



WN NEWSLETTER III, VOL I

WINDWARD NEWSLETTER #3 #1

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My new book *The Street Fighter Conspiracy* has received favorable reviews and is now available online.

RECENT MEDIA EVENTS:

Radio Interviews:

- **June 8:** *The Hill and Dale Show*, a weekly internet radio show on LA Talk Radio (Los Angeles)
- **June 9:** Jim Flannery, Senior Writer, Soundings Magazine (Florida)
- **June 10:** Bill Swartz, Sports Anchor, KIRO Radio, Seattle, Washington
- **June 13:** Mike Murray, KMBP, Mountain Public Radio, Dillon, Colorado
- **June 14:** *Claudio's Speakeasy*, WCOM-FM in Carrboro, North Carolina (Durham/Chapel Hill area)
- **June 28:** Jeff Anderson, morning show host, KSDR Talk Radio, Watertown, South Dakota
- **July 21:** Ann Liguori, *Sports interview with Ann Liguori*, WPPB, New York City
- *Inland Port Magazine*, written interview

Magazine Articles:

- *Small Boats go to War* for *Soundings Magazine*, late June to be published in an upcoming issue.
- *When Ordinary People are the Sharp End of the Stick* for *The C4ISR Journal*, late June

- **Guest Commentary for *Homeland Security Today***

Upcoming Interviews:

- **KQED-FM, San Francisco, CA**

Reviews and activities pending:

- *The Los Angeles Times*
- *The Naval War College Review* **(This should prove provocative!)**
- *Columbia County Magazine* (Augusta, GA)
- *Further Soundings Magazine* articles as requested
- **A collection of my short stories**

It's a busy Summer!



The MACC: (Multi-Agency Craft Conference, June 14-16, 2011)
 I attended this event and wrote the following for *Soundings* magazine:

What do you get when you put commercial boat builders, designers and suppliers together with Navy, Coast Guard, and Marine amphibious folks? The answer: Some mighty interesting concepts for building the military small craft of the future. The Multi-Agency Craft Conference (MACC) held annually between June 14 and 16 at the Joint Expeditionary Base Little Creek - Fort Story (Navy Amphibious Base) in Virginia Beach, Virginia is such a fertile event where ideas are born. The MACC's sub-title: "Technical Innovations & Tactical Applications" says a lot for what this gathering is all about. Like an inspirational retreat, this place and this event allow the innovative of two diverse communities to develop the future guardians and combatants of our coastal world. The MACC is complete with vendor exhibits, in-water displays, on-water boat demonstrations and many technical presentations on a variety of topics from port security to boat building. By bringing the boating industry together with the several branches of the military, the conference helps to coordinate, combine and galvanize the efforts of each into a common goal, the protection and defense of our country's waterways and harbors in the 21st-century. Inspiration flows like a river, here.

Bays, sounds and harbors are our watery portals that tie our world together. On our planet, where 70.8% of its surface is water means these portals assume a high degree of communicative importance amongst the peoples and nations of the global village. They tie the nations of the world together and because they are such vital places they are the targets of terrorism, as well. Harbors like San Francisco, New York and Shanghai are bustling communities of cross



commercial and cultural intercourse. In these watery meeting halls come the ships of all nations, hoping and expecting to carry on peacefully, their business with each other. There are already guardians at our watery gates, now, and this was in clear evidence at Little Creek. The Navy and Coast Guard placed patrol boats at the Little Creek harbor entrance to demonstrate their seriousness and intent to protect our shores from terrorist intrusion. For those of us who brought demo boats to the MACC and wished to ride folks on the open waters of the Chesapeake Bay, we had to ask permission by radio from the Navy and Coast Guard every single time we wished to leave the harbor. The same procedure was followed upon gaining re-entry from the bay. Heavily armed boats of both services were posted and idling about at the harbor entrance equipped with loaded 30 caliber machine guns, each weapon manned and at the ready as we slowed down to show our I.D.'s. Serious biz, this port security stuff! They wouldn't dare give us guns of any kind when I was driving boats for the 'Guard' way back in the last Century. They knew all too well we'd have just shot our own feet off! Today, the Coast Guard carefully trains its boat crews on a variety of sophisticated small arms and fixed deck-mounted weaponry.



The Ladies of My Novels: Carol, Kay, and Stella

Carol Whitley: Carol is Trav's lover and constant sailing companion. She is tall, blond, athletic and beautiful. As Trav says she's "The Worlds Greatest Sailor". Carol is a sailmaker at one of the San Francisco Bay Area's premier lofts. When Carol appears in my first novel, the year is 1981 and she is 38 years old. Carol is like a lover I had in high school and girl sailors I've known in my life. She is especially like one lady in particular, a sassy sailor of a Southern Belle I lived with for three years in St. Augustine. Carol does most of the physical activities in my novels, a switch from the male dominated novels of others. Carol is a nautical Wonder Woman.

Kay Blake: Kay is Trav's estranged wife in *The Angel Island Conspiracy* and appears divorced from him in *The Street Fighter Conspiracy*. Tall, lanky and with long black hair, Kay is a sex goddess and the Devil's own temptress. She easily stole me away from all others, including Carol. An obsessive relationship ensued that lasted for several years. As Trav says, "She could start a revolution or become the Pentagon's super weapon, able to stop whole armies. She turns, that short skirt spinning high on her thighs, and does the greatest imitation of what every guy dreams, an exit walk to make your mouth go dry and your brain implode." Kay's younger than Carol by two years. She was a sophomore at Tam High when Carol and I were seniors. When she was 14 she looked like 25. To say Kay was an early bloomer is like calling Babe Ruth 'a baseball player'.

Stella: Stella first appears momentarily in *The Street Fighter Conspiracy* at the end of Chapter Four, "Herb strolls in still looking serious from a day's work but accompanied by the most beautiful Asian girl I've ever seen this side of Nancy Kwan." Stella plays a key role at the end of my third book, *The Lost Coast Conspiracy*. Stella and I first met on a sailboat in St. Augustine. She was a former Delta stewardess and professional model. Stella appeared in two movies: She was Rita Moreno's stand-in in *The four Seasons* and a dancer in the background of



a bar scene in *The Cannonball Run*. She was, indeed, the most beautiful girl of any persuasion, her personality much like Nancy Kwan's character in the movie *The World of Suzie Wong*. We were married in 1990 and honeymooned on a sailboat. What else?



The Lost Coast Conspiracy: (Excerpts from my next book)

***A couple of hours out and I see Highway 1 swerve away to the east, leaving this coastline like a scared dog who has just seen a hobgoblin. With this, I know we have arrived at the southern extents of the Lost Coast. If it were the end of the world, this coast is what it would look like, a mad frothed-up monster sea attacking a defiant mountainous land mass.



***For our diligence, we were rewarded with howling nor'west winds and lumpy seas. *Redoubt* pitched and literally corkscrewed her way along the mountainous shoreline with the propellers occasionally spinning wildly in the air as the stern broke the water, all the time looking for bad-boy Russians.

***I thought I knew Jake Kaufman, a white hat fighting the Evil Empire, but doing so antiseptically in the American way of justice and fair play, I thought. Now, I am shocked that our side is equipped with some very dark folks. Jake is not even the slightest bit unnerved at having just sliced up another human being like a piece of table meat. He seems more annoyed that he is covered with the inconvenient red, sticky stuff of his victim as if he had spilled some fence paint while innocently doing a home improvement chore on a lazy Saturday afternoon in the suburbs.

***“So, now we have Al as well as the KGB to worry about. And which do you think is on that boat dogging us? Jesus, Trav, I hope Jake promised you protection. Maybe that's Jake and Brenda back there, now.”

“I don't think so, Carol. You know how those two like to be invisible until the moment of truth. CIA methodology, you know. Besides, Jake said they'd be there before we arrive. I think they're driving up the coast.”

Carol's pissed off and turns away from me, parking herself down at the mast. I know what she's thinking, “Another fine mess you've gotten us into, Captain Gearloose.”

I crank my head astern and there they are, those running lights. But why show lights at all if those folks back there are either of our nemeses? Well, the cat's out of the bag anyway and neither party much cares whether we know they're there or not and no use running dark and getting mowed down by a containership in the process.



I'm continuing to have a “great notion” or two, as Ken Kesey put it, writing about a place Richard Henry Dana described as “...a magnificent bay, containing several good harbors, great depth of water, and surrounded by a fertile and finely wooded country.” After all, I have inherited the mentality

of the watermen who wandered that rocky, seemingly uninhabitable coast searching for that elusive doorway lying at that magical 38th parallel. And like Hugh Conway in Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, these watermen never gave up until they threaded through that narrow, fog bound portal in their crude little sailing ships. Into that dreamland they came, the one we have all longed for and have assigned many colorful fictitious names to in our frantic search for Utopia, Shangri-La, Brigadoon, The Emerald City.





In the next WN Newsletter (#4), I'll talk about St. Augustine and why it is special place to me and for my characters.



Thank you, my dear readers.

Robert Banks Hull

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