



WRITERSTALK

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Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

JUNE SPEAKER PAT HANSON

Memoir: Fact, Fancy, or Fairytale

by Dave LaRoche

I heard a psychologist say, one night on the Charlie Rose show, that we remember only our last recollection; we don't remember the incident itself. That puts an entirely different slant on the notion that memoir is a reflection of life as it happened. That is, for a truly accurate memoir, one must begin recording shortly after he or she appears on the planet.

Assuming that Charlie brings only the reputable to his table, I'm in a bind. And, I imagine the same for some others. We've reach the age where telling stories brings our primary enjoyment, and the version related today, then, must be a recollection of the version told yesterday, and that from the day before and so on. The killer, regarding memoir, is the teller looks for reaction and that brings burnishing, and likely a bit more with each telling. One might easily ask, therefore, is memoir actually an accurate recollection of life as it happened?

On June 8, we'll be at Harry's, fussing over bylaws while we wait for Pat Hanson to talk about memoir: why to write it, when, and how. She will tell us that memoir is story. That like with all stories, the techniques of craft apply. A memoir is not a chrono-regurgitation of every recollection strung out heel to toe, page by page. Rather it must talk to a theme, present an arc, and be told and shown by principal characters that beg our concern. She will tell us that memoir is so similar to novel that all story creators will enjoy and benefit from her talk.



Dr. Pat Hanson

Dr. Pat Hanson, her PhD from New York University, is a seasoned health and human sexuality educator, public speaker, workshop facilitator and writer; she resides on the Monterey Peninsula. Former co-chair of the Monterey/Santa Cruz chapter of The National Writers Union, she has emceed Open Mics for Writers monthly for 15+ years. She lectures nationally and is a columnist for the magazine, *Crone: Women Coming of Age*.

She will tell us why, with a publisher's offer, she decided to go independent: how she overcame her own and her family's reaction to sharing her story with the world; how she used over 27 ways to get her voice heard while balancing her time between writ-

ing, promoting, and recording her audio book. Dr. Hanson teaches "Aging Positively" and "Putting Your Passion into Print" at California State University at Monterey's Osher Lifelong Learning Institute. She is a feminist and a metaphysical thinker who concerns herself with reaching a full life, empty of stress and filled with love. Writing, she feels, can assist in the journey.

Join Pat Hanson and me on June 8 at Harry's. Come early to avoid the throngs at the door. —WT

RECAP: MAY SPEAKER CORINNE LITCHFIELD

Social Media Blitz

by Marjorie Johnson

How many times have you heard that if you're an author, you must have an online presence? That presence should include a website, a blog, and social media. The biggest name in social media is Facebook.

Wikipedia lists 212 social media sites. If you visited each one for one minute, you would spend 3 hours and 32 minutes, and that's without posting anything. If your granddaughter knows more about Facebook than you do, you are not alone:



Corinne Litchfield

she's a digital native, born to life on the Internet. Many of us are, and will always be, digital immigrants—learning a new language and way of life. So, what's a body to do?

On May 11, Corinne Litchfield, author and social media expert, outlined online strategies to build platform for South Bay Writers. What are the most useful sites? How do they differ? Which ones are best for us?

Instagram and Pinterest are image-centric, while Facebook, Twitter, and Google+ are text-centric. For videos, go to YouTube or Vimeo; multimedia, Tumblr. Be sure to check on niche sites, such as professional, LinkedIn; books, Goodreads; and writing, writerscafé.org. We didn't know there were so many.

"Start with two," Corinne advised us.

Two of the best sites for us are Goodreads (30 million members and growing) and Facebook (1.2 billion). Both sites offer author pages.

Continued on Page 6

President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour
President, South Bay Writers

My writing on a rampage sets a surprisingly good example



One of my potentially worst moments as President of South Bay Writers turned into one of my best a couple of weeks ago.

An SBW member who clearly had not been keeping abreast of the club sent an email addressed not to me personally but simply the president of the club. She was complaining about our dinner meetings move from Sunnyvale to San Jose, about events staged on the opposite side of Santa Clara County from her home, and about the club's failure to find her a critique group.

All in all, she had found the club to be "a closed in-group of old-timers."

I said, "Well, so did I when I joined in 2008, and I've done something about it. My presidency will be remembered more than anything else for changing that stodgy, musty ambience. Where have you been?"

I was really letting her have it. I probably shouldn't have, but as comedian Wanda Sikes titled her HBO special, "I'ma be me."

What really set me off was that she had summed up her complaints by saying she was "disappointed in what the club offers me."

I asked whether she understood that SBW is a cooperative, not a service organization with a paid administration. "What have you been offering the club?" I asked.

Yeah, I said it. Frankly, I risked losing a member right when we're in the midst of a membership campaign.

But she responded positively! The gist: "I'll follow your lead and make the effort to climb aboard," she wrote.

Wow. It worked. I actually brought someone into the fold. It even came off as presidential.

"Thanks for the guilt trip (I needed that)," she added, "and great writing, by the way." Thanks for the compliment. I needed that.

I have to admit I had spent a good 45 minutes on my reply and had taken pains to craft it to my standards. And I have to admit I do that sort of thing quite frequently. I'll respond emotionally and immediately to something I read or something people say and start firing away at the keyboard for more than a few minutes.

Sometimes that may seem foolish, but I like to see if I can really rock and roll as a writer by using anger or other motivations.

I think that's how most letters-to-the-editor get done (and again a shout-out to the several of you whose letters to the *Mercury News* occasionally get published).

Opinion writing has mattered to me all along. I've published quite a few opinion pieces over the years, mostly in a weekly sports-on-TV specialty column in the *Mercury News* in the 1990s. I wrote editorials in college and as part of my job at a Seattle area daily in the early 1980s, by which time it was already clear that all too often I thought words spoke louder than actions.

More often, the adage is correct. Actions speak louder. But sometimes stringing the words together constitutes significant action.

It's gratifying to know that persuasive writing can be so effective.

Heck, it's gratifying to know that any writing at all can be so effective.

It is my religion, after all. It guides my daily existence. — WT

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— o —
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Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. Dual membership: \$25. Contact the Membership Chair, Sally Milnor, or sign up online at southbaywriters.com.



WritersTalk

is the monthly newsletter of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club.

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Submissions

Members of the South Bay Writers Club are encouraged to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. All submissions will be copyedited to uphold our publication standards. The Managing Editor decides which submissions to publish.

Submission deadline is the 15th of the month.

Suggested word limits are not absolute; query the editor. Shorter submissions are given preference. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. Send graphics separately as jpg files.

Anything Goes—Almost (300 words)

News Items (400 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Creative Works

Short Fiction (1500 words)
Memoir (1200 words)
Poetry (300 words)
Essay (900 words)

Member Achievement and News: newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Announcements and Advertisements

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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Words from the Editor

by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



Your editor does ... what?

One project, one editor: that's the norm today with traditional publishers – if they give you that much help. The editor you choose has to wear many hats, and you and your editor have to “click.” The editor and the author must form a partnership.

Before you look for an editor, you need to review what you want your editor to do.

Structural (or Developmental) Editing: Check overall structure and presentation of the manuscript in terms of its intended purpose and readers.

- Are the organization and the presentation appropriate?
- Is the title effective? Do chapter titles or headings operate as a matched set?
- Does the opening grab potential readers' attention and set the scene? Is the ending effective and satisfying?
- Are readers led through the argument or the plot clearly while maintaining their interest? Is there repetition to eliminate or are there gaps to fill?

Stylistic Editing: Check that text is accessible, satisfying, and a pleasure to read while maintaining author's style and voice.

- Does each paragraph or paragraph sequence focus on one topic? Is its length appropriate? Is the vocabulary suited to the intended readers?
- Are sentences structured clearly, using the active voice for the most part? Do they vary in length, type and tone? Are key words placed at the beginning and the end?
- Are there unnecessary words and phrases? Does the text contain repetition, jargon, clichés, offensive phrases, pomposity, or excess verbiage?
- What about clarity of meaning? Is the article understandable?

Copy Editing: Check that the text respects the Three Cs: clear, correct, and consistent. Proofread text to remove “typos.”

- Is the text clear in its syntax and correct in terms of grammar, punctuation, spelling, parallelism, and usage?
- Is the text consistent in terms of capitalization, use of numbers and dates, abbreviations, and compound words? Are notes, bibliography, headings, lists, figures, and captions consistent in style?

You will notice that the question of where to find an editor has not been addressed. Some editors advertise in magazines such as *Writer's Digest*. Some editors are found by word of mouth: ask SBW members, “Who edited your work?” Some editors appear at writers' conferences or workshops, and some editors put out *WritersTalk* as a labor of love – we do copy editing. – WT

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View from the Board

by S. Halloran

Seven board members—President Colin Seymour, Vice President Dave LaRoche, Treasurer Bill Baldwin, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Membership Chair Sally Milnor, Publicity Chair Kim Malanczuk and Secretary Sylvia Halloran—as well as two Apprentice Leaders, Patrick McQueen and Jenni Everidge and guests Carolyn Donnell and Kymberlie Ingalls—met in Santa Clara Wednesday night, May 6, 2015.

- The Board passed housekeeping motions to accept April minutes, officers' reports, and committee reports.
- After years of service as our representative to the Central Board, Dave LaRoche resigned that position. As replacement, Colin Seymour appointed Patrick McQueen, with the board's approval.
- The officer apprentice program is working well. Jenni Everidge attended the most recent Norcal(CWC) meeting. Patrick McQueen and Jenni have agreed to be nominated for candidacy.
- In an attempt to make the newsletter a more viable organ of the club, it has been suggested that advertising prices be reduced. Watch for upcoming actions.
- One of the goals of the club is the promotion of member authors' books. Kim Malanczuk is striving to find an easy-to-maintain way to keep those titles before the public.
- The July general meeting will be replaced, as usual, by a wonderful SBW outdoor party. Watch for announcements about the picnic/barbecue.

It has been a pleasure to serve you and the board as secretary. I will always consider my five-year stint here with SBW in a special way, and I will miss being in on the ground floor of what goes on. I must add, I am a little shocked that I have served as secretary for nearly half of the time I've been a member. Yikes! I guess it's time for a change, for sure! — WT

It's time



Your membership in South Bay Writers expires on June 30, 2015.

To renew for the fiscal year July 1, 2015 through June 30, 2016, please write a check for \$45 to South Bay Writers and bring it to our meeting on June 8. Or pay online on our website southbaywriters.com — WT

Postscripts to SBW Board Report:

The **annual SBW BBQ** will be held in Edie Matthews' park-like backyard on Sunday, July 12.

South Bay Writers **Members Books** are now featured on our SBW GoodReads bookshelf. The Webmaster has replaced the "Members Books" page with a link directing folks to GoodReads. You can click on the cover of a book shown on the right on the SBW home page. Goodreads will better publicize our Club and our published authors.

Advertising in WritersTalk has been put on hold while the Board seeks information on **UBIT**, the onerous IRS's unrelated business income tax. We cannot take advertisements from editors, agents, or publishers because IRS considers soliciting, selling, and publishing commercial advertising to constitute a trade or business that, if not substantially related to the organization's exempt purpose, may produce income subject to UBIT, unrelated business income tax. However, the mission of CWC, as published in the Winter, 2014 *Bulletin of the California Writers Club*, is "Educating writers of all levels of expertise in the craft of writing and in the marketing of their work." **NOTE: If YOU** know how to unsnarl this, please contact Colin Seymour.

As you know, California Writers Club is a 501 (c) 3 nonprofit. *WritersTalk* cannot publish submissions that deal with religion or politics, and we cannot give free advertising to individuals who will earn money from that advertisement. — WT

Member News

WritersTalk Staff

We applaud and celebrate your writing successes. Please send news for this column to newsletter@southbaywriters.com.

Hi-Dong Chai was a winner in the Self-Publishing Review Nonfiction Awards. The reviewer said his *Shattered by the Wars* "should be required reading ... a story of love, faith, suffering, and sacrifice."

Sophia Luo's articles have appeared in *Imagine Magazine*, *EngineerGirl*, and *Cogito*, and are forthcoming in *The Triple Helix*. Sophia is a student at The Harker School in San Jose.

Madeline McEwen-Asker's short story, "An Emblem of Impossible Sophistication," was published in May in *Kings River Life Magazine*.

Brenna Silbory reports that she has launched a new website, flourishingedge.com.

Margie Yee Webb (judge and mentor) will join California Writers Club colleagues on Saturday, June 6, 2015, for Writing Contest Awards Ceremony and Writers Helping Writers Through Mentoring. On Saturday, June 13, 2015, Margie (*Cat Mulan's Mindful Musings*) will join in for Authors Day. These events are part of the Literary Stage, Fine Arts Galleria, at the San Mateo County Fair.

Many South Bay members will receive prizes at the Literary Stage at the San Mateo County Fair on June 6. The following members of SBW are listed as winners and will have work published in the anthology, *Carry the Light, Volume 4*: **Sheena Arora, Bill Baldwin, Carolyn Donnell, Marjorie Johnson, Audry Lynch, Edie Matthews, Jamie Miller, Luanne Oleas, Judith Shernock, and David Strom.** — WT

The Amazing Race Audition

by Edie Matthews

In April my grandson and I auditioned for the *Amazing Race*. My motivation was to get publicity for my novel and, of course, try to win the million dollars. As it turned out, the experience was like being on an episode of the show: we were in a strange city (San Francisco), sleep deprived, hungry, and searching for an illusive parking spot.

When we arrived at 7 a.m., the line was half-way around the block. We learned that the first teams arrived the day before (and it was cold!). Tents, lounge chairs, sleeping bags stretched the length of the sidewalk – one person had a portable heater (smart choice). Some dressed in tutus, beanie hats, and colorful shirts with slogans like “I woke up this way.”

Eventually, we were given number 117. After the first 300 teams, they stopped distributing numbers, and latecomers were welcome to stand in line and hope for a chance.

We had time to get breakfast and stroll around Chinatown, Union Square, and shop at the big sale at Macy’s.

At 11:15 we returned. A three-ring circus ensued – handlers thrust three teams into the same room at the same time. It was noisy and disorganized. We were videotaped, and stood waiting for a question that never came, so we started talking. After a minute, a disinterested woman said, “You have 15 seconds to sell yourself.”

Huh? Why didn’t she say that in the beginning?

Afterwards, I wondered if they were seriously looking for contestants, or if this was a publicity stunt.

To my chagrin, a few weeks later I watched an interview with two of the current contestants. A casting agent scouted them



Edie Matthews with grandson James waiting in San Francisco

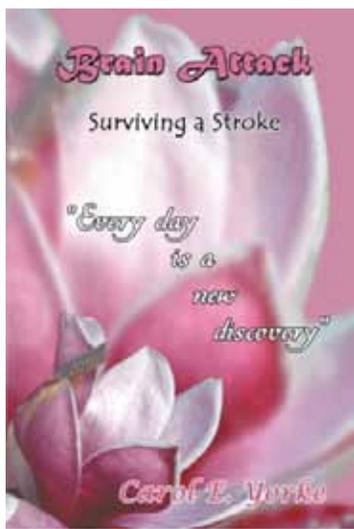
in a Santa Monica bar. (Wonder which one?) You can guess what they looked like – the latest version of Ken and Barbie. Ironically, the female said that she had previously applied to the show via video five times.

My grandson and I had also sent in a video, but we haven’t heard back. I think it’s unlikely we’ll be chosen for the next season, although I’m glad I won’t be racing in Asia during the summer in 110 degrees.

However, we’re thinking we’ll apply once more. The fall would be better weather to compete in. Meanwhile, I’m working on losing ten more pounds, increasing my swim to a mile, and most importantly, putting the finishing touches on my novel, *House of Comedy*. – WT

BOOK ANNOUNCEMENT

Brain Attack: Surviving a Stroke



Carol E. Yorke announces the release of her book, *Brain Attack: Surviving a Stroke*.

Focusing on the positive effects of optimism in her own recovery, Carol shares the valuable techniques she uses to maintain her can-do attitude, so other stroke survivors can use them for their own journey of recovery.

Carol’s book is available from Barnes&Noble.



Caption Contest

Cartoon by Maddie McEwen-Asker

The winner:
“I’ll write it, but I won’t deliver it.”
– Edie Matthews

The winning caption, judged as the funniest, was submitted by Edie Matthews: “I’ll write it, but I won’t deliver it.”

Dave LaRoche’s submission was a close second: “Sure glad this is flash fiction!” Judge’s favorite runners-up included: “Correcting proofreading is HARD,” “Tutankhamun! Let’s just call him Tut,” “Damn, another “-ly” adverb to erase,” and “At a loss for words.” – WT

View SBW Pictures from our May 11 meeting at southbaywriters.com, Events tab, Event Gallery. Or visit southbaywritersgallery.shutterfly.com/

Social Media Blitz

Continued from Page 1

You can get an author's page on Facebook for your writing and keep it separated from your personal page. South Bay Writers now has a presence on Goodreads; our members' books appear there in our South Bay Writers Group. You can get there by clicking the link on our SBW homepage on southbaywriters.com.

When Corinne got as far as YouTube, she said, "That's a lot of time fooling around and not writing."

She navigated through the new language: mobile apps; search engine optimization (SEO); hash-tags; virtual bulletin boards (including "secret boards"); HTML code to customize the template for your website; website plug-ins and browser extensions; and dashboard tools from Buffer, HootSuite, and TweetDeck.

"Don't let yourself become overwhelmed," Corinne said. "Even if you feel like throwing it all out the window and eating chocolate." She answered questions and left a signup sheet for those wishing more help.

Contact Corinne Litchfield at corinnelitchfield.com — WT



Please Like Our Page

by Carolyn Donnell

Did you know South Bay Writers has a Facebook Page?

If you made it to the May meeting, you heard about the importance of the role social media plays in getting the word out about your writing. Facebook (and Goodreads) topped the speaker's list of useful sites for writers. It provides the user with the ability to post everything from text to videos and opportunities to target audiences and find networking connections.

What is a Facebook Page then? Facebook defines a page as "for businesses, brands, and organizations to share their stories and connect with people." Pages are different from personal profiles. People who have personal profiles create and manage pages, but pages offer unique tools for businesses, brands, and organizations. Writers need a Facebook Author Page in addition to their personal page to keep business separate from personal matters.

If you are interested in another writer or organization and want to get updates about their activities, you can "Like" their Page and receive updates in your News Feed. To like a Page, go to the Page (by clicking its name in your News Feed or searching for it) and click on **Like**. Liking a Page will add it to your list of likes on your timeline. A story will be posted on your timeline that you liked the page, and the page administrator(s) will get a notification. When you like a Page, you'll automatically "Follow" it. (Following a Page means you'll see updates from that Page in your News Feed. You can adjust your settings to "Unfollow" it if you don't want all the notifications. To unfollow, go to the Page and hover over **Liked**. Uncheck **Follow** in the dropdown list.)

If you are on Facebook, please "Like" the South Bay Writers Page. Type in California Writers Club – South Bay in the search box or go directly to facebook.com/CaliforniaWritersClub-SouthBay and click **LIKE** on the Page's cover photo.

See you there. — WT



Speaker Corinne Litchfield, May 11, 2015

—Photo by Dick Amyx

Your Website: Your Home on the Internet

by Marjorie Johnson

These days, your online presence must include a website and a blog. Many people have asked variations of how to get a website, where to start? I suggest you look at some authors' websites to help you to make a plan. See which content and design features you like. While you are looking, notice that some authors also do editing, book design, or webpage design. Some of them also have a blog.

This short list of South Bay Writers members' websites will give you some ideas for what to put onto your own web pages.

Nina Amir: ninaamir.com

Meredy Amyx: meredyamyx.com

Martha Engber: marthaengber.com

Valerie Frankel: valeriefrankel.com

Kymerlie Ingalls: KymbelieIngalls.com

Marjorie Johnson: mbicknelljohnson.com

Brenna Silbory: flourishingedge.com

As to blogs, they take a considerable time commitment. You need to post regularly or you lose your followers. Here are two effective blogs: nancycurteman.wordpress.com and big-words101.com/grammardivablog Also, Nina Amir, Meredy Amyx, and Valerie Frankel make regular posts.

Here's a blog on using social media: blog.infinitypublishing.com/13tips-for-authors

Find more information from our own SBW members by visiting the Members Bios on our webpage, southbaywriters.com. To post your bio and webpage link, contact Kim at WebEditor@southbaywriters.com — WT

Why I want to be Vice President

by Jenni Everidge

For years, I thought writing was a solo endeavor. I had friends who enjoyed reading, but none of them ever mentioned writing seriously.

When I first participated in National Novel Writing Month, I discovered the value of writing in community. I enjoyed deep conversations with writers, sharing my ideas, and helping shape their stories so they could write more of them. Further pursuing my passion, I became Municipal Liaison of my home region in Indiana. As an English teacher, I extended my passion for writing in community to my students.

I built relationships with other writers and found myself with friends who motivated me and cultivated my writing process. I have recently submitted my work for publication, and maintain a blog where I publish new content regularly, so I can continue to have discussions with writers across the globe.

As Vice President for South Bay Writers, I want to guide you to the right resources for your writing career and provide insight into new technologies and practices. Whether you prefer to go solo, or, like me, desire to connect with others in order to build your writing footprint on the world, I want to be there to help you along the way. — WT

For Bylaws Changes

by Nader Khaghani

Let us get the verbiage right—we are writers after all. Also, let us look at the substance of the changes as I see it as a Member-at-Large.

One to three vice presidents:

If you ask Dave La Roche, is the VP position in our club pressured and time consuming? Dave would respond affirmatively and he would point out, it actually cuts into his available writing time. As the change of management is about to take place, the Board would like to make the work less time consuming so the new VP can be more effective and not give up under the load. After all, if we don't make life easier for the Board, pretty soon no one will volunteer for an unpaid time consuming job and the Club would cease to exist.

To make the work less stressful, the changes are necessary. Sharing the load, as our current president pointed out, goes a long way to address the problem. For succession, there is an easy answer. The main VP, the one who researches and brings the speaker on board, can be next in succession; the Workshop VP, second and the third is the general VP. Or, any other system similar to this suggestion.

Up to three members at large:

Speaking from my experience, every member-at-large brings a different set of skills and experiences to the table. The more human resources at the disposal of the board, the more effective the choices will be. As to too many voting members, the president can handle it. Let's not minimize that position.

Please vote for the (proposed) changes in the bylaws. — WT

May I Serve You As President?

by Patrick McQueen

My name is Patrick McQueen. I am currently this branch's representative to the Central Board of the California Writers Club (CWC). I am also the Standards chairperson for the CWC. With your vote this June, I look forward to becoming your new President of the South Bay branch.

As a native Californian, born and raised here in the South Bay, I graduated with honors from San Jose State University's School of Business in 2011. I currently work full-time as a manager at a private technology firm in Cupertino. For this firm, I have published multiple technical articles describing product functionality. I have participated in and won National Novel Writing Month for two consecutive years in 2013 and 2014. I have maintained a blog of poetry and have submitted several poems this year for publication. My fiction, poetry and various articles are also regularly featured here in WritersTalk.

I am proud to be a member of this branch, and as President I look forward to helping this club provide greater opportunities for strategic networking with industry experts and provide avenues to facilitate each member's promotion of their unique contributions to the craft we all love. — WT

Against Bylaws Changes

by Meredy Amyx

An all-or-nothing approach to a group of proposed bylaws amendments is the wrong way to go about solving a problem of an officer's workload.

If the duties of club vice president as currently (and unofficially) defined have become too much for one person, we can solve this without any bylaws changes at all. The Board or VP is free to take such actions as appointing a program chair, sharing the task of seeking presenters, designating a speaker liaison, and delegating newsletter write-ups.

Some of the proposed amendments are noncontroversial housekeeping changes that don't require much debate, such as improving unclear language and ensuring that candidates be members of SBW. (However, *any* change to bylaws must be open to group discussion.) Many more such fixes are needed to make our bylaws sound and workable; for instance, the amendment process itself is deeply flawed.

A group's bylaws are a set of rules so important that it's necessary to incorporate them into the group's self-definition and make them hard to change. Lumping routine cleanup together with drastic measures that increase the number of voting officers, prescribe an untried program that may or may not work out, and require a vague sort of special behavior toward outgoing officers is a very bad idea.

Those proposals ought to be considered separately and carefully, revised as necessary, and voted upon on their merits, not as part of a package deal rushed through without adequate opportunity for member response.

If we don't make these changes now, we can make them later. If we do pass them, we're stuck with them. — WT

Breaks, Blocks, and Itty-Bitty Rocks

by Patrick McQueen

Have you ever written the perfect story? The plot was compelling. The action was engaging. The characters were easily relatable. The spelling, grammar and punctuation were flawless. The best editors in the world couldn't find a thing wrong with it, and publishers were knocking down your door for the privilege of putting their name on it.

If your experience is anything like mine, this has only happened to you after you have laid your head on the pillow for the night. Perfection like this is worse than a dream. It is a fantasy. It is an illusion. Perfection cannot be achieved.

But that doesn't stop me from trying to get as close to it as I can. I push each story closer to perfection. I edit until my red pen runs dry. I do everything in my power to get everything just right, and yet perfection remains just ahead like a carrot dangling in front of my face.

Picture me, walking alone on the open road, thumb out in case one of the rare passersby are headed my way. A worn knapsack hangs heavy on my shoulders. In it are all the dreams I have; hoping any one of them might come true. Itty-bitty rocks kicked up from the gravel road bounce their way into my shoes. Wiggling their way down beneath my feet, they stab my soles with every step I take. If I wiggle my feet just right, I get those little needles of stone to move to the sides where they don't hurt so much. Unless I completely stop, take a seat and shake out my shoes, I'll never get them to stop stabbing me.

Off the Shelf — Edie Matthews



The analogy inevitably breaks down. I am not walking a long and tired road in worn-out shoes. I am sitting at my keyboard, watching a cursor beg my worn-out mind for the next creative idea. I give it words, then retract them, trying repeatedly to make the next line better than the last. In this endeavor, I am failing far more often than not.

I have writer's block.

Continued on page 10

My First Job

by Judith Shernock

I was seven in the summer that my brother was born. My mother had no time for me so our Brooklyn NY street with its myriad children became the focus of my activities.

When the icemen came around, we scrambled onto the truck to steal slivers of ice while the men with their giant tongs carried the sweating ice into our apartments and iceboxes. These were the days before the refrigerator appeared in our homes. The freezing ice in our mouths was such a treat that we were willing to take the yells of the two brawny men when they caught us.

The coal truck with its men covered in a fine black dust came once a week. They carried the coal down to the basements in huge rubber buckets. One of them always yelled at us, his wide-eyed observers, "We'll turn ye into lumps of coal if ye get in our way."

Ragman didn't have a truck but a horse that looked as though his next step would be his last. The bearded, skinny owner screamed, "Rags and bottles! Money for your rags and bottles!" Then, in case he had a Yiddish or German audience, "Alta Zachen!" which actually meant "Old Clothes." We never saw anybody sell or buy from him, but he came around like clock-work.

The Italian vegetable cart man had a well-groomed horse with a golden tassel on his mane and tail. The housewives wearing colorful aprons descended on his "cheaper than the store apples, carrots and potatoes" and, in summer, ripe red strawberries and cherries. Sometimes he let us pet his horse or feed him an apple that was turning brown.

One summer day a brightly painted, sleek closed truck drove onto the street and stopped right in front of us as we sat around on the stoop, bored in our summer lethargy. A man in a suit and tie jumped out and with an unctuous smile called out to us.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentleman. My name is Bob. Take a look at these!" Bob held out a book of shiny pictures — bikes, scooters, penknives, dolls, magnifying glasses and books. "You can get any of these if you sell enough *Saturday Evening Posts*."

He pulled out stacks of magazines and white carrying sacks. He showed us how to wear the sack and started filling them with his product.

"Mister, Mister, how much for the bike?" yelled Charlie.

"Just call me Bob. You have to sell 200 magazines for the bike. But you can sell some each month."

"How many for the knife?" asked Eugene. I had whispered to him that I wanted the knife. A penknife let you into the group of kids who played mumblety-peg, a knife-flipping game.

Continued on Page 10

Eternity Bound

by Chess Desalls

Clint transitioned from one phase of eternity to another on his first day of paid vacation. He'd taken three steps across the intersection before a tank truck hit him. The war inside his mind calmed, distracted by the crunch of metal, followed by the shatter of glass and bone. He dropped his phone, abandoning a half-written text message that would never be sent. The phone fell, bouncing twice before landing on the road, next to a pool of blood and Clint's mangled body. By the time the ambulance came, his soul was gone.

He flew upward, sensing the scene below, barely recognizing his own arms and legs, which were bent and twisted at odd angles. But he couldn't doubt his face and eyes, now dulled with lifelessness, as they stared at the sky. The light on his phone lived on, blinking angrily, demanding his reply.

Unable to do anything about it, Clint continued his ascent. Loss of body left him weightless and alert, until he felt the area where his feet had once been land on walkway. He looked down to see shadows of his old feet move forward, unsure whether they did so by spirit-like muscle or force of will. His gaze shifted to a glow which took the form of a gate as he neared. If he had to choose a color, he would have guessed white. Yes, white. Not pearl. The gate was devoid of substance, just like his new form. But it was there. And it was wide open.

Just as he was about to pass through, the figure of a man materialized in front of him and blocked the path. Realizing he'd been holding his breath, Clint breathed in deeply.

"No need to breathe up here," said the man. "You are dead, after all."

"Are you Saint P-Peter? Are these the pearly g-gates?"

The man stroked his chin as one who has a goatee would. "You may call me Pete." He grinned. "And, no, the gate and its surrounding fences are not made of pearls."

Clint reached out to touch the gate with eager spirit-fingers, which Pete swiped aside. "I don't recommend touching that. It's for your protection, you see." He opened his arms wide. "Now, let's enter."

When Clint hesitated, Pete smiled again. "Please, after you." He stepped aside to let Clint through, and then followed close behind. The gate closed and locked behind them.

Together, they walked through a vacant street so silent that Clint wondered whether his senses had been dulled by death. Had he still been on earth, the silence would have been music to his corporal ears; but here it felt lonely.

Pete broke the silence—and Clint's thoughts—by pointing out houses that began to appear along the street. "It seems as if each new house gets larger," he said. "In order to meet our residents' expectations."

Clint nodded, but didn't understand until they stopped in front of a majestic three-story home. His faded spirit-jaw dropped. "Am I getting a new house?"

"Yes. Each of our residents gets a new home." Pete opened the front door. "This one has your name written all over it."

Shelf Life

— Maddie McEwen-Asker



Of course, Clint's name wasn't written anywhere on the exterior of the home, not even the door or mailbox. He looked for his name anyway, all the while admiring the newness of the bleached bricks, the fine wooden trim and six panel front door bedecked with crystals and colored glass.

Clint, followed by Pete, stepped inside. The interior of the home was a blank canvas of walls, floors, vaulted ceilings and windows. Clint's name didn't appear there either. But he no longer cared. The house was nicer than anything he'd ever hoped to own—certainly more preferable than the two bedroom apartment he'd left on Earth. He couldn't wait to see more.

"If you like it, it's yours. Only, it needs a bit of *filling in*. We want to ensure our residents are...comfortable." Pete gestured toward a silver laptop sitting on the floor in the center of the room. "I'll leave it up to you to decorate according to your tastes."

Clint blinked. "Anything I want?"

"Of course, all free of charge. The computer will keep track of your preferences—flooring, bedding, furniture, appliances, linens, toiletry—everything. When you've made your final selections, everything will appear here in your home, all at once."

Clint sat cross-legged on the floor and placed the laptop on his spirit-lap. It was already powered on. He looked up at Pete and grinned. "Thank you."

"Ah, well, I must get back to the gate," said Pete, clasping his hands as he headed for the front door. He looked over his shoulder before exiting. "Choose wisely, Clint. Your final selections are indeed final, and you must live with them. For eternity."

Clint absently nodded, already absorbed in page after page of selections. He wasn't aware of when Pete closed the door, or when he laughed.

Days passed. The selections were endless.

Months passed. Still, Clint had trouble making up his mind.

Years passed. The house had an attached garage with space for three cars. But, which three?

Decades passed.

Continued on page 12

Breaks, Blocks, and Itty-Bitty Rocks

Continued from Page 8

The pain is too great to continue. I stop. I step away from the keys. I actually get out on the road and jog a few miles. After a warm shower, I pour myself another cup of coffee before returning. I hope I've shaken all the little writer's blocks from my mind during the break. There is really only one way to find out.

The ideas flow easier. The new words aren't necessarily better than the words I would have used before the break. They are not improvements upon the content I deleted an hour before. The words themselves weren't the problem. I was.

Though it feels counterintuitive each time, I find I must break from my momentum. I have to listen to the block, letting it stop me. I let it carry me away from the page. Outside, I find peace among imperfection. I smell flowers with inconsistent petals. I lie on lawns marked with patches of weeds. I breathe air tainted by industry and traffic. Out there, I experience new chapters in my life story, and find inspiration for the story I am creating on the page.

When I return to the page, I feel the pull of perfection, dangling ever in front of my face. I know it will remain out of reach, and I am at peace with that. I don't write perfect stories about perfection. I write stories about the road, about the itty-bitty rocks that climb up into my shoes. I write about the painstaking steps, and the breaks where I find reprieve. I write imperfect stories about an imperfect journey. Though I don't love every step, I love the journey, and I wouldn't have it any other way. — WT

WTC MEMOIR

Coping

by Sophia Luo

"Are you crying?" they said, and "What happened?"

The shocked voices of my roommates filled my ears. Hugging my knees to my body, I looked down, ashamed. I desperately tried to muffle the sounds of my uneven breathing and heaving chest.

"During capture the flag, we saw people bullying Harry. Those guys were so mean for — like — absolutely no reason. They were just pretty mean," Sandra explained to the other girls. She patted my head as a round of shuddering and hiccupping shook me.

"Do you always cry this much?" I could feel the stare of another roommate as it rested on me. It was a scornful remark, veiled with mock sympathy. *No, please no. I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. I know I'm really annoying when this happens.* I resolved to control my tear ducts for the rest of the camp.

"Awww, you're crying again?"

"I'm sorry! You guys are just talking about such sad things." I wiped away the delinquent drops of water running down my face and sat up straighter. It was another of those girls' nights. There was the usual gossiping — not so much about boys though — we were proud to be defying the stereotype. Instead, we were talking about something much more dangerous.

Mia wanted to know if she should wear a bikini during the water balloon fight tomorrow. We looked at her questioningly.

Continued on Page 13

My First Job

Continued from Page 8

Bob encouraged us by telling tales of other kids who had gathered every prize in the book within six months. Working for Robert (call me Bob) Corrigan was a great privilege.

Ed, the oldest of our gang at age nine, already had a job delivering newspapers, so he declined. Janie, Eugene's eight-year-old sister, was too shy for sales. She shook her head and turned red.

Charlie, Eugene and I decided we would give it a go. Charlie, at age eight, decided to go door-to-door in the neighborhood. I was seven in pigtails and a cotton plaid dress. Eugene, my enamored suitor, was six in short pants, very worn-out shoes, drooping socks and a stained shirt.

Eugene would be my partner in sales. I had seen a movie where boys sold newspapers on busy street corners. The only busy place we could think of was the subway station at Newkirk Avenue, seven blocks away. The fathers who worked in The City arrived home after five.

Dragging our sacks each filled with 20 copies of *Saturday Evening Post*, we walked slowly towards our goal. We had to cross six-lane Coney Island Avenue. During school days, a cop always directed traffic, but it was summer, and we were on our own.

After the long trudge, we arrived at the main subway station. The big clock on the wall read 4:30 — we were early and would sell all the magazines. We planned our sales pitch based on the movie I had seen. "Get your *Saturday Evening Post* here, hot off the press!" However, when it came time to sell to the hordes passing through the exit we could only shout, "Hey, Mister! Buy a magazine!"

We stayed till the clock hit 6:15. I had sold seven and Eugene four. We wended our way home and arrived back at Seventh Street at dusk. The first evening star was twinkling and gave no hint of what awaited us.

My father was red-faced and angry. So were Eugene's oldest brother and sister. Had we run away or been kidnapped? They were ready to call the police, all yelling at once how worried they were.

I found that curious since I only worried about not selling enough magazines.

Eugene's brother pulled him home by the ear while my father continued his chastisement.

"Well, it was the only place to sell magazines," I wailed, tears running down my cheeks. "We weren't running away, we couldn't sell around here 'cause Charlie was doing that."

My father started to calm down. "O.K. I'll sell your magazines but promise never to go alone to the subway station again!"

In my head I thought, I wasn't alone, Eugene was with me. My mouth said, "O.K."

Whether Dad actually sold the magazines or just gave me the two dollars and fifty cents for the remaining ones I never found out. Neither of the boys completed their quota. Charlie got a bag of marbles for selling twelve. Eugene got a lollipop for his four. I got my penknife, which languished in my drawer. Somehow the desire to play mumblety-peg vanished with the unpleasantness attached to the whole experience.

I had learned to beware of men in shiny cars bearing gifts. — WT

June Terse on Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante
Contributing Editor

June I Purr

Of all the months in all the years
I love the vacation month the best.
Not that I have feelings against the rest
But in June the family was all in the nest.
An idea for travel together appears;
School lets out, I think I hear cheers.
Though I live alone now
Oh hooray how
My best June family memory nears.

— Pat Bustamante

Sometimes I think of my poems and stories as “my pets.” And sometimes I feel like I am “the pet” of some strange spirit of creative writing. For most of my life I’ve been surrounded by animal pets: today I have three cats. I miss having a dog, but these days I doubt I could control my end of a leash.

I have just finished writing a series of poems about my cats. My memory of reading how “the fog creeps in on cat’s feet...” is that “WOW” kind of memory. I’d like to create something so memorable, so unforgettable—for me, that’s worth more than any amount of income my writing could generate. (But I won’t turn down any dollars floating my way.)

Stories about heroic or lovable animals are usually aimed at the very youngest of our population. Still, you could create a heroic animal portrait that becomes a classic to people of all ages. Some of the interactions between humans and pets are worthy of a “WOW”! Consider the tweets and blogs that include portraits of a pet, thereby gone viral. Right now I’m beginning to suspect my recently adopted kitten might be smarter than I am! (For now, that’s a private “wow.”) How about sending *WT* a poem or story about some miracle animal? Be inspired by Pegasus, a winged horse whose image has remained for centuries. Find yours! — *WT*

The romance of it all

There was a time when
glitz, glitter and glamour shone
Women in gowns were adorned
with rings, bracelets and stones
There was dancing and dining
and beautiful faces
And inside beaded evening bags
sparkling cigarette cases



Cigarette cases aren’t seen
much anymore
they’ve been relegated
to a time before

But oh, the memory of that elegance—
the stones and pearls and sparkle
the panache—the almost
theatrical motion when
it was opened with
delicate grace

Today we find cigarette cases
at antique shows and
we’re taken back to
a time
when everything dazzled
and glowed
And there were parties
and soirees
and even shiny, black limos

Oh, the romance of
those times and places!
The dancing, the sounds of laughter ringing
from all those beautiful faces
and...
the memories of those elegant, sparkling
cigarette cases
— Karen Hartley

Father’s Moustache

We’re selling Father’s moustache,
I hope he doesn’t mind.
We’re hoping for a hefty price,
Say, \$13.99

It’s not that we need the money,
Although it couldn’t hurt.
It’s just that he looks so funny,
Like he fell face down in the dirt.

And all our friends are laughing,
They point at him and stare,
And pass us giggling down the street
Like we’re not even there.

So late tonight at midnight,
We’ll have our fondest dream;
My brother with the shaver,
And me with shaving cream.



We’ll put some earmuffs on his head
And cover up his eyes,
We’ll even tie him to the bed,
Oh, won’t he be surprised!

‘Cause he’ll wake up feeling lighter
In the head, but won’t know why.
Yep, we’re selling Father’s moustache,
Do you think he’d like to buy?

— E. Michael Lunsford

Write drunk

Write drunk, edit sober.

— (not) Ernest Hemingway

The statement “Write drunk, edit sober,” sounds good, but the problem is that it’s not by Hemingway. The quote is all over the Internet, but no one ever gives a source in Hemingway’s works or conversations. This is because the quote is almost certainly by the novelist, Peter De Vries. In his 1964 novel *Reuben, Reuben*, the main character says: “Sometimes I write drunk and revise sober, and sometimes I write sober and revise drunk.” — *WT*

Eternity Bound

Continued from Page 9

Clint had the flooring planned for each of the floors in all the rooms, until he changed his mind (again) about whether the walls were to be painted, paneled or papered. What if he were to grow weary of a certain color of paint or paneling? What if, later, the paper began to disintegrate? Pete had said nothing about renovations or repairs. He'd be stuck with peeling wall-paper forever. That, he could not accept.

Clint flexed his hands and cracked his knuckles. He had only one chance — one attempt at eternal happiness.

Centuries passed.

Clint thought he was ready, but couldn't bring himself to press the enter key — the one that would finalize his selections. He reviewed his choices again. Carefully. One at a time. Doorknobs, high-end faucets, state of the art audio and video equipment, house plants, walk-in closet shelving ... The list went on.

Through it all, Clint felt neither hunger, nor thirst. Though he'd been sitting there, cross-legged, in the middle of the bare floor for centuries, he had no need to bathe or rest.

He was dead. But it was as if he'd forgotten.

For centuries, he'd remained alone, searching for happiness on a laptop computer filled with material goods. So absorbed was he in this task that he failed to consider that the most beautiful bed would fail to provide rest, that the finest porcelain tubs would not get him any cleaner than he already was, and that the best refrigerator would house food that would provide no nourishment.

Pete smiled as he walked along the streets, showing another resident to her new home. He repeated his promise of all the glories it may one day contain and that would last for all eternity. When finished, he shut the door behind him and laughed, leaving the resident to her task of searching for her dream possessions.

Then, he rose upward. He stopped once his height provided an aerial view of the entire city, where he could check on its residents. Empty streets lined row after row of houses, all enclosed in a glowing white fence, an illusion that prevented neither entrance nor departure. Pete grinned. "Yet no one will ever know and no one will care to find out."

Each of the houses had an open roof, but none of the residents noticed that either. None of them had thought to look up from their laptops. None could see past the task in front of them, including Clint.

Pete peered into Clint's house and snickered. If Clint's spirit-eyes could tire and redden, they would have. Determined, Clint continued to click through page after page, intent on making the right decisions that would secure his happiness for all eternity.

When Pete grew tired of watching Clint waste away his time, he looked to the left and right — inside the homes of Clint's neighbors, and then his neighbors' neighbors. The walls and floors of all the houses were blank. At the center of each floor sat a single resident, cross-legged, poring over a laptop, searching for happiness. All were separated. Alone, with no one to share the nothing they had, or needed. None had — or would — look up or step outside.

All were unaware that they were bound. For all eternity. — *WT*

The Daisy: An Elegy

There you sit on the windowsill,
the cold glass rubbing against your vase
as you stare through the pane to view
the waning sun.

You recall when the fog could be felt on your petals
the rain kissing your face like dew, the humid air
reaching into you from stem to tip
to soil.

You recall the rush of growing, giving your petals to passersby
blending between the other flowers, bending to kiss the bee
before yawning at the end of day
and sleeping through the darkness sea.

You were plucked late enough in life
losing the length of roots outside
stuffing into the crannies of this cramped blue vase
and gazing upon the eyes of the one who plucked you.

Here you sit on the windowsill, no longer
sunning, no longer
singing, no longer
swaying in the summer spring.

You want to return to the other flowers
You want to be resown.
Your want to wither, watching them
the flowers you are no longer.

But you have something they don't have
the strength to carry these long memories
the scope to know that strife
is necessary to each pretty white daisy
to survive through all this life.

— *Jenni Everidge*



Ardor is Passion: A Sonnet

Ardor is not used often, an idea is often used
That is one meaning of ardor, not confused
Ardor has much to say about gusto, eagerness
It's to perform or a melodrama of tenderness

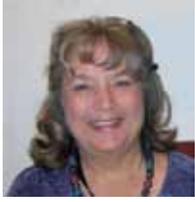
Ardor is something to get done, an emotion
That is the heat and fervor with an obsession
Ardor is with a depth of feeling, an intensity
Ready for kindness and, without animosity

It is histrionics, fervency, of passion shown
See it, that's the passion of love never gone
Ardor does cover mania, fire and enthusiasm
Being far from center of things, is fanaticism
Ardor! Ardor, is the depth of feeling, to belong
Ardor! It is of knowing; this feeling is strong

— *Clarence C. Hammonds*

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell
Contributing Editor

Summer Contests

New contests from *New Millennium*: Deadline June 17. \$4,000 in awards plus publication; \$1,000 each for best poetry, fiction, non-fiction and short-short stories. \$20 per submission. Simultaneous submissions welcome. Previously published material is welcome if online only or had a circulation of under 5,000. See guidelines and submit at newmillenniumwritings.com/awards.php

The annual Autumn House Press contests award publication of full-length manuscripts in poetry, fiction and nonfiction. Each winner also receives \$2,500. The postmark deadline for entries is June 30. To submit online visit autumnhouse.org/contest-submissions/

The California State Poetry Society offers monthly and annual poetry contests. Monthly entries must be postmarked by the end of the month and received by the 15th of the following month. For the annual contest, poems must be postmarked from March 1 through June 30. Prizes: \$100, \$50 and \$25. Placing poets are published in the fourth issue of the *California Quarterly* in the contest year. Open to members and non-members. See californiastatepoetrysociety.org/our-contests for more details.

The Colorado Independent Publishers Association. Deadline for its 21st annual CIPA EVVY book competition is now June 15. Entry is open to any independently or self-published print book, e-book or audio book and may be submitted by the author, publisher or credited service provider (illustrator, designer, editor, printer, consultant, etc). CIPA membership is not required. To learn more and to enter, please go to cipactalog.com.

26th Annual Golden Quill Awards Writing Contest. Theme: Transformation. Each entry must depict the theme, interpreted as you like. Short fiction and poetry prizes range from \$1000 to \$100; flash fiction, \$500 to \$50. Entry fees: Short Fiction and Poetry, \$20; Flash Fiction, \$15. Deadline: July 15. Details at TheGoldenQuillAwards.com – WT

Coping

Continued from Page 10

Why did she need our opinions? In response to our quizzical faces, the ginger lifted up her too-short shorts. "See this? Don't judge me. I did this last weekend." I examined her pale skin, and another wave of salty water threatened to overflow from my bottom eyelids. The still raw, pink lines zigzagged across each other. I imagined the amount of emotional suffering that the ginger poured into those lines when she desperately wanted a distraction, an alternative form of pain—just anything better than what was going on in her head. Rivers ran down my cheeks, and I buried my face in her beautiful ginger hair.

The night went on in this sort of fashion. A girl would share a story. We would all sympathize. My face would crumple and more often than not produce tears. We all comforted each other. Only Sandra remained silent.

"Lights out!"

We groaned, but after one last round of hugging, we shuffled to our respective beds. I sat down next to Sandra on hers. "Why is everything so sad? Why do I cry so much? I feel like I piss everyone off because it's hella annoying."

Unlike mine, her eyes were always dry. She was so strong, so emotionally resilient. I respected her so much. She looked at me, but this time her eyes were moist.

"Sophia, what you're doing is healthy," Sandra said. "What Mia does isn't. It's okay if that's how you cope."

Healthy. So I'm doing something right for once! "How do you cope?"

"I like to be alone."

"You don't cry?"

"Definitely not as much as you do." We both laughed.

"So...it's not annoying? When I cry?"

"Nope," Sandra said. "But you should save up on that water. I mean, there's a drought in California." – WT

WRITERSTALK Challenge

What is it?

Twice a year, in February and August, awards are given to contributors to *WritersTalk*. You need take no special steps to enter this competition; if your piece in one of the designated genres is published in *WritersTalk*, you are a contestant in the Challenge.*

Genres

Fiction, 500 – 1500 words

Memoir, 500 – 1200 words

Essay/Nonfiction, 500 – 1200 words

Poetry/Haiku

Judging Periods

January 16 through July 15

July 16 through January 15

Prizes

One winner will be selected from each of the eligible genres. Each winner will be awarded a cash prize of \$40.

Judging

Judging will be done by *WritersTalk* contributing editors and other Club members whom the contributing editors may ask to assist.

* Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club. – WT

Calling All Memoir Writers!

Pacific Grove's weekly newspaper, *The Cedar Street Times*, is looking for true-life stories, 500-750 words, for the "Keepers of Our Culture" column. Author gets a blurb, including link to website, blog or Amazon sales page. Submit as Word.doc by 15th of each month to pacificgrove-joyce@gmail.com (Editor for Park Place Publications) – WT



Ongoing Contests/Markets

If you missed the list of ongoing contests and markets published here in May, go to southbaywriters.com and select Newsletter/Back issues. You can read May, 2015 *WritersTalk* as a PDF online. – WT

Beta Reader Exchange

You have finished a book or a story. It's had the benefit of critique and careful copy editing. But is it a good read?

Your Beta reader finds story distortion and missing or excessive passages. He looks for that certain appeal that keeps readers turning the pages. The Beta reader's only interest is story.

The Beta Reader Exchange is a place in the newsletter for the names and contact information of those who will read and those who need. To be listed here, send your interest in participation in an email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Reader and author will establish all of the details between themselves. *WritersTalk* and the SBW will provide only the Exchange information. —WT

Beta Readers: Listing

Members needing a reader:

David Strom: Action heros
dave.strom@gmail.com

Dick Yaeger: Historical, YA Fiction
dyaeger@aol.com

Hans Hansen: sci-fi/crime
shamough@yahoo.com

Members willing to read:

David Strom: anything
dave.strom@gmail.com

Dick Yaeger: Fiction, no poetry
dyaeger@aol.com

Jenni Everidge: Fiction
everidge.jenni@gmail.com

Add your name to this list. Send email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

San Mateo Fair — Literary Arts

Go to sanmateocountyfair.com/contests/departments/literary-arts and check out all of the Literary Events we're offering for 2015. We will have many events for writers: workshops, speakers, actors, poetry readings, and an authors' day for writers to sell their books.

Better than a writers' conference! Plan to attend with a friend from SBW.

**This year's San Mateo County Fair dates:
June 6 - 14. —WT**

CWC around the bay

These are published meeting locations and times for other CWC branches in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. If you're thinking about attending one of their meetings, be sure to check the website first for details.

Berkeley: 2:00 third Sundays, Oakland Public Library Main Branch. cwc-berkeley.com

Central Coast: 5:30 third Tuesdays, Point Pinos Grill, 77 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove. centralcoastwriters.org

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University, 6600 Dumbarton Circle, Room 120, Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

Marin: 2:00 fourth Sundays, Book Passage in Corte Madera. cwcmarinwriters.com

Mendocino Coast: 6:00 third Wednesdays, Mendocino Hotel. writersmendocinocoast.org

Mount Diablo: 11:30 second Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. mtdiablowlriters.org

Napa Valley: 6:30 second Wednesdays, Napa River Inn. napavalleywriters.net

Redwood: 2:30 first Sundays, Flamingo Conference Resort & Spa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa. redwoodwriters.org

Sacramento: 11:00 third Saturdays, Cattlemen's Restaurant, 12409 Folsom Blvd., Rancho Cordova. cwcsacramentowriters.org

San Francisco/Peninsula: 10:00 third Saturdays, Belmont Library, 1110 Alameda De Las Pulgas, Belmont. sfpeninsulawriters.com

Tri-Valley: 11:30 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.com

Ongoing critique groups

Our Voices

Meets at Le Boulanger in the Pruneyard in Campbell every other Sunday 10 am. Genres: Fiction, nontechnical nonfiction, memoir. Contact: Dave LaRoche — dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers

Meets at Valley Village Retirement Center, Winchester Blvd. in Santa Clara, Mondays 2:00 to 4:00 pm. Contact: Marjorie Johnson at marjoriej358@comcast.net

Emperor's Mystery Circle

Meets at Emperor Norton's, 7508 Santa Teresa Blvd, San Jose, 1:30 pm., first Mondays. Mystery genre. Contact Pam Oliver-Lyons, polpap@prodigy.net

Riders Do Right

Meets at Vallco Shopping Center, second floor, Food Court near Burger King, Noon, second Thursdays. Any genre. Contact Pat Bustamante, patatat@hotmail.com

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Ongoing open mics

South Bay Writers Open Mic: Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen, first and third Friday evenings. See calendar for schedule. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

Ongoing writers discussion groups

Talkshop: Discuss topics of interest to writers — challenges, problems, and tips. Meets last Tuesdays, 6 - 9 pm. Contact Carole Taub at 777777ps@gmail.com

SBW Underground: Come to exchange ideas on non-mainstream art and writing, past and present. Meets at Coffee Society, Stevens Creek Blvd, across from De Anza, 7:30 pm, third Tuesdays. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

TalkBooks: New SBW discussion group focusing on books written by our SBW members. We will read and discuss books written by SBW members. Meets last Wednesdays, 7:00 p.m. For information, email: newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Check out all these opportunities and others available from CWC and SBW.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	2	3 7:30P SBW Board Meeting	4	5 7:30P Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	6 Opening day: San Mateo County Fair Literary Division
7 10:00A Our Voices	8 2P Valley Writers 6:00P SBW Dinner Harry's Hofbrau	9	10	11 Noon Riders Do Right	12	13
14	15 2P Valley Writers Deadline for WritersTalk	16 7:30 PM SBW UNDERGROUND	17	18	19 7:30P Open mic Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	20
21 10:00A Our Voices	22 2P Valley Writers	23	24 TalkBooks 7 PM	25	26	27
28	29 2P Valley Writers	30 TalkShop 6 - 9 PM	June 2015			
Future Flashes: SBW Board July 8 — Note: Read Page 14 for details related to calendar listings.						

Your ad could go here
\$5 for an ad this big for SBW members, \$10 for nonmembers



Send WT your ad for something of interest to writers – but not something that earns money for an individual

CWC bags: Sale Price \$5



Offered during our monthly meetings. Collect yours before supplies run out!

6th Annual California Writers Club Picnic

Saturday, July 25, 1 - 4 p.m., Joaquin Miller Park, Oakland. The sixth annual CWC picnic will include readings, networking, and a "Lit Cake" competition. More details will be announced and posted at CalWriters.org

Note: CWC is statewide; SBW is the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club.

Poetry readings

Poets@Play: Meets at Markham House History Park, 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose, Second Sundays, 1 - 4 pm

Poetry Center San Jose: Meets at Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, Third Thursdays, 7 pm. poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar

Words Drawing Music: Ongoing open mic opportunity at Works San Jose, 365 South Market Street, on second Thursdays, 7 to 9 p.m.

Ongoing write-ins from NaNoWriMo

Two ongoing write-ins (For Nanos and non-Nanos):

Tuesday Mornings at Barnes & Noble (near 85 and Almaden), 9am - noon

Thurs. Afternoons, Chromatics Coffee, 5237 Stevens Creek, Santa Clara, 12 - 4pm.

South Bay Writers Anthology



Sale Price: \$5 at meetings

South Bay Writers Coffee Mugs



Sale price: \$5 each



California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
P.O. Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055
www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
June Regular Meeting
6 p.m. Monday, June 8**

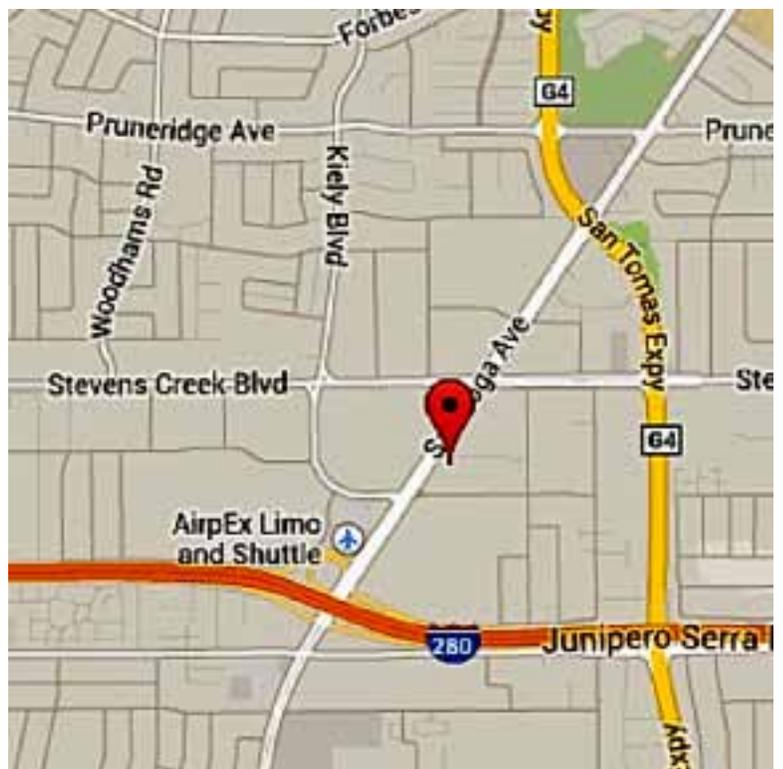
Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

**Got a Memoir?
Tell your story**

**Dr. Pat Hanson
June Speaker**

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are
second Mondays 6 – 9 pm



Harry's Hofbrau

From Highway 280, take Saratoga Avenue North.
Harry's is on your right near Stevens Creek Blvd.