



# SouthWest Sage

The Voice of SouthWest Writers

Volume 34, No 12

December 2018

**Remember  
There is NO TUESDAY MEETING  
In December!**

## Contents

- 2 President's message
- 3 December 1 meeting and workshop-  
Speaker
- 4 January 5 Speaker Steve Brewer
- 5 Let's Roast Larry—Retirement Party
- 6 *Chrome* by Stan Rhine
- 7 *Snowbound in Magdalena*- R. Hamilton
- 8 *Eating Frogs* by Sherri Burr
- 9 NM Press Women contest workshop
- 10 Sage Anthology Published!
- 10 SWW members honored
- 12 *Get Your First Draft on Paper*-K. Hickman
- 14 Military Writers Conference 2019
- 15 Ask Chaucer
- 16 *Monkeyshines*—Eva Newman
- 17 *A Grand Adventure* -Molly McGuinness  
Houston
- 19 *Delivery for Buddy Malone*-Nathan  
McKenzie
- 21 Pictures in our new meeting space
- 22 Ads and Information
- 23 SWW General Information

SWW members are invited to submit articles and information to the *Sage* and to the SWW website. Acceptance and printing is at the discretion of the editor. Contact Rose Kern at [swws-age@swcp.com](mailto:swws-age@swcp.com) with proposals for new articles.



**Sarah Baker's Presidential Farewell  
Page 2**

## SouthWest Sage Anthology

You've heard about it at the meetings, you know that this is where you can find great writings from your friends and fellow members, and now it is available! See Page 10 for details

## SWW Office Manager Retires

After decades of keeping SWW organized and moving forward in our mission to help writers succeed, Office Manager Larry Greenly is ready to stay home and spend all his time pestering his wife and playing the piano.

Such a colorful personality deserves a proper celebration! Page 5

## Farewell



It's hard to believe my two years as President of SouthWest Writers are coming to an end. I can't tell you all what a privilege it has been to represent the organization! I've handed out cards and told people about our amazing group everywhere I've gone. I even had a chance to hand out SWW cards in Ireland. What I tell people is that we have a supportive, diverse group of writers, covering everything from non-fiction, screenplays, plays, poetry, fiction, and songs, who come together twice a month. This group of 350 writers works hard to help each other and improve their own writing skills. We offer workshops, classes, and an inspiring speaker at each meeting. What can be better?

Before I hand the President's Corner over to Rose Marie Kern, I want to whole-heartedly thank the wonderful SWW Board members for 2017 and 2018. Rob Spiegel, as Vice President both years, has supported me through all kinds of challenging times when my health wasn't what I'd hoped for. He has stepped in without complaint when I was unable to make meetings, and he has offered the wisdom of his many years of experience leading SWW. Thank you, Rob! I couldn't have done this without you.

As Treasurer, Kent Langsteiner has worked hard to track our expenses and income so we can continue to meet and offer services. Our Secretary, Jim Tritten (and Kimberly Rose in 2018 before work called her away), kept us on track with meetings, decisions, and duties. Larry Greenly, Office Manager, has kept the office running, organized classes and critiques, and performed all kinds of behind-the-scenes duties. Rose Marie Kern worked hard as our newsletter editor and producer, webmaster, 2018 SciFan Conference coordinator, and the SWW Sage Anthology editor. (I think she's the original Energizer Bunny!) Kimberly Rose helped us figure out how to record and post our meetings on YouTube, and updated our technology. Robert Staub and Su-Ellen Lierz worked to get the word out about SWW meetings and events. Dennis Kastendiek stepped up to run the Tuesday night member readings, Don DeNoon raised his hand to reach out to visitors and make sure they know the benefits of joining, and Sam Moorman has coordinated our facilities for meetings, including setup and cleanup. Joanne Bodin has always stepped in to help without being asked. And all members at large, including those already mentioned, Bobbi Adams, and Dollie Williams, have provided sage advice and helped out whenever needed. Thank you all!

Besides those serving in official capacities, we have so many wonderful volunteers. Thank you to everyone who helps make the meetings and events successful, welcomes visitors, coordinates and donates food for meetings, steps in to manage the business and member book tables, and generally helps our organization maintain its amazing status in the community. You may not always hear directly from me, but I really do appreciate all you do!

Lastly, I want to encourage everyone to consider raising your hand when you have skills or time to offer SouthWest Writers; volunteers keep us moving. And please don't forget how important it is to respect and support each other. All of us will need a helping hand from our fellow writers at some point. We have a dynamite Board coming in for 2019. I look forward to seeing many of you at meetings, classes, and conferences!

December 1st 2018

## Meeting and Workshop Speaker

Betty Moffett



### 10am SWW Meeting Presentation:

#### **Writing Down Your Family Stories**

A writer in the Southern tradition of trading horses and family stories, **Betty Moffett** confesses to a childhood “love affair with Black Beauty” and “what growing up meant to four generations. It’s all about “neighbors, horses, prejudice, sweethearts, students; about moving, marriage, grandchildren, and dogs.” Her heartfelt and haunting *Coming Clean: Stories* (Ice Cube Press), is a perfect lesson on how to preserve and hand down your family stories. Many of the author’s previously published stories are represented in this collection, but she has plenty more to share.

In her presentation, Betty will read story excerpts that show the contrasting tone and diction of family tales passed down orally from generation to generation versus those in the idiom of present-day life. All of these stories are clever and perceptive enough to have been widely published and now made ready to hand down in a book to new generations of readers. This book has its fair share of memorable moments made poignant by the Southern accent in Betty’s oral reading. In the tradition of storytelling, these stories are in a whole ‘nother class unto themselves!

This talk will be accompanied by slides of people, places, and regional attractions of the stories, linked as they are through irony, humor, and attention to all the conventional literary elements of setting, scene, character, dialog, plot, motifs, imagery, and theme. The presentation will share recommendations on listening for community stories, as well as paying attention to your family’s stories, repeating them aloud until they become your own, and writing them down for history.

### 12:30pm Workshop after the Meeting

#### SPINNING YOUR STORIES INTO SUBMITTABLE GOLD

Betty Moffett and editor Pamela Yenser

Family stories are goldmines of publishable creative non-fiction! Betty Moffett and editor Pamela Yenser will offer a workshop on “Spinning Your Stories into Submittable Gold.” The stories you have heard or told about your own family or about growing up—especially your “coming of age” stories—can be shaped into creative nonfiction and published online or in print.

This story workshop includes an opportunity for paid participants to submit a personal or family story of up to 1,000 words before the workshop for a free critique and to read or tell the revised story to a circle of listeners for additional feedback. Listeners in the reader’s circle will note what they responded to most, writing down the bones of that memory for the author to collect and use.

The workshop will conclude with current information on story publication and recordkeeping, including suggested sites where writers can gather public responses to excerpts from their future book manuscripts and explanations for accessing a PayPal-protected “Submittable” account for sending work to magazines, journals, or online publications, creating a convenient record of which submissions have been accepted or rejected, often with included notes. Chapters and poetry publications can help grow your reader base before approaching agents or publishers.

Workshop price:

SWW Members \$20, non-members \$30

**Betty Moffett** was born, reared, educated, and married in North Carolina. After four years of teaching high school English and two dramatic years working with the Asolo Theatre in Florida, she, her husband Sandy, and their young son Ruben moved to Grinnell, Iowa, where they planned to stay a year and then return to the sweet sunny South. But they liked the old farm house they fixed up, riding horses in the prairie, teaching at Grinnell College, and playing with the Too Many Strings Band. Almost five decades later, they’re still in Grinnell and glad of it. Betty taught for nearly thirty years in the college’s Writing Lab and then began using the advice she offered to her students in her own work. Her stories have appeared in various magazines and journals.

January 5th Meeting Speaker

**Steve Brewer!**

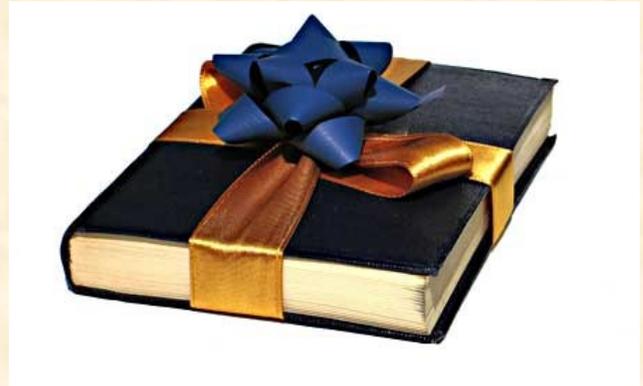
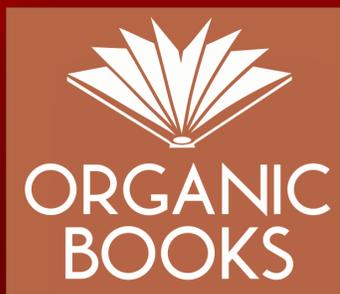


## I'VE LOOKED AT BOOKS

## FROM BOTH SIDES NOW

Steve Brewer has been writing books and hanging out in bookstores for more than 30 years, but this year he's moved to the other side of the sales counter -- he and his family have opened Organic Books in Nob Hill. Steve will discuss what it's like to run a bookstore, and how authors can make best use of local booksellers.

**Bio:** Steve Brewer writes books about crooks. His 31st published book, the crime novel **COLD CUTS**, came out last April. He's scheduled to have short stories in three different anthologies in 2019. A former journalist, Steve teaches in the Honors College at UNM.



## After the January 5th Meeting

## New Mexico Press Women's

## Communications Contest

## Entry Workshop

If you would like guidance with the electronic entry process for the New Mexico Press Women's contest, you are welcome to attend a free workshop on January 5 from 12:15 until 1:15. This will follow the Southwest Writers meeting at the Center for Spiritual Living, on the northwest corner of Louisiana and Claremont (north of Menaul). This is a very broad contest that includes all types of communications, and state winners can move on to national competition. For more information on the contest categories, deadlines, and submission requirements, see

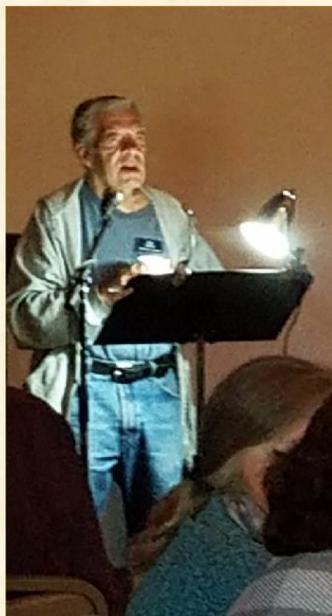
[newmexicopresswomen.org/2019-communications-contest](http://newmexicopresswomen.org/2019-communications-contest).

All submissions, including books, must be done electronically via the contest entry website. NMPW board members will be available to guide you through the process.

This workshop is Free of Charge to all SWW and non-SWW members.

# LET'S ROAST LARRY!

## Retirement Party Tuesday January 15-6pm



Larry Greenly has thrown up his hands and shouted “enough!” After a couple decades of looking after all of us he is stepping back from keeping our office on track.

We cannot allow such a singular individual to fade quietly into the night! In honor of Larry’s years of service, SWW is turning the Tuesday evening meeting on January 15th at 7pm into a

### **BLOW OUT RETIREMENT PARTY!**

Food Games and Literary Fun!

SouthWest Writer Members are invited to submit their Literary Gems in honor of Larry Greenly!

### **The January Sage Challenge**

#### **Larry in Limerick and Prose**

How did you meet Larry? Or have you ever NOT met him? What impressed you the most?

Can you write a limerick inspired by Larry?

Or possibly a short story in his honor?

Send it to the Sage before December 20th!

[swwsage@swcp.com](mailto:swwsage@swcp.com)

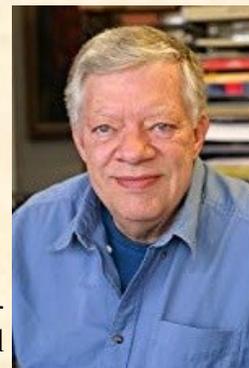
(See HELP NEEDED on Page 20)

### **January 15—Pitch In Dinner**

Sign up to bring food for the party at the Saturday, January 5 meeting!

## About Larry Greenly

Besides watching over SWW for a long time Larry has achieved high distinctions as a Jack of all Trades....and Master of many!



Armed with degrees in physics/math, architecture, civil engineering and chiropractic, Larry Greenly has led a multi-faceted life as a teacher, engineer and doctor of chiropractic. His career as a freelance writer/editor of myriad non-fiction articles began over 25 years ago with a long-running medical columns in professional journals. Along the way, Greenly garnered a number of writing awards, including the Parris Award and a National Federation of Press Women 2nd place national award for his literary page in a local magazine. .

His wife, Edith, has frequently been the target of his dry wit and has gracefully weathered life with Larry. Also to her credit, Edith has provided several years of outstanding service to SWW as treasurer. .



# Chrome

By Stan Rhine

Maurice (Moe) Lahr was convinced that whenever he bit into any food that was just the slightest bit resistant, his dental plate would wiggle around, imbed itself in the food and threaten to leap out of his mouth, dropping into his lap. It was embarrassing.

He began to imagine his plate floating loose in his mouth. Hour after hour his tongue played hide and seek around his teeth as he tried to reassure himself that the plate was still where it was supposed to be. When he should have been working, he was absorbed in this dental obsession, staring off into space while his nervous tongue ceaselessly roamed around his palate.

Finally, Moe could stand it no longer. He called his dentist and explained the problem. The receptionist squeezed him in late the following afternoon.

Arriving well before his appointed 4:30 time, Moe sat in the waiting room, rifling through a stack of ancient, somewhat dog-eared magazines. A diligent search through the pile might even turn up something about Nixon's resignation.

*Perhaps, he idly thought, I could just slip one of these antiques into my briefcase and peddle it on an internet auction for enough to pay my dental bill.*

The idea struck his fancy; he leaned forward to begin his search of the pile. The receptionist popped her spikey-haired head around the corner. "Mr. Lahr," she chirped cheerfully, "your time has come."

In eager anticipation of an imminent solution to his harrowing plate problem, he sprang from his chair and scuttled into the chamber of torture. Dr. Fissure extended his hand in greeting.

"So we're having a little problem with the plate, are we, Mr. Lahr?"

Moe nodded unhappily. "It's very loose and getting looser every day. I'm afraid that it could fall out any minute. Can you do something to tighten it up?"

"Well, let's see...hmmm." Dr. Fissure slipped on latex gloves and adjusted his close-up lenses for a better look. He poked his index finger at Moe's loose plate. "My goodness! Why just look at this," he said, almost to himself.

Dentists, of course, are used to talking to themselves. They accumulate great swaths of time soliloquizing when their patients' verbal skills are reduced to guttural vowel sounds by two mouthfuls of tubes, clamps, cotton wads and other apparatus clogging their oral cavities.

"Whaa..."

Fissure lifted the plate out and inspected it closely. "Would you look at this. Tsk-tsk."

"D-Doc," Moe stuttered. "What is it!?"

Fissure stared pensively at the plate in his hand. "Your plate looks as if it has been eaten away by some corrosive substance." Snapping his head up, Doc Fissure's eyes bored into Moe's. "Say, have you been eating anything different lately? Or have you been soaking your plate in an acid bath overnight?"

"No, no acid bath." Moe tapped his finger thoughtfully on the chair's padded arm. "Uh, anything different?"

Doc nodded.

"Umm, oh, well, a couple of months back, my wife discovered a great recipe for hollandaise sauce. It's so good, I've been slathering it on just about everything."

"Ah, ha!" Fissure beamed. "That's it! The acidity of the lemon juice has attacked your plate and eroded it, loosening it in your mouth. But don't worry, I can make you a new one out of chrome-steel that will resist the acid of the hollandaise sauce you crave so much."

"Really," said Moe. "Chrome? Is chrome really necessary?"

Doc Fissure peered earnestly over his glasses at Moe Lahr. "Of course. Didn't you know? Oh, there's no plate like chrome for the hollandaise."



## Snowbound in Rural Magdalena

By Ruth Hamilton

In early January of 2013, a three day blizzard surrounded my desert home in rural Magdalena. This cabin is isolated and I have no cell service. I felt rather confident for I had a new roof and plenty of dry firewood to fuel the roaring wood stove. The pack rats were snug in their burrows and the coyotes were howling at the full moon. My little Toyota was not about to make it up the high ridge so I was marooned until the storm cleared. I slept pretty well knowing that I had all the necessary provisions.

The next morning I was greeted by another foot of snow adding to the ten-inch snow base. There was nothing to do but enjoy the beautiful sunrise over the Bear Mountains and put more wood on the fire. I rather enjoy being snowbound, and being forced to do artful things like writing, painting, and baking bread.

In early afternoon, the snow tapered off and the sun beamed brightly on the flat roof. Soon there was a ceiling drip right over my extensive mineral collection. I shoved the mineral case away from the drip and installed the blue tarp and a bucket. And then another leak started in the door frame and the snow melt was pouring in. Now I needed help for the snow was too deep for me to drag up a ladder from the basement.

To get help, I had to walk about two miles up the frozen ridge. I found a hot spot and texted a neighbor who lives on the other side of the ridge. There was no kind greeting that I received from this friend: "Don't text me on this number for I have to pay a quarter for each call. We may come and see about you but don't expect us to climb on the roof."

That gave me no confidence. I have another neighbor who I have called in many dire circumstances and he always helped. This time he reported having to clean up for a friend who was coming out but that he would come by in two days. Somewhat defeated I started back to my little cabin.

At this point, I went into survival mode. I dug a trench, hauled up the ladder from the basement, and climbed on the roof. I am too short to hoist myself onto the second level where the roof leaks were. To climb to the main roof, I have to shovel off the porch and use a foot stool to get to main roof. Just as I started shoveling off the porch



roof, the cavalry arrived. At the crest of the ridge, a huge Socorro Electric line truck came barreling in. I had reported being overcharged for electricity and they were coming out in the blizzard to check my meter.

Then the neighbors showed up in their two ton truck to offer me encouragement. The line man shoveled the ice off the roof and a tarp stopped the leaks. I was then able to watch the sunset over the Bear Mountains in my cozy cabin. That night, I thanked my lucky stars that I complained about the electric bill that brought out the line-man.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Ruth Hamilton**, founder of Carolina Health & Humor Association (Carolina Ha Ha,) is editor of *Laugh Lines* and *The Humor Collection Resource Guide*. Ruth's son Ethan Wenberg, is the cartoonist/illustrator for *Laugh Lines* and *Affairs of Two Ageless Hearts: Cruising Into the Senior Years*.

### Want to Write a Memoir?

SWW hosts a memoir writing group which meets at the North Domingo Baca Multigenerational Center on Carmel (just north of Paseo del Norte and West of Wyoming) on Wednesday evenings from 6:30 to 8:00 pm. This is a SWW program and it is free of charge to anyone who wants to attend. For more information contact Gabriella Savarese savaresegabriella@gmail.com

## The Writing Life:

### Eating Frogs toward the Long Game

By Sherri Burr



Sometimes I stumble upon jewels of wisdom in small books. Such is the case with Brian Tracy's *Eat that Frog: Get More of the Important Things Done Today* and Richard Stengel's *Mandela's Way: Fifteen Lessons on Life, Love, and Courage*.

I have written before about Tony Hillerman's response when I told him I had writer's block. He said there was a four-letter word for writer's block – L A Z Y. By reading Tracy's and Stengel's books and adopting their wisdom, no writer need ever again utter the words writer's block.

Brian Tracy urges readers to set priorities by day, week, month, and lifetime. Once you establish the most important priority, or the biggest frog of the day, you should only do that before you do anything else. The personal challenge is to resist the temptation to start with lower priority tasks before you finish the most important writing task. "Take action immediately," Tracy says because completion makes us happy.

Indeed, he considers the three D's of new habits as decision, discipline and determination. Make a decision on what's your most important daily writing goal, discipline yourself to work on it, and determine to not do anything else until you've completed that task.

I would add another D: deadlines. Setting deadlines moves writers towards completion. A goal without a deadline is just an ephemeral dream. The deadline makes the goal concrete. For example, I had a goal to obtain an agent so I set deadlines to send out a query letter to an agent every nine days until I received a positive response to my project.

In the era of email overload, I sent query letters through the mail. I purchased linen stationary and colorful stamps. I handwrote the names and addresses. Why? Since I open the mail that is handwritten before the typewritten, I figured that others do the same.

Also, because of the email volume I receive, I figured a snail mail query would stand out. And the responses I received were positive and quick. One agent asked why I had not sent an email. The answer was simple: she responded. With many writers waiting months for response to email queries, my snail mail queries produced responses within one week.

While Tracy recommends organizing a complete plan to accomplish your goal, this can challenge writers. Do you outline a major book project or not? What scares some writers is the fear that an outline will stifle creative flow. As a nonfiction author, I find it helpful to create chapter outlines for books, but remain open to each book's evolution. I would advise fiction writers to consider this approach. Draft an initial plan for the journey you will take your protagonist on, but be open for the possibility that he may depart a bus at an unexpected stop.

What is the long game of our writing life? Stengel wrote that during his 27 years incarcerated in a South African prison taught Nelson Mandela many things, the most important of which was to play the long game. Mandela had been impatient as a young man, but prison taught him to slow down and reinforced his sense that haste often leads to error and misjudgment. Learning to postpone lower priority items can lead to greater rewards.

As writers, we have to look upon the writing career as the one from which we need never retire. When Tony Hillerman was in his eighties, I drove him to his last First Fridays meeting to spend time with a group of writers in an organization that he had cofounded in the 1960s to share knowledge about the publishing industry. Hillerman shared with us his ideas for his next book. Similarly, Max Evans is publishing books in his 90s. Writing is the long game of our career.

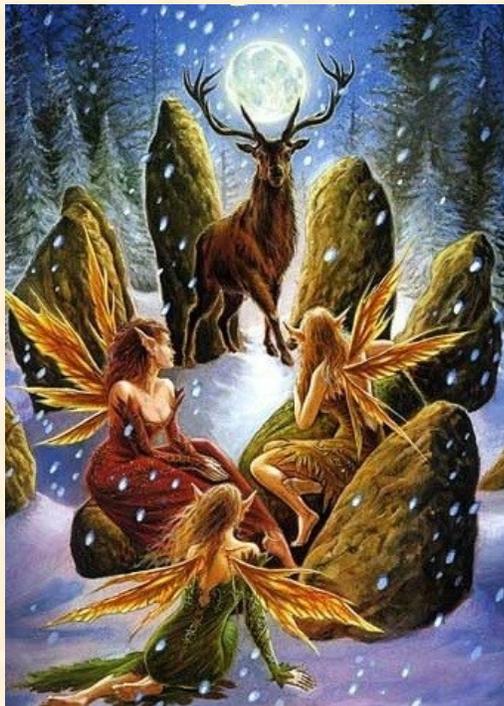
The long game requires patience. Hillerman sent his first novel *The Blessing Way* to over 100 potential agents, one of whom recommended he "take out all the Indian stuff." The long run requires foresight and thinking about the arc of your writing

career. Mine has evolved from writing law review scholarship to writing articles and columns for the general public, and from writing books for law students to writing books that the general public might enjoy and learn from.

The trick is to eat the frogs of your work daily to build the career that will sustain you for the long term. Don't die with your most important book inside you. It is okay, however, to depart a long life with ideas still to be nourished.

\* \* \*

**Sherri Burr** is the Regents Professor and Dickason Chair Emerita at the University of New Mexico School of Law, where she joined the faculty in 1988 after having received degrees from Mount Holyoke College, Princeton University, and the Yale Law School. An internationally renowned lecturer, Burr has spoken at universities in Barbados, Canada, Chile, France, Greece, Japan, Mexico, Spain, and South Africa. She is the recipient of over a dozen awards for her writing, speeches and television show ARTS TALK, which she produced and hosted for 19 years. Burr has published 26 books, including the award-winning *A Short & Happy Guide to Financial Well-being*.



**Help Support  
SouthWest Writers**

SWW receives a commission on books ordered via the SWW website's link to Amazon. Home page in the right side column.

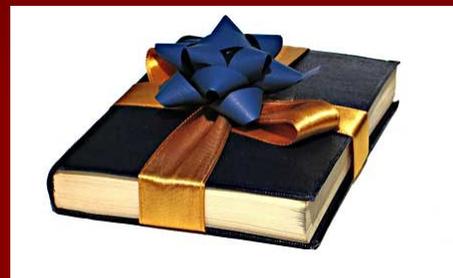
**Events Coming in 2019!**

**The SWW Annual Writing Contest**

3rd Tuesday night meetings which offer unique opportunities for networking and useful training for writers.

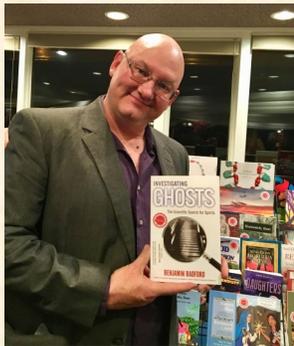
Opportunities for you to add your voice, talent and energy to creating a new direction for SouthWest Writers.

**Reasons to Buy Books as Gifts**



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- **As a writer you are supporting other writers!**
- **They are easy to gift wrap and package.**
- **Media Mail is cheap.**
- **You can read them even when your cell phone battery is dead.**
- **You don't need wifi signal to read.**
- **They are nonperishable.**
- **Every time someone sees it on their bookshelf they will think of you.**

**Buy books through the SWW link for Amazon on the right side of the website home page and the purchase will generate a donation to SouthWest Writers. Otherwise, if possible buy them at a local bookstore!**



## ***SWW Members are Winners!***

Once again SWW members have done us proud for their entries in the NM-AZ Book Awards. Winners include:

eBook Fiction:

Geoff Habiger for *Wrath of the Fury Blade*

Fiction-Adventure or Drama

Robert Kidera for *Cut, Print, Kill*

Fiction-Other

Jeanne Shannon for *The Sourwood Tree*

Fiction-science fiction & fantasy

Geoff Habiger for *Wrath of the Fury Blade*

Fiction-thriller/suspense

Joseph Badal for *Sins of the Fathers*

Parenting/Family Issues

Kit Crumpton for *The Fading of Lloyd*

Poetry-NM

Dan Wetmore for *My Mother's Gentle Unbecoming*

Science

Benjamin Radford for *Investigating Ghosts*



## **Congratulations!**

## **SouthWest Sage Anthology**

More than 65 members of SouthWest Writers contributed their talents to the 2018 *SouthWest Sage Anthology*. Contained herein are the best stories, articles and poems published in the *SouthWest Sage* Newsletter from 2016, 2017, and 2018.

The Anthology is available on Amazon for \$10.99 plus shipping. But SWW is placing a limited order in advance for the membership. SouthWest Writer members can get their own copies for \$10 at the SWW meetings or at the main office and **do not have to pay shipping!**

Revenue from the sale of the *Sage Anthology* will be used to pay for organizational programs such as high quality speakers and presenters at the meetings, classes and workshops.

The *Sage Anthology* contains:

- Monthly Writing Challenges
- Poetry
- Travel Articles
- Science Fiction/ Fantasy
- Memoirs
- Romance
- Mystery
- Desert Stories
- Writers Unbound
- Sage Advice



If you want a good read for yourself and a great holiday gift for friends, why not purchase copies of the *Sage Anthology*? Just \$10 each at SWW meetings.

# The Sage Writing Challenge!

**January**  
Sage Writing Challenge

## Larry Limerick and Prose!

In honor of the retirement of our illustrious office manager, we want to mark the occasion with skewering jocularly. Please ponder on what you know, or just imagine, our Larry is, was and could be.

\* \* \* \* \*

We welcome submissions focusing on all aspects of researching, writing, and publishing in any genre. See past issues of *SouthWest Sage* for the types of articles we publish.

You have four ways of possibly being included:

- Write an article for the *Sage* related to the craft of writing, getting published, etc.
- Enter stories, poems, or articles inspired by the monthly writing challenges announced in each *Sage*.
- Send in a short story/poem/essay of your own - on any topic. (inclusion in the *Sage* is subject to the discretion of the editor)
- Enter artwork/photographs related to writing in general or accompanying your stories.

Payment is in bylines and clips. Deadline is the 15th of the month prior to the next issue. Article lengths from **300-1000** words. Submissions may be edited for accuracy, readability and length.

Please send all submissions as either standard text in an email or in a Word document with Times New Roman or Calibri font in 12pt. size. Single spaced. Do not get fancy with formatting or fonts—the more difficult it is for me to set it into the newsletter, the less likely I am to print it.

Send questions or submissions to Rose Kern, *SouthWest Sage* Editor, [swwsageswcp.com](mailto:swwsageswcp.com).

Do you want to be the next  
***Sage Editor?***

*I love putting together the Sage every month, but now that I am about to become the president of this wonderful group, the time I can devote to it is limited.*

*Each month members send their articles, stories, essays and poems to me and I set them aside in a folder along with pictures and artwork. Then after the deadline on the 20th I open a template in Microsoft Publisher, change the dates and color schemes then start dropping all the elements of the Sage into place.*

*Once I am happy with how it looks I send it to a group of 4 to 5 individuals who help me by catching all the little errors I've overlooked—which is what really makes the Sage a quality publication!*

*Once done it is sent to the webmaster to be uploaded to the website.*

*SWW needs someone to take on this task, but you won't be alone! I will be there to help and so will the entire board.*

*If you want to learn the essentials of putting together a publication—or if you already have the skills and want to help out, please contact me!*

*Thank you.*

*Rose Marie Kern*

*[swwsage@swcp.com](mailto:swwsage@swcp.com)*

# Get Your First Draft onto Paper

By Kirt Hickman

As simple as it sounds, writing first draft is the most difficult step for many writers. They can't find the time; they read what they've written and decide it needs work, so they keep going back to edit; or they don't know what to write next, or how to write it. Having a good knowledge of your characters and an outline of your plot will go a long way toward solving the latter problem, but it's often not enough.

Writing first draft is a right-brain (creative brain) process. The vast majority of problems people experience while writing first draft are caused by inappropriate left-brain (analytical brain) interference. The left brain says things like:

- "This is terrible. I should go back and fix it."
- "Nobody's going to read this."
- "I need to think this scene through before I write it."
- "I'd better do more research."
- "I really need to do the grocery shopping, the laundry, or the dishes."
- "I just don't have time."

With this kind of talk in your head, it's no wonder you can't get words onto the page. You must silence your analytical brain, your editor. Shut it up long enough for your creative brain, your muse, to write. Use these tips to trick your editor into submission<sup>[1]</sup>.

## Get up Early

Your muse never sleeps. It dreams all night. If you get up early, you can write for a couple of hours before your editor wakes up. Skip the coffee, however. Your editor needs the caffeine. Your muse doesn't.

## Avoid Distractions

I write my first drafts between four and six o'clock in the morning, before I go to my day job. This is one of the few times I can write without distractions. My wife and son are asleep, the television and radio are off, and the phone doesn't ring. The house is quiet. It's ideal.

## Write by Hand

I know what you're thinking. *In this day and age, I'm supposed to write by hand? You can't be serious.* I am. Typing is a left-brain process. Writing long-hand, particularly in cursive, is a right-brain process. Writing by hand helps keep your editor dormant. Though some writers consider this an extra step, others have been surprised by how much it helps. Try writing a couple of scenes by hand with a good quality pen. Use large sheets of unlined paper. Your editor likes lines and boundaries, your muse doesn't.

Personally, I've found it unnecessary to write by hand to keep my editor silent, though I still do it frequently when I'm away from my computer. When I'm at home, however, I close my eyes as I type. There go the lines and boundaries that my editor likes so much.

## Don't Stop to Edit

Don't sweat the quality of your first draft. It's a rare author who gets it right the first time. Whatever weaknesses appear in your style; whatever inconsistencies plague your characters and plot; however badly your scenes or manuscript may be organized; no matter how poor your grammar, spelling, and punctuation are—whatever mistakes you make—correct them later. That's what revision is for. If you get bogged down in editing now, you may spend weeks polishing a scene that you'll eventually have to throw away. Don't waste the time. Get your story onto paper now. Polish what you keep later.



If you pursue an idea that contradicts something you've already written, make a note in the margin and continue writing as if you've already resolved the inconsistency. You've noted the problem. You won't forget to correct it. Just keep writing.

If you can't think of a word you need, leave a blank or write a similar word that does come to mind. Make a note to find the right word later. Don't wake up your editor with a search through the nearest thesaurus. In my experience, the word I'm looking for is too different than the one I wrote down to find it in a thesaurus anyway.

### Don't Stop to Research

Suppose you need to describe Barcelona in the spring-time, but you've never been to Barcelona. Don't run to the Internet for images. Just make a note: "What does Barcelona look like in the spring?" then keep writing. You'll have time later to fill in the missing details. Don't arrest your muse with a digression into research.

[1] These suggestions, and more, are offered by Tom Bird in *Write Right from God, Third Edition*, Sojourn, Inc., 2005.

[2]



**Kirt Hickman** was a technical writer for fourteen years before branching into fiction. His methodical approach to self-editing has helped many make sense of the mass of advice available to the novice writer. He has contributed a monthly column titled "Revising Fiction" to the SouthWest Sage. He has also written *Mercury Sun*, two children's books, and the award-winning writers' guide, *Revising Fiction: Making Sense of the Madness*.



### STUDENT SCHOLARSHIPS

SouthWest Writers is offering one-year scholarship memberships in our organization to high school and full time college students. To be eligible, an applicant must be enrolled in high school or college. If you know someone with the interest and desire to pursue a writing career or if you wish to apply yourself, contact the SWW office at [swwriters@juno.com](mailto:swwriters@juno.com).

### Critique Group—Santa Fe

We are looking for new members for our children's and YA critique group. We are a group of serious writers, both published and unpublished and are located in Santa Fe. I taught in the MFA program in writing for Children and Young Adults at Vermont College of Fine Arts. Contact: Mark Karlins at [karlinsmark@gmail.com](mailto:karlinsmark@gmail.com)

## SOUTHWEST WRITERS CRITIQUE SERVICE

An experienced critiquer, picked from a panel of professional writers and editors, will be matched with your genre and will critique your manuscript for a reasonable price below the usual market rate.

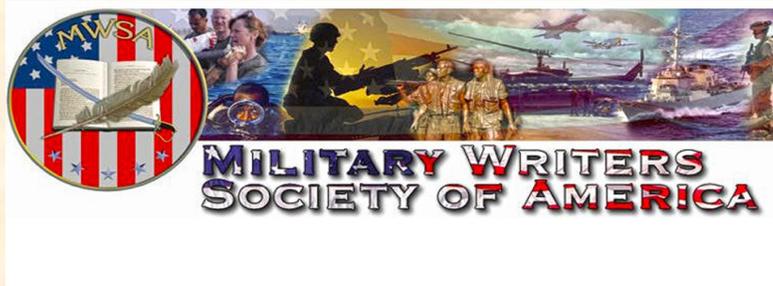
*The SWW Critique Service accepts all genres, including:*

- Query letters
- Synopses
- Articles
- Essays
- Nonfiction books
- Book proposals
- Short Stories
- Mainstream/literary fiction
- Genre fiction
- Children's
- Middle-grade
- Young Adult
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#### COST

- \$15 - Poetry of no more than 3 pages
- \$15 - Query letter of no more than 3 pages
- \$25 - Synopsis of up to 3 pages  
- additional pages are \$3.50/page
- \$35 - Minimum charge for up to 10 double-spaced manuscript pages  
- additional pages are \$3.50/page

SWW critiquers follow genre-specific guidelines. But feel free to include specific questions you want answered and any points you want the critique to focus on (such as point of view, plot structure, etc.). Go to [SouthWestWriters.com](http://SouthWestWriters.com) for guidelines and information on submitting your manuscript to our critique service.



## Joint Writing Conference September 2019

SouthWest Writers (SWW) and the Military Writers Society of America (MWSA) will co-host a joint writing conference at the Hotel Albuquerque from Thursday, September 12 through Sunday, September 15, 2019. Program details are still being developed but the concept will be to share the strengths of both organizations in a series of classes and workshops designed to help writers learn from specialists they would not normally encounter.

MWSA is a nation-wide association of some 279 authors, poets, and artists, drawn together by the common bond of military service. Most of its members are active duty military, retirees, or military veterans. A few are lifelong civilians who have chosen to honor our military through their writings or their art. Others have only a tangential relationship to the military. MWSA's only core principle is a love of the men and women who defend this nation, and a deeply personal understanding of their sacrifice and dedication. You do not need to have ever served in the armed forces to be a member of MWSA.

SWW embodies a wealth of members who will bring expertise to the conference in many genres. Among them: memoir, southwest setting, mystery/thriller, poetry, short story, romance, sci-fi, westerns, non-fiction, fantasy, action, history, humor, etc. SWW is devoted to helping both published and unpublished writers improve their craft and further their careers. SWW serves its members and all writers of all skill levels in every fiction and nonfiction genre.

We have been privileged in the past to have the MWSA director of education, Jack Woodville London, speak and teach classes at SWW. Similarly, members of SWW have spoken and taught classes at MWSA conferences. Jack London and Joe Badal are members of both organizations and have volunteered their services to develop a program that is sure to be of interest to all. In addition, MWSA will take the lead on teaching a free day-long writing class at the Raymond G. Murphy VA Medical Center on Thursday, September 12, 2019.

MWSA holds an annual published book contest which will kick off early in 2019. This year, nine SWW members are finalists and will be awarded medals. Next year's joint conference will also include an awards ceremony where MWSA recognizes highly talented authors who have published a book. SWW or any other writers interested in participating in the annual MWSA contest can do so by applying at <http://www.mwsadispatches.com/> after the first of the year.

Anyone with specific recommendations for the program are welcome to contact the Conference Coordinator, Jim Tritten, at [jimtritten@comcast.net](mailto:jimtritten@comcast.net). SWW will be the home team host to perhaps some 40-50 out-of-town authors from all parts of the United States. Most of them will have never been to Albuquerque and will need some hand-holding on the amount of green chile to put on their food. Of course, Jim welcomes hearing from anyone interested in helping at any level.

# Ask Chaucer!



Dear Chaucer,

I keep hearing about “backstory” and that it shouldn’t be “dumped.” What do those terms mean?

Sincerely,  
Writing in Circles

Dear Circles,

Backstory is what has happened before your story to make your characters who they are and cause them to be where they are, doing what they’re doing, in your opening scene. As writers, we tend to want to explain all this to the reader right up front; this is called *backstory dumping*.

Resist the urge! Start your story in the middle of the action and let your reader figure it out as she goes along. Readers are smarter than we tend to give them credit for, and they enjoy the journey of discovery. Backstory then becomes the spice we sprinkle throughout our story to keep it tasty until the last bite.

Great scenes both move the plot forward and reveal something about the characters we didn’t know. When revealing something about your characters’ past, you’re providing *backstory*. Remember the wonderful scene in “Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid” when they must jump off a cliff in order to escape and the fearless Sundance refuses? We find out at that moment that he can’t swim. Would it have made any difference to us if we’d been told that Sundance couldn’t swim at the beginning of the movie? Probably not. But finding it out at the crucial moment is delightful!

Backstory is very important. You should know all about your characters’ pasts so you can make them real for the reader. Their pasts are what make them tick, and make them different from each other. However, you really don’t need to put all that information in your story. Have fun creating backstory and enjoy writing!

Signed,  
Chaucer

Do you have questions about writing or about SWW you’d like to ask Chaucer? Send them to [swwsage@swcp.com](mailto:swwsage@swcp.com) with the subject line: ASK CHAUCER before the 20th of the month for the next month’s *Sage*.

## *The Hierarchy*

By Beverly Ann Allen

Beating paths  
to frenzied destinations,  
I cross splendidly white-washed walkways of  
crow,  
incriminating evidence of a former presence

Leafless trees of autumn with specifically  
arranged clusters  
of plumed vagrants dappling the summits,  
ripe blackberries on the vine,  
keepers of the evening sky,  
speaking to each other in undeciphered  
tongue, foreign to my ears

Yet I can hear the unmistakable jestering  
aimed at fools like me,  
toting stuffed backpacks of overpriced  
documents  
and underpaid professional knowledge

They jeer safely,  
high atop naked oak castles, directing their  
ridicule in the form of acid missiles to their  
wingless victims below,  
scurrying to reach warm lecture halls

But this time, the scavengers miss their target-  
my head  
and I walk past their laughter today  
with remnants of psychotic energies  
on the soles of my shoes

## Monkeyshines

by Eva Newman (1934-2008), author of *Going Abroad*

Outside a pleasant hotel in Bali a monkey was tethered by a long chain to a post. Now I always feel sorry for chained or caged wild animals, especially if they look unhappy like this monkey. So I paused to chat and play with him. He seemed appreciative, and I felt we were becoming friends. After lunch one day I stooped to shake his paw. He moved so fast I did not understand what happened until it was too late.

The little devil reached over my back and grabbed the edge of my tee shirt, then yanked it over my head and off before I could respond. Standing in my underwear, I fortunately had sense to grab one end of the shirt, beginning a tug of war with the gleeful monkey to the amusement of people around us.

Later, the monkey owner told me, "That's one of his favorite tricks."

Well, my sympathy for the rascal vanished. He was obviously bored by his situation, so I can't blame him.

But similar mishaps have made me wary of his kind.

One temple in India is devoted to monkeys, and they run the place. I had to keep avoiding their grasping, furry hands. Posing for my mandatory tourist photo, I suddenly felt a heavy weight on my head. Yes, a monkey had hopped on my hat! An Indian man warned, "Don't put your hand up. It will bite."

While I was uncertain what to do, the monkey reached down into my purse and grabbed our travel map. He then danced away to the top of the temple and began tearing the map into small pieces, letting it fall upon us like confetti. His monkey cohorts madly screamed and danced in glee.

We were used to seeing security bars on ground floor windows, but I asked why our hotel in this town had bars on upper floor windows. Our host said, "Because of monkeys--they are terrible thieves."



# BOOKWORKS

author events / writing workshops / library fundraisers

**Lawrence Welsh Sun • Dec 2 • 3pm**



collaboration between poetry & photography  
offers a new look at US / Mexico border

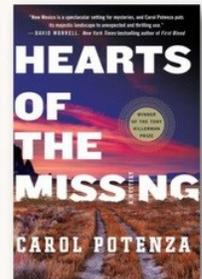


**Sherwin Bitsui Wed • Dec 5  
at 6pm**



poetry drawing  
on Navajo  
history and  
enduring  
traditions

**2017 Tony Hillerman Prize  
recipient Carol Potenza  
Sat • Dec 8 • 3pm**



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written / riveting plot /  
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# A Grand Adventure

by Molly McGinnis Houston

When I first brought up the trip to my parents, my mother was totally against it.

“Absolutely not!” she said. Case closed.

My dad was silent, which was strange because he always had an opinion about everything. The next day when he came home from town, he tossed a huge Rand McNally Road Atlas of the United States on the kitchen table in front of me.

This time my dad’s opinion overruled my mother’s. It was a go.

So in June of 1964, the summer I turned twenty-one, three of my friends and I set off on a grand adventure to see the 1964 World’s Fair in New York City as well as other places new to us along the way. Janie, Madeline, Judie and I were members of Town Club, a local sorority at the University of New Mexico. Madeline’s family generously offered their new Impala, which had a huge trunk, for the trip. We each took two hundred dollars in traveler’s checks for our five week journey.

Our route took us from Albuquerque to San Antonio, the Houston area, east along the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, north to Huntsville, then to Williamsburg, Virginia, and Washington, DC. After a week in Washington, we headed for New York City for a ten-day stay. Then it was to Niagara Falls, and through Canada to Detroit. Judie left us there, taking the train to Kentucky to meet her family members who were moving there. The remaining three of us traveled south to Hannibal, Missouri, Amarillo and home.

We camped out a few times. In White Plains, New York, we stayed in a room with one twin bed on the women’s floor of a coed YMCA for a week. But most of the time we had prior arrangements to stay with relatives, friends, relatives of friends, and friends of relatives. Everyone was hospitable and kind to us, and we had a blast everywhere we went.

A number of our hosts even took us to the beach or sightseeing. My mother’s cousin in San Antonio, a WWI veteran and revenuer during Prohibition, took great delight in escorting us around town and taking us out for every meal.

Once a week one of us would call home to give our parents an update. By the time we were on our way home, our folks were happy all was going well, especially mine. We never had any car problems, not even a flat tire. Madeline even changed the oil once.

On our way back, Madeline learned she was ur-



Janie, Madeline, me and Judie at the Alamo

gently needed for her bridesmaid’s dress fitting for a cousin’s wedding, so at the end we were in a rush to get back to Albuquerque. The next to the last day of our trip, we drove the nearly eight hundred miles from Hannibal to Amarillo.

Since we had not stayed in a motel during the entire trip, we were loathe to break our record on the last night. Besides, we were running out of money. And we had an invitation.

Janie had a friend whose husband was transferred from Albuquerque to Amarillo after we left on our trip so Janie didn’t have their new address. The original plan was that we would find them by contacting the husband at his place of work. However, it was long past closing time when we finally arrived in Amarillo.

Around nine o’clock in the evening, we were driving along trying to figure out what to do. Janie had called directory assistance from a pay phone and established that her friends did not yet have a telephone. The population of Amarillo was approximately 140,000 at that time, so it looked like we were out of luck.

Looking out the back seat window, I happened to spy a sign that pointed the way to the Amarillo Police Station on the next side street. I alerted the other girls, who had missed the small sign, and suggested we really should go there to see if they could help us. I had a gut feeling, but they were doubtful. With no other options at hand, though, they soon agreed. It couldn’t hurt.

A few minutes later we walked into the police station. A friendly desk sergeant greeted us and Janie explained our situation to him, giving her friend’s husband’s name and place of work. His face lit up.

“Is he tall,” he said, gesturing with his hand to show someone taller than himself, “with dark hair?”

“Yes, yes,” said Janie, laughing. “That’s him.”

“Well, he was here just a few hours ago. His company sent him in to file a complaint for them on his way home from work. I talked to him myself.”

He shuffled through the papers on his desk. “Here it is, and he gave his home address.”

Smiling, he read off the address on the complaint

form and even wrote it down for Janie. Our strict privacy laws apparently did not exist then.

“That’s only a mile or so from here,” he said. “Go back out to the main street and turn right. Drive to the third stoplight and turn right again. It’ll be in about the fourth block.” It was just that simple.

Since it was nearly ten o’clock by now, our new hosts were a little leery about opening the door until they heard Janie’s voice. There were laughs all around, but I can’t imagine they were totally happy about the whole thing, given the timing, and the fact that we woke up their baby.

They showed us to the living room where we could sleep on the floor, and we hauled out our sleeping bags one last time.

We could have stayed in a motel that night, no calamity for sure, if that whole serendipitous series of events hadn’t occurred that day. But it did, and we were successful in finding hospitality once again. After all, Janie’s friends had told her we were welcome any time.

\* \* \*

**Molly McGinnis Houston** is a retired science and math teacher who has always loved to read. Currently she is working on two major projects: a family history and childhood memoir for her two children and their families, and a novel set in a public high school. In 2016 she won first place in an essay contest sponsored by the Albuquerque Genealogical Society. She has also written a number of short stories and for six years produced an annual newsletter for a local University of New Mexico sorority alumnae group. Virtually a lifetime resident of Albuquerque, she and her husband now live on the city’s Westside.

## Who Loves Books?

In this day of e-books and social media you may want to promote printed publications but not know where or how to do so. The reality is many people simply love the feeling of holding them and flipping through the pages. No doubt you know which family members and friends like books, but here are some other options:

Older persons in general love books, especially those who are not computer savvy. Look beyond your family for people who would appreciate having access to good reading materials. Is there a teacher from your past who would love to hear from you and get a good book as a gift? Is there a local senior living center with a library that accepts donations?

The youngest of us also NEED books to steer them toward a love of literature. Children’s books are where it all begins so consider giving some to nieces, nephews, grandkids, and neighbor kids—or donate them to local schools!

Local libraries accept books. However they frequently use the books to raise money by selling them. If you want yours to stay in their system for awhile call and ask the central librarian how many they require—usually about three copies.

Keep in mind that any books donated to a non-profit facility are tax deductible .

## SouthWest Writers Meetings

### Visitor/Guest Policy

SWW encourages new people to come and look over our award winning writers’ association. However, since it is our membership dues that pay for the outstanding speakers, we request that visitors or guests limit their attendance to no more than three meetings, after which we hope they will choose to join the organization.

Visitors are requested to sign in with name, email and/or phone number and wear a name tag. They will be invited to stand, introduce themselves and tell what kind of writing they do so that other writers in that genre can network with them during breaks in the meeting.

The “Successes and Announcements” made at our meetings are limited to SWW members. As always, we encourage visitors to join SWW – a bargain at only \$80 per year.

# Delivery for Buddy Malone

By Nathan McKenzie

The old man caught the taxi on the corner of Alvarado and Pearl Street, right in front of the San Isabel motel.

"Where to?" The cab driver asked.

The old man dropped his bag on the floorboards, and eased the package, with his name on it, onto the seat. "It's a spot up the road a ways, not too far. I'll show you where." The driver nodded and pressed on the gas. The warm ocean vista spread out before them by the time they reached the Pacific Coast Highway.

"Here for business or travel?" The taxi driver asked, glancing in his rearview mirror.

"Business, I guess."

"What line of business you in?"

The old man chuckled. "The best kind. I'm retired. But actually, I'm out for a personal reason . . . making a delivery."

The driver nodded. "Ever been out this way before?"

"Grew up here, but it's been many years. I've been living back east since '72."

The road and rugged coastline were the same as he remembered them: a narrow section of the PCH leading up to the mountains of Big Sur. The same blanket of ocean extending to the horizon. The same crash of the waves.

He glanced at the package resting beside him. It had his name and address on it, but it wasn't for him. Not really. He thought of his wife back in New Jersey. She had been set against him coming out from the beginning. "I'm flying out to California," he told her, the morning after the package arrived. "I have to make a delivery."

She already knew what he was planning and was prepared with a response. "You have no business going out there, at your age."

"I made a promise," he said.

"Ha, a promise between young men. You're no longer young."

"A promise to Buddy Malone, my best friend. What kind of man breaks a promise to his best friend?"

"But you've hardly spoken to him in 20 years."

"A promise is a promise! Besides, his wife is dead, no kids. Who else is there but me?"

She relented when she realized there was no stopping him, and insisted on making all his flight and motel reservations. She even packed his bag, including a wool coat, a list of emergency contacts and nitroglycerin tablets. He laughed, sometimes, at the fuss she made over him.

The car climbed into the higher elevation and the road narrowed as it passed through a fan of pines. "This is the spot!" he shouted after they made a turn and a wide shoulder overlooking a bluff came into view. The car screeched to a halt and the old man opened the door. "I'll only be 10 minutes."

He opened the box and pulled out the treasure nestled inside: a small mahogany urn. On the lid the words **Robert 'Buddy' Malone, April 23, 1921 – July 17, 2009** were printed in dark lettering. The day was cool for August. The sun had been eclipsed by heavy gray clouds. He walked to the edge of the bluff and took a seat on a rock

## Workshop & Class Refund Policy

*Full refund if cancellation is received more than 7 days before class. From one week out to 24 hours before class, participant is entitled to select another class. Inside of 24 hours, participant receives no refund for the class. For multi-session classes, if you miss a class, you receive no refund. We pay our instructors based on how many students enroll, so you are part of that roll count if you don't cancel as detailed above.*

## SouthWest Sage Advertising Rates

### The Sage has Worldwide Internet Circulation

The SWW website receives thousands of page requests every month.

*Business card size: \$20*

*1/4 page, vertical: \$40*

*1/3 page, horizontal: \$50*

*1/2 page horizontal \$75*

*15% discount for 3 mos.      20% discount for 6 mos.*

**Deadline:** 15th of each month for the following month.

Payment due with camera-ready ad copy in .jpg format.

that was perched just above the escarpment.

There were memories waiting for him as he looked down at the beach. Visions of kids building sand castles and standing back as the tide swept in and brushed it all away. Memories of days spent fishing or lying in the sun. Tanned bodies, rushing into the surf and swimming back to shore.

He thought back to that day in April, just before the war; two young men, nervous for the future, sitting on that same bluff. "Jimmy, promise me something," Buddy said, turning towards him. "Promise me that if we ever come back we'll sit right here, and look out at the sea one more time, before life starts gettin' to us."

Jimmy laughed. "Well, I'm not planning on dyin, are you?"

"I dunno," Buddy said, somberly.

"Don't matter, cause I ain't gonna let you. And I promise that one day you and I are gonna sit right here on this bluff again, like we always did."

"Thanks," Buddy said, turning back to the horizon. "Sometimes, I wish I was like the sea: eternal, but quiet. A part of everything, but also set apart. I'd like that, I think."

The old man inhaled and closed his eyes, resurfacing from the memories. He had had good years, so many good years. There was the war ending and the return. There was college, with its haze of parties, and football games. There was marriage and there were children. There was the career that moved him across the country. There were promotions, family, and holidays. There was retirement and aging. But in all of those years he never kept his promise and sat with Buddy on the bluff, and looked out to the sea.

A strong wind picked up after a moment. It blew across the bluff and down to the beach. The old man smiled to himself and twisted off the lid of the urn. His hands trembled as he tipped it and poured the dust out. The wind caught it before it hit the ground and carried it dancing down the escarpment to the beach. It twisted and skipped along the water front, teasing the white foam. Finally, it was pulled out onto the water and subsumed by the waves. The old man watched it for a minute, watched the waves lapping farther and farther out to sea. Then he sighed and brushing a tired hand across his brow, turned around and headed back to the taxi.

The cab was still running when the old man got back to it and opened the door. "Where to?" The

driver asked again.

The old man shrugged. "Airport I guess. . . I'd like to take the scenic route, along the coast, if you don't mind."

"I got nothin' but time," the driver said.

The old man smiled and looked out at the western horizon. "So do I."



**Nathan McKenzie** is a speaker by trade, a reader by chance, and a writer by heart. Born and raised in the warm Albuquerque sun, he has also lived at various times and in various seasons in Texas, California, Washington D.C., The U.K., and East Africa. Rio Rancho is where he now calls home.

## HELP NEEDED

### SWW Office Manager

With Larry's departure we have an opening in the SWW office for someone to assume the role of office manager. This will be handled as an independent contractor position of between 15-20 hours per week.

Candidate must be familiar with all Microsoft Office Suite products, and Quickbooks. For more information about the position send your interest before December 20th to SWW President Elect Rose Marie Kern. [swwsage@swcp.com](mailto:swwsage@swcp.com). Members will receive first consideration.





SWW members enjoy the new meeting hall located at the Albuquerque Center for Spiritual Living on Louisiana 2 blocks north of Menaul. Lots of space and friendly faces!



### SouthWest Writers have a Facebook Page!

Do you Facebook? Most of our members, especially those actively writing and publishing in any genre, use social media as a way of marketing their books or stories. One of the best ways to do that is to post your news and announcements on the **SouthWest Writers Online** facebook page. Because the announcements page on the SWW website does not get very many hits this is a much better venue!





## Are You Taking Full Advantage of your SWW Membership?

SWW sponsors four types of ongoing educational experiences:

1. All meetings feature **SPEAKERS** who offer, free of charge to our members, new insights into the art of writing.
2. **WORKSHOPS** are one-time events which take place after the Saturday meetings. These offer more extensive presentations and/or hands on experiences.
3. **CLASSES** take place at the SWW office and offer in-depth information useful to authors who are serious about getting published.
4. **CONFERENCES** are held twice a year and bring in big name writers, artists, screenwriters, and sometimes publishers or agents.

### SWW Website Notes

Some of the benefits of being an SWW member include the ability to have your own author page on the site incorporating announcements about your awards and achievements, a book cover photo on the front page carousel and a link to your webpage.

Over the next month or so the webmasters will be updating the SouthWest Writers website, we will be removing any information linked to authors who have not renewed their membership. Since we are basing this process on the membership rolls at the office, there is always the possibility of errors occurring.

We will make an attempt to contact those who seem to be out of compliance. If you find that your information has been removed in error please contact Rose at [swwsage@swcp.com](mailto:swwsage@swcp.com)

### 2 HOUR WORKSHOP PRICES:

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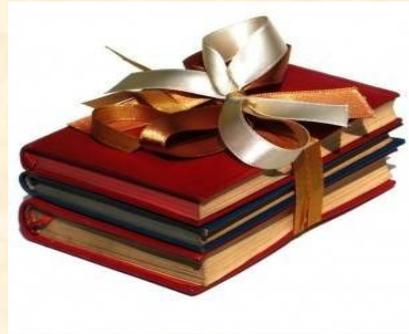
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### New Book Table Policy

At each of our meetings, a table is provided where members may display their books for purchase. Melody Groves and Gayle

Laurandunn have volunteered to sit at the table and accept payment for books sold.

Following the meetings, when authors go to the table to retrieve their unsold books, they will receive cash payments for all of their books that were sold. Cash or check only. No credit cards unless you can take them yourself. If you would like to be a book table volunteer, please talk to Melody Groves.

**Annual Membership in  
SouthWest Writers  
Individual: \$80 as of Jan 1, 2018  
Student: \$25  
Requires proof of student status  
Outside U.S.: \$75  
Lifetime Membership: \$750**



## **SOUTHWEST WRITERS MONTHLY MEETINGS**

are held at  
The Albuquerque Center for Spiritual Living  
2801 Louisiana Blvd NE  
Albuquerque, NM 87110

Member meetings are held on the 1st Saturday of the month from 10am to noon, and on the 3rd Tuesday of the month from 7 to 9pm. There are nearly 350 members, all of whom are encouraged to come together in celebration of the art of writing. At each meeting, many members announce their recent successes and have an opportunity to network with other writers.

Most meetings feature prominent speakers who bring their expertise in the arts of writing, publication, editing, and many other topics of interest to those in the profession.

Frequently after the Saturday meeting, an additional workshop session is held to provide members with training in a variety of areas.

*For more information, call the SWW office at  
505-830-6034.*

*To register for classes and workshops: sign up at  
SWW meetings or register online at  
[www.southwestwriters.com](http://www.southwestwriters.com)*



### **2018 SouthWest Writers Board of Directors**

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Jim Tritten

Joanne Bodin

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Contact board members through the  
SWW Office email at [swwriters@juno.com](mailto:swwriters@juno.com)

#### **SWW Office:**

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**Albuquerque, NM 87110**

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**website: [www.southwestwriters.com](http://www.southwestwriters.com)**

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### **Do You Have a Published Book?**



The SouthWest Writers Website scrolls member book covers across the Homepage. If you'd like us to add yours to the group, feel free to send it to [swwsage@swcp.com](mailto:swwsage@swcp.com). No more than one book cover per author. Can be updated as your next book comes out. Send a small picture file .jpg no more than 140dpi. The book covers will be a bit larger than icon sized. Webmaster reserves the right to edit to fit.