



WRITERSTALK

Volume 26
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October 2018

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

OCTOBER SPEAKER: KIM HERMANSON

The Power of Metaphor by Jamal Khan

In grade school, we learned that metaphor was a useful building block in poetry. Shakespeare wielded it to great effect. Indeed, research has noted that inspiring public speakers make abundant use of metaphorical language in their oratory. However, most of us only scratch the surface of what metaphor can do. Plato's "Allegory of the Cave" remains a compelling reminder that a metaphor can not only entertain or persuade, but can also transform our consciousness and our understanding of reality. Metaphor short-circuits our linear mental constraints and taps into the part of our mind that fuels imagination and creativity. During our November 12 dinner meeting, Kim Hermanson will delve deeply into metaphor and its powerful effect on our mental architecture.

Kim Hermanson, PhD is an author, coach, and educator who currently serves as adjunct faculty at Pacifica Graduate Institute and Meridian University. Her books include *Getting Messy: A Guide to Taking Risks and Opening the Imagination* and *Sky's the Limit: The Art of Nancy Dunlop Cawdrey*, which received an Independent Publisher Book Award.



She has also co-authored book chapters and articles with Anthony S. Bryk, president of the Carnegie Foundation, as well as Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, author of The New York Times bestseller, *Flow: The Psychology of Optimal Experience*, who said of Kim's current work, "Not since Carlos Castenada's books 40 years ago have I had such a strong reaction to anything written. This is very powerful stuff."

Kim has previously taught at Sophia Center at Holy Names University, University of California Berkeley Extension, the Institute of Transpersonal Psychology, and the Esalen Institute. Her PhD is from the University of Chicago, where her doctoral research earned her an Outstanding Research Award from the American Educational Research Association.

Where: Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Ave,
San Jose, CA 95132

When: October 8th at 6pm; talk begins at 7:30pm

Admission: \$15 for members, \$20 for nonmembers. Includes \$10 credit for dinner.

SEPTEMBER RECAP: ALBERT FLYNN DESILVER

Speaker Summary by Mark Vogel and Kymberlie Ingalls

How many of us struggle with time to write? Raise your hands high! You are not alone.

Albert Flynn DeSilver addressed this ancient struggle in his talk, *Writing As a Path to Awakening*. "What is time, what is fear, what is procrastination, and what is doubt? I looked at these things more deeply and realized it wasn't so much the external world that was imposing itself against me. I don't think you can be a human being without being creative. Our nature is creativity."

DeSilver began his creative life in college as a photographer. He enrolled in art school but found himself to be an epic failure and quite discouraged. At the release of the *Norton Anthology of Post Modern American Poetry*, Albert was inspired by a line from Jack Spicer's "Imaginary Elegies." "The poet builds a castle on the moon made of dead skin and glass." He didn't know what that meant, but he thought it was the most beautifully strange thing he had ever heard and knew that night what he wanted his life's path to be. He wanted to build his own castle on the moon.

He saw the power of language; to create an image in the listener's mind and to translate that emotional experience in a way that his photography wasn't doing for him at the time. That evening was the moment he became a writer.

Further discussion included the idea that the heart and mind are not separate, but are one energy. When Albert wrote his memoir *Beamish Boy* years later after studying mindfulness and

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Between the Lines

Edie Matthews
President, South Bay Writers



Red Plaid Wallpaper

My mother loved bagpipes, the Queen, and a cup of tea. Throughout my childhood, she's pined for Scotland and England where she'd lived as a child. One year, she wallpapered our kitchen in red plaid, Royal Stewart tartan to be precise. She spoke of moving us four kids out of Los Angeles: "A terrible place to raise children." Since she couldn't take us to Britain, Canada was the next best place. She wrote to the Chamber of Commerce of Prince Edward Island, and they sent her a packet of information. After posting the map of the island behind the stove, she asked us, "How would you like to live on Prince Edward Island?" I knew the idea came from *Anne of Green Gables*, a book she raved about set in the picturesque countryside of PEI.

Published in 1907, *Anne of Green Gables* has sold over 50 million copies and been translated into 36 languages. The delightful story is about a chatty, red-haired, orphan girl sent to live on a farm with an elderly brother and sister. The scenic island—ocean coves, lighthouses, rolling green hills, white cherry trees, slender birches, brooks, and streams—play a prominent role in the story. However, this fabulously successful book was rejected by numerous publishers.

The author, Lucy Maud Montgomery, had an upside-down approach of querying publishers. She started at the bottom with the smallest company. After each rejection, she moved up the list. Eventually, the manuscript was accepted by a top American publisher in Massachusetts. Montgomery wrote 23 more books, many of them sequels to *Green Gables*. Since 1919, the story has been filmed over a dozen times, including an animated version. I've seen three adaptations, including a series on PBS.

The inspiration for the book was an incident that Montgomery heard about—a couple wanted to adopt an 11-year-old boy, but were sent a girl. The author blended in memories of her own lonely childhood. Her mother died before she was two, and her maternal grandparents raised her on an isolated farm in PEI.

Throughout her life, Montgomery had a passion for writing. She referred to her imagination as "a passport to the geography of fairyland." Before attempting her first novel, she sold numerous stories and poems.

Writing during the winters in PEI required determination. Montgomery worked in the morning and to withstand the cold, she wrote wearing fingerless gloves.

I never forgot hearing about *Anne of Green Gables* and PEI. In 2004, on vacation in New England and Eastern Canada, I added the island to our itinerary. From New Brunswick, we drove eight miles across the Confederation Bridge, built in 1997. Prior to its construction, Canada's smallest province could only be reached by ferry.

PEI's pastoral landscape is stunning. Emerald green hills, pristine forests, quaint towns, and sandy beaches justify its nickname, "Garden of the Gulf". We visited the popular literary landmark in Cavendish, and toured Green Gables, a white 19th century farmhouse, trimmed in green. We strolled the lush garden and Anne's "haunted woods".

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SBW Mission

Educating writers of all levels of expertise in the craft of writing and in the marketing of their work.

Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Renewal dues are \$45 for membership through June 30, 2019. Dual membership, \$25; student membership, \$20. New member, \$65. Contact Membership Chair at a meeting or sign up online at southbaywriters.com or send a check to CWC-South Bay Writers, P O Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

WritersTalk

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Deadline

Submissions are due by the 15th of the month.

Submissions

SBW encourages writers at all levels of expertise to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. All submissions should be sent to the above email address in the form of text or an attached MS Word file (sorry, no hard copy submissions can be accepted). Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. Use Times New Roman 12-font; no tabs; no colors; no page breaks. Send graphics separately as jpg files, with separate instructions for placement in the submission if placement is important.

All submissions will be copyedited. Titles and headlines subject to change. Managing Editor reserves the right to selection.

Suggested word limits (less is more):

Member Achievement / News (200 words)

News Items (400 words)

In My Opinion (300 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)

Creative Works

Short Fiction/Memoir (1200-1800 words)

Poetry (200 words)

Essay/Nonfiction (1000 words)

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J. K. McDole Managing Editor



Through a Wardrobe Door

Think back to a book that made you want to write. What parts of it captured your interest? Was it the characters? Setting? Plot? Prose? Has completing a book ever left you feeling flooded with inspiration — like, ‘now I want to craft something as impactful as this!’

Books and stories impact who we are, but also how we write and why. Maybe you’ve heard talks about the impression left on authors by their first formative novels; maybe, because of those impressions, you learned more about them as people.

Use me for an example. At six years old, I was a ravenous reader, a graduate from picture books eager for a ‘big kid’ novel into which I could shove my nose. As a family, we hardly ever visited the library; our bookshelves at home sagged with textbooks and magazines, Vietnam war paperbacks and a clump of dog-eared *Readers Digests*. Imagine my delight when a well-meaning first-grade teacher offered me a copy of C.S. Lewis’ *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.

What a beautiful world awaited me in Narnia! Like Lucy, the story’s spirited protagonist, I needed no persuasion to tromp through the snow and have tea with the faun Mister Tumnus; the problem was getting me to come back out. I would wake up to the book on my pillow and read it over cereal before attempting to scour a few more pages on the the bus ride to school. I toted it to the cafeteria, the dinner table, the bathtub. I fell asleep beside it at night, repeating the cycle.

When I finished, I decided I hadn’t gotten enough, so I started reading it again. I must have re-read that book three times before Christmas break.

What was the impact of *The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe*? As a child, I couldn’t believe it existed. The idea that a kindly English author had come up with this wonderful story and then decided to share it with kids like me — well! That seemed simply magical, and I wanted to make magic happen, too. I began telling my parents, “I want to write books like *that*.” When teachers asked after my dream career, I’d declare without hesitation: “an author!” As an adult, I look back with tenderness at that six-year-old hugging her worn white paperback and think, “that was it.” That was the not only the first good book that I read, but the one that convinced me to write stories of my own. Maybe one day I would draft out the doorway to another child’s grand adventure to fantasy lands unknown.

Do you have a similar story? We’d love to hear it. Send in your tales of inspiration and the books or stories that convinced you to write! Your responses in our November issue of *WritersTalk* may inspire fellow writers to peep cautiously through new fictional doors; tea with fauns, however, not guaranteed. — WT

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View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson
SBW Secretary

On September 4, eight of us met at President Edie Matthews' home: Edie, Jamal Khan, Tatyana Grinenko, Alfred Jan, Bill Baldwin, Carole Taub, Sally Milnor, and Marjorie Johnson.

The meeting was called to order at 7:15 pm. Minutes for August 2018 were approved. Meeting highlights follow.

Vice President Jamal Khan announced upcoming programs:

- October 8: "The Power of Metaphor" with Kim Hermanson. We will have out annual costume contest, with prizes for the most glamorous, the scariest, the funniest, the best literary, and the most original.
- Sunday, January 27: Mystery Writing Workshop with David Corbett.

NorCal Leadership Conference

"Building Better Branches" to be held September 29 at National University in Pleasant Hill. SBW will pay the \$25 registration fees to include both breakfast and lunch for those attending: Edie Matthews, Marjorie Johnson, Alfred Jan, Tatyana Grinenko, Bill Baldwin (maybe), Dave LaRoche, Trent Myers, Jessica McDole (maybe).

Literary Review: Deadline for submissions November 30. Details on CWC webpage www.calwriters.org

2017-18 WritersTalk Challenge: Prizes will be awarded at the SBW November dinner meeting.

Member ID badges: Most CWC branches have badges for members; ours are out-of-date. Carole Taub brought information on possible badge holders and inserts.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:55 p.m. Next meeting: 7 pm, October 2, Edie's house.

SBW Board meetings are open to all interested members of South Bay Writers. RSVP to Edie. — WT

New Members

by Sally A. Milnor

We have no newly registered members this month! We hope to have some within the next few months to fill out this column with their introductions.



Sally Milnor

To Our New Members: We wish you a warm welcome, and hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment.

To all of our South Bay Writers: We appreciate and need your continuing presence and support. Thank you for helping to keep our club flourishing. — WT

Speaker Summary

Continued from Page 1

meditation, he wrote until he was able to allow full emotional entry into the story without clinging to limitations. Writing from the body encourages a spiritual awakening for DeSilver, more so than writing from the mind.

The audience was then invited to take a quiet moment to meditate and focus their energy into a short, on-the-spot exercise. Albert asked everyone to identify their current state of mind, and to take a few minutes to write a letter to that emotion. The room seemed to lift in inspiration with the readings that were subsequently shared.

To move a reader's mind is the gift of an artist. Be sure to get your copy of *Awakening* and take the invitation to look inward. We'd love to read your results in a future issue of *WritersTalk!* — WT



SOUTH BAY WRITERS
October 8th Meeting.
HALLOWEEN
COSTUME CONTEST

Come wearing your best costume!

Awards To Be Given for:
Most Glamorous
Scariest
Funniest
Best Literary
Most Original



Member News

by Marjorie Johnson

Sheena Arora writes, "Two of my stories "Whose Fault Is It" and "Write a New York Times Bestseller" are published in *URSA Minor: Vol. 3*. These short stories were very special to me, as they are experiments in different formats of writing. One is written in dialogues, which deal with the repercussion of the ban on homosexuality in India. The other is a metaphor dealing with the struggles of learning to write and swim and is written in second person.

"Also, I am extremely thrilled to be accepted to the two-year Online Certificate Program In Novel Writing at Stanford. The curriculum is similar to a MFA and has seven sequential courses. They accept only 45 students every admission cycle, which is once a year. I start my classes at the end of September."

Steinbeck Scholar **Audry Lynch** was interviewed by Rachael Spacek, Correspondent, *Saratoga News*. Audry has one of the largest Steinbeck collections in the South Bay. Her photo appears in the August 10 Literature Section with caption, "Saratoga's Audry Lynch poses with her book, *Steinbeck Remembered*, surrounded by her collection of all things John Steinbeck." — WT

Red Plaid Wallpaper

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However, it was June and I was freezing! From November to April, Prince Edward Island receives 114 inches of snow. If my mother had moved us, I'm sure, we kids would have loved it — at first. But we grew up in sunny California. We enjoyed beaches, swimming pools, Disneyland, and were only inconvenienced by fifteen inches of rain.

Fortunately, I believe my mother realized that she couldn't endure six-months of freezing winds and subzero temperatures. We stayed in California. My mom found ways to console herself. She'd preuse a commemorative book, *Queen Elizabeth's Coronation*, sip a cup of Earl Grey, and listen to her bagpipe record. — WT

Pan

by Judith Shernock

"The day Pan died, Christ was born."

What could that sentence possibly mean? Reading this statement by the writer, poet and theologian, G.K. Chesterson (1874-1936), aroused my curiosity and moved me to investigate Pan and his importance in the Pantheon of Greek gods. Chesterson was quoting ancient historians who had coined the expression: "The day Pan died, Christ was born."

So, who was Pan?

Pan's lower body was that of a goat and the upper half, that of a strong, bearded man with horns emerging from his head. He was the god of nature who reigned over pastures, meadows and forest and was known to be "horny as a goat". All women feared him for his predatory behavior towards them. One night he pursued the beautiful, young demigoddess Syrinx who ran into the woods shrieking loudly. Her sisters heard her screams and turned her into a hollow reed. Pan followed, but was not sure which reed contained Syrinx, so, he cut down seven reeds and lashed them together with vines, blowing into them, trying to dislodge her, thus creating the instrument now known as a Pan's pipe. He carried it everywhere he went.

People walking on the edge of this grove heard shrieks coming from the woods. Not knowing it was a newly invented musical instrument, the sounds made their pulses race, their hearts beat heavily, and their bodies freeze. They were having 'panic' attacks. Indeed, that is the origin of the word 'panic'. It is one of a dozen words inspired by Pan.

Another power of Pan, which no other god possessed, was the ability to teleport himself from the woods where he resided, up to the imposing Mount Olympus. There, the other Greek gods awaited him. They had given him the ability to teleport, so he could dance for them when they needed amusement. This wild dancing provided the gods with one of their favorite ways of unwinding. When he had made them laugh and forget their problems he teleported himself back to the forests and

meadows which were his natural realm.

No ornate palaces or temples were built for him, but Pan was worshipped by all who loved the outdoor world. Some nature lovers used natural caves to pay obeisance to Pan. The most famous of all, known till today as 'Pan's cave', is on the mountainside just under the Acropolis of Athens.

The worship of Pan had a resurgence in 18th and 19th century Britain. Parades, feast days and wild celebrations in his honor engulfed whole villages whose people went wild with dancing, singing and drinking. Perhaps the most famous vestige of this resurgence is the character Peter Pan in the book written by J.M. Barrie in 1904. Even Robert Frost and Robert Louis Stevenson wrote poems in his honor. Goya painted his imaginary portrait.

In the BCE years, Greek culture was not limited to its physical boundaries, but sent tentacles to every civilized society of its day. Even after Rome conquered the known western world, much of its culture had Greek underpinnings. However, in the year 1, AD, Christ was born. Christianity slowly spread through the civilized world and the belief in Zeus and his fellow gods faded.

Thus, the saying arose, "The day Pan died, Christ was born". — WT



SILVER AND GOLD COINS
OF PAN FROM 4 BCE

Hail to the Chief (House of Cards)

by Sheena Arora

Hey, *House of Cards* season 6, where are you?

When you first came on the scene on the first Friday of February 2013, I felt I hit the television jackpot. That weekend my husband and I put our life on hold; we drank gallons of tea; we shook each other whenever one of us tried to doze off. We binged watched thirteen hours of television. Lots of details didn't make sense, but we didn't care. We marveled at the tenacity of Frank Underwood and Claire Underwood. At the end of the first season, our eyes felt like glass, but we couldn't wait to see the future political maneuvering of Underwoods.

In 2014, you decided to mess-up with our lives. You showed up on Valentine's day. We rushed through our evening celebrations; we took our dessert in a to-go box. My husband gave up midway. But he gave me permission to cheat. I watched you alone until the wee hours of the morning. I vowed never to make acquaintance/friends with any politician, ever. Yet, I waited for what-happens-next.

Thankfully, you didn't muck my special days in 2015. As my husband was traveling, I binged watched you alone. In the end, I had a headache and I felt as if I cheated on my husband for nothing. You were boring. I wanted Netflix to reimburse me for my thirteen hours of pain. (Oh, I re-watched you with my husband.) I detested the Underwoods. I wanted to punch Frank's conceited constipated face. But I was enthralled with Thomas Yates. I wanted to write like him. I waited for the next season to find out who wins: Frank or Claire.

I was reluctant to watch your fourth season in March 2016. You left on such a gloomy note. On the one hand, I wanted to know if Claire will have Frank killed like the original book and BBC series. By this time, my husband saw through you. Your shine was wearing off. But I couldn't resist binge watching. (Spoiler) I almost quit when you killed Meechum. Why, why, why? It was funny watching anorexic Holder of *The Killing* as polished Will

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PLOTTING YOUR CRIME: Workshop with David Corbett

Sunday, January 27th, 8:30 AM to 2:30 PM



Mystery! Thriller! Caper! Noir! Crime Drama!

Each sub-genre has its specific requirements and reader expectations. In this one-day workshop award-winning author David Corbett, will guide students through the various demands of each category and layout their unique plotting requirements.

Early Bird Registration (up to November 12): CWC Member \$49, Nonmember \$59

Regular Registration Rate: CWC Member, \$59; Nonmember, \$67

Student (18 – 25 with ID): \$29

At The Door Rate: Member \$65, Nonmember \$69

Includes continental breakfast & lunch (\$10 credit)

Location: Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Ave., San Jose

Name _____ Member Non Member

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone/Cell
_____ Email _____

Register online at WWW.SOUTHBAYWRITERS.COM or send check to

CWC South Bay Writers

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South Bay Writers September 2018



A Passion for Sailing

by Helen Vanderberg

If you've passed over the Golden Gate bridge on a Sunday afternoon around 2 pm you've seen my first love. The sight of sailboats leaving harbor with the wind in their sails always thrills me.

I've sailed small boats, in the Caribbean, from Cabo San Lucas to Mazatlan, across the Sea of Cortez to La Paz, and over the years around the San Francisco Bay, Monterey and Santa Cruz. I've had some rough passages and heavy weather, but I love it still.

The thing that always puzzles me is why? What's the attraction? As my friends ask, Why would anyone pay good money to be wet and cold, stand long watches, eat foul food, and wear damp clothes for days on end?

I don't know how to answer, except by saying: I grew up on an island, and learning to sail seemed like a good exit policy in a pinch. Not only is England a fair sized island, the British Navy has a long and illustrious history. So there's the contagion answer. I probably wouldn't have been nearly so passionate about the pastime if I'd been born in Kansas, for instance.

But there's another answer that's closer to the truth. One of my favorite times to sail is Friday evenings after work, right up here at Redwood City's Spinnaker Sailing. For a few bucks you can go out on a small sailboat, whether you've sailed before or not, and find out whether it appeals to you. There's an instructor on each boat, and most Fridays the crew has at least a first mate with some experience, so there's not a lot of risk. You sail out the slough with the tide, face a moderate chop in the Bay, then about the time the sun sets, turn back with the wind behind you, and laze your way back to the marina. It's that part of the sail that truly appeals to me.

Of course there are racing sailors who want to be twitching at the sails to get the last knot of speed out of the boat, but that's not me. My pleasure is in floating on the surface of the water, with nothing between me and the sea but a thin fiberglass hull, and no sound but the lap of water and the rustle of the wind in the sails. Absolute heaven.

It probably all started when I crossed

the North Atlantic on my way to England at less than two years old in a ship of the Cunard White Star Line. But I didn't really begin to sail until I moved to Texas—of all places.

I'd sketched and photographed boats for all the intervening years, until one day I just broke loose and took a sailing class. Before long we were living in a house on a lake with a 25 ft. sailboat nearby. I called it "the floating bathtub," so badly did it sail.

A lake is a good place to learn to sail, but the challenge of sailing is at sea. That's where the romance is. Besides the sea stories of Jack London, Joseph Conrad and Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the most inspiring stories is Joshua Slocum's book *Sailing Alone Around the World*. I think every sailor that ever sailed wanted to sail around the world.

Several years ago I met a fellow just back from sailing his 78-ft wooden schooner around the world. It took Merl Petersen seven years. He didn't keep a log, but he agreed to talk about it while I taped the conversation. So I wrote up the post-log, and I learned that was too much for me. The way Merl tells it, it's hard, dangerous and messy work, and things break down at the worst possible moment. And there's the danger of getting run down by a 900 ft freighter in the middle of the night, outside shipping lanes. Certainly way beyond my capabilities.

But I love reading about other people doing it. A local magazine that's free at any marina office or marine supply is *Latitude 38*; it appeals to anyone interested in sailing. It has an electronic site: *Lectronic Latitude*. People write about their lives as they sail around the world, and it's a great resource for the armchair sailor.

So if you have an interest in sailing, I recommend: your local marina (up here at Redwood City), and the magazine *Latitude 38*. I hope you'll become as passionate about sailing as I am. In the words of our club logo, "Sail On."

—WT

The Old Wooden Bench

by Luanne Oleas

There used to be an old wooden bench by the side of the road near Greenfield, California. Behind it lay a field of lettuce with head after head of leafy green pearls strung in perfectly straight strands. The rows spread wide at the road, like an open fan, and joined at a point in the distant foothills. A small, white house sat beside the field, and I passed it each day as I commuted up the highway splitting the Salinas Valley.

Some mornings, the fog barely lifted to the tops of the eucalyptus trees that stood like bristled hairs on the flat landscape. Those mornings, the bench was not occupied. Other mornings were bright, especially after a crisp spring rain. The air buzzed with cropdusters and rainbows arched from the hills to the valley floor.

On those good mornings, a man and a woman would come to the bench. They walked slowly as their age dictated. He was a large man, wearing a faded brown jacket and a hat with a sweat-stained band. He walked surely, even with a cane. Staring straight ahead behind beneath the shadow of his hat's brim, his eyes remained fixed on his destination.

She was tiny and wore all manner of garments, usually at the same time. Several pairs of socks, sensible dark shoes that laced, and a dress that changed only in the color of its small flower print. She wore one or two sweaters, occasionally topped with a coat.

She always carried the same size brown paper bag. I imagined she saved it after each use, smoothing its wrinkles with matching hands and refolding it. No need to waste it. Depression era habits die hard.

They were never early, but I was often late. When I was, they would already be seated on the bench. He, always on the left, she on the right. He stared straight ahead with his hands crossed on his cane, probably guessing the makes of cars that sailed past on Highway 101. She sat dwarfed at his side, chatting away or reaching into the bag and offering him something to eat. Probably a homemade tidbit that had made their kitchen smell of cinnamon and butter. Each day, they were there, weather permitting. Then, one day, they weren't.

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Casting My First Vote in America

by Sheena Arora

On June 5th at California Primary elections, I cast my first vote as a newly-minted American citizen. I went full throttle in researching everything—registration requirements, candidates, voting centers, hours, and early voting. I watched videos to understand the concept of the electronic voting.

I find whenever I pre-plan and look forward to something, things always happen and screw-up my plans. I didn't want to take any chance with my first vote, so I opted for early voting. Also, I wanted to get used to the electronic voting machines before the most important Federal elections.

I jotted down my preferred candidates on Post-Its, dressed up, and drove to the nearest early-voting center. I expected the voting center to be all decked up in banners and flags, just like I had watched on the television. I looked around for long lines. Nothing. Not many people, and no electronic voting machines.

I was a little disappointed. Probably, long lines and electronic voting machines only happen on the actual election day, not for early voting. Nevertheless, I was thrilled. After all, I was getting my voice heard by voting.

It is not that I didn't vote in India. I kind of did. Logically, it is either I voted or I didn't. Right. But there was an in-between in India, where I sort-of voted.

I don't know the voting requirements of my parents' generation. I assume Indians showed their Ration Cards to cast their vote. In 1993, India came with a Voter ID Card system. And, one day, during my undergrad summer vacation, when I was at my parents' home in New Delhi, my father handed me my Voter ID Card. It was like magic. It was a 3" x 5" black and white laminated card. Along with my address, it had my name, gender, date of birth, age, and father's name.

It was the first thing which had my name and picture. My father kept it in his closet's locker for safekeeping. That itself was another mess that I don't want to delve into right now.

Over the years, every time there were

Edith's Husband's Shrine



"I kept his chair and his hand-made bookshelves, but my Kindle is easier to dust."

national elections to elect the Prime Minister in India, I was not living in New Delhi. At that time there wasn't (and still isn't) any concept of absentee voting in Indian. But one year, I was in New Delhi during the national election. Even though it was a national holiday, I was working, as I was a young architect trying to make my mark.

Around four that afternoon, I wrapped up my work and drove my Sunny scooter to the polling station near my parents' home. There were no markings or directions indicating the whereabouts of the polling station. The road leading to my parents' home was swarmed with people standing, chatting, shouting, and holding Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) banners. There was no beginning or ending to the human mass. I parked on the roadside and asked around. Someone pointed me to the middle of the crowd.

I elbowed my way until I reached a four-foot long table covered with a dirty-white cloth. Two men in white shirts with some sort of Indian government official ID cards clipped to their breast pockets sat on folding chairs. One of them searched on his clipboard for my name. He informed me that I had already cast my vote.

Of course, I went ballistic. He pointed to his list. In the row corresponding to my name, under the signature column, someone had signed it with their thumbprint. I explained that I was educated enough that I knew how to sign my name, that I would never sign my name with a thumbprint. But the official kept on pointing to his list and arguing back that it was the evidence that I had already voted.

Our argument attracted others to the table. One of them was my grandfather—my grandfather's younger brother. He was a big deal as he was the local organizer for the BJP party. He shushed me, had a hushed conversation with the officials, and said to me, "You want to vote . . . see this person has not voted . . . you vote under this name."

I was too shocked to even reason with him. I declined his offer. I was not trying to sound self-righteous, as I had done enough shitty things in life. But I drew a line at breaking the law, even in corrupt India. As I drove back to my place, I realized that probably someone had been casting my vote all those years.

Within years, I got another opportunity to vote in India's national elections. It was a civilized experience.

Continued on Page 11

The Kindergarten Kid

by Betty Auchard

In 2002, my young granddaughter patted the seat next to her and said, "Nonnie, I have new books. Sit down so I can read to you."

Several thin, paperback "volumes" about natural science lay piled on a child-sized plastic table in her bedroom. I had grown familiar with her reading game where I would sit and listen while Layna turned pages and made up stories about each picture. It made me laugh because her story lines were never the same. With some effort, I lowered myself into a tiny blue chair, and my knees almost touched my chin in that scrunched-up position. But it put my eyes at her level, a position Layna liked.

"OK, honey, tell me a story."

She plopped her hands on her hips and said, "I'm not going to 'tell' a story; I'm going to 'read' a story."

"I see," was all I could muster as I glanced at her parents for a clue. Her dad nodded his head "yes" while mouthing the words, "She READS."

Up flew my eyebrows and I couldn't lower them. How could my five-year-old granddaughter go from a game of Sounding-Out-the-Letter to a game called Really Reading? She was only in kindergarten.

While I absorbed this news, Layna selected a book to read aloud. A polar bear surrounded by ice and snow decorated the cover. She held it up for me to see, like a little teacher, and pointed to the title and read aloud, "The Ark-tick."

I glowed with the pride of a mother who had produced a son who married a woman who had given birth to a child this brilliant. Our wonder-child began reading.

"The ark-tick has snow. The ark-tick has ice. The ark-tick is a very (continued on the right side) cold place to live. Some animals live in the cold. This is one of them. He is white so that he can (continued on the right side) blend with the snow. He is a polar bear. Thee end." Layna closed the book and with chin held high said, "I don't use my finger to follow the words anymore."

Grandmotherly awe filled me with thundering applause...or as close as I could get to it with only two hands. Her mom snapped a picture of the historic moment as her daughter's mouth puckered into a shy smile.



"Help! Somebody! Save me from the mummy's hand!"

I said, "Honey, I am so proud of you." She beamed with pleasure and said, "Uh-huh." I know everything." Still smiling, she turned her attention to choosing the next book to read aloud while I climbed out of my wee chair to stretch, since my legs had gone numb.

My son, the father, pulled me aside and said under his breath, "Mom, Layna's been at a very high level of self-esteem lately--egotistically high. It started a few weeks ago when she announced that she had given up thumb-sucking forever because she was a big girl now."

Layna's mom said. "I couldn't handle the news and was depressed for a week."

Then my youngest granddaughter broke into our hushed conversation to announce that her reading would resume, so I returned to my assigned seat.

She read three more books about the world around us, each time pointing to the cover just as a teacher would. I snuck a peek at the clock, noted the late hour, and glanced at the stack of books yet to be read. But Layna had already picked up her next selection while pointing to a blue cover titled *The Ocean* when her daddy interrupted.

"Honey, it's time for you to go to bed,

and Nonnie has to go home now. You can read the ocean book to her another time."

She stacked her precious collection with obvious reluctance, kissed me goodbye, and then climbed under the covers and into the pink carter erected on top of her bedding.

I said goodnight to everyone and drove home, preoccupied with how much little kids change in kindergarten. When school started she sucked her thumb. Now, seven months later, she's joined "Thumb-Sucker's Anonymous." She's the one who's supposed to fall asleep while her parents read the stories, not the other way around. We, the parents and grandparents, are not prepared for these changes. I don't think we ever will be. —WT



Casting My First Vote in America

Continued from Page 9

My designated polling station was a primary school near my parents' home. I stood in a line, showed my Voter ID card, an official marked my left index finger with one-inch long mark with indelible ink, and I signed under my name and cast the paper ballot.

I found that voting, even in the state election in America, was more satisfying than voting in the national elections in India. In India, I voted for a party, not the candidate. At times there was not a clear winner, so two or more political parties formed a coalition and formed a government and selected a leader. I didn't like that system. I felt that my vote, my voice was lost in the mathematics of politics. But then, it was difficult to hear my voice midst more than one billion Indians. Then, of course, I never knew if my vote actually mattered.

Now for past thirteen years, I waited to vote in America. I think I understand the American political system, courtesy House of Cards and Sunday morning political talk shows. In America, as an electorate, I am a part of the decision-making process. I am a factor if the local judge or sheriff gets re-elected. I can choose who represents me and who governs my country.

I have friends who never voted in any election in India. I know people who don't bother to vote in American elections. I don't understand them. I try hard not to judge them. It isn't easy. Don't people understand that freedom doesn't come cheap? Mahatma Gandhi led a nonviolence revolution to free India from the British Raj. Around twenty-five thousand soldiers died during the eight-year American Revolutionary War against Great Britain.

All that bloodshed and suffering to give the future generations a right to choose their government. It pains me especially when women don't vote. Do they not remember their mothers and grandmothers' pain, who, not many years ago, didn't have voting rights? How can anyone not want to have their voice heard? I am not trying to change the world. I am just making a promise to myself: I will always vote. And now, I am gearing and researching the candidates for the mid-term elections. — WT



*"I was the only fool taking my picture."
(Sheena Arora)*

The Old Wooden Bench

Continued from Page 8

Vacation, I wondered? Vacation, I hoped. Then they were back, and I smiled and waved like a fool. They never waved back.

Two weeks later, they disappeared again, and I tried to be impartial. It's their life. None of my business. Day after day, the empty wooden bench waited in front of the row crops which were nearly ready for harvest. I tried not to care, but I did.

Another week passed before I saw him, alone, standing at the gate of the white house. Maybe she had a cold. The next day, he was alone again, venturing as far as the end of their white picket fence. The third day, I was late, and he was seated on the old wooden bench. Alone.

Too many days passed, and he was still without her. He gave me no clues, still staring straight ahead. The long summer had changed the velvet green hills to long blond grasses with rusty weeds. As autumn approached, the field behind the bench was disked into naked rows that looked like brown corduroy.

One day, he sat with a small bag in his lap. As I passed, he pulled something out and turned to his left, as if to offer something to someone who wasn't there. I never saw him again. Weeds grew tall in front of their small white house, and the bench was eventually knocked over. It made me think of my husband and our time together. It was time to quit commuting and go home.

— WT

FICTION

The Black One

by Carolyn Donnell

I watched as the old woman lit a candle in the carved turnip* and placed it by the cracked window. The flickering light caused shadows to dance across the log walls. A draft of cold air leaking through the fissures, along with the rustling of the fallen leaves as they blew across the cobblestones outside made me shiver. Embers in the fireplace beckoned me and I retreated to the warmth of the hearth.

The woman donned the layers of clothing she always dressed in when she was planning to go out in the cold. "Town meeting," she mumbled to herself, ignoring me as she often did these days. "Late, late," she continued to mutter as she put a wool jacket on over the other layers and opened the front door. The draft turned to an icy gust as she struggled to pull the door closed behind her.

Alone in the room, I moved even closer to the fire. I'd heard whispers in the village and borne the gazes of the unfriendly neighbors on my excursions outside earlier this year. It's probably just as well that winter is finally here. All I want to do these days is lie in front of the fire or crawl into a warm bed. Yes, I am safer staying inside. Or at least I had been. From what I overheard today I think I know what they will be talking about tonight at that meeting. I shivered again but this time not from the cold air. No, I'm not safe here.

I drifted into a dream as I remembered the night the old woman found me, alone in the woods behind the cottages where I had been abandoned. Villagers took in my two brothers and one sister, more because they needed help on their farms than for any feelings of love, but no one wanted me at all. I can still recall the looks of fear on their faces and the words "Black, not good, evil" as they crossed themselves and scurried away. I have always wondered who my father might have been as I look nothing like my lighter siblings. I was shunned and nearing my end when the old lady came for me in the night. I was so frightened of the villagers by that time that I tried to run away, but she caught me and took me in.

It had been a good life for the most part but I still had to avoid the villagers.

Continued on Page 12

Hail to the Chief

Continued from Page 5

Conway. Even though I knew Underwoods will never lose in any situation, it was fun watching how they get themselves out of situations. It is only when Claire finally broke the fourth wall, I felt you delivered.

In the year 2017, you arrived at the worst time. On a Tuesday, a day after the Memorial Day weekend. What happened, couldn't you wait until Friday? Previously you came always on a Friday, which gave me a weekend to recover. On top of that, I had to watch all the previous seasons, as I was lost in all the characters and storylines. (Spoiler) And I hoped that at least on television, a woman will become the president by a clear win. But no. Claire was the president, because of political loopholes. And of course, you made me hate her. She was so nonchalant as she killed Yates.

Now, it is 2018, your sixth season. I have invested sixty-five hours of my life binge watching you. I am ready to say goodbye to you. You were the most exciting television when you first launched. Now, you have become too complicated. Like a daytime soap opera, your characters come and go and come back again. And, at times, there are big huge holes in your plot.

You want me to believe that out of 435 House of Representatives and 100 Senators and people in the Executive branch, no one, not one person is smarter than Frank. Nah. Even in fiction, it is too fictional. Things just don't make sense. I want my therapist to explain the psychology of Freddy. (Spoiler) Did he always hate Frank? I re-watched the previous seasons and there is no such indication. See this is the reason you need to wrap it up.

I have high expectations from your final season. Give me some woman power. 2018 is the year of the women. Yes, Claire, the liar, and the murderers will become the president. I will take her conniving ass over the current-real-life president. Get Constance Zimmer's Janine Skorsky back. Like her kick-ass character Quinn King in *UnReal*, she can take down Claire. Let's have both good and evil represented by women. Enough with

the status quo of powerful white men both in real life and on television.

Whatever you decide, make it worth my time. Make me love you once again. And make it soon, as I am tired of waiting and keeping the storylines straight in my head. — WT

The Black One

Continued from Page 11

When I went outside now it was through a secret entrance in the back of the hut where no one would see me. I could escape into my beloved woods and breathe the air of freedom. It was on one of those excursions that I met the wild one.

I escaped to meet him whenever I could but one day he disappeared, leaving as suddenly and silently as he had appeared. Since then the woman had grown increasingly angry with me. She even hits me with her broom. Now that my belly was growing she ignored me most of the time.

The noise outside roused me from my remembrances. I jumped up on the table and looked out the window. Flickering lights preceded the voices.

"Look, the lantern is in the window. Shouldn't that have protected her?"

"No point in putting a light in the front window if you are going to let evil in the back door."

"Yes, she deserves her punishment."

"Now we must get the evil one as well. Look! There she is, in the window."

The murmurings rose to shouts.

"The black one."

"The prankster!"

"She must die!"

"The fire is ready!"

I leapt down, knocking the turpentine candle to the floor as I ran to the back of the hut. I didn't notice the growing flame behind me as I escaped through my little tunnel.

I don't know how long I ran but when I finally stopped for breath I was deep into the middle of the woods.

Continued on Page 14

Poetry from SBW

HIDDEN MESSAGES

by Karen Franzenburg

Voices
Multilingual Lessons

Vibrating
Universal Love

Water

by Kathy Boyd

When all the world is crashing down on me,
There is a place that calls me tenderly.
Yet not one place but many by the score.
And, if I look around me, there are more.
These places are where water sits and waits,
To open up my soul's beleaguered gates.
The water in my body gives me life,
But water on the outside eases strife.
The ocean, reservoir, a creek, or lake
Can be a place to wash away the ache.
I watch the water rushing to the shore
Or rivers flowing downhill with a roar,
Or stand alone and quiet at a pond.
The sunlight winks on waves and I respond.
I breathe and close my eyes and I am whole.
The water and the beauty cleanse my soul.

THE WRITERSTALK CHALLENGE

MEMBERS of SOUTH BAY WRITERS:
Don't forget! This November, awards will be 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!

Let's see your creative work!

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Listings are for information only. No vetting has been done by South Bay Writers Club. Some contests have been around for

a long time and the reputation is known but some are newer. Please read all guidelines carefully before submitting.

Writer's Digest Short Short Story

Deadline 11/15/18

- <http://www.writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions/short-short-story-competition>

Redwood Writers Young Adult & Middle Grade Fiction Contest

Opens: Sept. 9, 2018, Deadline: Oct. 21, 2018

- <http://www.redwoodwriters.org>

Sand Hill Review: Stories, non-fiction articles, and poems.

- <https://sandhillreview.org/>

FanStory

- <https://www.fanstory.com/contestsall.jsp?sc=1>

2018 WaterSedge Poetry Chapbook Contest

\$500 cash prize; publication of the poetry chapbook in both print and e-book formats; Amazon distribution for Kindle and print; and 25 free print copies. Deadline: Oct. 31, Entry Fee: \$20.

- <http://writersrelief.com/watersedge-poetry-chapbook-contest/>

2018 Wilder Series Poetry Book Prize.

A poetry contest for women over age 50 (born on or before Nov. 30, 1968). Prize: \$1000 and publication. Deadline Nov. 30. Unpublished books only (Individual poems can have been published).

- <http://twosylviaspress.com/wilder-series-poetry-book-prize.html>

Poets & Writers

- pw.org/grants

The Write Life

- thewritelife.com/writing-contests/

Freedom With Writing

Authors Publish

For more websites that list contests and markets and tips for writers as well as some Facebook pages and groups for writers see August 2018 Writers Talk at

www.southbaywriters.com. – WT

2019 California Writers Club Literary Review

Send in your entries of fiction, poetry, memoir or essay for publication in the 2019 California Writers Club Literary Review. Submissions are open to current members of California Writers Club and will be accepted from September 1 through November 30, 2018.

Maximum lengths: Fiction and non-fiction: 2,500 words. Poetry: 30 lines.

Submissions must follow standard publishing industry formatting in Word doc/docx.

- The \$10 fee covers ONE prose piece (not two as in previous years). For poetry, two submissions of up to 30 lines each may be made for each \$10 payment. Limit of three prose pieces at \$10 each, or six poems (\$10 for each two poems).
- Critiques will not be given. By submitting to the Literary Review, you are granting the editors the right to do light editing to correct grammar, spelling and typos, to preserve historical accuracy, and/or to maintain consistency with the style guide.
- A separate submission form MUST accompany each piece. Download the PDF form to your computer, fill in the blanks, and attach to your submission email. All material should be submitted in a single email with separate attachments for each submission.

Submissions are accepted by email only. Submission address:

SubmitLitReview@calwriters.org

Payment is by PayPal or by check (made out to CWC Central Treasury.)

See full guidelines and FAQs at
<https://calwriters.org/publications/#submit>

Conferences and Events

October 2018

by Margie Yee Webb

Litquake

October 11-20, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.litquake.org/>

San Francisco's Literary Festival – "Words matter. Litquake sparks critical conversations, and inspires writers and readers to celebrate the written word with diverse literary programming, interactive workshops, and a ten-day festival."

Lit Crawl San Francisco

October 20, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.litquake.org/lit-crawl-sf.html>

"Where literature hits the streets" in The Mission.

With First Annual Lit Crawl Book Fair

"Join local presses, businesses, and literary magazines for a book fair like no other... at The Chapel in the heart of the Mission District on the afternoon of Lit Crawl San Francisco."

Great Valley Bookfest

October 13, 2018, Manteca CA

<https://greatvalleybookfest.org/>

"Benefiting Literacy Organizations in the California Central Valley"

The Journey from Poet to Author: A Workshop with Diane Frank

October 13, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/journey-poet-author-oct-13-2018>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

Class co-sponsored by Mechanics Institute and San Francisco Writers Conference/San Francisco Writers Foundation.

Finding and Working with a Literary Agent with Andy Ross

October 20, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/finding-and-working-literary-agent-oct-20-2018>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

Class co-sponsored by Mechanics Institute and San Francisco Writers Conference/San Francisco Writers Foundation.

Continued on Page 14

News from the California Writers Club

Ads in CWC Bulletin

by Bob Isbill (760) 221-6367

Want to increase your visibility? Sell your service? Promote your book? Increase speaker engagements? Pump up your web traffic? Or just send a greeting?

Each issue of *The CWC Bulletin*, published three times a year, reaches 2,000 published and aspiring writers in 21 CWC branches throughout the state and is published on www.calwriters.org.

Now we are accepting writing-related advertising from businesses, CWC members, and individuals who wish to reach our target market at reasonable prices. See calwriters.org for details and how to format your ad. — WT

You may advertise in the CWC Literary Review or The CWC Bulletin

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

CWC Around the Bay

Published meeting locations and times for other CWC branches in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. If you want to attend one of their meetings, first check their websites for details.

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

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 cwc-fremontareawriters.org

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

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

Mount Diablo: 11:00 second Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com

Napa Valley: 7:00 second Wednesdays, venue is changing. napavalleywriters.net

North State: 6:00 third Mondays, Butte County Library-Chico Branch. northstatewriters.com

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, Sequoia Yacht Club, Redwood City: check website <http://cwc-peninsula.org/>

San Joaquin Valley Writers, 12:30 second Saturdays, University of Pacific community room

Tri-Valley: 2:00 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.org

Wanted: Information on Conferences

Send information on conferences and other events of interest to writers to newsletter@southbaywriters.com for consideration for inclusion on this page.

Conferences and Events

Continued from Page 13

Drafting the Perfect Query: A Workshop with Andy Ross

October 20, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/drafting-perfect-query-workshop-andy-ross-oct-20-2018>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

Class co-sponsored by Mechanics Institute and San Francisco Writers Conference/San Francisco Writers Foundation.

Writer's Digest Novel Writing Conference

October 26-28, 2018, Pasadena CA

<http://novel.writersdigestconference.com/>

"3 days of learning. 3 days of inspiration. 3 days of focus."

Nonfiction Writers Conference

November 8-9, 2018, Online Virtual Conference

<https://nonfictionwritersconference.com/>

Fall Event Theme: "Become a Profitable Author" — WT

The Black One

Continued from Page 12

The villagers soon tired of the chase. No one wanted to be in the woods at night, especially not on Samhain Eve.

The pains in my belly began shortly after midnight. One after another the babies came. Six of them, half of them black, like me. Half orange-spotted like their father. I cleaned them up as much as I could, devoured the afterbirth, and then curled my body around them as they crawled to me, mewling, and began rooting round on my stomach looking for a place to suckle. I drifted off into dreams again.

I don't understand why humans hate me so. I am only what I am — a cat. As our mother of nature made me. The human creatures don't seem to understand anything. They call us cursed, and black ones like me, evil. Don't they know that I'm a hunter? A protector. A savior even, as I track down the vermin that infest their homes, the pests that carry the diseases that have been decimating their villages. Poor humans. I almost feel sorry for them. Almost.

I know one thing for sure. When I am feeling stronger I will be moving my tribe deeper into the forest and teaching them to never to go near the nests of the humans again.

Author's Note: Written for the 24 hour contest Fall 2018. Get a prompt and have 24 hours to write and submit a story. — WT

* Candles were put in turnips in Ireland for Samhain (all Hallow's/Halloween). Pumpkins only became the preferred receptacle after migration to America.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 2P Valley Writers	2 7P Board Meeting	3	4	5 7:30P Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	6
7	8 2P Valley Writers 6:00P SBW Dinner Harry's Hofbrau	9 7P Well-RED at Works	10	11	12	13
14 10A Our Voices	15 2P Valley Writers DEADLINE: WritersTalk Submission	16	17	18 7P Third Thursday, Poetry Center	19 7:30P Open mic - Rose Garden Library	20
21 1P Poets@Play, Markham House	22 2P Valley Writers	23	24	25	26	27
28 10A Our Voices	29 2P Valley Writers	30	31	October 2018		

Future Events:

SBW Board Meeting: Tuesday, October 2 at Edie Matthews' home

Next Meeting: October 8th at Harry's Hofbrau

SBW/CWC Events appear on this calendar page.

Ongoing Events

Critique Groups

Our Voices: Meets at Bel Bacio Coffee in San Jose every other Sunday 10 AM. Genres: Fiction, memoir, nontechnical nonfiction. Contact: Dave LaRoche at dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers: Meets at Valley Village Retirement Community, Winchester at Dolores, Santa Clara, Mondays 2 PM. Marjorie Johnson, marjoriej358@comcast.net

Your Critique Group: Send info to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Do you belong to a critique group? Please send details to *WritersTalk*.

SBW Board Meetings

Board meets on Tuesday, 7 PM, in the week preceding the dinner meeting. Contact Edie Matthews for more information on how you can attend at pres@southbaywriters.com.

Open Mics

South Bay Writers Open Mic: Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. First Friday evenings, B&N Almaden. Third Friday evenings, Willow Glen Library or Rosegarden Library. See calendar for schedule. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

CWC SF Peninsula Open Mic: Third Wednesday of every month, 7:30 PM at Reach and Teach, 144 West 25th Ave., San Mateo

Ongoing discussion groups

Facebook Group: Members of South Bay Writers can join our Facebook group—South Bay Writers Club.

Add your discussion group here!

You may advertise in the CWC Literary Review or The CWC Bulletin

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

Poetry Readings

Poets@Play: Meets at Markham House History Park, 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose, Second Sundays most months, 1 – 4 PM. www.poetrycentersanjose.org

Poetry Center San Jose: Meets Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, 7 PM Third Thursday, 408-808-3045 www.poetrycentersanjose.org

Well-Red Poetry Reading Series: Second Tuesdays, 7 – 9 pm, at Works San Jose, 365 South Market Street. Featured reader followed by an open mic, if time allows.

www.poetrycentersanjose.org

SBW Recommends ...

If you know of a regularly occurring event for writers, send an email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com.



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

MAIL TO

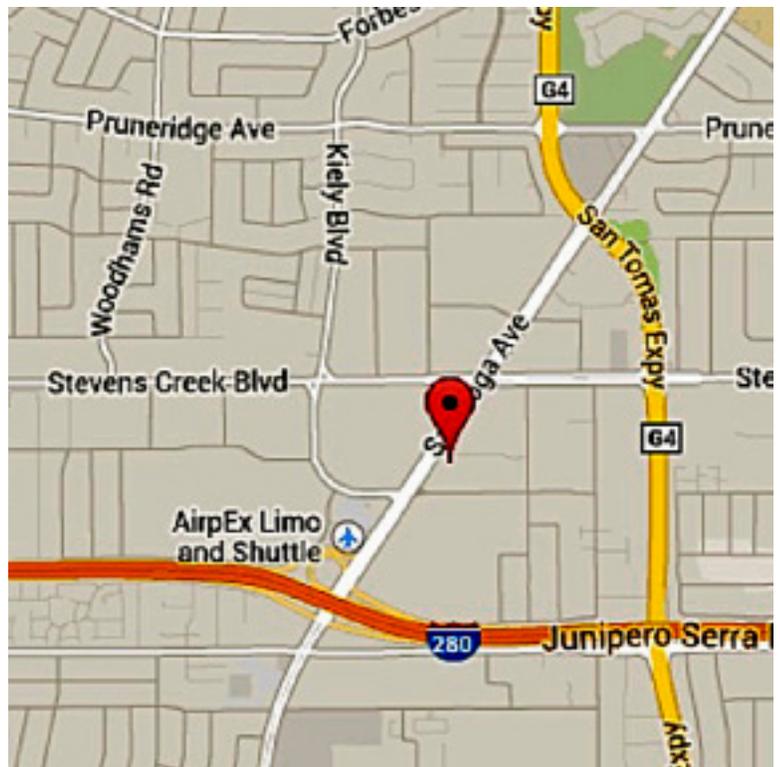
Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
Regular Dinner Meeting
6:00 - 9:00 p.m.
Monday October 8th 2018
Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose**

**The Power of Metaphor
with
Kim Hermanson
October 2018 Speaker**

Please send contributions and submissions for *WritersTalk* by or on the 15th of the month!

Regular dinner meetings are second Mondays 6 – 9 PM of every month except July, December, and workshop months



Harry's Hofbrau

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