

WRITERS BLOCK

THE WRITE TOUCH WRITERS NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 2008

EDITOR'S CORNER:

I'm writing to you about sight, sound,
And inspiration.

Recently, a friend of mine traveled to Africa for a safari, and later witnessed the wildebeest and zebra migrations - millions of such creatures.

I'm able to envision the grand scene of the mighty beasts - fusion of speed in the thunderous hoof beats - golden dust pluming in the air...the herds' leaders and followers vibrating the earth. This is what I want to write about, and keep writing. I can recall from a TV documentary - my impressions, my senses at work, while observing their powerful and entrancing journey...how they were driven like demons, heartbeats pumping wildly, pulses throbbing - I'd felt great sadness when some of the beasts had fallen prey to predators along the way. This is what I want to write about...creatures thousands of miles away...the good and bad destiny that unfolded on a timely course.

I will write a profound poem to define the migrations in a different light, a different sense of reality.

Inspiration comes in many forms, from varied directions and from deep within ourselves.

~Karen Fink

FACILITATOR'S CORNER:

— Renting seems a good idea, especially when one owns an old house. My summer project was to paint trim. Painting is the last step, preceded by scraping layers of paint, sanding, caulking, priming and finally two coats of paint. Sand the surface between each step.

Producing a story follows similar steps: preparation, writing and editing. Scraping away all the old paint makes a smooth surface ready to receive paint, while outlining the plot and fleshing out characters makes the story move toward your intended conclusion. Caulking fills in gaps, just as additional research gives authenticity to your characters and plot. After each coat of paint, the surface is sanded smooth, as we check grammar, spelling and syntax with each rewrite, Using the proper paint for the job ensures the longevity of the job and is analogous to continuity. Interior paint won't stand up to the weather, just as a cigarette would not be found dangling from the lip of a fourteenth century courtier.

If you prepare for the job and patiently and diligently work through each step, you can produce well painted wood -- or a finely crafted story.

~Marti Schrichte

KUDOS!!!

Jennifer Serrano -- Fantasy genre workshop presented July 16 at the library.

Helene Lee -- Her My View article in The Buffalo News, published October 18.

GRAY VEILS

She stands there
In limp, gray veils,
On the rocky shore.

The winds sweep
Through fading mist,
And unravels
Her spiral tresses,
Blowing into her goldish eyes.

Dampness seeps into pale skin;
She shivers, lips quiver,
Her face grim.

She raises
A delicate foot forward,
Maneuvers daring steps
On slippery, eroded granite,
Crevices and ledges downward,
Toward the seductive song
Of the swirling ocean.

Her gray veils billow, and cling—
Image of a goddess
Within the drear curtain,
While she contemplates the universe,
And life and death.

~Karen Fink

CAMDYN ROSE WAS WEEPING

Camdyn Rose was weeping while she slept in my arms that cold January afternoon. *Weeping*. Webster defines this as “to manifest or give expression to a strong emotion, usually grief or sorrow.” As her grandmother, I knew the different kinds of sounds this tiny child could muster out of her three and a half month old pair of lungs. There was the “I’m hungry-and-I-want-to-eat-right-now” scream, the “My-diaper-is-wet” yell and the “Please rock-me-in-your-arms-right-now-so-I-can-get-some-sleep” wail. But what I heard from her that day was *definitely* weeping.

At that time, I was watching the March on Washington by the Right to Life members who were making their annual protest against abortions in our country. Year after year they march; year after year they rally their cry that abortions stop a beating heart. I wiggled my hand beneath the pink bunting and felt the strong thump,

thump of my granddaughter's heart. Next January, Cammy, I promise that I will write something about this because I feel that you were hurting for all of those babies whose lives have been mercilessly snuffed out. I have read that little babies see angels and that often these celestial visitors in time become imaginary friends. Maybe when she wept that day, Camdyn Rose knew what was going on in that Invisible World.

I had forgotten my promise until I read an article in THE NEWS last December entitled "Is An Embryo A Person?". I thought, just *when* did our Camdyn Rose *become* a person? She had to have a beginning, a definite beginning. I wondered about that as I visualized "rewinding" her from a three and a half month old infant. What did those tiny hands, feet, eyes, nose and mouth look like *before* they looked like what I gazed upon bundled up, cozy in my arms? And what about the wee little heart that would love others someday? There had to be a *beginning* of all of these body parts somewhere that would enshrine her person-hood.

I do believe that it was at conception. Because a living egg from the person that is her mother, and a living sperm from the person that is her father were joined in cooperation with the Creator to give to the world a *new* person, the person of Camdyn Rose. I cannot accept that my granddaughter was *not* a "person" in her stage of development one day in her mother's womb, and then the next day she was. Researchers even disagree on this one way or another. That's preposterous! It *is* what it *is* from conception.

Camdyn Rose, you were weeping that afternoon, weeping for all the little babies whose lives have been destroyed. Their chances to have a right to their own body and to make a difference in the world were snatched from them. I too weep for all of the mothers who aborted their babies and today carry the trauma and regret of what they had done. I weep for a world that has lost forever the unique gifts these babies were blessed with, perhaps even finding that cure for cancer.

I have dreams for you, my precious Camdyn Rose, that because you live you will make a difference in the world someday.

And I weep with you.

~Delphine Levesque

VOCABULARY NOTES:

Garnet, n. -- a deep-red transparent mineral used as a gem and as an abrasive. Also – garnet-like - adj.

Zylograph, n. -- woodcut, wood engraving.

Sporadic, adj. -- occasional; irregular. SEE rarity, irregularity.

Quagmire, n. -- quag, quicksand, marsh(land), mire, fen, morass, bog, slough; dilemma, problem, DIFFICULTY. SEE moisture.

Amicable, adj.-- friendly (see friend).

UPCOMING EVENTS:

OCT. 22 - Readings/nominations for 2009 officers – Marti Schrichte, Facilitator (library); NOV. 5th - Critiquing at Senior Centre (Dale Association) – Bill Rowe, Facilitator; NOV. 19th - Writing Workshop presented by Annette Szymula (library); DEC. 3rd - Critiquing at Dale - Bill Rowe, Facilitator; DEC. 17th - Holiday Party, Writing Competition announcements/certificate awards will be presented. Meetings: 6:30 p.m.

THE WRITE TOUCH WRITERS WEB SITE AND BLOG -- Have you checked it out yet? Mike Miller is the Web Master, and he has geared up the web site and created the blog. CHECK IT OUT. Plenty to see about our writing group, and guidelines for submitting your creative writing to the web site. A few members have already submitted some of their work.

http://the_write_touch_writers.blogspot.com/

“DON’T TELL ME THE MOON IS SHINING; SHOW ME THE GLINT OF LIGHT ON BROKEN GLASS.”

~Anton Chekhov

“FILL YOUR PAPER WITH THE BREATHINGS OF YOUR HEART.”

~William Wordsworth

CRITIQUED CREATIVE WRITING AT THE SENIOR CENTER (DALE ASSOCIATION):

Karen Fink	Poems	“Veil” and “Temple of Desire”
Jay Helwig	Prose Acrostic Poem	“Lady Vesper” and “Psst! Come Closer” “Lost A Memory”
Bill Rowe	Poems	“Moving Out” and “Waltz of the Butterflies”
Mae Grant	Essay	“Profile Of A Collector”
Peter Boes	Poems	“Ink”, “Criminal Heart”, “Milk and Honey”

MEMBERS’ CORNER:

**ABOUT WRITE TOUCH CRITIQUING --
ONE MEMBER’S OBSERVATIONS**

There is so much talent within our critiquing group. Often I am literally “blown away” when I hear and/or read a member’s passages or complete text.

Recently while thinking of this I had one of those “what if” moments. What if each participating member published a novel, poetry collection, or short story anthology? And what if I were asked to contribute a one or two sentence descriptive of this author’s work? What would I say?

Of course I came up with several words. And here they are: My observations of the members who have been taking part in the critiquing sessions.

Let's begin with our facilitator, Bill. His writings are often reminiscent of a gentler, earlier age, but then there are the elements of surprise in his other writings displaying his wit, I call his "zingers." Our acknowledged poet, Karen F.; her words are like the lens of a camera—descriptive, sensual, emotional, evocative and full of meaning. When Claudia reads her memoirs, I picture myself curled up in a warm robe and slippers in front of a fire reading her heartwarming words. Adrienne, although fairly new to the writing game, displays a command of language that is often hard hitting. This lady tells it like it is with zest. Clever, that is the word I often associate with Mike's work, especially his acrostics. His prose is well thought out with hidden messages that make the reader think. For anyone who enjoys horror writing, Jay can certainly write it. I often wonder if he had been bitten by a vampire. He utilizes very descriptive wording. Vicki's work, whether poetry or prose, reminds me of Jane Austen. There is a genteel quality to Vicki's words. It is obvious to anyone reading Keith's stories, he is deep into the past, to the days when our lands were occupied by the original settlers – the Indians. Keith spins a great tale.

Within the past few months we have welcomed four newcomers to our critiquing roundtable. Wayne, a past member, has come back to the "fold". Remembering his past work, he is a good addition to the group.

Peter displays a deep thinking philosophical bent in his work. Interesting, provocative with a "what if" association.

I look forward to hearing and reading more of Mae's work. It is spiritual, a soft reminder as to why we are here on Earth.

Barbara's pieces are an obvious link to her musical background. Anyone who can write as well as she does, certainly must write wonderful lyrics.

As for my own writing, well, I have been deemed somewhat compulsive and eclectic. This is evident in my nonfiction and fiction, especially the flash fiction. Like all who attend the Write Touch critiquing, I am there to absorb what others think of my work, hopefully improve it and eventually find a market. And I enjoy the camaraderie of "like" minds.

What we do at the critique sessions is relevant, superficial critiquing. However, members are always free to hand out copies of their work for members to take home for an in-depth critique. When a member gives me her or his work to critique later, I feel honored and always do my best to give an unbiased critique because, after all, whatever I write in return, is just my opinion. Each writer's words are precious to her or him.

All members are welcome to the critique sessions, and the curious non-members are also welcome to join us and simply observe.

~Helene R. Lee

*****EDUCATION***INFORMATION***SUPPORT***CAMARADERIE**

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