

MEET THE SPEAKER: MIM HARRISON

By Jonathan Rose
Program Director

I first heard our speaker, Mim Harrison, on the Joseph Cooper program on WLRN. I was intrigued and I thought our membership would feel the same way. Mim's work (and play) with words is unique and I thought those of us who love words would love to listen to Mim share her fascination with them.

After all, she has been complimented by verbivores such as Robert MacNeil, co-anchor of *The MacNeil-Lehrer Report* and co-author of *The Story of English*; Erin McKean, Editor, *VERBATIM: The Language Quarterly*; and Paul Dickson, author of *The Dickson Baseball Dictionary, Third Edition* and *Family Words: A Dictionary of the Secret Language of Families*. That is without including such sources as *The Chicago Tribune*, *USA Today*, and *The Seattle Times*.

Mim Harrison has been eavesdropping on English ever since she spent a year in England and her American ears wondered what language the locals were speaking. An award-winning commercial writer, she is also the author of three books on language: *Wicked Good Words*, *Smart Words* and *Words at Work*.

Mim is the founding editor of Levensger Press, a specialty publisher that has celebrated some of the famous words of Winston Churchill, Samuel Johnson, and Henry David Thoreau.

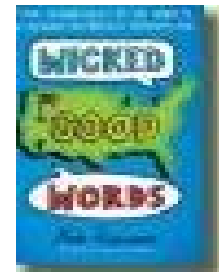
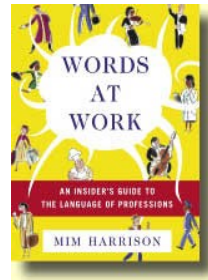
"English is a challenging language to master," she says. "Anyone who attempts it deserves to have some fun with it." Her newest book, *Wicked Good Words*, is a collection of American regionalisms - what she calls "America's oral neighborhoods."

Mim lives with her husband and their miniature dachshund in the Fort Lauderdale area. Visit www.mimharrison.com for more information.

I cannot wait to hear her ponder her predilections to pique our perspicacity and prepare us to postulate appropriately.



Mim Harrison
Guest Speaker
www.mimharrison.com



SFWA MONTHLY MEETING

The SFWA monthly meeting will be held on **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 10 AM – NOON**, at the **PINECREST LIBRARY** located at 5835 SW 111 Street, Pinecrest, FL 33156.

There will be a charge of \$10 for members/\$12 for guests. Fee covers brunch and room rental. To RSVP, please contact Teresa Bendaña at terebend@yahoo.com.

Online payment is available at www.southfloridawritersassn.org.

The South Florida Writers Association publishes the *AUTHOR'S VOICE* monthly. The official publication of SFWA carries authorized notices and articles regarding activities and interests of the organization but does not assume responsibility for the opinions of author's articles, stories, or other materials.

Members' subscriptions sent via email are included in the annual dues of \$50 for regular membership or \$20 for student/out of area membership. Printed editions are available during monthly meetings.

Editor

Evelyn Benson

Associate Editor

Connie Goodman-Milone

Photography

Michael Marko

Federico Pirruccio

Publications Committee

Chairperson - Evelyn Benson

Gonny van den Broek

Connie Goodman-Milone

Holly Schwartztol

Hillary Bartholomew

Cara Nusinov

Estefania Jaramillo

Submissions/Comments/Suggestions?

Contact the Editor

Tel. 305-772-5857

Evelynbenson2@aol.com

Author's Voice accepts submissions by the 15th of each month for publication the following month. AV's mission is to inform and enlighten writers with news, articles, and current affairs *related to writing*, as well as members' accolades. Letters to the editor are also appreciated.

SOUTH FLORIDA WRITERS ASSOCIATION

P.O. BOX 56-2652

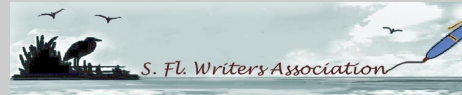
Miami, FL 33256

Tel. 786-877-0136

www.southfloridawritersassn.org

PURPOSE OF SFWA

The purpose of the South Florida Writers Association shall be to establish and maintain a forum for fellowship, education and information among writers; assist in establishing and supporting high literary standards; encourage and promote interest in literary achievements in the community.



Yearly SFWA Membership

\$50 per person

\$20 student

\$20 outside Dade, Broward & Monroe Counties

Contact Teresa Bendana

terebend@yahoo.com

Register online at

www.southfloridawritersassn.org

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1 | *Meet the Speaker: Mim Harrison*
- 2 | *Editorial Staff/Submission Info*
- 3 | *President's Message*
SFWA Play Writing Contest
- 4 – 6 | *Poems by Members*
- 6 | *Accolades*
- 7 – 14 | *Articles/Stories by Members*
- 14 | *JOBC Creative Writing Contest*
Meet SFWA Member: Tara Brugh
- 15 | *On The Bookshelf*
- 16 | *Ads and Announcements*
Critique Groups
SFWA Board Contact Info

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

By Dorothy Danaher White

The year is zipping by. I can't believe it's already October! The stores are festooned with Halloween costumes and decorations. Remember when colored lights only appeared in December? Now there are orange lights for Halloween and ghost creatures available to adorn your lawn.

We still need to confirm if we can stay in the Pinecrest Library. Anyone with fresh ideas please come forward and tell a board member.

September's meeting was great. We had an expert on social networking on the internet. Tina Koenig, President of The Writers Network of South Florida discussed marketing and publicity by way of the internet and social networks. We had a hearty, delicious breakfast, provided by Andy's Creations and arranged by Ricki Dorn. Again, I did my presidential duty and bundled up the trash, but one of the library staff took care of it this time.

The deadline for our Play Writing Contest is coming up on October 15. I know you have something in a drawer. Get it out, polish and send it in! It might get read or even produced. All the details of the contest and other events are on our website.

We also have a very active Facebook page, and

follow us on Twitter. Twitter isn't that hard! Don't be intimidated. Just go to www.twitter.com and you can follow the directions. I'm currently investigating Tweetdeck, which is a program that works along with Twitter. I don't want to be left behind with this latest trend in internet social networking.

For our creative youth, Eighth Graders are encouraged to submit their essays by November 15th to the Junior Orange Bowl Creative Writing Contest.

Don't forget our SFWA Critique Groups. These are FREE with Membership. If you have a novel or short story, there is a group led by Don Daniels that meets the 4th Saturday of the month. Poets meet on the 2nd Monday for a group led by Jnita Wright. My favorite is the Telephonic Conference Call, which meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of month, led by Steve Liebowitz. Please visit the SFWA to learn more about these critique groups and all of the other opportunities to network, improve your craft and market your creative works of art.

This is a great organization, and you will definitely get out more than you contribute!

SOUTH FLORIDA WRITERS ASSOCIATION 2nd ANNUAL ONE-ACT PLAY WRITING CONTEST

Contest Prizes are as follows:

First Place Winner: \$200 plus a public reading

Second Place Winner: \$125

Third Place Winner: \$100

SUBMISSION DEADLINE IS EXTENDED TO OCTOBER 15, 2011

Contest requirements are posted on the website

www.southfloridawritersassn.org

Plays can be comic or dramatic in theme and characterization. Although play length may vary, performance time should not exceed 30 minutes, including dialogue and stage business. Previously produced plays or plays that have won other contests will not be eligible. Please submit only one play per person, accompanied by a check or money order for \$10.00 made out to the South Florida Writers Association. Please submit two copies of manuscripts to the following address, with a large SASE:

**One-Act Play Writing Contest
South Florida Writers Association
P.O. Box 56-2652
Miami, FL 33256**

FADING TAMING BEAUTY

By Lloyd Allahar

I love you my fading beauty or is it my eyes
I see the wind or is it the tree tops swaying
Green, green, grasses are making a passage way
Such beauty my eyes behold such waking pleasures.

I love you beside me, the wind against my face
Nothing lasts forever except youth' new experiences
Your beauty is everywhere, steering back at me lovingly
Mountains and valleys, ravines and precipice floating configuration of clouds

Colorful leaves of autumn, blow away in the wind
Bare and empty trees in the winter wind
Downy snowflakes blanket the rugged landscapes
As icicles glisten in the sunrays' beauty
My fading beauty you are never lost
Your reminders are everywhere
Your touch, your fragrances, your images are all safely tucked away
Let me breathe, let my imaginations run wild, let me live
I see your beauty in my mind's eye
And feel you in every wind on every hair on my skin
I inhale your varying fragrance wherever I go
Locked in my memories, precious love, your beautiful happiness forever.

DOWN THE HALLS

By Karel Daniels

With skin as smooth as porcelain
And teeth as white as snow,
A bevy of boys still follow her
Everywhere she goes.

No, she's not a beauty queen.
She's not a movie star.
She's just the kind of woman that
Knows how to set the bar.

Yea, my Mom's still "Got it",
Though now she lives alone.
She struts her stuff down the halls
Of that nursing home.

INSOMNIA

By Connie Goodman-Milone

Awake upon this
ceaseless night,
as stars burn on
through the twilight.
I sleep not now
as I once did then,
will my soul ever
find slumber again?

A THOUSAND LUNCHES AND COUNTING

1984 - 2011

©By Holly W. Schwartzol

We said we'd lunch
Every Monday
Unless one of us
Was out of town
Or at a funeral

We never let
Another soul
Dine with us
And interfere
With our
Cherished schedule
Meeting just us two

Our husbands asked
What do you speak
About at those
Private lunches of yours?

Mine thought he'd
Be the subject
And longed to be
The proverbial
Fly upon the wall
And, yes, at times
We spoke of
Husbands or children
Or friends
Because you see
We spoke of all
That mattered
Most to us

Because we knew
That everything
Was safe and sound
With the other
A treasured friendship
That grew more
Dear for every year

We cried when we lost
Our fathers
And our mothers
And some friends
And a sister-in-law

Sometimes we just
Spoke of the
Books we read
And other times
Of the movies
We'd seen that week

Rarely though was
There a lunch
With a lull in
Conversation

We frequented
Restaurants week
After week
Until something
Left us wanting

And then we
Found another place

We lost and
Gained a
Thousand pounds
From OA to Weight
Watchers to South
Beach and beyond
Always celebrating
Each other
And, silly me
I so believed
We'd grow old
Together
Eating lunch
Every Monday
Somewhere
Together

Only now you
Are moving
Far away from me
You never said
You'd make that choice
Leaving me with
Empty Mondays
At lonely restaurants
Searching for
My friend.



Three Literary Roses from Jonathan Rose

PSEUDONYMOUS

Writer Eric Blair
Had a literary flair,
Though his books did not sell
As did those of George Orwell.

REGIMENTED

Rudyard Kipling,
Intense patriotism rippling,
Wrote of White Man's Burden that should have been,
Exemplified by tales like Gunga Din.

OUTMATCHED

Oscar Wilde,
Defamed and defiled,
Challenged boxing's Marquess,
But could not oblige the noblesse in this.

RAMSES ON HALLOWEEN

By Gonny van den Broek

This king of cats
is champ in tricks
especially in spring--
knife-sharp claws
or harmless play
with blades of grass
and string.

Among autumn shades
he often sits
sun-pampered on a pile—
paragon of innocence,
sneer stretched into a smile.

While rushing on
I pass each day
an orange balanced ball,
today I take in spherefully
a pumpkin on a pole
that turned upon soft pussy feet
from trick to treat.

NORTHERN AUTUMN

By Gonny van den Broek

A tree emblazed by autumn sun,
I stand and stare in awe
At the giant orange bonnet--
Vividness soon gone.

Not a tree to pass and think,
The colors are so nice.
It's screaming for a contest
To win the grand prize.

★ACCOLADES★

Connie Goodman-Milone had a letter published in the Soapbox section of The Miami Herald on August 28. The letter "County shouldn't cut its libraries" was written in support of the Miami-Dade libraries and their programs in view of severe budget cuts.

Connie had a letter to the editor published in The Miami Herald on August 24. "Play ball!" calls on the Florida Marlins to just play the game after falling out of playoff range.



★SFWA NEW MEMBERS★

ELDON BROWN

VICTORIA EMPERADOR

BARBARA MOLLER

HORTENSIA STROHMAN

FEDERICO PIRRUCCIO

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL

By Mort Laitner



As I pulled my luggage through Fort Lauderdale's International Airport's vestibule, the automated glass exit doors swung open, chimes rang out and a female voice called out to me.

"You are beautiful."

I stopped to listen for more. Not hearing another word, a smile broke across my face as I realized two things:

That the female voice was as automated as the glass doors;

And that I had not heard those words, "You are beautiful" from a female in a long time.

The vestibule's automated doors shut behind me. I entered the sauna known as South Florida. I looked back at the exit and mouthed my appreciation to that anonymous female and the creative artist. "Thanks for the compliment. I needed those words. You are also beautiful."

I walked to my car thinking about the beauty of the airport filled with collages, sculptures, photographs, quilts, paintings and sound art. I had just tasted an audio work-of-art that made my travel experience more pleasant. It changed my mood in an airport and that is a healthy experience.

I laughed thinking about the first piece of "sound art" I encountered as a child—the self-inflating Whoopee Cushion. This Talking Vestibule and that Whoopee Cushion were clear voices of the world's best medicine---laughter.

On the drive home, my brain kicked into high gear wondering how prevalent sound art was in the field of health.

After dinner, my computer began buzzing with information. I learned that Jim Green (www.jimgreen.org) was the sound artist at the Fort

Lauderdale International Airport. His works include laughing escalators, talking fences and talking drinking fountains. His goal is to create socially interactive experiences between his art and the public that surprises and humors.

The rest of my search was almost fruitless. I found an agent pushing sound art for medical centers. I found no hospital, health center or health department using sound art to keep their patients happy and healthy.

I wondered when, if ever, I would be able to compliment a health administrator who had installed some sound art in their facility elevator, escalator or vestibule with Green's loving words, "You are beautiful."

BOOM-SHACKA-LACKA!

By Deborah C. Pollack



After her divorce, Lila could barely get out of bed in the morning. Her husband of fifteen years had asked for a divorce seven months ago to "find himself." However, Lila learned he had been regularly finding himself with his secretary for the past two years. So, Lila found herself sleeping till 11 AM, then 12:30 PM and finally two in the afternoon. She considered swallowing a bottle of sleeping pills but remembered from reading Dorothy Parker's "You Might as Well Live" that drugs caused cramping. Nonetheless, Lila often considered committing suicide.

As she rose from the solace of a deep sleep one afternoon, she groggily looked around the brightly-colored Provence-style yellow and blue bedroom she once shared with her husband. The room's cheeriness belied Lila's dismal feelings. It would be so much easier if she could slip back into her unmade bed—so inviting, so warm and safe—and

stay there forever. But she forced herself to shower, dress, and keep her appointment with a psychologist her older brother insisted Lila see.

For the past seven months Lila had felt a persistent lump in her throat and her skin was constantly dry and cold. When she missed her periods during those first months of agony, she thought she was pregnant. Morosely, she drove to a drugstore in the next town and purchased two pregnancy tests. As she walked out of the store, a young Latino man exclaimed, "Why are you so sad, beautiful one?" She didn't answer but weakly smiled at him. At least she wasn't invisible.

She feared she would have a baby that looked like her ex-husband, but both pregnancy tests were negative. Five months later, she still wasn't on schedule.

"Come have lunch with me," her close friend, Joanie offered one day.

"No, that's OK," replied Lila.

"Nonsense. You have to get out of the house. Don't worry, I'll cheer you up, I swear," the blond-coiffed, petite Joanie insisted.

Joanie's Mercedes pulled up the gravelly driveway and she honked the horn. It was nice to get out, Lila thought as she left the house—something to do instead of weeping alone.

As they rode to a local café, Lila looked somberly at her friend and said, "I'm not going to make it."

"Don't be ridiculous! You'll make it," Joanie declared. She then prattled on about a two-year affair she was having with a married man.

Lila wanted to strangle her and scream, "Shut up! Don't you see what you are doing to me?" But she merely questioned, "What about his wife?"

Oh, I really like his wife. He'll never divorce her but that's fine with me."

This created a deeper pain in Lila's heart and the lump in her throat grew larger.

When her brother insisted that Lila get help, she balked.

"I am not going to a shrink!" she vehemently snapped. "And I refuse to take any of those happy pills. They have too many side effects." Oddly, she cared about side effects while simultaneously wanting to end her life.

"Look, you are sleeping till two in the afternoon and you are constantly depressed. You need help to get yourself out of this funk. I'm not telling you to go to a psychiatrist and take medication. I'm just suggesting you see a psychologist. I know someone

good who helped out a friend of mine and I think she'll help you as well."

Lila eventually conceded, made an appointment and drove to a neighborhood of modest, older homes about five miles away. She parked her white Ford Focus well away from the therapist's two-story small clapboard house and made certain she wasn't seen before approaching it. This was a huge embarrassment to Lila. She didn't want anyone to know she was one of those women who depended on analysis to keep her sane. After she rang the bell, a smallish, attractive woman wearing a brown sweater and khaki slacks opened the door. She warmly said, "You must be Lila," while removing black framed glasses that matched masses of long, curly, un-behaved hair.

"Yes," Lila answered and burst into heaving sobs.

"Come in, Lila," the psychologist said gently. She led Lila through a small living room. "I'm Dr. Caroline Watterson but you may call me Carol. Let's go into my office at the back of the house."

Lila must have used an entire box of tissues that day, bemoaning the fact that her husband had left her for a twenty-two-year-old woman.

"It's such a cliché," she remarked as she wept.

After a time Carol looked at Lila and said, "Look, I could keep listening to you berate yourself and curse your husband while bawling your eyes out but I see I'm running out of Kleenex. So before you go on I have something to share."

Lila sniffed, dabbed her eyes and asked, "What?"

"Ten years ago my husband left me for another woman. I was exactly like you. I wanted to kill myself but I was six months pregnant. So I decided to live until the baby was born. After she was born I had to nurse her so I decided to wait until she was weaned, fully intending to commit suicide when the nursing ceased. I again waited and by the time I had weaned her I felt better. I no longer had the desire to kill myself and had healed by pouring my love into this child. I'm telling you this because while things are bleak for your now, you have to understand that this will change. You will feel better. Depression is so difficult—I know more than anyone—but it can also be somewhat transient. The fact that you came here for help means you are already on the way to a healthier attitude and a healthier life."

Lila was astonished. She thought that all

therapists, while merely listening to what you had to say, would just keep nodding and repeating “uh huh.” This offering of a personal disclosure was unbelievable. Lila had an ally here, someone who knew exactly how she felt and that revelation somehow made her feel a little better—but not much. “But I have no child and nothing else to live for either.” Lila countered.

“You have yourself. And if you don’t love yourself, you have to *make* something to live for—something to look forward to—something special every day that gets you out of your own sadness until you start loving your life again.”

“I have nothing to look forward to.”

“Lila, talk to your family, your friends. Tell them to *give* you something to look forward to.”

Lila reluctantly took her advice and told her brother who immediately called on his wife, his best friend, and Lila’s close friends to help. That night Lila was invited to a delicious dinner cooked by her brother’s wife. The next day her friend again took her to lunch but this time did not talk about her affair with a married man. Instead she focused on encouraging Lila.

The following Friday at 10AM the telephone awakened her.

“Lila” a jovial, husky voice said. “You are coming out with me tonight.”

Lila recognized the voice of her brother’s best friend—a true “larger than life” lovable character named Rudy who knew Lila from the time she was six.

“But Rudy—”

“No buts—you are coming out with me and I’m introducing you to lots of my single friends. And we are going to dance. Boom-shacka-lacka!” (Rudy always said Boom-shacka-lacka to emphasize a highly important statement.)

Lila could not refuse him. She summoned the mental strength and energy to style her hair, pick out a suitable dress and apply makeup; something she had not done in months. That evening Rudy rang the bell. Exhausted, Lila opened the front door and there he was—six foot two, with a slight paunch, lively brown eyes, olive dimpled cheeks, and a smile as bright as a shaft of light from heaven.

“You look knocked out!” he exclaimed.

Well, I guess that’s better than knocked up, Lila thought.

“Thanks Rudy.” she responded wistfully.

He helped her into his red Mustang and they drove to his club, an elegant members-only establishment in the center of town. They drank, ate, and Lila met Rudy’s friends—all up-scale professionals— who were

noticeably attentive to her.

Around nine-thirty as throbbing music began to play, Rudy announced “Now we dance! Boom-shacka-lacka!”

Lila hadn’t danced in fifteen years.

“I’ve forgotten how.”

“Bull! Just walk to the beat—like this.” Rudy expertly showed her and she followed.

This routine of family and friendly support went on for three weeks along with visits to Lila’s psychologist. Shortly thereafter, one morning Lila awoke eager to be on time for her appointment with Carol. Lila needed much less Kleenex that day and looked forward to getting back to work at her previous job as a marketing director and building a better life. She thought it was miraculous her employer still wanted her after seven months of her absence. She also had a date the following Saturday with one of Rudy’s friends.

Lila would always be grateful for her brother, her friends, and of course, Carol; but she especially cherished Rudy who lifted her from sorrow by showing her pure joy. Boom-shacka-lacka!

Deborah C. Pollack is an art dealer and author from Palm Beach, Florida, who has written the critically-acclaimed *Orville Bulman: An Enchanted Life and Fantastic Legacy* and *Laura Woodward: The Artist Behind the Innovator Who Developed Palm Beach*. Articles include those in forthcoming magazines, such as *Antiques and Art Around Florida*, *The Challenge* (the magazine of the Brain Injury Association of America), and *Tequesta*.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR.....

2ND ANNUAL MANGO WRITERS CONFERENCE

FEBRUARY 4, 2012

Miami-Dade County Health Department
1350 NW 14th Street, Miami

A fabulous day for writers or those who want to write a book or meet writers, attend Social Networking, Blog and Twitter Workshop, Round Robin and Participant Readings, Trading Books and more.

For additional information please contact:

Mort_Laitner@doh.state.fl.us

SURVIVING THIS 2011 HURRICANE: HOW WE GOT THROUGH ANDREW AND WHAT SUPPLIES I REALLY NEEDED

By Cara Nusinov

There is still time to prepare. I believe that is why so many people survived the Cat 5 storm with tornados which hit Miami nineteen years ago—preparation. We listened to Bryan Norcross and when he told us to prepare a safe room, we did. When he told us to go to our safe room, we did. We had our supplies with us. We prepared for the worst (we thought) and hoped for the best.

For some people, a safe room was an interior closet or their most protected room. For others it was a bathtub in a bathroom with a mattress placed on top of them. I saw an apartment building without walls after the storm, but somehow, people in their bathtubs survived. We were in a closet, glass shattered right outside the louvered closet door, the roof was torn apart, it rained in the closet; we were scared, but we listened to Bryan's voice during the entire storm, a voice of calm and sensibility, and somehow, we made it through. We were with friends in their house, and we acted as a team sheltered by interior walls and clothes and mattresses.

If we had not listened? The ceiling collapsed on the bedroom where children had been sleeping, just ten minutes before, in an exterior room on the windy side. It was my turn to monitor the news as everyone slept. No one knows where a storm will hit or have an impact. Electricity went out. It was dark.

I'm glad I had a battery-powered radio. As I listened to the news, Bryan said to go to the safe room. So, I woke everyone and we did go directly to THE SAFE ROOM.

Of course, pay attention to all of the hints and lists that tell you how to prepare, such as knowing your evacuation route. There are many lists. Mine does not include everything, just things that were a necessity and helped us; or things I wished I had with me at the time. Check them off.

You need water in the designated area, your medicines and food. You need to set up an area as a toilet if you are not in a bathroom. Remember you will not be able to flush. It is likely no water will work. We had no idea that the impact of the storm and the barometric pressure would adversely affect our stomach as well as our ears. We finally had to resort to using handbags lined with dry cleaner bags. I do not recommend this, but in an emergency, be creative to survive well.

If you have a battery operated radio, hearing a voice on it is soothing. We all still remember Bryan Norcross's voice. You need a source of power for not only several hours, but for days or weeks after.

It will probably be dark, even during the day. You do not want candles. You want flashlights, preferably a lantern. Remember after the storm, you can either save and use unused supplies or donate them to the areas that are hit.

During and after the storm, I found the following a necessity:

1) You will need cash, (for food and water and repairs). It may be as in the case of Hurricane Andrew, weeks or months before some sense of normalcy and supplies are restored. Do not give your money to fake roofing repair people or fly-by-night contractors. Report places that gouge for water and supplies. So go to an ATM now. They will not work when the electric goes out, and it is likely it will go out.

2) Find or buy big plastic sheets, even if only one—a tarp and large construction bags to help yourself or a neighbor after the storm.

3) Wear a "fanny pack" and keep money and meds, ID, etc., in it. You may need both hands, so important things stay in your waist pack.

4) Fill up your gas tank. Put your car in as safe a place as possible. Trees will fall. Our car had a shattered windshield and windows, but it ran and we used it that way for weeks.

5) Have plastic bags and a covered container(s) for bodily functions.

6) If you have two bathtubs, fill one with water. Be sure the tub is sealed so the water does not leak out.

7) Make ice. Take some to your safe area.

8) Take bike(or sports) helmets into your safe room and wear them. If a surge is expected, keep your life preserver nearby.

9) You may be able to get those special ear plugs that people wear on airplanes that help with pressure. I do not know about this - it is on my list to research. So you have time now to plan and research. Once the storm hits you need to concentrate on your survival.

10) Prepare your pet's area. They will be needy or upset, and will also need the same care as you.

11) Cell phone – save your power. Before the storm, arrange a time when your friends and loved ones will power up to communicate. And not on the hour, use an odd time when fewer people may turn on their phone. Cell phones may only work in one small area until towers are repaired. In Andrew, trees and towers toppled. Mine only worked outdoors in a corner of my yard. A car charger will come in handy.

12) Close all of the interior doors. In my own house where the roof remained, one room was ruined by a piece of roof tile hitting a window. By the pattern, we could see the wind entered and blew in circles ruining everything. But I have closed the doors and it kept the storm in that room.

13) If you live in a house, have a spray can of paint for messages you can write on your roof.

14) Make some of your food comfort food and some nutritious. Powdered Gatorade and peanut butter or such, or protein, are almost necessities.

15) Children need their supplies, some games and a book. Remember electronics may not work. When the storm starts in earnest, it is dark and noisy, loving arms are the best comfort.

16) A filtered water pitcher is a handy item. If your water is iffy, you can use it.

17) Keep a fire extinguisher with you, if possible.

18) If you go to a shelter, you still need these same preparations.

19) You will hear new noises. We heard howling winds that sounded like discordant music and then like animals; we heard what sounded like a train, but was a tornado. We heard shattering of glass, that tinkling sound. We heard furniture and doors blowing around. We heard rain in the house and creaking sounds as things shifted and broke.

20) In the weeks after the storm, I gathered up positive wherever I could. As a family, we had never spoken so much before. There were no electronic distractions. We played lots of board games. The sky was gorgeous and the stars bright without city lights. Stop signs were gone, but people yielded to each other and helped one another. We drove miles to find water and gave it out. Folks came from all over to repair. When school finally opened again, everyone was so excited. Teachers were extra kind to children who had been through a disaster.

Why am I writing this? Maybe it will help a million people on the East coast. It is not as an alarmist— if the storm is already there, it will arrive. If it blows out to sea, it will be wonderful. I am writing because I know we have no control and are powerless against a

hurricane. Police and emergency equipment will not come to you after a certain point. If you think you want to leave, check the roads and see if they are passable and leave before the traffic starts.

Transportation such as trains and buses will stop service. You do not want to be stuck on a highway as the storm approaches. If you stay, I want you to tell as many people as possible: prepare and be as smart as possible. It may make a difference. Best wishes, good luck.

ALL YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT NUCLEAR PHYSICS IN 5 MINUTES

By Will Harden

Excerpt from the unpublished Novel
“The Greening of Mars”

Josh came to the podium in one of the newer versions of space pajamas or “jammies” as they were called. As the inspiration of the entire terraforming project, he was a fashion icon. But everybody that knew him thought it funny that he couldn’t care less. He wore them because they were carefully made to fit his size and it took less energy to accept a new suit everyday than it took to argue. The clothing people who fought to get him to wear their stuff made sure of that. Wearing appropriate clothing was a way to talk about more important issues like space. Now he was in front of the Endowment for the Sciences, with twenty thousand people who wanted to see him perform before the business of the meeting began. Totally without notes, he began.

“Nuclear Physics is a confusing field with fantastic promise as well as threat to humanity. The Sun sustains life on Earth by fusing the smallest atoms into bigger ones. Our nuclear power plants produce energy by splitting the largest atoms into smaller ones. Sounds absurd, but I am not making this up. The confusing thing for most people is how such different processes both produce energy.

If we take the periodic table of the elements and stretch them out in a horizontal line so that the smallest, hydrogen, is on the left and bigger and bigger ones going right until we get to uranium the picture does not get any clearer. We see that both ends are trying to become more like the middle. Hydrogen wants to become helium or something larger and everything in the heavier

neighborhood of uranium wants to become more like the center by splitting into smaller elements. We need to take this line of elements and bend the two ends up until we have a valley with high mountain slopes of energy on either side. The elements that are at either end are unstable and tend to slide down to the flat center of iron. As they do so they release energy.

Giant stars begin by fusing hydrogen into helium and since they are going downhill, they release energy. When they run short of that, they begin to fuse helium and other elements sequentially heavier. As stars age, they run short of hydrogen and fuse more and more of the larger elements until they pass the flat neighborhood of iron where there is no energy. These stable elements in iron's neighborhood and beyond, when subjected to stellar pressures of several million tons per square inch, fuse further. But these are different in that they absorb heat in fusion. A star needs intense

heat to stay big and this speeds contraction even more. The contraction increases pressure and the rate of fusion. It is kind of like the economy when more and more of the older generation go on social security."

Everyone laughs and he pauses for a moment.

"This brutal contraction continues forcing things up the other side of the hill, until elements are formed that are intensely unstable like uranium or plutonium. This is stored energy and when the star explodes in its death these heavy elements are thrown out into space. New stars and planets are eventually formed out of this with quite a mix of all the elements. It was Carl Sagan who said. 'We are all made of star stuff'."

Today, outside this building, we get light from the fusion of Hydrogen in the Sun. Inside this building we get light from the fission of Uranium that taps stored energy from stars that blew up long ago, and we worry that some rogue power is going to use it for bombs."

2012 WILLIAM SAROYAN INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FOR WRITING

Nominations for the fifth **William Saroyan International Prize for Writing** (Saroyan Prize) are now being accepted.

Co-sponsored by the **Stanford University Libraries** and the **William Saroyan Foundation**, the awards are intended to "encourage new or emerging writers and honor the Saroyan legacy of originality, vitality, and stylistic innovation."

Two prizes of \$5,000 each will be offered in 2012: one for fiction, the other for non-fiction. Poetry and other literary forms will not be considered.

William Saroyan, an American writer and playwright, was a Pulitzer Prize and Academy Award winner best known for his short stories about humorous experiences of immigrant families and children in California. Saroyan was the fourth child of Armenian immigrants. He battled his way through poverty and rose to literary prominence in the early 1930s when national magazines began publishing his short stories, most notably *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. Published collections of those stories include, *Name Is Aram*, *Inhale & Exhale*, *Three Times Three*, and *Peace, It's Wonderful*. Saroyan also had success as a playwright on Broadway and a writer

of screenplays in Hollywood. His notable successes include: *My Heart's in the Highlands*, *The Time of Your Life*, *The Beautiful People*, and *The Human Comedy*. *The Time of Your Life* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

Works of fiction (**novels, short story anthologies, or drama**) or non-fiction (**biography, history, or memoirs**) by authors from around the world and first published during 2010-2011 are eligible for consideration. Works must be imprinted with either a 2010 or 2011 copyright date. All entries must be predominately in English, and available for individual purchase by the general public. Self-published books are eligible as long as they are available for individual purchase by the general public. Books published electronically are eligible, assuming they are in a fixed state and readily available for purchase by the public.

Entries must be received at the Stanford University Libraries on or before January 31, 2012. A \$50 non-refundable entry fee is required. Visit the website, www.saroyanprize.stanford.edu, for entry forms, contest rules, and complete guidelines.

For more information, contact Sonia Lee, sonialee@stanford.edu, tel. no. 650-736-9538.

WHAT'S NEXTING FOR US - ALL AFTER ALL THIS - HERE TEXTING?

By Joe Klock, Sr.

My most intimate contact list presently comprises eight immediate descendants, plus their scores of spouses, begats, grandbegats and significant others.

This challenges my ability to recite them by name during evening prayers and to recognize the newest additions on sight, especially when they are gathered en masse. That latest problem was recently exacerbated by the arrival of identical twin great-grandsons who are as indistinguishable in the flesh as is fact from flibbertigibbery in politics.

Add to this familial mob scene several hundred editors to whom I submit my now-sporadic op-ed columns, and the more than 1,300 other folks on my "Kith & Kin" list, who receive those rants pre-publication.

There are also about 3,500 readers drifting about in the flotsam and jetsam of past correspondence, with whom I do not keep in touch, but some of whom re-emerge from the shadows unexpectedly.

I am not, therefore, bereft of people with whom to engage in random cyberchatter or the exchange of "must read" trivia and prophecies of impending doom if I fail to keep the bull (not a typo there) rolling.

All of this is prelude to an apology to all those (including many of the above-cited) from whom I fail to accept daily invitations to tweet, text, face-book, link-in, chat-up, twitter and/or otherwise fritter away the dwindling length of my tenure this side of the obituary notices.

Mind you, I cherish every past friendship and welcome all new entrants into my sphere of fellowship.

Moreover, I do my best to read all incoming correspondence, although admittedly skimming material that requires a depth of thought and/or range of expertise that is either above my pay grade or beyond the bounds of my objective.

By way of explanation, I should point out that, while I confess to hoping that I'll nudge readers toward my viewpoints, the major objective of my writing is to arouse interest, provoke thought and inspire action regarding the subject matter of my opusettes.

That is to say that, even if you feel that I am more full of hot air than a roomful of class reunionists, I consider my mission to have been a success if I have encouraged you to think some and do something about it.

Unless I'm missing the point of the tweet talk to which I've been exposed, joining the cacophony of

such chitchat is an investment of time somewhat akin in value to mere woolgathering, as opposed to a profitable and purposeful shearing of sheep.

Again conceding the possibility that my functional obsolescence is advancing nearabout beyond control, I can't help thinking that Twitterland has become a virus among the young 'uns which threatens social intercourse, as well as individual betterment.

Witness the fact that teens, tweens and a growing number of boomers spend much of their leisure time with eyes fixed on electronic gadgetry and thumbs flying over their keyboards like the fingers of a concert pianist.

A byproduct of this new communication medium is the genocide of capitalized words, the brutal beating of grammar, and spelling atrocities which would have been a capital offense in the third grade classes of Sister Beatrice, whom I still so clearly and fearfully remember.

Yet another infectious disease is the residue of unrestrained and undisciplined communication, especially on the Internet, indiscriminately memorializing some comments and images which would be better whispered behind fans or scribbled on the walls of a public bathroom.

No better example of this hazard could be found than the fall from governmental grace and political power of a hotdog namesake who inadvertently sexted his manhood to the world when intended privacy went viral.

In the hands of responsible people, tools of communication are among the most important assets separating us from lower forms of animal life, but that blessing is accompanied by an obligation to use it with care, forethought, discretion and proper reverence.

Debasing our language skills and babbling pointlessly are activities that fall into the same general category of casting pearls before swine and audibly burping in polite company.

Among all the assets we acquired at birth, time is arguably the most precious and there is growing evidence that piddling it away threatens to become the great American wastetime, replacing baseball fandom, which is another inefficient use of moments, minutes and opportunities that come only once and are then gone forever.

Write on, text maniacs, but don't be offended if you don't get a thumbback from me!



JUNIOR ORANGE BOWL CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

By Connie Goodman-Milone

The Junior Orange Bowl Creative Writing Contest awaits inspired entries. This contest is open to eighth grade middle-school students in Miami-Dade County. The competition allows young writers to explore a meaningful topic in a 500-word essay. The Creative Writing Contest is co-sponsored by the Junior Orange Bowl Committee (JOBC) and the South Florida Writers Association.

The theme for the 24th annual JOBC Creative Writing Contest is "Why We Need to Care about Nature and the Environment." Brochures have been sent to Miami-Dade County Public Schools, private schools and home school associations. Brochures can be found at Books & Books, Miami-Dade Public Libraries, Miami Art Museum, HistoryMiami, and SFWA meetings.

The Creative Writing brochure is posted on the JOBC website at www.jrorangebowl.org and on the SFWA website www.southfloridawritersassn.org.

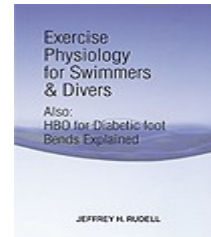
Submissions are due in by November 15, 2011 postmark. Judging takes place in three rounds in November. The judges for this contest are writers and former classroom teachers. Judges will evaluate essays based on quality of prose, attention to theme, depth of meaning, expression, originality, genuineness of voice and grammatical correctness. All finalists will receive a certificate from the Junior Orange Bowl Committee.

The JOBC Creative Writing Contest has three prize winners. These young writers will be honored at Books & Books at the January meeting of the South Florida Writers Association.

The winning students and teachers will receive gift awards through our Creative Writing Committee sponsors. These sponsors are South Florida Writers Association, Books & Books, Miami Art Museum, HistoryMiami, and Friends of the Everglades.

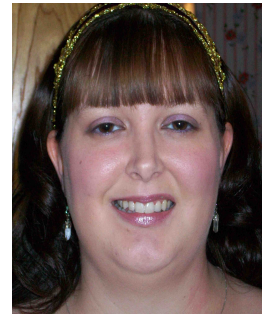
MORE ACCOLADES

Congratulations to **JEFFREY RUDELL, M.D.** on the publication of his book, *Exercise Physiology for Swimmers and Divers: Understanding Limitations*, by XLibris . It is available on Amazon, and Barnes and Noble.



Kudos to **PESI DINNERSTEIN** on the publication of her first book, *A Cluttered Life: Searching for God, Serenity, and My Missing Keys* (Seal Press). It is available in paperback and e-book at Amazon, Barnes and Noble, and other booksellers.

MEET SFWA MEMBER: TARA BRUGH



Hi, my name is Tara Brugh. I am proud to be on the Email Blast Committee and Website Committee of SFWA. If you have "copy ready" information related to writing, please send it to taralynnbrugh@live.com. Please write in the subject line "SEND: "with the subject.

I received my A.A."S in Graphic Design and Photography in 2001. I am currently working on my Creative Writing certificate through Stratford Career Institute. Besides actively blogging, I am working on my memoir, a book of short stories and a historical non-fiction novel about the civil war.

<http://www.tarabrugh.com>
<http://tarabsreviews.blogspot.com>
<http://twitter.com/tarabrugh>



On The Bookshelf

ED AHRENS	<i>The Perils of Imprudent Writing - How to Watch What You Write and Stay Out of Court (Second Edition), Already Walks Tomorrow - A Love Affair, Reborn and Eternal, Ed'sitorials on Mediation - A Curmudgeon's Wit and Wisdom on the Perils and Pearls of Mediation (With Joe Klock's gracious consent!)</i>
LLOYD ALLAHAR	<i>Living the Beauty of Life</i>
LIZ ALEXANDER	<i>The House of Lucretius (Co-author: Jean M. Bratcher)</i>
SIMONE ANDERSON	<i>Totally Yours</i>
ANDREA ASKOWITZ	<i>My Miserable, Lonely, Lesbian Pregnancy</i>
JAMES BENNETT	<i>Wilton Manors</i>
LOUIS BERENQUER	<i>The Labor-Value Theory</i>
SETH BRAMSON	<i>Hallandale Beach, Florida: For More Than 90 Years Broward County's City of Choice</i>
DAVE BRICKER	<i>The Dance and The One Hour Guide to Self Publishing: Straight Talk for Fiction & Nonfiction Writers About Producing & Marketing Your Own Books</i>
JAMES BHUMI	<i>June 2508 (www.June2508.com)</i>
JEAN BRADFISCH	<i>The Hall Picture</i>
DON DANIELS	<i>Rhyme and Punishment</i>
LEITA KALDI DAVIS	<i>Roller Skating in the Desert</i>
DEBORAH DE NICOLA	<i>The Future That Brought Her Here, A Call to Awaken</i>
DIANA FAHRYEVA	<i>The Soul Trek: A Story of Love, Faith and Destiny</i>
PESI DINNERSTEIN	<i>A Cluttered Life: Searching for God, Serenity, and My Missing Keys</i>
MARLEN GARCIA	<i>Pachamama Goes To Macchu Picchu</i>
BARBARA GILBERT	<i>Spiritual Journey of a Child</i>
BOB GOLDSTEIN	<i>Your Head'll Turn Into A Ball</i>
MARY GREENWOOD, J.D.	<i>How to Negotiate like a Pro, 41 Rules for Resolving Disputes; How to Mediate Like a Pro; How to Interview Like a Pro: 43 Rules for Getting Your Next Job</i>
GROUP TEN	<i>Step into My Metaphor (Critique Group Jnita Wright)</i>
GEORGIANA HALL	<i>Hershey-A Tale of a Curious House Rabbit</i>
HOWARD HERSKOWITZ	<i>Aaron's Journey From Slave To Master</i>
RALPH HOGGES	<i>The Love of Books and Academic Excellence: A Memoir, and Lifting Our Literary Voices: An Anthology of Poetry, Short Stories and Essays</i>
ESTEFANIA JARAMILLO	<i>Todo Cuesta...</i>
JOE KLOCK SR.	<i>Like Klockwork, The Wit and (sometimes) Wisdom of a Key Largo Curmudgeon, The Real World Of Selling Real Estate, In Search of Maximence (4CDs and workbook)</i>
MORT LAITNER	<i>Healthy Stories, A Compilation of Short Stories & Poems on Health</i>
STEVE LIEBOWITZ	<i>The New Professionalism</i>
MADLYN LORBER	<i>The Eyes Have It</i>
DAVID MILLER	<i>Translation of the Autobiography of Miguel Pineiro, publisher of the Yellow Pages in Spanish, and Chairman Bill: A Biography of William F. Buckley Jr.</i>
PETER NEVILLE	<i>The Awakening of the Lion: Singapore, The Rose of Singapore</i>
CARA NUSINOV	<i>Unrequited Loves and Other French Kisses</i>
ARNOLD PATRICK PARKER	<i>Ben's Tale, published by Xlibris, 2008 – (www.benstale.com)</i>
FRANK PARTEL	<i>The Chess Players, A Novel of the Cold War at Sea; A Wound in the Mind, The Court-Martial of Lance Corporal Cachora, USMC</i>
DAVID PEREDA	<i>Havana Confidential, The Highest Hurdle, Getting Filthy Rich, Havana: Top Secret, Havana: Killing Castro</i>
ROBERT E. PLATSHORN	<i>Black Tuna Diaries</i>
ROMERIO PERKINS	<i>A Royal Blue Boy, published by Carlyle Press</i>
DEBORAH C. POLLACK	<i>Laura Woodward: The Artist Behind the Innovator Who Developed Palm Beach</i>
NINA ROMANO	<i>Cooking Lessons, Coffeehouse Meditations, and Writing in a Changing World (co-author)</i>
JEFFREY RUDELL	<i>Exercise Physiology for Swimmers and Divers: Understanding Limitations</i>
HOLLY W. SCHWARTZTOL	<i>In A Darkness, Sherry and the Unseen World</i>
RICHARD JAMES SULLIVAN, LCSW	<i>Knights of Avalon-Diamond Hearts Chronicles, Volume One</i>
BARBARA WESTON	<i>One Song—Two Voices</i>
JNITA WRIGHT	<i>Crayola Psychology, An Apple Falls, Taming The Word, Neighborhood</i>

If you wish to appear on our BOOKSHELF list, please e-mail the information to Evelyn Benson at Evelynbenson2@aol.com. Books should be written by current members and be presently in print.

CLASSIFIED ADS

ROMAN TUTORING SERVICES
CHILDREN AND ADULTS

HOMEWORK HELP!

Spanish	Employability Skills
English	Social Studies
ESL, VSL	Basic Math



CALL
305/596-5165

Need an Editor for your Manuscript?

Award-winning professional writer **Deborah DeNicola**, author of 5 books of poetry, anthology editor and author of the memoir, *The Future That Brought Her Here*, will help you generate new work, give conceptual feedback or fine-tuning. Contact me for more info.

dd1226@comcast.net
www.intuitivegateways.com

Advertise your books, services, and products!

3 lines for 3 months	\$10
Business card size for 6 months	\$25
Whole/Half/Quarter page	Negotiable

Contact Evelyn Benson, evelynbenson2@aol.com

<u>SFWA CRITIQUE GROUPS</u>		
<u>Group #1</u>	<u>Group #2</u>	<u>Group #3 Telephonic Critique group</u>
Leader: Don Daniels, 786-877-0136 <i>d_donald@bellsouth.net</i>	Leader: Jnita Wright, 305-232-5200 <i>jnita@juno.com</i>	Leader: Steve Liebowitz, <i>SLiebowitz@aol.com</i>
What: Novels, Short Stories	What: Poetry	What: All genres
When: 4th Saturday 9 AM -12 NOON (NEW TIME)	When: 2 nd Monday from 1 – 3 pm	When: 2nd and 4th Wednesday from 9:30 AM - 10:30 AM
Where: Nordstrom eBar (NEW LOCATION) Merrick Park – Coral Gables (1 st Level) 358 San Lorenzo Ave.(off LeJeune Rd)	Where: (next to Pinecrest Gardens) 5835 SW 111 St., Pinecrest	Where: *Call Norma Chew* Tel. 305-274-1337 for conference phone #

<u>SFWA OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS CONTACT INFORMATION (2011-2012)</u>			
President	--	Dorothy Danaher White	786-245-8148 warwick5552005@yahoo.com
Vice President	--	Ricki Dorn	305-905-5055 abbasone@earthlink.net
Immediate Past President	--	Holly Schwartztol	305-279-0007 hollyschwartztol@gmail.com
Treasurer	--	Evelyn Benson	305-772-5857 evelynbenson2@aol.com
Secretary	--	Estefania Jaramillo	305- 934-0992 tefita.jaramillo@gmail.com
Director - Membership	--	Teresa Bendaña	305-271-6869 terebend@yahoo.com
Director - Program	--	Jonathan Rose	305-374-0371 Proseguy@aol.com
Director - Communications	--	Margaret McLaughlin	305-858-7224 margaretj711@comcast.net
Director- Publication/AV Editor	--	Evelyn Benson	305-772-5857 evelynbenson2@aol.com
Director - Conference	--	Mort Laitner	786-845-0300 Mort_Laitner@doh.state.fl.us
Director – Contests	--	Don Daniels	305-251-6529 d_donald@bellsouth.net
Director - Website	--	Lynn MacKinnon	786-253-3393 lynn.mackinnon@yahoo.com
Director – Community Relations	--	Georgiana Hall	305-252-3926 hallh@fiu.edu
Director at Large	--	Connie Goodman-Milone	305-259-6215 cgmilone@bellsouth.net
Director At Large	--	Lloyd Allahar	786-343-6259 lloydsbooks@hotmail.com
Director At Large	--	Sam Burrirt	786-239-3305 Sammyfpoet@gmail.com