

Julie Maloney

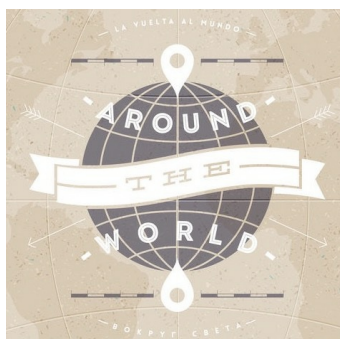
Dear Friends,

Because I love winter, I wasn't sure how I'd manage when I stepped into last spring dragging my feet. Each time I pulled away from one season into the next, I hesitated. Then I slid in. This past summer was a good one. I hope yours was too. With autumn strutting its stuff, I often stop and stare at the golds and reds and greens when I take my daily walks. I love the seasons because they offer me a chance to change with them.

Magic happens when we let go. One season into the next. Take that deep breath and grow yourself. Inch by inch. Bring a friend along with you.

Love,
Julie

Julie Maloney



**CLOSE TO HOME
OR NOT**

What Kind of Times Are These

-- ADRIENNE RICH

There's a place between two stands of trees where the grass grows uphill and the old revolutionary road breaks off into shadows
near a meeting-house abandoned by the persecuted
who disappeared into those shadows.

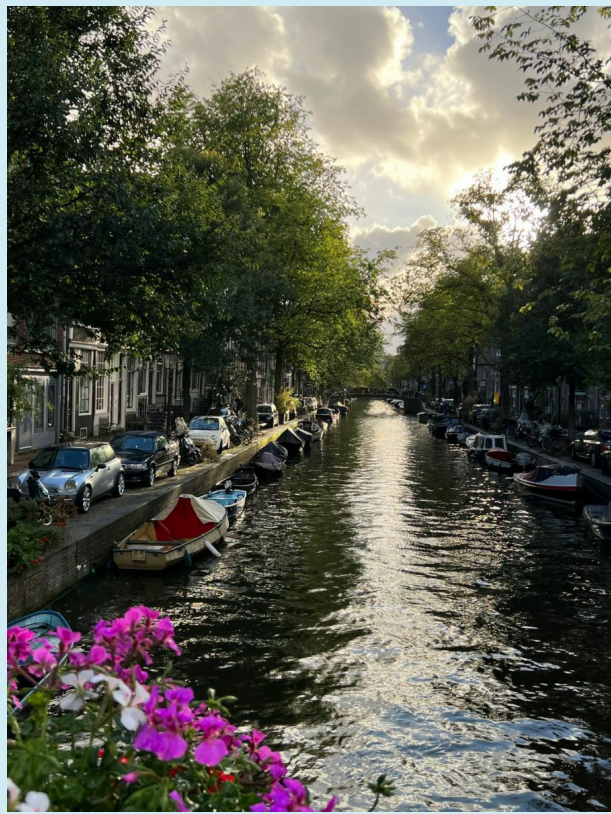
I've walked there picking mushrooms at the edge of dread, but don't be fooled this isn't a Russian poem, this is not somewhere else but here,
our country moving closer to its own truth and dread,
its own ways of making people disappear.

I won't tell you where the place is, the dark mesh of the woods
meeting the unmarked strip of light—
ghost-ridden crossroads, leafmold paradise:
I know already who wants to buy it, sell it, make it disappear.

And I won't tell you where it is, so why do I tell you
anything? Because you still listen, because in times like these
to have you listen at all, it's necessary to talk about trees.

Meet Sisters Number One and Two and Four. I am Sister Number Three. I like hats. We do not live near each other, so getting together at the beach is special. We talk. We walk. We read. We eat. We reminisce. We disagree vehemently and we love big. We talk religion and politics - gently - we talk about our children and our grandchildren. We take walks in the sand. And we laugh uproariously, bending over at the waist.

"One can remain alive . . . if one is



unafraid of change, insatiable in intellectual curiosity and interested in big things and happy in small ways."
--Edith Wharton, Pulitzer Prize winner, "Age of Innocence," 1920

**Find
A Way
To Grow
Yourself**

Visit: www.womenreadingaloud.org

Listen up!

<https://youtu.be/GsTKEQzLkmw>

Thank you, Bruce Springsteen, for this song. Watch "nightshift." Original version by the amazing Commodores. At 73 years-old, he continues to reinvent himself as artist, musician, singer, songwriter. What I love is how he draws on others for inspiration. Growing himself.

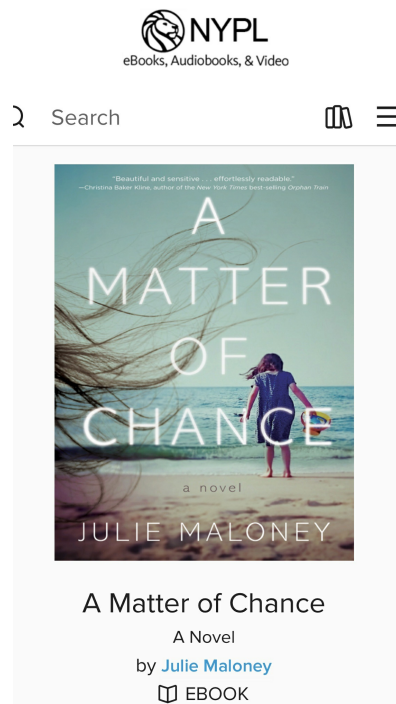
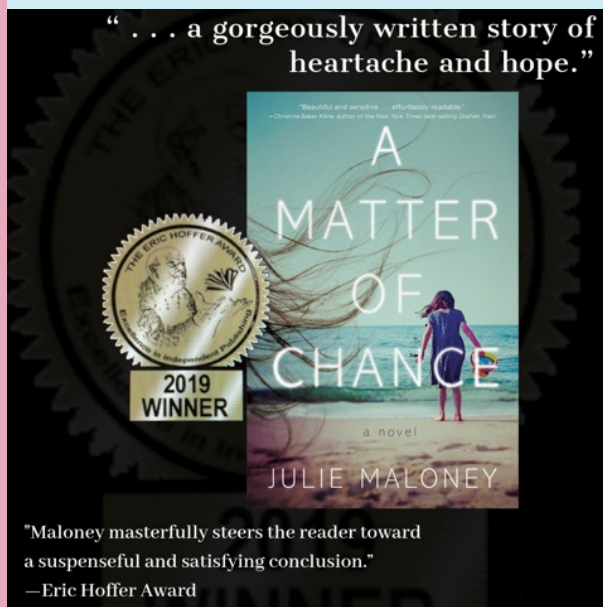
"The best music is basically there to provide you something to face the world with."

-- Bruce Springsteen



AUDIO BOOK

I am thrilled with the narration of my audio book by Amanda Dolan. If you're pressed for time, don't stop reading. Reach for an audio book. If you prefer reading on your tablet, check out the ebook for "A Matter of Chance." Thank you, NYPublic Library.



WHAT MOVES ME

In July, I attended one of the most outstanding theatrical performances ever to grace a New York stage. Ninety-six year-old Elizabeth Parrish and sixty-nine year-old Joanne Edlemann performed *PAT FRISK* and *CANTICLE FOR INNOCENT COMEDIANS* at the **Stella Adler Center for the Arts**. Original works conceived and developed at the Stella Adler Studio by these two talented artists brought decades of craft and experience as artists, performers and teachers to the black-box theatre called "The Betsy." Spellbound, I sat on the edge of my seat in the last row, afraid to miss one flex of the foot or leg extension, one seductive shoulder lift or headroll drop, followed by a burst of stunning badass energy by Joanne Edlemann. Her masterful control over her body was all there for us to see. In the second half of the program, I stayed glued to Elizabeth Parrish's every musical note, each phrase sung just right, timed impeccably and interspersed with quotes by Emily Dickinson, Virginia Wolfe, Oscar Wilde, and more. Parrish volleyed back and forth between humor and sobriety as if, for her, it was as natural as breathing. When she spoke to the audience, I felt as if it were just the two of us. How I loved the intimacy given with such generosity. To

watch and tolisten to these two artists was a master class on the real deal. Art at its best.

[Visit my website.](#)

*Stella Adler Arts Justice Division
presents two original works:*

PAT FRISK



**Canticle for
Innocent Comedians**

*as part of the 'Weaving Community and
Coalition Through Arts Justice' Fall Festival*

Wednesday, September 21

Thursday, September 22

The Betsy

STELLADLER
CENTER • FOR • THE • ARTS



HOPEFULNESS

Over Labor Day weekend, I went with my husband to his colleague's house for a barbecue. I know. What's a barbecue? I haven't been to one in ages. I liked the idea that there would only be six of us. The host couple, another colleague and his wife, and us. I bought a yellow orchid to bring to the hostess. My husband bought "summer in a bottle." A popular wine in a beautiful flower-etched bottle. The house sat on a stunning piece of land with the trunks of old trees the size of mountains. *If these trees could talk*, I thought. What conversations might they have heard?

I like a good conversation. To my delight, we spent almost six hours sitting outside from sunlight, through dusk, and into darkness, talking about books, movies, the Yankees (!), food, healthcare, horses, bears . . . and cancer. One of the guests has gone through a hellish year fighting multiple myeloma. She is a warrior. Her face shows the battle she's been in but her joy for living sprinkled every sentence. I marveled at her sense of honesty. Her cancer, as she tells it, is "incurable." She seemed to relish the company as she has been severely isolated due to the pandemic. Our attention offered something that couldn't come in a bottle. *Like the trees*, I thought, we listened.

That's not all though. When the hosts went inside for a few minutes to tend to

the food, three of us walked to the front of the house to watch the deer. Two babies romped with their white tails flailing as they played in the field. I turned and saw the light as it shone on the front porch, surrounded by two pots of pink flowers on either side of the door. It was perfect. The kind of moment that has to be caught before it disappears. And then there was the silence. Why love silence when you're out with friends? All I know is that as evening saluted silence in the front of the house, I loved being inside the quiet. Even for a moment.

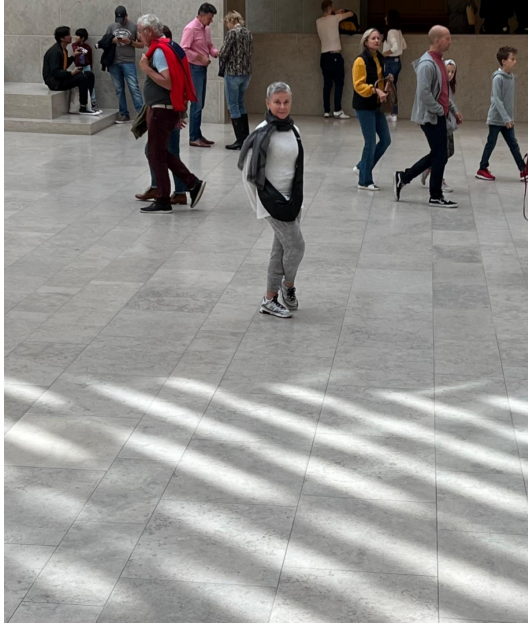
To enjoy an evening with friends filled me up. Riding home on the dark, country roads, I had the feeling of immense hopefulness. Death played a small but elegant role during the dinner, hidden gracefully among the trees. But there was so much life. What an ode to living fully with honesty and grace. To savoring watermelon in a salad with tomatoes and feta cheese, to playing with not one or two, but three Boston terriers, and to holding a dessert plate with huge slices of ice-cream pies and cookies and cupcakes loaded with orange and chocolate icing. All of this, I know, is a privilege. Even down to the earth I walked on in the dark to get to my car and drive home.

One thing I witnessed from this barbecue with friends is that words matter. Connection and conversation are important. They bring us hopefulness. They remind us that we have a responsibility to each other to listen, even if we are unable to do it as well or as long as the trees.

--Julie Maloney



WE'RE WORKING



Clearing out the cobwebs in my mind, I traveled to the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam. I visited the oldest church in the city and studied stained-glass windows as research for my new novel.

I'm working through my *important mess* and I love it. It takes time to tell a story.
--JM



I flew to Paros, Greece, after leading the writer's retreat on the island of Alonnisos. Another beauty. Another world. Another opportunity to grow.

Questions:
julie@juliemaloney.net



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As director of *WOMEN READING ALOUD*, I'm excited to welcome more writers to our in-person and virtual events/workshops. I'll be leading a virtual writing series in January, 2023.

"ART IS ABOUT
PROFUNDITY.
IT'S ABOUT
CONNECTING
TO EVERYTHING
THAT IT MEANS
TO BE ALIVE,
BUT YOU HAVE
TO ACT."

Jeff Koons

WHAT FEEDS ME

Art.
Books.

And MY IMPORTANT MESS

Although I love to travel, I love coming home more. Still, I make plans. I go on trips. I lead international writing retreats. I see plays in NYC and I take day trips to the beach. Home has everything I love. My bed. My desk. My yoga mat. My water pitcher. My stacks and stacks of books. My papers with notes. My new manuscript with edits in red ink and black lines drawn like a map to someplace that sometimes I can't quite figure out how to get to.



I've read so many wonderful books lately. Here are a few: Beautifully written contemporary fiction like *When We Let Go* by Rochelle Weinstein and *All the Children Are Home* tell us about family struggles so real that you feel as if you know these people. Buckle up to read the heartbreaking *The Lost Girls of Willowbrook*. It will stay with you. Then there's *Sparrow Envy* - a book about birds --a slim treasure. Marcy Dermansky's *Hurricane Girl* will knock you out with her biting style. And then there's Alice Elliott Dark's masterful epic novel, *Fellowship Point*, that will flatten you with the complex portrayal of two female protagonists who are both 81 years-old. *Joan* by Katherine J. Chen is one book on my huge TBR list. Another is *The Book Woman's Daughter* by exquisite author Kim Michele Richardson. On my kindle, I've read *Horse*, a stunner by Geraldine Brooks and the beautifully written novel by Lynda Cohen Loigman, *The Matchmaker's Gift*. This novel brought me inside the Jewish history of matchmaking with vivid detail,



moving back and forth in time. Although I thought I might be cutting back on Audible, I still enjoy it. I've listened to the riveting *Carrie Soto is Back* by Taylor Jenkins Reid, *Lessons in Chemistry* by Bonnie Garmus, and *When We Were Bright and Beautiful* by Jillian Medoff. I love all forms of reading: print, ebook, and Audible.

Then there's my *important mess* that keeps me at my desk. I love my mess. When I return to it each day, I feel fully alive. I see how things shift: whole scenes disappear, a character falls off the page, a plot twist confuses everything until it doesn't. I see shape and form--the same way I experienced it when I was a dancer. For now, I am dancing on the page. I am learning how to *grow myself*. Editing each line in a new manuscript excites me because imagining the mess and then writing it point me to where I'm supposed to be. Things are so much clearer now. Still, I have work to do.



Bear with me.
Wait for it.

What is your important mess?

What you see here in these pix is where I've been these past months. Twelve planes later. Last weekend, I led a writer's retreat in Lenox, MA. We stayed at the beautiful Brook Farm Inn. Took over the whole place. Pumpkins on the porch. Rocking Chairs. Ferns hanging. Mums on the steps. Gorgeousness growing everywhere.

14 voices

We were supposed to be 17
But 3 couldn't be there
So we made the circle smaller
Moved our chairs closer
Grew ourselves taller



**"The world will not beg you to make art
but it needs you to make art."**

-- JM



"The transformation of the heart is a wondrous thing, no matter how you land there."

--Patti Smith, singer-songwriter, author

" . . . Your life is continually changing; most of the time you're simply too busy to pay enough attention to it. Poems ask you to pay attention--that's all."

--Chris Abani, poet

How can you grow yourself?

Make a list.

Ten things.



..the universe of which we are a small and fleeting part — drags our bodies across the stage of the cosmic drama toward oblivion. And yet, somehow, in the swirl of it all, we go on living. If we are lucky enough, if we are alive enough, we go on making art, making meaning, making an effort to 'leave something of sweetness and substance in the mouth of the world.' "

--Maria Popova

The Marginalian

WHAT I WANT IS DIFFERENT NOW

mantra, noun - 1. a sacred word or formula repeated as an incantation.

--Random House Webster's Dictionary

So many fantastic books are published every day for children. Here is a treasure published as The Definitive Edition, Edited by Otto H. Frank and Mirjam Dressler.

Read *ANNE FRANK - THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL*. In September, I visited the Anne Frank House and Museum in Amsterdam. There is nothing quite like this emotional experience. I read an earlier version in the sixth grade while sitting in my living room in Newark, NJ. I remember reading the last few pages over and over. I simply could not believe it. It has been a

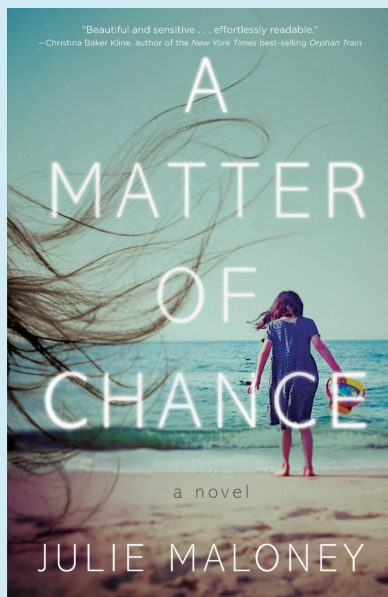
Consider finding a new mantra.

Find a way to inspire yourself.

Mine is "keep growing."

--JM

lifetime wish to go to the house of Anne Frank. You do not have to be a child to read this.



Julie Maloney, Author

Books make perfect gifts any time of year . . .

"Beautifully written and impossible to forget."

--**Caroline Leavitt**, author of the *New York Times* bestselling *Cruel Beautiful World*.

"Julie Maloney's debut novel is a remarkable, riveting journey."

--**Jacqueline Sheehan**, author of the *New York Times* bestselling *Lost and Found*.

ORDER NOW!

To learn more about the Author and the Book, please visit
www.juliemaloney.net



