

# The Write Stuff

Long Island Writers' Guild, Inc. Newsletter

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

## Word From The Editor

As usual, I'm late again. The summer is well into its middle life, its hot and I'm here typing away, a glass of white wine at my elbow, the AC blasting and all of a sudden, I remember that I forgot to submit a manuscript to another contest whose deadline is tomorrow.....

OK, I'm back.

The LIWG is getting close to becoming a major creative writer's workshop. As Peter has often told us, we can build and become as important as the *Gotham Writers' Workshop* in Manhattan. In time, the LIWG will be able to hold selective classes in the writing process and charge fees. We can hold writing contests with cash prizes and entrance fees. I see the time when joining the LIWG will require a nominal membership fee. We may have to meet more than twice a month or have special workshops for specific genres and poetry. It's the future—and it's just over the horizon.

It is important to get the membership's input on where we think the LIWG is headed; our group is growing, people are aware of our presence, our members are getting published, guest speakers are eager to appear at our meetings, we're getting there!

Send us your thoughts at our e-mail address: [info@LIWritersGuild.org](mailto:info@LIWritersGuild.org)

JP

***“Your story, once published, lives its own life—potentially forever”***

C.M. Mayo—Get Published-The Writer magazine

## THE WRITE STUFF

### SUMMER

It's summer  
Leaping lizards, flipping frogs  
running rabbits, barking dogs  
chickens clucking, hens are high  
roosters laughing, don't know why?

Singing crickets, butterflies,  
spinning spiders, I know why  
It's summer.

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### SUMMER KISSES

Kissed by the sun  
the crystal rivers run  
to waves of diamonds  
one by one by one by one.

Jeanie Delgado

### SUMMER

We basically skipped spring this year, and summer arrived early, bringing with it an abundance of glorious colors. The array of marigolds, tulips and petunias adorning our gardens and countryside dazzle our eyes. Well-tended lawns are as an undulating surf of green. These are days of bright yellow sunshine and quivering heat. These are days to be languid and lazy; to rest before the fall harvest.

Marge McDowell

## THE POET'S PAGE

### LYNX

A North American Bobcat

Sun setting below the horizon peaks her feline fervor  
she readies herself, primping, priming  
her halo of glistening gold  
streaked with mahogany, dove and raven  
sparkles in moonglow  
her firey mane frames jeweled night-vision eyes  
pupils linear in anticipation  
specks of saliva collect at the corners of her mouth  
wispy pink tongue swipes them away

Her powerful body, muscular, slender  
Prowlesque  
her long, sleek legs ending in soft pads  
sharpened talons dripping blood-lust crimson

Hunter, stalker, preyer of flesh  
She purrs, impatient to dine  
a feast fit for a graceful beast  
panting, she rubs her coat of second skin  
She licks her lips  
steathily, on four-inch heels  
she enters the nightclub.

J R Turek

### GOURMET HAIKU

Dinner at Anna's  
Some linguini and clam sauce  
Cocktails and hors'douvres

Tasty tossed salad  
Italian pastry dessert  
Good yummy fun.

Marge McDowell

Submissions are being accepted for the FALL/WINTER Issue. They should have a seasonal theme (30 lines or less please) but this Editor will use any good poem, essay, bio or cartoon.

## THE WRITE STUFF

### FYI

In recent months the LIWG has certainly made its presence known at the Huntington Book Revue. Guild members, Joe Giacalone, Rob Lanzone and Gary Dolan each had wonderful support systems in place with large turnouts of family and friends at their individual book signings. Joe write about crime in New York City, Rob about Wall Street and the Jihad and Gary about Vietnam.

All of vital interest, all so well written. Their zeal, enthusiasm and pride in their accomplishments shone through their presentations and inspired all who came to listen. Way to go Guys! Now—Gals!!!

Marge McDowell

From *Bookreporter.com*:

Author Profile—Nelson DeMille.  
Interview questions about writing.

Bookreporter:

Are any of your characters like you? If so who?

Nelson DeMille:

I suppose to some extent my male heros are like me...funny, sexy, smart, brave, good looking and humble.

### MORE FYI

The LIWG strikes again!

On May 21, Judy, Paula (for 2) and Mary Winter received honorable mentions in the Lake Ronkonkoma Historical Society poetry contest. Beverly landed in a three-way tie for first place.

Paula, Judy, Maria and Beverly have been asked to contribute to George Wallace's column, "Walt's Corner" in the *Long Islander*.

Paula and Beverly have been notified they placed in the Mid-Island Y poetry contest. There may be more, but we haven't been informed.

It gets better, the next generation is getting into the act. Laura's daughter and Maria's grandson both placed in their age levels.

J R Turek

If you send out enough stories continually, sooner or later a smart editor will realize, "Hey, this stuff is pretty good!". Well it finally happened for Joe P. He walked off with first place in the National Writers Assn. short story competition with a substantial cash prize. He hit pay dirt again when one of his stories was picked up by Adams Media a division of F&W publications, *The Rockingchair Reader*.

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Note: The Write Stuff is eager to print any account of successes by members of the LIWG, just drop this editor a line via any method available.

The Write Stuff Editor

Joe Pantatello

## THE WRITE STUFF

### GUEST SPEAKERS

Hats off to Judy T. for all the hard work setting up our current and past guest speakers.

April 7<sup>th</sup>—Jack Bilello, author of “I Still Love Joni James”, a gripping, frequently hilarious novel about a boy and his growing up years in Brooklyn in the 1950’s. What comprises an inheritance? This novel will give you an interesting and insightful answer to that question through the main character, Chris Mercuri and his journey through neighborhood memories.

Mr. Bilello shared his writing and publishing experiences. He is the author of two previous novels, “Bonds of War” and “American Patrol”.

June 2<sup>nd</sup>—Stanley H. Barkan, poet and editor/publisher of Cross-Cultural Review Series of World Literature and Art in Sound, Print and Motion Cross-Cultural Communications, a small press, has published 350 titles in 50 different languages since 1972. A dozen books of his own poetry have been translated into 21 languages. Mr. Barkan spoke on publishing experiences, international experiences, anecdotes of meeting famous writers and advice for the aspirant writer. He also read selected pieces from his own works. (It blew my mind when he read that poem in Swahili. JP)

October 6<sup>th</sup>—George Wallace, Suffolk County Poet Laureate, editor of Poetrybay; co-host of a weekly poetry radio show; he has toured much of America. His work has been read internationally and translated into eight different languages. Mr. Wallace will speak about his experiences as the first Suffolk County Poet Laureate, writing experiences and will share some of his poems.

J R Turek

#### **Editor’s Note:**

George Wallace’ appearance is an upcoming event, we have the use of both rooms A and B at the Levittown Library, bring a friend, fill the hall. From what Judy tells me, this should be a great night.

The Long Island Writers’ Guild has been invited to join in the celebration of the Levittown Public Library director, P.W. Martin, as he completes 40 years of service.

I believe that the Library Staff thought enough of the LIWG to invite us to Mr. martin’s retirement dinner

Peter and I will attend the dinner and present Mr. Martin with a copy of our anthology, “2001” signed by as many authors who appear in the book as we can. A small token for the help and support Mr. Martin and the library staff has given the LIWG.

JP

## THE WRITE STUFF

### UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY—*Edgar Allan Poe*

When I was asked by this Editor for a bio of myself, I thought he was kidding, but he insisted, therefore, evermore I acquiesce.

I was born almost an orphan in Boston and raised by John Allan, (that's where we got the Allan part, but you knew that). Private schools in England; the University of Virginia (that lasted one year) but I learned drinking and gambling, my majors, so much so that foster Dad wouldn't pay off my debts and forced me to work as a clerk. Clerk? That was no job for me, I quit. Daddy Allan dumps me—I go to Boston, write, publish my first book of poems anonymously (afraid of rejection, I guess)

I join the army for two years. Publish a second book. Now I'm back with Allan. He goes all out gets me into the U.S. Military Academy. That lasts two months, I get thrown out for neglect of duty. Poppa Allan dumps me for keeps. Hey, I was writing. I publish my third book.

I move to Baltimore and live with my aunt and eleven-year-old cousin. In the process, I win a writing contest with my piece, "A Message in a Bottle", of course I drained the bottle long before I finished the piece. (Did they make a movie...nah, someone else's bit)

I marry my eleven-year-old cousin (yes, I wait until she gets older) and work as an editor and hold important positions on many leading literary periodicals, but I kept drinking and always broke.

Wait, it gets worse!

My wife dies after a long illness. I'm not doing so well myself, but I'm writing big time. I love poetry best and write the prose for the money. People liked the weird stuff. You must have read most of them or seen the movies. Required reading in High School I'm told.

But sick as I was I couldn't stop with the booze and then the drugs—I only lasted forty years, but wow, I wrote some goodies. Everybody loves "Annabel Lee"; then I went morbid. Remember "The Black Cat", "Tell-tale Heart"? How about M. Dupin in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"?

I cudda been a contender, I could have given Stephen King a run for the money.

EAP

The **Write Stuff** can use short antidotes of one's life, it doesn't have to be serious, keep it light, in fact it doesn't even have to be true!! (300 words, max)

**A SINGLE DROP OF RAIN**

A single drop of rain crept from the crevice in the ceiling and landed on the spoon that lay balanced on the edge of the table. The spoon tumbled to the floor surprising the cat curled peacefully beneath the table. The cat bolted upright tipping over the stool resting askew against the wall. The stool fell spilling the cat's water dish full to the brim. The water whisked across the floor to the bare, worn wire stretched from the old electric heater glowing bright. The ensuing spark ignited the frayed rug and flames ran to the drapes and engulfed the rest of the house. The firemen told the owners they should have fixed the leak in the roof. The cat made it out alive.

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Now, having read this little essay, if you keep ignoring this editor's requests for submissions to this newsletter, you are going to get more of the same. You probably know who wrote this dribble and the bio on another page, so help me out for the Fall Issue.

While I'm about it, I want to thank those who have contributed and those who always contribute. I have poems that are great and cannot use because they are too long and difficult to fit the current format, 20-25 lines will just about fill the space for a long poem. As you can see, the Write Stuff needs a BIO, it needs an essay and more news about our members. I would like to see stuff from new members. Don't be shy, it has to be better than some of the stuff I put in to fill the pages.

Joe P.

**Editor's note:** See it's easy. How about some submissions from you folks for the Fall-Winter Issue. Keep it down to 250 or so words, and I promise I do not edit or spell-check. No porn please



