jangling as they were locking up the house for the night! We ran toward the closest door and pounded to be let out, but to no avail. When they close up at night, the employees seem to hightail it out of there.

We wandered about the rooms looking out windows hoping to spot a security guard. We really didn't relish the idea of spending the night there, especially after what we had experienced! Sadly, we had left our smart phones at home. We were taking a tech-free day. We walked past Mrs. Winchester's bedroom and borrowed the linen coverlet from her bed to keep us warm that night; we would carefully replace it in the morning. We settled into the love seat in her parlor, hoping she wouldn't mind the company tonight. There were windows overlooking the grounds and we still hoped to spot a security guard. As night came on, everything inside and out became very still and dark. We huddled together and finally managed to drift off to sleep.

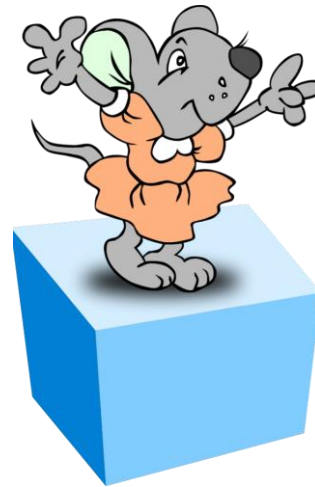
We were awoken by a loud bell ringing. It took a few minutes to realize that it must be the bell she used to call servants. We're we being summoned? We froze. There was no way we were leaving

this spot, except to escape if we could. In any case, we couldn't have found our way through the dark corridors. As we clung to each other, I felt a tug. "What are you doing?" I asked my husband. "What do you mean?" he answered. Then I felt it again, but it was from inside of me! I struggled to stay put, wrapping my arms around my husband and telling him to hold me tight, that something--or someone--was trying to make me move. I was terrified. Suddenly the coverlet was ripped from us and I was catapulted from his arms and propelled down a hallway and then stairs, with lights snapping on as we flew through the house, my arms flailing uselessly trying to find a handhold. My husband was running behind me helpless. I was stopped at a cupboard in the servants' kitchen; my hands reached out and opened one that held a writing tablet. I was then twirled around to a drawer, which had pencils in it. With pencils and pad in hand, I was made to sit at the servants' table. My right hand began to draw one of the buildings that had flashed so vividly in my mind earlier. The building and internal layout on the first pages were very spare sketches at first. They took shape on the following pages in great detail, with stained glass windows and wall coverings like we had seen in the Storeroom. Page after page this went on as if Mrs. Winchester's life still depended on it. I felt his purpose, the urgent need to get these sketches committed to paper. When that tablet was finished I was propelled to find another and another. This went on at a feverish pace. My husband had tried to approach me and was forcefully sent flying backwards. He yelled at the spirit to let me go--to use him instead, that he had seen the images too--but it was to no use. I seemed to suit this spirit's purpose better. When all of the paper was used up, I was released, exhausted, but he left behind a sense of gratitude. My husband came to me on unsteady legs. The golden hues of the rising sun flowed in through the windows, promising another warm day in Silicon Valley.

I wanted nothing more than to go home and curl up in my own bed and sleep, if I could. We were detained, however, as we tried to explain what had happened. Although the day-shift security guard was skeptical, long-standing members of the staff nodded occasionally, admitting to other strange occurrences. The Office Manager looked over my sketches and scrutinized me. He asked how I had gotten hold of the originals sketched by Mrs. Winchester for the first building I'd drawn. I said "Weren't you listening? I don't know anything about any original sketches. I can't even draw as well as this! I didn't draw these, I mean I did, but *I* didn't draw them--it was the spirit!" He left the room and returned many minutes later with a large portfolio in hand. He opened it for all to examine the drawings and placed mine next to them. The first page of my drawings was identical in every way--in every stroke of the pencil--as were the sketches on the second page, the one of the layout of rooms on the first floor of that building. All of the rest of the pages were much more detailed, however. It would appear that the same spirit guiding Mrs. Winchester had guided my drawings. That spirit must have been an architect in his lifetime and had many fine ideas. His work was cut short when she died and he waited for just the right person to channel through to finish the work he and Mrs. Winchester had begun. This time there were no more false doors or steps leading nowhere as they were no longer needed to lead other spirits astray. This time he wanted no room for misinterpretation, thus the details provided on the remaining drawings. I told them I had the sensation that the spirit hoped the work would continue.

We were allowed to leave; no charges would be pressed. We were advised we were not to return. We assured them that would not be a problem--no problem at all.

The Magic of Travel



By Evelyn LaTorre

If the art on my walls could talk, it would tell of fishing on the Mekong Delta, harvesting rice on Bali terraces and drying potatoes in Peruvian Mountains. In my guestroom, men hunt tigers in seventeenth century India and a jockey celebrates winning the Palio horserace in Siena, Italy. Art that delights my eyes surrounds me— yellow and purple flowers in chalk from Russia, red roses embroidered on silk from China and pink gladiolas in watercolors from England. My travels embrace me whenever I walk through my house.

Artistry from sixty countries adorns every room in my home. A pitcher painted with hundreds of tiny yellow, red and green geometric designs sits in the entryway and chronicles the history of early Hittite inhabitants of Turkey. Pale Japanese nobility perform a wedding ritual on the fourteen-foot blue and mauve silk obi (kimono belt) that hangs from my second-floor banister. A Peruvian elder, carved in wood, leans on his cane surveying the piano. I bargained with the seller for over two hours at a marketplace in Ayacucho, Peru, so I could buy it and still have enough for bus fare to get home. A horsetail flyswatter with beaded handle, made by Masai women, sits next to an Egyptian doll in the living room curio cabinet. Bartering for the two souvenirs took two minutes because then I had sufficient funds. Pleasure fills me as I recall the purchase of each item.

Dining room shelves display a pink blown-glass urn from Murano, Italy and a turquoise tea cozy quilted with onion-shaped church steeples from Russia. I carried coral-colored crystal water glasses with care from the Czech Republic. A hand-painted tray in bright prime colors stands in the kitchen buffet that shows shepherds herding their llamas in the Ecuadorian countryside. Next to it lies an ornate wooden spoon from Wales, where, I learn, the concept of “spooning” originated.

My bedroom closet houses clothes from nearly everywhere I’ve been. A long silk vest in varying shades of lavender and purple, ripples like a stream when I walk by. I purchased it on my way to see a 2,000-year-old rowboat at a museum near the Jordan River in Israel. I bought a magnificent black wool jacket when the bus I was in stopped for a bathroom break near a Women’s Clothing Cooperative. What I bargained for and bought in ten minutes I imagine several Jordanian women painstakingly embroidered over days or weeks. They created circles of intricate orange and yellow

flowers with green leaves on the jacket's sleeves, front and back. The vest and the jacket items don't clash with one another like the people in their countries do. On the clothes rod next to a ruffled white blouse trimmed in red from Chiapas, Mexico hangs a turquoise sari from India and tee shirts with special Greek, African and Chinese designs. I wear them and remember the shops where they caught my eye.

Bedroom jewelry cases have their stories too. Necklaces of yak, camel and whalebones from Tibet, India and New Zealand were bought from aggressive little salesgirls. Blue topaz earrings from Salvador de Bahia, Brazil, made for my birthday, lie nearby. Blue and purple flowered enamel earrings from Russia dangle next to a pair of copper ones from Bosnia. Even warring countries are friendly in my jewel cases.

I learn from being immersed in the world's cultures. I cannot have adventures sitting at home. Exploration of the world demands an active mind and body. Exposure to the world's ways of life makes me tolerant of different ways of dressing, praying, eating and thinking.

I have gazed upon beautiful sights, learned new languages and hiked challenging trails. The buildings, paintings, monuments, arts, crafts, animals and people of other countries are now a part of my home and me. I remember my adventures as I gaze upon my souvenirs. My voyages taught me lessons I couldn't have learned in classrooms. As I grow older and wiser, those memories will forever remain as testaments to the magic of travel.

Evolution of a New Ape



By Doris Nikolaidis



I became a grandmother this year. When my daughter invited me to her baby shower in Lafayette, Indiana, I went immediately to the Babies "R" Us store, logged into Amazon, to find out what cute things I could buy for my new grandson or granddaughter. When I asked my daughter what she would like me to buy for the shower - I had emailed her photos, descriptions, and websites where I had found really cute things, she unfortunately asked me if Dad and I could maybe buy the crib and dresser for the

baby's room. This was not something I could transport on an airplane and wrap up with a big pink and blue bow and take to the baby shower.

But it was practical and something that would last for years my daughter assured me. She would always tell the baby that these were gifts from grandma and grandpa. I had to admit that, in a couple of months, the baby would probably outgrow those cute, adorable outfits I located at Babies "R"Us or Amazon. So I came to the baby shower with empty hands but my daughter did thank me publicly for the generous gifts of furnishing the nursery.

My daughter's and son-in-law's friends at the shower were students or faculty from Purdue University in Lafayette where both my daughter and son-in-law work. During the introduction process I realized that each person attending the baby shower, male and females, had a PhD behind their names. I was the only guest without such an esteemed title; I was mom. The shower guests had contributed some food and drinks for the shower and, while eating, engaged in lively discussions about 3D Space, Worm Holes and the exciting future of 3D printers. None of that made sense to me. I know worm holes as something that earthworms do in my yard, but worms in space? Give me a break! I decided to keep quiet.

On the long flight home I was musing about how the world has changed. More and more women also study and graduate with a PhD. It seems that men are not intimidated any more by smart women but marry someone who is their equal, accept perhaps Donald Trump who still cares more about the size of his wife's b....st (you know what I mean.)

According to scientists and researchers, humans were supposed to have developed from apes. It occurred to me that if this evolutionary trend continues the smart couples with their PhDs will probably also have smart children who again will marry a smart partner. Eventually, through this evolutionary process, a super human (or super ape?) will develop and rule the world. All the rest of us without a PhD will be left behind as ordinary apes.

I am just glad that I am too old and will be long dead before the evolution of the super human is complete. I would definitely be one of the ordinary apes.

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