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THANK YOU for your support. Keep on writing!

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.*

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(2010-2011)

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Marketing Tips for the Miami Book Fair: November 14 –21



By Evelyn Benson

Photos by Connie Goodman-Milone

Are your books and marketing gear ready? Half a million people will turn out for the literary and cultural activities of the Miami Book Fair International on November 19-21, 2010.

That translates to 500,000 prospects! If selling is a contact sport; then this event offers *opportunities* to sell books, connect with prospects, or network with fellow writers and share ideas or resources.

Presented by the Florida Center for the Literary Arts at Miami Dade College, the event will culminate with the popular 3-day **weekend STREET FAIR on November 19th- 21st**, held on the closed streets surrounding the Wolfson Campus in downtown Miami. Expect more than 200 booths of bookstores, publishers, art, and cultural and business organizations, including SFWA, showcasing books, book related products, or literacy oriented programs. SFWA rents a booth during the Street Fair and allows members to display and sell their books free of charge.

For details, please contact **DON DANIELS**, tel. (786) 877-0136, d_donald@bellsouth.net

Selling books at the Fair is more than just piling up books at the booth, standing behind the table, or waiting for customers.

Here are some tips to help you maximize sales and flex marketing muscles:

1. Start with a marketing **plan and budget**. Selling books at the book fair is only one of several marketing tools or methods.

2. **Create a buzz** and drive traffic to the SFWA booth. Announce that you are participating at the book fair and send invitations to your contacts, family, co-workers, chambers of commerce, and friends. Post a flyer with directions to the Booth on your website. Post **flyers** at your school, church, or grocery stores' bulletin boards.

3. Tie in a special marketing strategy or **compelling offer**. Are you giving away FREE GIFTS? **Special discounts for book sales at the Book Fair?** *Buy 1 get 1 at 50% deal?* Free gifts for volume sales? Budget for **FREEBIES**. They're irresistible!

People love free promotional items such as candies, cookies, *bookmarks, pens, mugs, magnets, stickers, bags, brochures, postcards and mouse pads.*

Check the Exhibitor's contract for restrictions.

4. **Blog** about experiences at the Fair or insights gained from workshops or humorous personal anecdotes. Post photos of buyers or guests at the booth on your website. Use social media tools, such as Twitter, Facebook, and YouTube. Apply the techniques and appeal of popular TV reality shows such as *Keeping up with the Kardashians, The Real World, etc.* Remember, the world is your storefront!

5. Strategically display your **books and promotional materials**. Stand out from the crowd and don't let your books get buried in sloppy piles of books on the table. Purchase a counter top display rack, revolving book display rack with stand; an easel to display a poster and business card holders. Bring enough books to sell, brochures, business cards, flyers, bookmarks, posters and other collateral materials to the Fair. Include wrapping materials or plastic bags for post sale customer service.

6. Aim beyond the sale but also to connect and establish a relationship, not only with your words, but also with your voice, eye contact and body language. **SMILE** – it's free and makes you approachable.

7. Be **proactive** by going out of your way to meet and converse with fellow authors and visitors. That visitor could be an agent, a publisher, journalist, or future SFWA member. Prepare a short 30-45 seconds elevator pitch about yourself as an author and unique selling value of your book. Treat everyone with respect or care as a potential customer.

8. Get your **wardrobe and accessories** in synch with your book's theme. Wearing a customized T-shirt, jacket, buttons, sun visor or cap, silk screened with your book graphics, name, or website makes you a walking advertisement.

9. Make visitors **stop and look at your Booth**. Have attractive **posters and props**. Organize your display materials, with bookracks and display racks for brochures, flyers, and business cards. Got children's books? Have balloons and a clown. Romance books? Try the Valentine's Day theme, Tarot card reading, scented candles and roses. For mystery books, wear masks or costumes. The sky's the limit to your creativity.

10. **Raffle prizes** at your booth. Before the event, solicit gift cards or items from local restaurants, spas, supermarkets, or retail stores, and books of members, as raffle prizes for book buyers or booth visitors.

11. Close the Sale. Instead of asking if the customer wants to buy your book at the end of your sales pitch, go ahead and close the sale by asking, "Would you like me to sign this?" Or, "would you like this wrapped as a gift for someone?"

12. **Evaluate results and follow-up with prospects** after the Fair. Share results with fellow authors and explore what worked and

what didn't. What you learn will help make your next book marketing campaign effective.

Most importantly, have **FUN and enjoy** the camaraderie at the SFWA booth. Remember, you get this chance to make an effective first impression on 500,000 prospects only once a year at the Fair, but your relationship with fellow SFWA members is on-going and can last a lifetime.

See you at the **Miami Book Fair on November 14th –21st!**

Marketing is what gets you noticed
- Rowan Atkinson



JUNIOR ORANGE BOWL CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

By: Connie Goodman-Milone

The theme for the 2010-2011 Junior Orange Bowl (JOBC) Creative Writing Contest is "**Why Respect For Others Matters.**"

This essay competition is open to eighth grade middle-school students in Miami-Dade County. Contest brochures will be sent to Miami-Dade public schools, private schools, and home school associations in September. Brochures will be available at Miami-Dade Public Libraries and Books & Books. Contest entries are due by November 10, 2010.

The January awards ceremony will be at Books & Books in Coral Gables.

We thank Books & Books for their generosity in hosting this event. Books & Books will provide gift certificates for our winning students and teachers.

We look forward to a truly outstanding literary awards event this season.

The South Florida Writers Association is a co-sponsor of the Creative Writing Contest.

Books & Books, Miami Art Museum, HistoryMiami, and The Nature Conservancy, as sponsors of the Creative Writing Committee, will help honor our winning students and teachers with gift awards.

The winners of the 2010 Creative Writing Contest will be invited to march in the Junior Orange Bowl Parade in January.

To learn more about Junior Orange Bowl Festival events, visit our new JOBC website at

www.jrorangebowl.org

Why Proofreading is Important

By Connie Goodman-Milone

I came across a very unique advertisement in the October 2009 issue of *Jazz Times* magazine. This ad featured a DVD on jazz legend Miles Davis. The text for the title read: *Miles Davis, That's What Happened: Live in Germany 1887.*

I don't know that jazz fusion existed in 1887, or if Miles Davis was even alive back then.

The true title of the DVD is *Miles Davis, That's What Happened: Live in Germany 1987.*

This was a typo left unchecked before the ad copy went to print. If this was meant to be a joke, it was one for the ages.

WHERE'S MRS. SOPHIA AT TODAY?

By Romerio Perkins

Around my corner on West Fenwick
A lady died early at 4:13 AM
Yesterday morning. (I must, confess, honor,
In deference, unfurl my torment; lay forth to

Solitude an admission); very simply offering
I did not know her. Yet I so well remember,
There, windy days an American flag flapped,
A 60's peace symbol she had emblazoned on,

Her yellow mailbox fronting
An immaculate grass lawn;
Silently beseeching audience,
In the middle of green sward,

Leaning onto a poison oak tree,
An expressionless, black faced, red-coated,
Lawn Jockey Statue seems unconcerned,
Offers streetwalkers his Abraham Lincoln

Stovepipe silk hat, in a way of casualness for passers by,
That suggests he cavalierly disregards her demise.
I did not know her, that's my rationale; why I never bothered
To notice her withered facial architecture,
And why her littered face escaped my eyes.
She was neither a subject nor an object of
My literary prowess; only a puff of smoke,

A cloudy metaphor I could not assimilate,
She was, I say I now see, but an ultimate
Convenient conversation relic of a closed
Door; I watched her saunter in winter. She

Wore polka dotted scarves, blue & bronze, softly
Working daylilies roses mums & chrysanthemums,
Alone and bald from chemical therapy rituals
(Some one down the block whispered she had
Cancer, or was it Lou Gehrig's disease?) I can

Not recall what it was really inside of my
Tightly shuttered gray picture window,
Each morning before sun rise I saw
Her walking a limp-gaited mutt dog; both

Wobbled, weaved, around Fenwick Court.
And now she's gone, to some unrecognizable,
To some eerie and unknown place, I wonder
The reasons we neither can understand—

Why we're incapable to mourn her life?
For neither you nor I have any answers
To such questions; moreover I suspect
Neither do you know me, nor I you. So
What's to deduce, might I ask, of that?
Who's to require us to care for the other?—

To know a name and a face,
To befriend a stranger, no longer
Around my corner, where is my
Gracious Lord? Perhaps, maybe,
HE was her.

SARGASSO LIMBO

By Hillary Bartholomew

(published by Cover of Darkness)

The dark hours seep
through decaying seconds
where minutes die
in the putrid stench of forgotten night
where nothing moves but the silent winds
of the killing fog that moulders bones
of the blood gorged rats that gnawed the ribs
of the splintered hulks where dead men dream
of forgotten years, and lands they knew,
now legend born, whose souls still writhe
of memories of when they fell
into the maw of that nether sea
beneath Sargasso's moon.

USED CARS DON'T TALK

the TV ad said.
But they cough,
Grind their teeth,
Pant asthmatically,
Exhale halitosis
Through rotting pipes
Corroded with age.
Puff erratically
When the pedal's pushed,
Bounce unsteadily
On balding treads
When you try to make time
At the end of rush hour.
Guzzle gas like the neighborhood drunk
At the nearest station
Where dollars drown
in a gurgling binge.

The ad is right
As far as it goes
Used cars don't need words;
They've mastered the art
Of sign language!

- By Hillary Bartholomew
(published by Black Book Press)

SPOTLIGHT: POETS ON A MISSION

By Evelyn Benson

What do Tere Starr, Jnita Wright, Cara Nusinov, Norma Chew, and Jonathan Rose have in common? Yes, they're SFWA members. Yes, they're also poets. Did you notice that they have one more common element? Yes, they go beyond their craft of writing. They also promote, enhance and influence public appreciation of reading and writing poetry in the community through their purposeful and driven personal projects and activities. They're passionate about what they're involved in!

Tere Starr is president of Miami Poets, local chapter of Florida State Poets Association and the National Federation of State Poetry Societies. She started Miami Poets Soirée in January 2009 to fill a space that was missing from Miami's poetry scene.

"While there were readings and critique groups, workshops and conferences, there was no place to simply celebrate poetry. At soirees, we bring our poetry to share or poetry by favorite poets. We also share publishing ideas, contests to enter, and new formats to explore. At times, we have themes or write to prompts with interesting results, but usually the evening simply flows," according to Tere. "We often get philosophical and discuss what poetry means, and how poetry enhances our lives. Anything goes so long as poetry is in the equation."

The next soirée will be held on September 16th from 7 to 9 pm at the Pinecrest Library and then on every third Thursday evening. For further information, contact terestarr@mindspring.com

Jnita Wright leads one of three SFWA's critique groups. A member of the Miami Poets chapter, Jnita is currently focusing on a poetry critique group that continues to function successfully after twelve years together. One of the group's recent achievements is helping aspiring writer Ruth Light Stanley achieve her dream of publishing a book of poems. That means one more published author in our community and potential member of SFWA.

Jnita also chairs the Group 10 poets who perform at readings as a group at various venues, including the Miami Book Fair International. The group conducts "Poets Day Out" to enjoy Miami's treasures through a poet's eye.

Group 10 poets include Henry Greenfield, Tere Starr, Gonny van den Broek, Barbara Weston, Jnita Wright, Joan Cavanagh Manning, Paul Saluk, Cara Nusinov, Lori Schainuck, Cyndee Levy-Angulo, and Shaloma Shawmut-Lessner.

Jnita has won more than 240 contest awards, including 1st place in two national contests. Her work has appeared in magazines such as *Lucidity*, *The Lyric*, *Nostalgia*, *Bird Talk*, and *Good Housekeeping*. Her poetry appears in nine anthologies and two books: *An Apple Falls* and *Taming the Word*.

The Poetry Critique Group



Poetry Night at the library with Tere Starr



Mr. Polka Dot Poetry Peacock by Cara Nusinov



Jonathan Rose at Books & Books

meets every 2nd Monday of the month, 1- 3 PM, at the Pinecrest Library. Contact Jnita at jnita@juno.com.

Cara Nusinov is a member of Group 10. She is a director of SFWA and has worked as a writer, teacher, craft artist and community volunteer. She is one of the featured artists in the Coconut Grove Peacock Tour 2010. Cara's work of art, *Mr. Polka Dot Poetry Peacock*, displays poems by local poets in a beautiful and unusual way. It is on display in front of the Glass House located across the Coconut Grove Library.

Conversation with Westport House

By: *Holly Schwartztol, Ph.D.*

Holly: I'm so sorry to be losing you.

House: We've had some amazing times, haven't we?

Holly: It feels like you are part of my DNA.

House: Your energy will always be part of my walls.

Holly: My heart is breaking and yet I know that I cannot hold onto you.

House: I'm pretty sad, too. Only I don't like being so empty since all the furnishings left.

Holly: I know I didn't visit you very much in recent years; I guess I thought you'd always be there waiting for me. I keep picturing your slanted ceilings and the little door and the fireplace and the porch filled with conversation. So many, many years and so much life took place there. I smell the honeysuckle and fresh cut grass and feel the warm summery air. And, I smell leaves burning in the fall and feeling so chilly that I had to get under the covers in my little room. And, not all the memories are so great...I remember Michael slamming his bedroom door so hard, it broke. And, I remember being angry with my mother and crying into my pillow...

House: I witnessed everything you did and much more. I was here all those times when you weren't here. Your mother cleaned me and watched over me until last summer. And, she entertained so many friends and before your parents both did that. I can see you all through all your ages. You, as a little girl, with your pail and shovel grabbing a towel off the back porch when it was a little porch, before it was expanded.

Holly: And, I can see and feel my mother's beach bag filled with

remnants of sand and old bottles of suntan lotion...

House: I can see your Dad reading his morning newspapers and I can see him sitting out in my backyard, a gin and Dubonnet in one hand, and a cigarette dangling from the other. He's wearing shorts and a shirt and he's just come back from playing tennis...

Holly: I can see that, too. And, I can see us arriving in Westport and scampering in the front door and Daddy is there with a welcoming hug, while the television drones on with a baseball game.

House: I remember when they expanded the porch...and all those meals your mother served on the picnic table and the benches...and I see Robert stretched out on a chair, snoozing. And, I see your children in my living room and in their bedrooms. I see them playing slip and slide and ball...

Holly: I see all the cocktail parties out on your lawn and all the familiar faces, now long gone. And, I remember when my family first found you and those very old women sitting out on the lawn. And, I remember when the stairs were covered in some rubbery stuff so no one would slip. I was terrified of those stairs the first time I saw them, but I mastered them as I grew and finally soft carpet was added and I felt even safer.

Memories are flooding in...playing with Annie and chipping away at the wall near the fireplace as we pretended to be Nancy Drew...and Alice Blitz spending a weekend with us and she called me blacky-lips because my lips were chapped...and Julie sleeping over and how we were afraid of the skull in the Grimm's' Fairy Tale book...and of Daddy Long-Leg Spiders....I remember when Tippy came to visit and we have such a nice picture of her from that time....and when Marcy Lafferty came and Michael and his friend Jimmy Lubetkin teased us and called her

"stupid Marcy Lafferty," but I think they really liked us.

House: You think this is hard for you. What about me? All those years filled with Wechslers; and your grandparents - Fraenkels and Wechslers....both sets....and your Aunt Doris and Uncle Herbert and all those neighbors. I remember when Nicky Montemora brought those scary kids who ran through me and scared you....and I remember all the people who your folks hired to look after me when you guys went back to town for the winter. And, I remember when the attic was a playroom with a big ping-pong table in one room and your Dad's study was the little room. And, the bathroom was Michael's darkroom. I could smell the developer chemicals ... then you and your Mom painted those rooms in lavender and green. And, then, when you married Robert, your parents converted those rooms into the apartment for you. And, Robert hit his head on my ceiling because he was so tall.

Holly: I remember when there were nails sticking out of the stairway from the attic to the garage...and I also remember coming up to the house with David and after we took the ferry over from Port Jefferson. And, I remember when Leo Loom kissed me on July 20, 1961 inside your little tunnel. And, when Michael Bruce used to visit when I was a teenager...and don't forget the party that Lee Oestreicher and I gave on May 5, 1962. The party was at his house, but lots of kids stayed over at our house. And, I remember all the cookouts on the lawn and my mother trying to decide when to put the steaks on...

House: I remember your dogs...

Holly: Oh, yes, remember on June 27, 1955, when we got Charcoal

and we put him in the utility room and he shat all over the floor that first night?

House: Who could forget?

Holly: And, I think that was the same summer that Hurricane Carol hit and you got completely flooded downstairs and my grandparents had to be taken away in a rubber raft from upstairs...

House: There were so many storms and my lawn got completely flooded year after year...even last month there was that big storm and I was so afraid that the big Maple tree was going to fall, like all those willow trees that I lost over the years...

Holly: Oh, yes, I have a picture of me sitting on the stump of one of those.

House: I remember how you used to love to sit out on the lawn, listening to your transistor radio and sunning yourself...

Holly: And using baby oil to intensify the tan.... so dumb...before we knew how dangerous that could be....

House: And all those cats, too. Especially that little grimalkin that your father was so fond of...

Holly: And, that crazy dog, Loco. I never really liked him the way I loved Charcoal.

House: Just think, every romance you had, you talked about in me. And, all your Westport friends: Molly Daniels and Lynn Oestreicher and Laurie and Lee and Bobbie Kelman and what was that girl, MaryAnn or something. She was always talking about her boyfriend, Michael Thomas and then you had a crush on that boy she knew who wouldn't go out with you because you were Jewish....and let's not forget Joel Greenwald...

Holly: Right, I almost forgot about him...and then there was Michael Montemora, Tina, Wanda and Don...and all the Kelmans ... Norman when he was married to Katy....

House: You grew up within my walls and then you brought your children and their children...I got to meet Sam and Ella...

Holly: And Patsy still lives there...the last of the gang...and she's getting up there now in her mid-eighties. Which brings me to the present because it is her friend, Mark Basile, who has sold you now. And he tells me that the buyers really love you and want to keep you and not tear you down, which is really wonderful. They are just going to do a little remodeling and make a lovely breakfast room for you and they will paint and get new carpets and...

House: I know all about that, because they have been measuring me and talking about their plans. They seem like nice people. I hope you get to meet them one day. I know that they plan to rent me out and I fervently pray that they find people I can enjoy and who treat me well.

Holly: I hope so, too; and I plan to come back and visit you one day. I will love you forever and never ever forget you for one minute.

House: I know that. And, I will never ever forget you either. But, I know that you must move on now.

Holly: I know that is so. I will miss you, but I do think we have found the best buyers for you. I may need to speak with you some more in the weeks to come.

House: I will always be available to you, Holly. Or, as your mother used to sometimes say, Holly Q. Wechsler.

*"There is no great writing, only great rewriting." --- Justice Louis Brandeis
(contributed by Evelyn Benson)*

*"For me, poetry is an impish attempt to paint the colour of the wind."
--- Maxwell Bodenheim
(contributed by Cara Nusinov)*



Scarface

By: *Mort Laitner*

Scarface sat in his white Adirondack chair. He wore striped silk pajamas and listened to Perry Como singing *Prisoner of Love* on the radio. He leaned forward as if in deep thought, and stared at his swimming pool reflection. Observing the purple gashes resting on his face, he knew that these closed wounds had given him his nickname. In his soft pudgy hands, he grasped a fishing pole, holding it as tightly as if he was snapping the neck of a chicken. From the pole hung a thin clear nylon filament and at the end of that line a naked barbed hook that dangled into the crystal clear water.

As Al waited for a hit, a nibble or a bite, sweat rolled down his neck soaking the collar of his pjs. He chomped down on a Havana cigar as the mixture of tobacco juice and saliva burned his digestive tract. The perspiration, the royal palms and the view of Biscayne Bay confirmed that he was at his Miami Beach mansion. He breathed a sigh of relief knowing that he was out of the Big House, freed from his Alcatraz imprisonment, freed from doing laundry, freed from isolation, freed from staring at the Golden Gate Bridge and the city by the bay. freed from going "stir crazy"

on the Rock, freed from the constantly clattering cable cars riding San Francisco's hills.

But why was he here?

How did he get out of prison?

Why was he fishing in his pool?

He recalled what a prison doc said, "Mr. Capone, sorry to give you this bad news, but if you had been treated earlier with penicillin, the syphilis would not have reached the tertiary stage. Because you weren't treated soon enough your brain is turning into mush. You'll keep losing weight. Your memory will fade, causing confusion and disorientation. You'll slip in and out of insanity. You'll exhibit dementia, you'll hear voices in your head and you will talk back to those voices. You may still have some lucid intervals. But the good news, if there is any good news for you, is that they may parole you from this island hellhole and you will be allowed to spend the rest of your days in a better facility and eventually get to your Florida home."

He remembered what his family doctor said, "Alphonso, I speak to you not just as your physician but as a long time friend, you got to stop 'interviewing' the new prostitutes for your clubs. If you keep messing around with these cheap hookers, your so-called female companions, and not wear condoms, you're going to get a venereal disease, get real sick and maybe die. You better wear one at home or you'll infect your wife and if she has a baby your child could be born diseased."

Because of the doctor's warning, Al ordered his henchmen, "I want you guys keep a stock of prophylactics in all of my bedrooms, in all my homes, Chicago, the retreat at Palm Island, wherever I rest my head and especially at the Lexington and the Clay."

But Al was often too intoxicated

too lazy or a combination of both to use them. And now these weaknesses had proven to be his Achilles heel.

Big Al thought, "I should have worn protection. For a lousy dime, I could have prevented this from happening. My brain would not be turning into jelly. Then he remembered the women. How he hooked them with his tough guy persona: silk ties, custom-made pinstriped suits and his signature tilted fedora. Public Enemy Number One lured them in by the dozens. He was not called "Big Al" for nothing. How these women loved being with a violent gangster, the man accused of ordering the Saint Valentine's Day hits, the head of the Chicago mob. They were with the king of the prohibition smugglers. They were with the man *The New Yorker* called "the greatest gang leader in history." They were partying with America's most feared criminal. These molls feared and respected the most infamous man they would ever be with. Some became insanely jealous when other women nibbled on his ears and kissed and bit into his scars. They loved to indulge in the criminal lifestyle: eating lobsters and filet mignon every night, drinking the best Dom Perignon and receiving gifts of diamonds and mink.

Touching his face with a twitching hand, Al remembered how he acquired the scars. He returned to the Harvard Inn, a Brooklyn nightclub, where he worked as a bouncer, bartender and doorman. Al inadvertently, some say stupidly, insulted a female patron in the presence of her racketeer brother who quickly produced a razor-sharp knife and carved up his face. This painful memory broke Al's gaze at his reflection.

Al leaned back in the Adirondack and in a final moment of lucid thought: "You really do pay a price for your bad decisions." Then Al recommenced fishing for his sanity.

Writing from the Inside Out

By Dr. Steve Liebowitz

If then....If I get published, then I'll be happy. If it doesn't rain, then I'll have a good time at the beach. If I get the job, then I'll be able to pay the mortgage. If I marry person X (or perhaps, XXX), then I'll be happy. If we win the war in Afghanistan, then we'll have peace and justice. If I get this chapter done, then I'll be grateful. If, then....

Is this proposition – "if then" – an effective way to write, to think and feel? It's the way most of us do think and feel, but how well does it work for us? Are we getting what works best for us, what we want and need, a world that works for everyone, is the writing flowing and getting published? To me, the "if then" proposition is a loser's script, a movie we write, direct and star in ourselves that gives our power away. We literally give our inner power to be happy, successful writers and live meaningful lives contributing to a world that works for everyone, to conditions outside ourselves.

If XYZ happens, outside ourselves, if I get an agent, then I'll be happy, happiness being an inner, spiritual state. Can't you be happy without XYZ happening? Of course you can! Sure, we want an agent, think we 'need' an agent, but do we need one to be happy? No, not really. "Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be," Lincoln said.

What if we decided to be happy first and then, from that place of inner contentment and connection to our spiritual source, worked to have XYZ, or find an agent? Would that work better?

It absolutely would. You have probably done it a few times, too.

I'd lose my edge, some people say.

I need the external to motivate me, a goal to strive for. Yes and no; more no than yes. Giving your power away to externals with the "if, then" proposition is still an outside/in approach. It works, but it is so inefficient and painful.

The inside/out approach of claiming the inner good you want first – the peace, joy, happiness, love - works much better. This is about taking responsibility and claiming your spiritual power.

"Projection makes perception," the Course in Miracles says.

It doesn't start out there, it starts in here, inside us. We wrote the movie script, direct and star in it, not god, not your parents, bosses and friends, you and I, and if we want it to be different, we've got to re-write it, direct in differently and act differently. The world "is the witness to your state of mind, the outside picture of an inward condition. As a man thinketh, so does he perceive. Therefore, seek not to change the world, but choose to change your mind about the world. Perception is a result and not a cause."

By Dr. Steve Liebowitz, Coach, Managing Partner, Wisdom At Work - Coaching, Training and Team Building, author of *The New Professionalism: Connecting Science and Spirit*,
NewProfessionalism.blogspot.com

Quotes

"Finding the other interested party is the first problem in most markets."- Bill Gates

"I have always believed that writing advertisements is the second most profitable form of writing. The first, of course, is ransom notes." - Philip Dusenbe

Toy Soldiers

Chapter twenty-seven

By Peter Neville

Searchlights suddenly locked on to a low-flying German bomber in the actual process of opening its bomb doors to release its load of high explosive bombs.

Suddenly, every anti-aircraft gun in creation seemed to open up on it, the din from them so deafening everyone at the shelter entrance were forced to put protective hands over their ears. Even before the first bomb fell from the plane's belly, a vivid flash momentarily lit up the already eerie, war-lit sky, followed by the sound waves of a tremendous explosion.

The German bomber, hit by anti-aircraft fire, and still carrying its full bomb load, had blown into a million fragments. Those who were standing at the entrance to the shelter and who had watched the brief drama said little; they had seen similar incidences often enough before, though one fire warden was heard to mutter, "There goes another bugger who won't bother us again."

Walter, deciding that he had now seen enough, went into the tunnel to keep his mother company. No sooner had he gone inside when Jimmy Vosper, who lived in one of the old cottages next to the mill, rushed from his home and shouted to Reggie.

"Hey! Rag! They've hit the Western National Garage. I can see the fire from the back of my house. It's huge. I'm going over there to watch it. Are you coming?"

"Yeh. I bet that's one hell of a blaze. I'll go with you," replied gung-ho Reggie. "Do you want to come with us?" he asked, turning to Patrick and Dennis.

"No. I'm staying here," replied Dennis. "Last time we nearly got killed."

"You're both windy," snorted Reggie.

"No I'm not," said Patrick.

"Well, come on then."

"The bus depot is over a mile from here," protested Patrick.

"We can run that in a few minutes," said Reggie. "Come on."

Thus, Reggie, Patrick and Jimmy Vosper jogged through that dangerously deadly night the mile or more to the Western National Omnibus Company depot at Prince Rock. On nearing Billacombe Road they could see huge flames rising to the sky at Plymstock railway station where trucks and an oil tanker on sidings had caught on fire. Halfway along Billacombe Road they had to hurriedly skirt around a huge unexploded bomb that lay on the pavement in front of the old smithy, and on passing the nearby ancient lime kiln, they could see that it had received a direct hit. The lime kiln and the quarries surrounding it had been one of their favourite playing places, but all that now remained of the kiln was debris, a part of one wall and the remains of the ancient brick chimney. Across the road the huge, square stone crusher, that also fed sand and gravel into tramp steamers that put in to Pomphlett Creek during high tide, remained silhouetted against the night sky, surprisingly still undamaged. The blacked-out Morley Arms pub also appeared to be undamaged. Incendiary bombs thudded onto the tarmacked road and flared up as the three boys raced across Laira Bridge, but those bombs would burn themselves out and cause no damage except to melt the road surface's tarmac in places.

Ahead of them the night sky glowed vivid reddish yellow, and great tongues of fire leaping upward a hundred feet or more could now be clearly seen, caused by the huge bus depot on fire and blazing out of control.

On reaching the opposite side of the road from the inferno, the heat was intense. Fire fighters were inside and around the huge building attempting to quell the flames and to keep the fire from spreading, but the fuel tank of bus after bus were exploding causing more buses to become enveloped in flames.

Incredibly, from that flaming hell, buses were being driven out of the depot, not only by bus drivers, but also by young women bus conductresses, policemen, military men from several countries, as well as civilians; all volunteers for this highly dangerous task. Several of the buses were on fire as they were being driven out onto the street, but men with hoses were washing them down with powerful jets of water, putting out the many individual fires. Then, as soon as the flames had been extinguished, the buses were driven away to be parked in the many side streets off Laira Bridge Road.

"Hey, you lads, don't just stand around there gawking. Grab a hose," a uniformed man shouted to the three boys. "Here! Hang on to this one, and as the buses come out, point the nozzle at any fire you see."

"Alright," yelled Reggie. "Come on, you two." And before they had time to even think about it all three were manning the fire hose, with Reggie in front grimly hanging on to the big brass nozzle. Yet another double-decker bus drove out of the depot, this one with fire racing up its curved stairway. It stopped directly in front of the three boys. The powerful hose was difficult for them to handle and felt like a huge anaconda desperately attempting to escape their grasp, but with great determination the

boys held on, Reggie directing the powerful jet of water into the flames.

All three thought of the petrol tank, which could explode at any moment, but they held on to the hose and watched with satisfaction the flames diminish. Then, with more water from the hose pouring onto it, sizzling and steaming, the fire was extinguished. "We've put that one out," shouted Reggie. "Bring on the next," he yelled. Reggie was actually enjoying himself, or so it appeared.

The driver drove the bus away, and another double-decker, unscathed by the fire, came out of the inferno, driven by a British soldier. Without stopping, the soldier drove the bus toward Embankment Road, then turned off and parked the bus in a side street. Grim faced and grimy from oily smoke, he hurried back to the depot to drive out yet another bus.

"Say, you kids are great," exclaimed the man who had recruited them, as they were hosing down a fifth flaming bus, driven from the garage.

"Thanks," said Reggie. "We try." And then he noticed the shoulder insignia the man wore, Canada, just the one word.

"You're from Canada?" asked Reggie, surprised.

"Yep. I'm a member of the Corps of Canadian Fire Fighters."

"Wow!" exclaimed Jimmy. "You're the first Canadian I've ever met."

"Me, too," said Patrick. "Are there other Canadians here?"

"Yep. There's a whole bunch of us here. We're all firefighters and we're all volunteers. We came over from Canada some time back. Thought you chaps needed a hand."

"You're right there!" exclaimed Reggie. "Are you based here?"

"Yep. Station 19A-1L in Plymouth, that's us. Get ready with the hose, lads. Here comes another burning bus. This one's a real mess. Be careful now."

A woman, a bus conductress, was driving out a single-decker, its whole back portion one mass of flames.

A policeman directed her to stop at the same side of road as the garage, and then he ordered her to get out. Arguing with the policeman that she intended to save the bus, she then looked behind her, and seeing that the flames were beyond anyone's control, she jumped down from the driving seat just as the bus's petrol tank exploded. The fire and force of the explosion badly singed her hair and threw her into the arms of the policeman, and the bus burned itself out, a fiery mass at the side of the road.

More buses were brought out, and whether they needed it or not, as they passed by they received a thorough dousing from the hose the three boys held. During the next half-hour they extinguished the flames in several more buses, including a new Royal Blue tour bus.

Suddenly the whole depot burst into flames, just as a burning bus, driven by a very young American soldier, came through a wall of fire and, crossing the road, he drove it to where the three boys wielded their heavy hose. Flames had begun to fill the cab of the bus, but the boys soon had those under control, and then they concentrated on the fuel tank area and then on the interior until all fire had been extinguished.

Leaning out of the cab, the grimy faced young soldier said, "Thanks, kids." Then, "What a crazy place to put a steering wheel," was all he muttered as he drove away.

His was the last bus that would be coming out of the Western National bus depot. Air Raid Precaution wardens began blowing warning whistles as, with a tremendous roar, the roof of the depot collapsed in a flurry of flames burying and burning all that it fell upon. Nothing more could be done except to watch the whole area burn. Water stopped flowing through the hose the boys still held, so they dropped it into the street to be dealt with by members of the fire brigade. With the raid still in progress, they decided to return to the shelter under the railway line. They had just jogged across Laira Bridge when a German bomber came in very low from behind and toward them. All three boys dived behind the very thick wall of limestone rocks that led into Saltram Estate, just as a stick of bombs, meant to destroy the road bridge, fell from the bomber. Incredibly, not one bomb hit the road bridge but fell harmlessly into the water between it and the railway bridge. Once again the bomber was flying so low the majority of its bombs failed to explode. A Hurricane night fighter following close behind the bomber was probably the reason why the German bomb-aimer jettisoned his bombs in such a hurry.

Running as fast as they could back to the shelter, all three boys entered it breathlessly.

"Where have you two been?" Florence demanded, relieved to see her boys but angry that they had not only left the safety of the shelter, but also that they were now covered from head to toe in black, smelly filth.

"We were just helping some firemen put out fires," Reggie relied. "You know, Ma'am, at times they need all the help they can get."

"I suppose you're right," said Florence in a resigned voice. And there the matter was dropped.

Later Reggie and Patrick learned that three firefighters were killed whilst fighting the Western National bus depot blaze at Prince Rock and several buses had been destroyed. But they knew that they had saved many of the buses, and although the depot had been completely gutted by fire that night, it did not stop the Western National buses from keeping to their usual routes, though for a few weeks the buses were far less frequent.

About thirty-five German bombers took part in the raid, and had concentrated mainly on the waterfronts, especially Oreston, which sustained the greatest loss of life when an Anderson Shelter and a public shelter received direct hits. Eighteen people were killed and seven seriously injured in those two incidences alone.

★ACCOLADE★

Connie Goodman-Milone had a letter published in The Miami Herald on August 6.

The letter *Fill stadium seats* looks at the Miami Heat sales staff that got fired as our dream team was being assembled.

Connie gave a hopeful plea for the Florida Marlins to hire these sales workers to help fill seats in the new baseball stadium.

Mark your Calendar!

2010

- Sep. 4 SFWA Monthly Meeting, 10 AM – 12 Noon
Guest Speaker: Seth Bramson
- Sep. 4 Mr. Polka Dot Poetry Peacock by Cara Nusinov, party for friends of the peacock, 5 - 8 PM,
Peacock Park, Coconut Grove
- Sep.16 Poetry Soiree, 7 PM,
Pinecrest Library
- Sep. 25 Lip Service, 7 PM, Books & Books, Coral Gables,
www.lipservicestories.com
- Oct. 2 SFWA Monthly Meeting
Guest Speaker: Karen Peterson
Lifestyle Center, Whole Foods Market, Coral Gables
- Oct. 24 Poetry Slam at Norma Chew's residence
- Oct. 26 **SFWA "Peace, Love, and Global Warming: Three Short Plays" - 7:30 PM, GableStage, Biltmore Hotel**
- Nov. 6 SFWA Monthly Meeting
Guest Speaker: Louise Hauck
- Nov. 14-21 Miami Book Fair
- Nov. 19-21 SFWA Booth at the Street Fair
- Dec. 4 **SFWA HOLIDAY PARTY 10 AM – 12 Noon
Kyojin Restaurant**
- 2011
- Jan. 8 **JOBC Creative Writing Contest Awards Presentation 10 AM- 12 Noon, Books & Books – Coral Gables**
- Jan. 29 **SFWA Night at Books & Books , Coral Gables, 7- 9:30 PM**
- Feb. 5 SFWA Monthly Meeting 10 AM – 12 Noon
Member Readings

SENDING MY DAUGHTER OFF TO COLLEGE

By Lynn MacKinnon



My 18-year-old daughter, Laura, is now leaving for college over 1,000 miles away from home, after 19 companionable and sometimes defiant years.

The family is so proud of Laura. She got straight A's in high school then transferred to the School for Advanced Studies at Miami Dade College. She took half-day college classes along with her junior and senior high school classes on the college campus. She earned honors there and was in the top 10 out of 500 students.

My husband and I are in awe that we gave birth to such an ambitious and intelligent girl. I studied like crazy just to get B's and C's in high school and college.

After two years of exhaustive research and walking marathons on college tours, Laura was finally accepted at an Ivy League school. She begins at the University of Pennsylvania in a few weeks.

Because of her strong math and science skills, she is joining the engineering department majoring in Bioengineering. She didn't get those logical genes from me. I'm the creative one in the family—writing, singing and inventing my own recipes.

I feel a lump in my throat that won't go away, knowing we will take her to a new home. There is some comfort knowing that she will have a roommate in her dorm.

I've wracked my brain to make sure we taught her skills to live independently like cooking, doing laundry, and budgeting her money. Laura taught herself to be a disciplined student—studying daily, reading the textbooks and allowing time to prepare for exams. She and I have spent hours talking about healthy ways to deal with negative emotions like anger, frustration, disappointment and sadness. I know that experience will be a better teacher than me.

“How do I let go of my “baby?” Playing the “what if's game” will only make me crazy causing sleepless nights, overeating and lack of focus in my own life. Thankfully, computer e-mails and texting on cell phones were invented. But I will miss my daily hugs and observing her in the flesh develop from a feisty baby to a mature woman.

Laura has a lot of “grit” and I have faith in my Higher Power. I'm a stay-at-home Mom whose youngest is leaving the nest to find her way in the big world. She is embarking on an exciting adventure, one that I took at Florida State over 30 years ago.

Laura says she is thrilled about her new journey and somewhat nervous. Me, too.

But I know it is time for me to let her go and wish her well. She takes with her unconditional love and blessings from the family—the greatest gifts we could give her.



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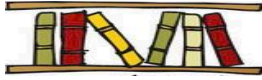
Leita Kaldi-Davis

Herman Pieters

Daniel Princz

Rocky Torres

☆☆WELCOME☆☆



On The Bookshelf



LIZ ALEXANDER	<i>The House of Lucretius</i> (Co-author: Jean M. Bratcher)
SIMONE ANDERSON	<i>Totally Yours</i>
ANDREA ASKOWITZ	<i>My Miserable, Lonely, Lesbian Pregnancy</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>
JAMES BHUMI	<i>June 2508</i> (www.June2508.com)
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>
DJANA FAHRYEVA	<i>The Soul Trek: A Story of Love, Faith and Destiny</i>
VICTORIA FRIGO	<i>You Can Help Someone Who's Grieving</i>
MARLEN GARCIA	<i>Pachamama Goes To Macchu Picchu</i>
BARBARA GILBERT	<i>Spiritual Journey of a Child</i>
MARY GREENWOOD, J.D., LL.M	<i>How to Negotiate like a Pro, 41 Rules for Resolving Disputes, How to Mediate Like a Pro</i>
GROUP TEN	<i>Step into My Metaphor</i> (Critique Group Jnita Wright)
RALPH HOGGES	<i>Inspired by the Harlem Renaissance, available at Amazon.com and Xlibris.com</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</i> (4CDs and workbook)
STEVE LIEBOWITZ	<i>The New Professionalism</i>
MADELYN 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>
ARNOLD PATRICK PARKER	<i>Ben's Tale, published by Xlibris, 2008</i> (www.benstale.com)
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>
HOLLY W. SCHWARTZTOL	<i>In A Darkness, Sherry and the Unseen World</i>
BARBARA WESTON	<i>One Song—Two Voices</i>
JNITA WRIGHT	<i>An Apple Falls, Taming The Word, Neighborhood</i>

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SFWA CRITIQUE GROUPS

- Leader: Don Daniels 786-877-0136, *d_donald@bellsouth.net*
 What: Novels, Short Stories
 When: 4th Saturday from 10AM-Noon
 Where: Borders Book Store at Merrick Park- Coral Gables,
 358 San Lorenzo Ave (off LeJeune Rd), 3rd floor off parking garage.
- Leader: Jnita Wright 305-232-5200, *jnita@juno.com*
 What: Poetry
 When: 2nd Monday from 1 – 3 pm
 Where: Pincrest Library (next to Pincrest Gardens)
 5835 SW 111 Street, Pincrest
- Leader: Steve Liebowitz, *SLiebowitz@aol.com*
 What: Telephonic Critique group
 What: All genres
 When: Every other Friday, from 9:30 – 10.30 AM
 *Call Lynn (786-253-3393) for conference phone # *