



WRITERSTALK

Volume 22
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January 2014

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

JANUARY SPEAKER

Open Your Mind to Point of View and More with Ransom Stephens

by Dave LaRoche

Who said that? He? Me? You? Was it I, she, or Uncle Mack in past-perfect? And who has those thoughts about Tyrone and why is Tyrone not revealing his own? Whose head are we in, anyway – I'm totally, completely confused. Everyone is talking at once.

Point of View. We talk about it, worry it, take our best shot and hope we get close. Omniscient is easiest they say, but often quite boring. Third person past, first person present – where does second belong or does it? What does close third mean? Omniscient third? And are there more? I'm writing cozies – should I choose the “world view?” Is there a preferred point of view for romance and what about erotica? How often and when can I change?

Point of View is defined in the *Free Dictionary* as “A position from which something is observed or considered ...” but, what is simple to define can be tricky to implement, and depending on what we are trying to convey, one or the other might be or should be the best. What we choose will advance our voice and our story intentions – or sidetrack and park them. It's important to know which is best – how and when to use them.



Ransom Stephens

Our January speaker will address this conundrum in the most fascinating ways. Ransom Stephens knows from whence we should speak – that is, who will hold our fascinating ideas and how best to let them out on the page. Moreover, Stephens provides this information in forms hard to resist. He will take this puzzle of POV on through the story – show how, when correctly used, the right POV will help establish the arc – make it glow in irresistible ways.

Now, should you have already mastered POV, Stephens will also dissect our publishing opportunities – which are available, how much one can spend, and to what purpose any of myriad approaches can be employed. From throwing your story at a Red Room page to seeking a sit-down with Scribner's, there reside many

diverse means of publishing – all involving you, the writer, in an assortment of ways. Guideposts here can be more than “just helpful.” Properly attended, they can avert disappointment, and a studied choice may provide huzzahs of personal and financial gain.

Ransom Stephens holds a PhD from UC Santa Barbara and a BS (cum laude) from UC San Diego, both in the study of Physics. He has participated in research and technical papers dealing with particle physics; written and published two novels,

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Holiday Bash 2013

Dashing through the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh, the GPS knows the way . . .

That's how the night air felt, and even with GPS, we missed three turns in the dark, but the party was worth it, as shown on Page 7.

The South Bay Writers Club gives a heartfelt thanks to Gisela Zebroski for hosting our 2013 Holiday Bash in her lovely home hidden in the dark hills of Los Altos. – WT

WORKSHOP RECAP

Unforgettable Scenes

by Marjorie Johnson

At South Bay Writers' Winter Workshop on December 8, author Jordan Rosenfeld asked us what we write to “get the lay of the land.” She said that the way we write is influenced by trends in publishing and society. For example, TV and movies from only twenty years ago often appear dated.

According to Rosenfeld, scenes are like panels that complete another picture, with core elements of setting, character, point of view, action, conflict, and tension. She discussed advantages and disadvantages of various points of view and likened “deep third person,” or “third person close,” POV to a camera looking out through the character's eyes and a sound track running from inside his head, much like first person.

Every scene needs action, a feeling of time passing; too long spent in internal rumination loses the reader. In comparing conversation to dialogue, Rosenfeld said, “Dialogue is conversation's greatest hits.” However, without sensuous details and hints of setting, a scene made entirely of dialogue becomes lost in a sea of floating heads.

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President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour
President, South Bay Writers



Honey, don't get me rewrite; give me computer support

What are your earliest memories of using a personal computer? I'm guessing a lot of Club members feel they came aboard too late or have been left behind.

I first tried my luck on a CRT, a precursor of today's personal computers, in 1974 as a senior at the University of Missouri School of Journalism. My second encounter didn't occur until three years later, on my first day as the sports department copy editor at the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times* in Texas.

My determination to stay abreast of these new-fangled computers was a major factor in my taking a copy-editing job instead of proceeding as a reporter in 1977. The repercussions of that to my writing aspirations is a whole 'nother column, but I can tell you that my efforts to stay on the cutting edge of computer usage have not been terribly successful despite more-or-less daily successes that may seem impressive from afar.

Quite frankly, I need to hire a hand-holder for a half-day a month or so, and I increasingly believe this hand-holder would be older than I, not some disdainful Millennial.

To that end, I have placed an ad in this issue. (See page 15.)

There are surely many seniors in the Club who are daunted by many of the computer tasks that are crucial to our writing pursuits, and several of us who both need help and also can provide it. I fit both categories.

It took nearly 10 years for my skills to lag to a plateau I haven't quite escaped.

By the time I became Sunday Editor of the *Caller-Times* in 1979, I was way ahead of the curve. All of my editing was performed by computer, and I not only knew the basics but also how to format charts and other statistics much like Microsoft Excel, only more tricky.

But I stopped doing page layout when I turned 30 because I felt it was too divorced from verbal creativity, and layout editors were increasingly segregated from content editors at the larger newspapers to which I graduated. I was quite skilled on the primary newspaper software systems, but when I bought my first home computer in 1986, it was clear how far I'd fallen behind on other applications.

It could be worse. I'm able to post on my Examiner.com boxing blog, with hyperlinks and photo-formatting. I was even able, by keeping it simple, to format my memoir *Stereo Types* for SmashWords publication this past summer. I know how to make type look the way I want, and a night school course in Microsoft Word in 2009 helped a lot.

But building in navigation? Turning my WordPress blog into what it ought to be? Feeling confident the first time I try to tackle something? I'm often crippled and just want to scream "Mommy."

Instead I scream at my wife, who is quite competent and has even worked in tech support. We don't work well together on this front. And my mother? She won't even buy a cell phone. She's proud to be a Luddite.

Whereas, I am ashamed, and I know I need help.

— WT

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We have a membership category that fits you. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. 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 copy edited 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. 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)

Accolades

accolades@southbaywriters.com

Announcements and Advertisements

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



Carry On, Comma

Sometimes I think editing is bad for my health; commas awaken me in the night. I no longer read novels for pleasure; small errors, such as misplaced commas, not to mention dangling participles, leap off the page.

My critique group gets bogged down on commas while missing the big how-is-the-content picture. Unfortunately, grammar rules are not as simple as those of mathematics, where 2 plus 2 always equals 4. Comma usage is a slippery slope, its rules not always clear-cut. Strunk & White's *Elements of Style* has only a few rules for commas but takes up five pages to explain them.

"In a series of three or more terms with a single conjunction, use a comma after each term except the last." Simple enough, but the comma before the conjunction, the serial comma, is optional unless omitting it changes the meaning of the sentence, as in *Top Stories, Sky News*, December 10: World leaders at Mandela tribute, Obama-Castro handshake and same-sex marriage date set ...

"Enclose parenthetical expressions between commas." Write, *My sister, you will be pleased to hear, is now in perfect health*, not *My sister you will be pleased to hear, is now in perfect health*. Write *Eleanor's husband, Colonel Nelson, paid us a visit yesterday*, using a pair of commas.

However, "No comma should separate a noun from a restrictive term of identification." That means to write *Billy the Kid* or *the novelist Stephen King* without commas. I write *My husband Frank came home* without commas because I have one and only one husband, but strict grammarians say I need a pair of commas.

"Place a comma before a conjunction introducing an independent clause." That is, write *Mary brought her frog, and John showed off his monkey*. However, because the independent clauses are short, it is also correct to write *Mary brought her frog and John showed off his monkey*.

"A participial phrase at the beginning of a sentence is followed by a comma and must refer to the grammatical subject." *Dodging the traffic, his cell phone got dropped in the street* is incorrect; the cell phone is not dodging the traffic. Instead, write *Dodging the traffic, he dropped his cell phone in the street*.

That's it. You now know all that I know about commas, except that you must understand the grammatical terms given in the rules and recognize them in use.

Stylistically, some people throw in commas for emphasis or to indicate a pause. I tried that some years ago, but I'm chronically short-winded, unless I'm writing an editorial. One of my manuscripts caused an editor to write, "I have never seen so many commas!"

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View from the Board

by S. Halloran

Nine of us – President Colin Seymour, Vice President Dave LaRoche, Treasurer Bill Baldwin, Secretary Sylvia Halloran, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Members-at-Large Nader Khaghani and Sherrie Johnson, Membership Chair Sally Milnor, and Publicity Chair Kimberly Malanczuk – met in Santa Clara Tuesday night, December 17.

- The workshop 12/ 8 was well received and made money for the club.
- The holiday party 12/11 at Gisela's was cozy and bright. Thanks, Gisela!
- The logistics at Harry's Hofbrau continue to be troublesome, but the low cost of meeting there is appealing.
- The board is seeking members interested in helping with the publicity committee.
- We have gained another four members this month!
- Programs Report: (LaRoche)

Ransom Stephens (POV and Publishing Opportunities) in January will be followed by Arlene Miller (Grammar) in February.

A recent query has been sent to attorney and writer, Dick Acker (contracts and rights) for March; no response as of this report.

When weather invites, a weekend retreat, likely Mount Madonna, seems fitting and random inquiries seem to support. I'm talking ***writing*** retreat with a minimum of distractions – a morning wake-up and get-it-in-gear presentation and an evening wine and guitar, otherwise key clicking or spontaneous networking.

- NorCal Report: (LaRoche) Leadership conference scheduled for May 3
- Central Board Report: (LaRoche) Next meeting: January 26, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., Holiday Inn Express, Oakland International Airport.

Moved: (LaRoche) to accept November minutes. Passed, unanimous.

Moved: (Milnor) to accept December officer reports. Passed, unanimous.

Moved: (LaRoche) to accept December committee reports. Passed, unanimous.

The board meets with new energy these days, thanks to the fresh ideas of our first-year participants. Kim, Sherrie and Nader add excitement and challenge to our planning, and we are all inspired.

It is not too early to think of how to become a leader in the group. A special NorCal Leadership Conference is being planned for late this coming spring, and will offer guidance and encouragement for potential officers.

The New Year promises stimulating change and great opportunities to grow as writers and as a writing club. The Board wishes you great success in 2014, and looks forward to your participation all year in meetings, workshops and parties!

– WT

Carry on, Comma

Continued from Page 3

Now, if you are not comatose, remember that you have to write something before you can edit it. I tried to be clever, using commatose rather than comatose, until I discovered that the word spelled with a double-m means overuse of the comma in a sentence.

I hope that you're starting the New Year with renewed resolve to write something every day. And submit it here, to *WritersTalk* – but not every day! – WT

WritersTalk Challenge:

Twice a year, awards are given to contributors to *WritersTalk*. The judging period for February prizes ends January 15. See rules on page 13. – WT

Internet Resources

by Marjorie Johnson

Member-at-Large Sherrie Johnson plans to bring a mobile bulletin board to our SBW meetings. She follows developments in publishing and news of interest to writers. For example, Book Writer, a group on LinkedIn, had a recent discussion on whether or not to give away e-books for free; and *NBC News Digital* reported a study showing that the majority of young folks still go for paper books.

Amazon, the dominant online bookseller, recently bought Goodreads, on which networks of friends share book reviews, as well as Goodreads' competitors Shelfari and LibraryThing. This is significant news for writers because Internet sites have become critical places for telling readers about books they might be interested in. Amazon's connection to Goodreads will make it easy for authors to self-publish through Kindle and promote their books on Goodreads.

I suggest that you go online and check out Book Writer, Goodreads, Shelfari, and LibraryThing. Find out what they have to offer you.

Also check out other resources for writers, such as Facebook. Did you know there's a South Bay Writers Club Group on Facebook? Join LinkedIn and find other writers or editors; our group is California Writers Club-South Bay Branch. Both LinkedIn and Facebook have discussion groups.

While you are at it, go to southbaywriters.com and see what's available. Post your book in Members Books and your bio and a link to your website in Members Gallery, and add your blog to Members Blogs. To view pictures of SBW Events, double click on Events and wade down on the page to find a link to Event Photo Gallery, or go to <https://southbaywritersgallery.shutterfly.com>.

Take these simple steps to connect with other writers and to advertise your books. Look for the mobile bulletin board at our next meeting and connect with Sherrie Johnson to learn more and to exchange information. – WT

Tell us! Heard about a good resource for writers? Send a note to newsletter@southbaywriters.com .
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Accolades

by Andrea Galvacs



Andrea Galvacs

Audry Lynch is honored to be one of three authors selected for the Annual Authors' Luncheon benefiting the Los Gatos-Saratoga Branch of AAUW.

The luncheon will take place on January 23, 2014, and if you are interested in attending or want more information, call Geri Williams at 408/642-5042.

Tom Mach, a co-founder of the South Bay Branch of CWC, its president in 1988-1989, and winner of the 1991 Jack London Award, was nominated in 2013 for the Pulitzer Prize and his historical novel *Angels at Sunset* was a finalist in the International Book Awards Competition. Currently, he is a book editor for *Kaw Valley Senior Monthly*. You can contact him at tom.mach@yahoo.com. — WT

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every new year find you a better man.

— Benjamin Franklin

The New Year's Resolution

— Maddie McEwen-Asker



Writing 5000 words a day like Stephen King is killing him.

New Members

by Sally A. Milnor



Sally Milnor

To begin this New Year on a very positive note, I am pleased to introduce our four newest members.

Tim Avila is involved in political and community activism. He was an international relations major, and he intends to get a diplomatic job in the Middle East. He is interested in international politics and writes both fiction and nonfiction. Tim's email address is t.avila@earthlink.net.

Jack Knutson served for ten years in the U.S. Merchant Marines and is now a professional electrical engineer. Jack has volunteered for over a decade for Amnesty International, participating in demonstrations for Prisoners of Conscience, like Shi Tao, a Chinese poet languishing in a Chinese prison for writing an email advocating for democracy. Jack writes poetry, fiction and nonfiction. In 1995, he won the *San Jose Mercury News* Silver Pen Award for his story, "What the Sport of Boxing Says about Us". Jack's email address is jackknutson@rocketmail.com.

Frank J. Perez has been teaching for over twenty years. He is a member of the Social Science Department at San Benito High School and currently teaches Chicano History and World History. Frank writes poetry and nonfiction. As a history major, he is drawn to historical works; his goal is to write a book someday, and he is searching for the right topic. On his membership questionnaire, Frank says: "For me, the experience of writing is liberating, cathartic, and fun. Moreover, writing has provided me with my true, inner voice — a voice that I want heard — not for the purpose of drowning out others, but rather one joining a larger conversation that enlightens, provokes, and, at times, challenges the status quo." Frank's letters to the editor have been published in several newspapers, including six in *The New York Times*. Recently, he started a blog "Frankly, It's History," focusing on the history of San Benito County, on the website of his local newspaper, *San Benito Today*. His email address is fperez_3@att.net.

Kate Russell writes both fiction and non-fiction; and, through on-line articles, she shares ideas, information and stories. She enjoys gardening, cooking, and training her dogs. Kate has been a teacher, a goat-cart driver, an elephant washer, a carny, and a small business owner. Kate and her sister wrote and self-published a novel, *Family Letters*, and she is currently working on her second novel. Professionally, she writes web content and informational articles, and, to date, she has published over two thousand articles. Kate's email address is katerussell010@gmail.com.

To our new Members: We wish a warm welcome to each and every one of you, and we hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. **And to All of Our South Bay Writers:** Have a Happy, Productive and Prosperous 2014! — WT



Salmon Swim Upstream. Many salmon hit their heads on rocks and fall back, time after time, and collect bruises like writers collect rejection slips. But the salmon never give up. Is that a lesson for us?

Speaker: Ransom Stephens

Continued from Page 1

The God Patent and *The Sensory Deception*; and has presented at several CWC Branches with subsequent praise.

Come join Ransom and all that he offers at Harry's Hofbrau on January 8—our kickoff for 2014. Bring a receptive mind and leave with more than you came with. —WT

SBW 2013 Holiday Bash



Holiday Bash Hostess Gisela Zebroski and SBW President Colin Seymour

—Photo by Carolyn Donnell



Edie Matthews opens the bubbly

—Photo by Carolyn Donnell



Jordan Rosenfeld Workshop, December 11, 2013

—Photos by Carolyn Donnell

Workshop on Scenes

Continued from Page 1

Characters must act, react, and do things. Leave back-story for later and let readers find out things for themselves from the characters' actions and dialogue. If what's happening is interesting, readers read on.

We then each wrote a scene about the holidays and checked that all core elements had been used. It was time for burnt brownies, surly sales clerks, and Bah, Humbug!

Next, Rosenfeld devoted time to types of scene launch or beginning: *in medias res*; internal rumination; the action launch; the character launch and the setting launch; and gave examples of each. Then she had us launch some scenes of our own. I was amazed by what fine writing arose after only eight minutes.

At the middle of the workshop, we went on to what happens in the middle of a scene, where we must keep the energy high, and what happens in the middle of a story with a well-crafted plot. Rosenfeld told us to end each scene in a tantalizing point; let the reader have a break but make him come back.

The workshop was worth every minute. We all left with essential ideas on strong scene construction: how character, plot, and dramatic tension function within scenes to provide substance and structure to the overall story.

Jordan Rosenfeld is a true professional and met all expectations. Despite performing in a cold and noisy room and being unable to use her slides, she gave us a five-star workshop. She is a writing coach, editor, freelance journalist, and novelist. Her writing book, *Make a Scene: Crafting a Powerful Story One Scene at a Time* (Writer's Digest Books), is a clear, pragmatic approach to writing fiction.

Learn more at jordanrosenfeld.net and jordanrosenfeld.wordpress.com. —WT



Jordan Rosenfeld

—Photo by Carolyn Donnell

South Bay Writers 2013 Holiday Bash

—Photos by Carolyn Donnell



Blue Zen

by Tom Marlow

It hadn't been a good day. Already behind schedule, Adrian found himself alone and becalmed with a fouled propeller. Hundred of miles from nowhere, he was on his own. He didn't know what he had snagged, but a quick glance around assured him that it was not any of his sail control lines. All the running rigging was safely aboard and out of the water. An unseen something, floating low in the water, must have wrapped around the spinning prop. With the transmission now in neutral, Love In Vain and Adrian slowly lost forward motion. The rolling action resulting from the waves acted on the sails, causing them to crack loudly at the extreme end of every roll. But there was an easy fix for that. Jumping into action, Adrian dropped the main and jib sail in short order. Love still rolled crazily, but at least the noise was eliminated.

Crawling back to the cockpit, he realized that he had to go over the side into the brine to determine what had been snared on the propeller. But before that, he was just going to have to wait to let the seas calm down. Tired as he was, he would have taken a nap right there in the cockpit if the rolling motion had permitted. Instead, he found a comfortable corner and locked his legs to hold himself in a stable pose.

Almost comfortable, Adrian leaned back and assessed the situation. The dangers were minimal. He saw nothing on the horizon so the threat of collision with another craft was very remote and he was miles from any reefs. Sitting back and watching, he waited for the heavy seas to abate.

The hours passed while he moved in and out of a dreamy state. He eventually came to the conclusion that the sea was calm enough to permit an exploration of what the propeller had snagged. Yes, it was time to clear the prop and get back underway.

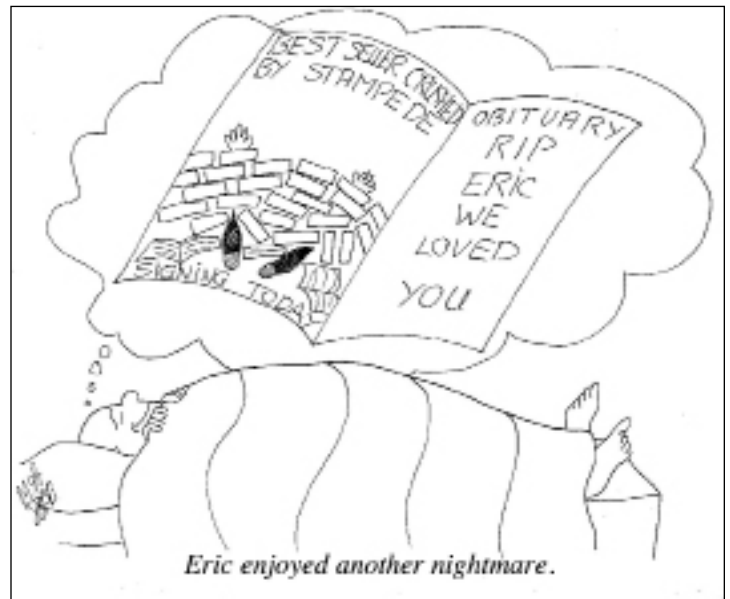
A quick glance around at the horizon assured him nothing much had changed from his previous observations. It was time to get wet. Quickly stripping off his eyeglasses, he grabbed a diving mask, snorkel, and a fishing knife and over the side he went in his birthday suit.

The water was shockingly refreshing on his sun-baked skin. Diving deep, he quickly returned to the surface to get some air. An shiver shook him as he reached the surface and floated just to the stern of Love In Vain. Adrian had read years ago that divers were supposed to spit into a diving mask and rub the saliva all over the inside of the viewing window to prevent fogging. He decided to tempt fate by foregoing the spitting and just performing a quick wash with salt water. His gear in place, he blew the sea water out of the snorkel and swam once around the hull to warm up, casually glancing at the underwater portion of the hull as he went. Ready, he moved into position near the prop and dove deep.

In the eerie silence, Adrian had a small screen view of the underwater world through the mask lens. The water this far out in the Caribbean was crystal clear and he had no trouble seeing into what seemed to be an infinity of clear blue water. The tunnel vision view was restrictive but he quickly got used to it as he found the prop and hung onto the propeller shaft to get a steady view.

Shelf Life

— Maddie McEwen-Asker



As he suspected, the prop and its shaft were badly fouled. A green nylon line, a floating type probably thrown overboard from a commercial fishing boat, was wrapped around the prop too many times to count. The shaft itself was also encircled with the pea green nylon braid. Thinking at first he would try to unwind it, he quickly ran out of air before making much progress. Back at the surface, he knew he had to change strategy.

Descending again, Adrian used the knife to slash through the nylon braid wrapped around the shaft. The razor-sharp fishing knife quickly sliced through the tangled mess, leaving bits and pieces of nylon filament floating around his mask. Before returning to the surface, he also took a few stabs at the Gordian knot on the propeller, inadvertently cutting his left index finger.

Resting briefly on the surface, Adrian grabbed several deep breaths and prepared for another descent. Curling over, he plunged to the underside and dove straight down into the sublime. Reaching the prop, he stopped his descent by grabbing the shaft. Now weightless and nearly motionless, he was struck by the beauty and timeless nature of it all. Shafts of sunlight rippled through the underwater world, keeping time with the regular motion of the surface waves. The water was so deep that the piercing sunlight faded into an overwhelming sense of blue, not the color, but rather the essence of blue. There was no bottom to be seen and as the limits of his vision were reached, the distance seemed to recursively recede into more distance. He sensed that if blue was an object, rather than an attribute, this was what it would look like.

Perhaps peculiarly for the circumstances, Adrian started to draw parallels between the flow of time and the depths of the sea. Looking into the apparent infinity of the blueness was like looking into his own murky future. The farther he looked, the less there was to see. If he could assign

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JACOB'S TREASURE

by Kimberly Malanczuk

With each step, the heavy silver coin hitting Jacob's leg reminded him why he spent more hours at work than he did anywhere else.

He put his hand in his pocket and turned the coin over in his fingers, caressing the image on its face and feeling the weight of it against his palm. A smile crossed his lips. He was one of the most successful businessmen in his city. One day he would be *the* most successful. Jacob's smile faded as a familiar figure approached him on the street. His glance shifted to the man's gold ring with the bulbous, green-blue Eilat Stone visible below an expensive coat cuff. "Jacob!" the man shouted. "How are you, man? How's business?"

"Money is pouring in!" Jacob gesticulated with his hands, hoping Abe didn't know he was stretching the truth.

"Praise Jehovah-Jireh!" Abe said, raising his arms to the heavens. "He's blessed us both. I just completed my third business deal this week with a contact in China. I can't find or create product fast enough. Everyone is looking for treasure—coins, antiques, handmade silk carpets, gems, solid gold bridal jewelry sets. I could really use your management skills. You know, my job offer still stands, Jacob. We could make a killing!"

"I'll kill myself first before I work for you, you pompous jackass, Jacob thought, fighting to control the rage erupting from the center of his chest. "Maybe you're afraid of a little competition, Abe," Jacob said, barking out a laugh.

"I know a relentless businessman when I see one," Abe said, chortling and assessing his competitor. "I would love to talk more, but I want to get home. I just bought the most exquisite jade jewelry from my China contact—he brought it all the way from Khotan. I can't wait to surprise my wife and daughters." Abe lifted the lid of an ornately carved wood box he had been clutching under his arm. Wrapped safely inside silk scarfs lay the loveliest, most delicately carved necklaces, bracelets and rings that Jacob had ever seen—oriental dragons and flowers in the palest green and white

of royal nephrite jade. Abe snapped the box closed and clapped Jacob on his shoulder before sauntering down the street. "It was great seeing you Jacob. Tell Susanna I said hello," he called over his shoulder.

Bile rose in Jacob's throat. "Braggart," he spit out the word under his breath. His eyes narrowed and jaw tightened as he watched Abe walk down the street waving greetings to everyone he met. Pain radiated up Jacob's arm and he released the grip on his silver coin. Weariness descended into his spirit and he longed to be in the peace of his home and his wife's embrace.

Susanna looked out the window, eyes searching. It was past the dinner hour. Working late again, she thought shaking her head in dismay. Jacob's frame appeared through the bushes as he approached the walkway. A bad day at work, she thought, watching her husband trudge up the stairs, head down, shoulders sagging, eyes on the ground. "Hello my handsome husband!" She gripped his collar in her hands and pulled his lips to hers. "What? No smile for your wife?" Susanna said, grinning into his face with an arched brow and eyes twinkling.

"I'm sorry, my lovely. I just saw Abe on

the road—he disclosed his latest business deals," Jacob said, finding comfort as he entered the warm kitchen. The aroma of roasted chicken encircled him.

"You've had enough business for the day. Sit and eat your dinner," she said as he dragged the chair from the kitchen table and sat with a thud. Jacob picked up a small pitcher to perform the ritual washing, pouring water twice over the right hand and then twice over the left hand. When he had dried his hands, Susanna placed plates of chicken, rice, cucumber-tomato salad, and bread before him and then poured a cup of red wine. She watched him tear the tender meat from the leg bones, grease covering his fingers. She handed him a second small towel. As his body relaxed, she decided it was a good time to speak her mind—gently. "Jacob, my love. For a long time I've wanted to speak something that has weighed heavily on my heart. I hope you will listen with an open mind. May I speak?" Jacob stopped mid-bite, concerned by his wife's sudden admission. "Yes, of course. Please," he said with a nod.

"Jacob," she leaned forward, her fingertips touching his forearm, her eyes searching his. "We are so blessed. We

Continued on Page 10

Off the Shelf

Edie Matthews & Marina Menendez-Pidal



Hey! It's time to party!

I can't go. I'm on deadline.

Private Altar

The rack was white
Its wrought iron caught
the late afternoon sunlight
and cast its shadow against the old
Adobe wall
It held an arrangement
for all to see
standing tall and regal
A gold filigree cross
nestled in the center of roses
and white flowers
It must have taken hours
to compose
The Private Altar
He came each day
to do his work
Shining shoes and sharing news
with customers young and old
I watched and waited
a long while to see
if anyone noticed his
Private altar
but me
No one did



They all walked away
in their newly polished shoes
Without even a thought of
inquiring about
his holy Muse
His day done he
packed his caddy
and neatly placed the saddle soap
the shoe horn, cloth, polish
and brush -
Then he set it down
so he could touch
that cross ever so gently

I came back several times
to that place
But never saw the
shoe shine man's face
A few paces away
I could only see him do his work
and hear his pleasant voice
Only watch him quietly
finish his day then stand again
in front of his
Private Altar
and say
what could only be
Thanks

It's rare to see such things
today
And I felt blessed to observe
that display
The next time I went to the
old adobe building
I found they both
had gone
The shoe shine man
and his
Private Altar
had moved on
– Karen Hartley

Jacob's Treasure

Continued from Page 9

want for nothing. But for almost a year now, you have become increasingly obsessed with money and prestige. There have even been occasions when you skipped ninth-hour prayers. This is not you. This is not the man I know." She stopped, searching Jacob's face. He stared at his plate. Anxiety crept over her as she saw his jaw tighten.

He dropped the chicken leg and stood, turning his back on the table and his wife. "Jacob, please don't leave. Please eat your dinner." He disappeared into the bedroom with an abrupt slam of the door. Susanna bit inside her bottom lip, her fingers clenching and unclenching her dishtowel. She looked at her husband's nearly full plate, wishing she had spoken to him after he had eaten.

Anger raged inside Jacob—anger at Abe's wealth and business acumen; anger at his failings as a husband and provider; and anger at his wife's ingratitude for his long hours of frustration and toil. He took off his clothes, throw-

ing them to the floor. A fire of emotion reddened his face and threatened to well up into his eyes. He struggled to catch his breath. With his last bit of energy, he pulled on his pajamas and sank into bed. Jacob fell into a restless sleep, images of jade dragons circling Abe's self-satisfied face, Susanna's eyes worried and pleading, and then, nothing.

Hours later Jacob woke in terror, horrific images fresh in his mind. It was three thirty three in the morning. Silence surrounded him. His pajamas, wet with sweat, clung to his chest and his back. He looked around his room, unable to escape the fear. "It isn't real; it isn't real," he repeated, his palms pressed against his closed eyes. "Adonai! Please, take these horrible images from my mind," he prayed in desperation, reaching for the comfort of his sleeping wife, burying his face in the jasmine scent of her hair.

Late in the morning, he woke to the warm sun shining on his face, the music of his children's laughter in the yard,

and the aroma of baking bread. He slipped into his robe and sought out his wife. "I am sorry," he said wrapping his arms around her waist and nuzzling her neck as she attempted to mash boiled fava beans. "Please forgive me. It made me angry—you showing me the truth about myself. The desire for money has possessed me and I don't want to live in bondage to it. It's not my priority."

Susanna listened, stirring the beans. Smiling, she arched her neck backward and turned to kiss his lips, gently patting his cheek. "You are forgiven, Jacob. Now please sit and eat before you faint from hunger," she said, ushering him to the table with plates of warm flat bread, steaming beans and sliced hardboiled eggs, and fresh mulberries.

Jacob picked up the water pitcher and poured, performing the ritual washing of the hands and offering prayers of praise for his blessed life to Jehovah-Rapha. It had been a long time since his spirit felt so light. He tore a piece of

Continued on Page 12

January Terse on Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante

2014: Jan.-Is-Scary!

Another year, another birthday,
Where oh where is that Fountain of Youth?
Oh well. For sure have been some worse days,
Work sent back, rejections uncouth!
The bright side, glass half full I guess:
Clean slate, better chances--more or less.

— Pat Bustamante

I am in recovery from holiday madness, and things are looking pretty good now. I have to apologize to all my friends that Comet ISON was disappointingly eaten up by our sun. I never even got to see it. There was always the possibility that the green one—this was a novelty color—parading its wares, would be rejected-for-publication by our sun. Isn't an artist's life so often like that?

I strongly urge all my writer friends to go for the different, the uniqueness each of us possesses. Green hair has already been done, but who has seen a green comet? Not anybody I know, before this year. My advice has a bit of a limp to it; I still believe, however, if you are different enough and creative in a new and fascinating way, you will get published. (Or the sun will devour you!)

There is that possibility that if you win fame and fortune you will not be as thrilled as you had imagined that experience should be. You may find the experience of producing a bestseller eats into your privacy, into your important time for new creativity. Bummer! Then there is the experience of having book editors change your priceless words into something you are embarrassed to acknowledge. The big publishers rule, but self-publishing can abolish that irritation. (Unless there are typos you never saw in time, now set in concrete!)

I was so sure this new green comet would be a fascination for us all, night and day! I remain convinced that I can finish, then publish, a novel that possibly reaches the bestseller list for the whole country. Is this the year? And I do not intend to be a comet that blows up so soon after recognition! Goodbye, ISON; you didn't make it to 2014. I did and anybody reading this did, so hope springs anew in January. Good luck, to all of us! — WT

Take a Nap

Kitty Cat
curled up
sleeping
in the sun
in my favorite chair
in a box
anywhere
Her answer to all
life's problems
Take a nap.

— Carolyn Donnell



Cat Napping

— Carolyn Donnell

In or Out

Wherever they are is where they want
to be not.
The opposite of whatever is every cat's
thought.
When they're in, they want out.
When they're out, they want in.
A closed door, to a cat, is a cardinal sin.

— Carolyn Donnell

Blue Zen

Continued from Page 8

a color to time, he would give it the same beautiful shade of azure that was flooding his senses. The unknown future seemed less threatening when associated with such raw beauty. He could only stare as the ocean blue faded into more and more blueness, all the while offering less and less resolution, until there was only blue to be absorbed by his optic nerves.

The analyst in him reasoned there had to be a difference between time and depth, despite their apparent similarities from his current perspective. Depth was a measurable quantity below sea level. Time, on the other hand, was a human construct, measured primarily against human memory. Without

memory, there would be no time, only entropy. Without entropy, there would be only infinity and little reason to measure it. The thought left him temporarily flummoxed but he realized quickly he had no time for that.

Still looking down into the depths, Adrian saw a tiny fish. Without his glasses, he couldn't make out detail. Nonetheless, he knew it was a swimming creature of some sort. With a distinct mental lurch, he realized that it was all about perspective. With his fuzzy vision, he had no way of knowing if it was a small fish up close to his face mask, or a large sea-going predator at a distance. There was no sense of depth perception in the blue essence. It was

a very brief and thoroughly Zen moment before the next mental lurch when he remembered he was still bleeding slightly from the cut on his finger.

Although not a marine biologist, Adrian had once seen in a PBS documentary that sharks could smell even minuscule amounts of blood from miles away. Shaking off his reverie about time and blue, he finished clearing off the prop and surfaced for the last time.

Somewhat wistfully, Adrian then climbed back into Love In Vain, his blue Zen experience over. Pulling off his mask, he couldn't decide if the rumors about spitting into your mask were accurate. Maybe the next dive would be more conclusive. — WT

Jacob's Treasure

Continued from Page 10

bread, using it to scoop up fava beans and eggs. He chuckled as his children scampered into the kitchen, smothering him with hugs and kisses and dropping a bouquet of freshly pulled flowers in Susanna's lap before darting outside again. The floral scent filled the air and he sucked it in through flared nostrils. Gazing through the window to a hill outside the city, his thoughts drifted to his haunting nightmare. Susanna grew concerned as she watched her husband's face contort in fear. "Jacob, what's wrong?" Her words jolted him from the recollection. "Nothing," he said pressing her hand in reassurance. "I was just remembering something — it's nothing. So what is on your schedule for the day?"

"I'm finishing our holiday preparations. Oh, before I forget, two men came by this morning to rent the upper room for a dinner this evening."

"That's wonderful. Did they pay?"

"Yes, they paid our rental fee, as well as for food and wine. They asked us to manage the dinner preparations. The money is on the bench by the door."

Jacob went to the bench where he found a small sack. Opening it, his eyes widened when he saw the silver coins it contained. He picked them up and ran them through his fingers, feeling their cold, solid weight. He looked at Susanna, who eyed him with an arched brow. He laughed. "Not even a tinge of desire. They could be rocks." She smiled in approval.

"Who are the renters?"

"An evangelist and his students. I've listened to him speak. He is fascinating and quite famous. Perhaps you've heard of him? The Rabbi, Yeshua, from Nazareth?"

Jacob froze. "Yes. I know of this man. Susanna, please take the girls and give the room a thorough cleaning. It must be spotless. I will take care of everything else."

"Are you sure? I can shop for the ..."

Jacob held up his hand and stopped her before she could finish. Dressing quickly, Jacob went to the market to shop for the evening meal — the choicest poultry, the freshest vegetables and

fruit, and the finest wine. He searched through the silk shops for the finest pillows, cushions, and carpets. Not a coin was spared. Jacob used every one, even those for the room rental, as well as some from his own purse.

After the day's preparations, Jacob awaited his guests, pacing the floor and looking out the window every few minutes. Susanna had never seen her husband so agitated. "Jacob, you must calm down. The room looks lovely. The food has been thoughtfully prepared. You have missed nothing."

"Susanna, you and the girls will give me the trays, bowls, and pitchers at the stairs. I will serve. Please keep the children quiet. I want it to be a peaceful meal with no distractions."

A knock at the door interrupted Jacob's directions. Jacob cast a stern glance at Susanna and the children as if to say "Behave well!" and opened the door to the entourage. "Shalom! Welcome! Welcome to my home! Please come in and make yourselves comfortable. Please, come in. Come in," he said, waving the thirteen men into the home and toward the stairs to the large upper room. He searched the men's faces anxious for a glimpse of the Rabbi. He felt an arm on his shoulder and looked up into the face of Yeshua himself. Jacob was overwhelmed — he felt dizzy from the aura of spiritual strength emanating from the man.

"Thank you, Jacob, for your gracious hospitality. You have gone through much trouble on our behalf," Yeshua said, smiling and patting Jacob's shoulder with a broad, strong hand as if comforting a younger brother.

"Shalom, Rabbi. You are most welcome. It was my greatest pleasure," Jacob said, blushing like an eager schoolboy trying to impress his teacher.

Dinner passed quickly with Jacob quietly and reverently filling dishes, bowls, and cups. He sat hidden at the top of the steps awaiting their needs and listening to the conversation between the Rabbi and his followers. Curious, Jacob peered through the railing. Candlelight flickered soft highlights onto the Rabbi's thick brown hair and face, softening the worry lines around his eyes and across his forehead. Yeshua tore Susanna's homemade bread in

pieces, and with prayers of praise and thanksgiving to Adonai, shared it with the other men at the table. He repeated the sequence with the expensive red wine — offering prayers of praise and thanksgiving, drinking from the cup, and then passing it to each man. Later the Rabbi took off his gown and wrapped himself in a towel. Kneeling on the floor, the Rabbi poured water in a basin and gently picked up the feet of each follower, ritually washing one at a time — an act typically relegated to the lowliest of servants — Jacob was astonished, his eyes wide and mouth agape.

The quiet hum of conversation finally lulled Jacob to sleep in the shadowed staircase. A scuffling noise startled him awake. One of the followers, the man named Yehuda Scariota, slipped by him, his clothes smelling of incense and saffron, thirty pieces of silver softly jingling in his pocket with each step. Jacob watched the man descend the staircase and depart into the darkness.

In the early morning hours, as the group quietly filed out the front door, departing for the Garden Gethsemane, Jacob bowed to them, grateful for the opportunity to serve. He stood at the doorway, watching Yeshua walk down the silent street — an apparition in the moonlight — and disappear into the night. Jacob closed the door and climbed the stairs to the upper room. He knelt beside the cushion where Yeshua had sat and held the Rabbi's cup, slowly turning it in his hand, a last drop of wine swirling inside like blood spilt by a sword. His face ashen, Jacob recalled his nightmare from the night before. "Soon it begins." — WT

Sand Hill Review 2014

According to their website, Sand Hill Review is still taking short fiction submissions (electronic only) until May 2014. Submit to Editor Wendy Walter or Fiction Editor James Hanna at sandhill-review.org.

They prefer literary, slightly edgy stories under 5000 words in a double-spaced 12pt Word document. Include your full name and email address in the top left-hand corner of the first page and tell where you are from — they like to support local authors! — WT

Contests and Markets

More Writing Contests

Poets & Writers lists more writing contests than any other source, and all of the contests listed in their database at pw.org/grants have been carefully reviewed and benefit writers.

While you're perusing the listings, please take a look at the entry for *Tusculum Review's* annual literary prizes, which offer \$1,000 and publication to winners in poetry and fiction.

An extensive list of contests appears on preditorsandeditors.com and on writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions. —WT

San Francisco Writers Conference

Website: <http://www.sfwriters.org>
Dates: Feb. 13-16, 2014

Fee: \$650 until January 1. Prices rise afterwards, until \$795 at the door.

Participants have access to more than fifty "how to" sessions, panels, and workshops. An *Independent Editor consultation* and *Ask a Pro* are included in the registration fee; *Speed Dating for Agents* is \$50. The conference features traditional publishing houses as well as the latest e-publishing, social media, and self-publishing information.

Don't miss it. —WT

How To Write Your Novel In Two Weeks!

A workshop presented by Victoria M. Johnson

Discover techniques to write fast and get your first draft written in two weeks. Learn how to prepare for the two-week event, how to execute during the two weeks, and how to fine-tune your masterpiece. For beginners or pros, this is an exciting and motivating workshop that will help you improve your storytelling skills. Don't waste years trying to get your novel written. Learn secrets to avoiding writer's block and write your novel once and for all! January 25, 2014, 9:00 AM to 2:00 PM Los Gatos Adult Recreation Center, <http://register.asapconnected.com/EventDetail.aspx?pk=250339>. See ad on Page 15. —WT

The Dream Quest One Poetry & Writing Contest is open to everyone. Write a poem or short story for a chance to win up to \$500 in cash prizes. All works must be original. Visit www.dreamquestone.com. Postmark deadline: January 16, 2014. —WT

Writers Tribe Review

Call for submissions. Theme: Alienation. This feeling of emotional estrangement is something all of us can relate to in one way or another. Submit your fiction, creative nonfiction, poems, dramas, essays on our *Writers Tribe Review* - Submissions Page for a chance to get your work published. (No submission costs.) Deadline: March 15. Contact us at info@lawriterslab.com. —WT

2014 Senior Poet Laureate

A literary contest open to all American poets age 50 and older who are U.S. citizens. Deadline June 30. Rules at www.amykitchenerfdn.org. Read their newsletter carefully. Published and unpublished poems OK. Entry fee: \$5 for first poem; \$3 each additional poem. 40 lines maximum per poem. Submit all entries electronically. —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

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

Off the Shelf

Eddie Matthews & Marina Menendez-Pidal



Mayan: "This story's hilarious!"

Man: "I don't get it."

Directory of experts

Do you have specialized knowledge that might help a writer bring authentic detail to a scene? Send a message to newsletter@southbaywriters.com and we will add your listing to our directory of experts.

Astronomy, History of Astronomy

Bob Garfinkle ragarf@earthlink.net

Banking

Pam Oliver-Lyons polpap@prodigy.net

Counseling/John Steinbeck

Dr. Audry L. Lynch
glynch0001@comcast.net

Engineering: Mechanical, Aerospace

Jerry Mulenburg
geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net

Growing Great Characters from the Ground Up

Martha Engber martha@engber.com

Internal Medicine/Addiction

Disorder/Psychology
Dave Breithaupt dlbmlb@comcast.net

Marketing and Management

Suzy Paluzzi, MBA jomarch06@yahoo.com

Mathematics/Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson marjohnson@mac.com

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard Btauchard@aol.com

Telecommunications Technology

Allan Cobb allancobb@computer.org

Television Production

Woody Horn 408-266-7040



Poetry readings

Poets@Play

Second Sundays: Check for times
Markham House History Park
1650 Senter Rd., San Jose

Poetry Center San Jose

Willow Glen Library
3rd Thursdays, 7:00 p.m.
1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose

Free and open to the public. For more information, contact Dennis Noren at norcamp@sbcglobal.net or go to poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar

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 204, 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 11 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

Karen's Critique Group

Meets at The Hick'ry Pit, Campbell, 10 am to Noon, second and fourth Tuesdays. Fiction, non-fiction or memoir only. Three openings. Contact Karen, Sew1Machin@aol.com

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Ongoing writing groups; Open Mic

Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time

Mondays, 9 a.m. to noon, Barnes&Noble Almaden. Contact Nader Khaghani, workshops@southbaywriters.com

Open Position: Networking Chair, committee members. Contact SBW President.

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



Want more?

Listings for contests, conferences and workshops commonly appear in *Writers Digest* and *The Writer*. Check their websites and also the websites of other CWC Branches listed above. Please send contest/conference/workshop information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January 2014			1	2	3 7:30P Open mic B&N Almaden, San Jose	4
5 11A Our Voices	6 9A Chap at a Time 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	7	8 6:00p Dinner Meeting Harry's Hofbrau	9	10	11 10:30A <i>WT</i> Editors' Powwow
12	13 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	14 10A Karen's Critique	15 Deadline <i>WritersTalk</i>	16	17 7:30P Open mic Wil- low Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	18
19 11A Our Voices	20 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	21	22	23	24	25 9A Novel workshop. See info in ad below.
26	27 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	28 10A Karen's Critique	29	30	31	
Future Flashes						
February 12 Reg. Dinner Meeting Challenge winners	February 4 SBW Board Meeting					

HAND-HOLDER WANTED
Computer tutor to fill gaps in my software knowledge in 2-hour sessions at my home. Facility with smart phone, music, and/or WordPress blog a plus. Pay negotiable. 408-578-1539

Free Review of Your Book
For a free review of your book, contact Tom Mach at tom.mach@yahoo.com for details. Tom Mach is a book editor for *Kaw Valley Senior Monthly*, Kaw Valley, Kansas.

CWC bags: Only \$10 each




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

South Bay Writers Coffee Mugs
Available at Meetings



\$10 each or three for \$20

South Bay Writers Anthology



\$10
At the meeting or on amazon.com

Write Your Novel in Two Weeks
January 25, 9 a.m. to 2 p.m., Los Gatos Adult Recreation. \$64 plus \$8 fee for materials. Register at <http://register.asapconnected.com/EventDetail.aspx?pk=250339>

Where is it? For locations of critique and writing groups, poetry readings, and meetings of other California Writers Club branches, see Page 14.

Your ad could go here
\$7 per column inch for SBW members
\$10 per inch for nonmembers

Stay informed
Read Constant Contact notices in your email for meeting and event announcements. SBW members are listed automatically; nonmembers who wish to be listed go to <http://southbaywriters.com/wordpress/mailling-list/>



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
January Regular Membership Meeting
6 p.m. Wednesday, January 8

Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

Ransom Stephens
Point of View Leads to
Publishing Opportunities

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are
second Wednesdays 6 – 9 pm



Harry's Hofbrau

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