

# The Write Stuff

Long Island Writers' Guild Newsletter

Number Seven

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Visit us at [www.LIWritersGuild.org](http://www.LIWritersGuild.org)

## Word From The Editor

Friday/Sept. 21, 2001/ Book Revue

### WOW!

Was that great or what!

Our first bona fide book signing, and at the prodigious Book Revue in Huntington. The LIWG has joined the ranks of famous writers like Ray Bradbury, Ed McBain, John Sandford, Joyce Carol Oates, Ed Koch just to name a few who had their new books introduced in the very place where we, the Long Island Writers' Guild, stood and read selections from our "2001: A Long Island Odyssey"

Members who were unable to attend missed a grand event. We packed the house, SRO. And sold out all the copies Book Revue had ordered for the night.

I would like to thank everyone who participated in making this a memorable event, especially Richard Klien and Liz Schlagel of Book Revue, who were so gracious and helpful in making our visit there a successful and enjoyable evening.

I hope that our future plans to appear at other bookstores, coffeehouses, etc. will be attended with the same response and enthusiasm.

JP

## HERE AND THERE

### HALLOWEEN PARTY

Joan Marg has graciously swung open the doors of her home to a hoard of costumed wannabe bestseller writers, this reporter included.

What has become an annual event, or so it seems, Joan invited members of the LIWG to a Halloween party. The costumes were better than last year, and the food more abundant, varied and tasty, plus the wine flowed like----(fill in the blank). Although it did loosen up you folks when it came to critiquing the stories and poems read that night and sparked lively discussions.

I know we all want to thank Joan for having us over.

**Party, party, party, will it ever end?**  
NO!

Ron and Lois took the occasion to invite us (LIWG) to their home on Jan. 19, to usher in the new year, for what is becoming an annual event for Ron and Lois. It promises to be a gala event, can't wait.

### **MORE?**

Oh yes! Our first annual dinner. Thanks to Laura the event will take place Sunday, Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> from 2 to 5 at the La Caravella Restaurant, 294 N. Bwy. Hicksville.  
\$28.00 Per person/\$52.00 Per couple.  
Hope to see everyone there.

## THE WRITE STUFF

### THE POET'S PAGE

#### WINTER: FOOLISH YOUTH

When I was much younger, I used to say  
I hate early dusk of a fun-filled winter day

When I got older, I used to think  
Winter passed faster than a blink!

Now I am old and I now know  
Winter stinks and so does the snow!

--JR Turek

#### MY MUSE

My muse gets very frustrated  
When I start to write. She  
keeps changing all the words around  
until I get it right.

I wonder if she ponders  
at what will do the trick  
and then decides the best thing  
is to give me a swift kick.

I keep trying different words  
until they come out right  
It can only mean my muse and me  
are working day and night.

Finally, with revisions done,  
She smiles from on high.  
As I lean back I'm sure I hear  
her give a great big sigh.

Paula Camacho 8/01

#### KUDOS

A knight in shining armor is he  
Armed with knowledge and tenacity  
Who offers hope to you and me  
In obtaining publication of our anthology

He will critique but not criticize  
A gentle soul and so very wise  
If we could only bottle his laughter  
It would raise our spirits forever after

He's always in motion with break-neck speed  
Trying to address all that we need  
Whether grammar, punctuation or a quote  
His manner of teaching gets my vote

He gives his time and energy  
Leaving not a moment free  
With movie star good looks our Guild's leader  
Is none other than wonderful Peter!

--- Miriam Davidson

#### HOLIDAY TIME

There should be a special *holiday*  
Called "Just Before The *Holiday*"  
To rest and relax before the *holiday*  
And this special day should be a *holiday*!

Do-ers in the world would need a special *time*  
To relax and recoup after holiday *time*  
But I must insist that it's not enough *time*  
We also need a holiday "Before *time*!"

--JR Turek

# THE WRITE STUFF

## POETS PAGE II

### THE THIRD SEASON

If spring is the season of liberation  
surely fall approaches hibernation.  
The days are shorter now, cooler, crisper,  
there is a tang in the air.  
Harvest moon nights are clearer, brighter  
scent of smoke seems everywhere.  
Myriad colored falling leaves  
greens, golds, vermilion and browns  
Dance and pirouette free-style  
and frolic in the wind like merry clowns.  
Rollicking with the kids in pumpkin patches  
wagons and hay rides too,  
Hot chocolates and mulled cider  
provide welcoming brew.  
The new succulent fall apples  
Macouns, Empires and JonaGold  
Are great for baking, and bobbing  
and munching warm or cold.  
There is an urge once again to make a stew, with  
hot buttered biscuits and Halloween decorated cake.  
Soon there'll be a turkey and trimmings  
and all the wonders moms can make.  
There is a time now for giving thanks  
for the beauty and the bounty too,  
As Autumn's arrival once again  
continues the cycle ever new.

Marge McDowell  
September, 2000

### ALAS, WINTER

Falling snow  
Soft, silent, relentless  
Blowing drifts, still falling  
When will it cease?

Boots on, mackinaw, wool cap  
Gas can, 2-cycle oil. Ready!  
Red gleaming blower, dust covered  
Used once last year

A lanyard pull!  
A lanyard pull!  
A lanyard pull!  
A lanyard pull!

Red gleaming blower-snow covered!

--Jack Frost

JP

### 2001: A LONG ISLAND ODYSSEY

Our book is out  
Our book is done  
Our autographing days  
Have just begun.  
So many books  
To pen in ink  
A top-ten seller  
What do you think?  
So much talent bound in a book  
If you haven't read it  
Please, take a look!

--JR Turek

# THE WRITE STUFF

## BY THE WAY.....

### MORE STUFF FROM THE EDITOR:

The **LIWG** is definitely on a roll. We are attracting new members at our meetings and on our web site.

Some members have responded to Peter's call for volunteers and we are beginning to take some of the pressure off Peter, who has been tireless in his efforts to keep this group the best workshop on long Island.

We were fortunate again to have had an excellent guest speaker, Wendy Aron, who wowed us with tons of information and sharp wit. Our Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> meeting will present still another great guest, Christina Biamonte, who will cover agents, query letters and the submitting process. She will also touch on the state of children's publishing today.

Many of us are interested in writing for children and it should be an informative evening.

More speakers to come, stay tuned.

Hats off to Laura and Joe G. for setting up our appearances at **the cup** café/coffeehouse in Wantagh. These events are proving to be very successful, gives us the opportunity to read to a mixed audience, and allows us to read at length and not hampered by time restrictions. We will not have the luxury of a critique just applause.

### More on our **HOLIDAY/BOOK CELEBRATION DINNER:**

Date: Sun., Dec., 2nd

Where: LaCaravella Restaurant  
294 N. Broadway Hicksville, NY  
938-0220

Price: \$28.00 per person  
\$52.00 per couples

#### Dinner includes:

Choice of: chicken francese, veal scaloppini or salmon. Coffee, tea and cake, open bar.

Laura is collecting the money for the dinner at our next meeting. Questions? Email Laura: laurasquest@yahoo.com

Hope to see everyone there!  
I understand the food is great.

### MEETING SCHEDULE

Nov. 1	Bethpage Library	7:00-9:30
Nov. 15	Levittown Library	7:00-10:30
Dec13	Bethpage Library	7:00-9:30
Dec. 20	Levittown Library	7:00-10:30

Future meetings will be posted when we have the information.

### **The Write Stuff:**

Editor: JM Pantatello

I would to thank everyone who has contributed to this issue.

JP

# THE WRITE STUFF

## 9-11

Any Publication would be incomplete without some mention of the horror at the World Trade Center and how it effects us all. Here on this page The Write Stuff has reserved space for a few thoughts.

### September 11, 2001

I sit in the distance,  
watch TV,  
see the second plane,  
impact, explosion, raising fire.  
Shattered glass rains down  
like uncontrolled tears;  
shattered lives entombed.  
Pentagon, Washington DC,  
I sit frozen,  
wait for my turn to die.  
Unfiltered, chaotic news,  
words dissolve in  
the winds of wreckage.  
Organized terror revealed,  
raising death toll  
under crushed metal.  
Tragedy unfolds  
like the flag  
of patriotic displays.  
I sit in the distance  
but I am crying.

Paula Camacho 9/01

### WHY

Many people feel the way I do'  
We want to know how and why,  
Thousands are searching for clues,  
And all of us want to cry.

As I ran to the TV to see,  
I couldn't believe my eyes,  
As hundreds began to flee,  
And thousands prepared to die.

In the beginning we were shocked,  
But it's only been a week,  
Everyone sat down and talked,  
And our anger reached its peak.

Life for us will not be the same,  
Our world is falling apart,  
But our Statue of Liberty  
Still holds high her flame,

Our life as one is about to start.

--Kristina Valenti

**"Sorrow comes uninvited."**

--unknown

Editor's note: Kristina is my Great Niece, she is Sixteen years old, has been writing poetry forever and has won awards for her craft along the way. Her younger sister, Amy, also , an accomplished poet will be featured in an upcoming issue.

## THE WRITE STUFF

<b>BIOGRAPHY PROFILES—Joseph L. Giacalone</b>
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Here goes nothing.

Joe was born in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn and raised on the mean streets of Levittown. His parents made sure he received a Catholic education; he was taught the Golden Rule and to be nice to others. Quite frankly, we don't know what went wrong.

Joe graduated Hofstra University and received a BBA in Banking and Finance, which he uses to line the kitty litter box. After burning up thousands of dollars on education, he became a New York City Police Officer in 1992. Ironically, the place where he learned to put pen to paper quite frequently. He sometimes jotted down his adventures on the back of official department letterhead, a Dunkin Donuts napkin. Joe collected dozens of amusing stories and had intentions of publishing them in a book upon retiring from the PD. But fate had him stumble into the Borders of Levittown in August of 1998, where he met a cadre of writers and even more unique facilitator. Through the inspiration Joe received from the budding LIWG, he graduated from short stories to novels.

Joe has finished writing a true crime book and soon will complete his novel and crime writers' reference guide. He has recently written a column for E-This!, an electronic magazine and has big plans for his writing career.

Joe states that he owes a lot of his good fortune to the LIWG and never for got where he came from. He has helped many writers in the group with police procedural and law questions and gives as much free time to planning and organizing events for the LIWG as his wife, Maria allows.

You can visit Joe at his website, Mr. Murder: Tales of True Crime and Murder at:  
<http://www.MrMurder.net>

# THE WRITE STUFF

## ESSAY PAGE

### SEASONS GREATINGS

By  
Stephen Loomis

For Mary Francis L., a dear friend and coworker

One holiday season, Mary complained to me that every year she'd get a shamelessly boastful letter from her sister, full of stuff like, "Well, Suzie got her second Nobel Prize this year. That makes Medicine and Literature. Next year she's going for Physics."

We wrote this letter in response.

Dear Sis,

Merry Christmas to you all!

It sure is nice getting your Christmas letters each year. Sisters should be close. I sure am glad everything's fine with you all.

Vice President of Marketing. You must be so proud of that husband of yours. Jim always was my favorite Yankee. Ha! Ha! Two kids graduating Harvard. Jennifer in Medical School and Jim Jr. in Law. That's real nice. I've heard good things about Harvard.

I only regret Momma didn't make it to Christmas. She'd be so proud to see the first of her grandkids who graduated school. I admit I still blame Poppa. I know he claims it was an accident, but he never should have been cleaning that old shotgun in the house anyway.

But, you know me, I always try to look on the bright side. I have a lot to be thankful for too.

Bobby Ray has been sober for three weeks now. That's a record for him. The bruises are starting to fade and I feel lucky this time. If he keeps it up, he'll be able to hold a job soon.

We're expecting the results of Jason's DNA test this week. You remember my grandbaby Jason? Our lawyer says DNA is short for "Don't kNow Anything," which is what all these boys say about the baby. But Luanne's convinced she's got the list of possible fathers narrowed down to four names and she swears one of them will have to pay. I sure hope she's right. It would be nice to get the trailer paid off and have a place to call our own.

--Continued--

# THE WRITE STUFF

## SEASONS GREETINGS (continued)

We are confident that Junior will finally graduate High School this year. Of course I've said that before, but now that he's learned the alphabet, he's doing much better. Who would have thought that knowing just 21 letters would make such a difference?

It looks like this will be a great year for the twins too. Johnny's up for parole in September and if Dwayne gets out of rehab by then, we may have a family Christmas this time next year. That would be nice after so long.

We'd love to have you for Christmas next year, but I'll understand if you don't want to. I guess Jim's still mad about what happened at the family reunion. Bobby Ray never would have broken his nose if he hadn't been drinking. I know Bobby Ray feels bad about it. He'll never admit it, but I know he's sorry.

Well, Sis, it sure has been fine talking like this. So you take care of yourself and we'll look forward to hearing from you again next year.

Your loving sister,

Mary Francis

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**The Editor of THE WRITE STUFF wants to take this opportunity to wish every member of the Long Island Writers' Guild a HAPPY THANKSGIVING and a MERRY CHRITMAS.**

Next issue in the spring.