



WriterTalk

A South Bay Branch
Writers Club Monthly

BBQ AT EDIE'S ALL CLUB MEMBERS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND

There will be no regular business meeting in July. Instead, Edie and Jim Matthews will host our annual Club BBQ at their home in Santa Clara. A potluck affair, we will gather to enjoy an afternoon of socializing in their garden backyard. This is a great opportunity to commune with co-members, exchange views on writing, share the creative experience —get to know. This gala, never-fails event will convene at 3 pm on the 10th of July (Sunday) and it's one you don't want to miss.

Utensils, booze and protein will be furnished by the Club, we each will bring the rest and *creative* it has been. The potluck formula is this: members whose last names begin with:

- A—K will bring a side or main dish
- L—R salad
- S—Z dessert or appetizer

Call or email Edie by the sixth of July to let her know of your intentions to attend; we want to provide sufficient gourmandizing enjoyment.

See the map on the address page for directions and please don't forget to call or email your RSVP.

Edie Matthews
917 Perreira Drive, Santa Clara
408 985 0819 or
rsvp@southbaywriters.com

MEET NEW MEMBER DONNA POPPENHAGEN

by Una Daly

"I enjoy the camaraderie that exists between writers. I hope to grow in my craft and, of course, write *The Great American Novel*," reports new member Donna Poppenhagen about what she would like to get out of her membership. She was attending a CWC workshop in Burlingame when she first heard about the club.



Donna Poppenhagen

Writing has always been Donna's passion, but she worked as a post-surgical nurse

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A Look to the Future:

Jul 1, 15	Open Mic,	p11
Jul 6	Board of Directors Meeting	
Jul 10	Annual BBQ	p1
Jul 21	Editors Mtg, 10am, Orchard Valley Coffee	
Aug 10	Gen Meeting, Lookout Restaurant	

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President's Prowling— by Bill Baldwin



STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

In Eschenbach's medieval epic, Parzival perhaps takes his name from the Arabic for "Straight Through the Middle". Joseph Campbell claimed so, at any rate. For Parzival was supposed to be a mixture of opposites.

In physics (where my training is), people speak of "matching boundary conditions." Where two different regions meet, the situations coming from either direction must match up somehow

consistently.

What has all this to do with writing? Sometimes you think up the perfect beginning for a story, and the logical ending. But what happens in the middle?

I once wrote 200 pages of a Russian-style novel (that was how long it took me to reasonably introduce the fifteen or eighteen characters I had). I knew what the climax of the novel was going to be. But, having introduced everyone, I thought "what do I do now? How do all the characters arrive at the climax I can see so clearly?" I didn't know—so I abandoned the novel.

The same thing can happen in non-fiction. You can have a great first paragraph that captures the reader's interest. You know what your conclusion is going to be. But how do you get there?

In physics class, one is told of the four-volume *Theorie des Kreisels* (a monumental German physics text on the Theory of the Top). Of course, a scientific reference work may be excused for being "exhaustive". But writers should avoid it

Last month (was it?) I mentioned Isherwood's Iron Rule of Writing: "Why are you telling me this?" A second Isherwood rule is: "Omission is the Beginning of All Art."

I have just invented Bill's Rule: "Don't ramble!" I remember, in the middle of reading *Oliver Twist* last year, thinking: "Where is he going with this?"

Where indeed. I could tell he was trying to connect the beginning with the ending.

I remember revising my novel and thinking, "Don't need this... Don't need that... You're drifting... You're going on to long... Don't need this..."

Maybe the trick to writing The Middle is to get through it as quickly as possible. Or something similar. I'll see what happens on the next project.

"Sail on!"

California Writers Club South Bay Branch

— o —

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Join Up

We have a membership category that fits you, dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee.

For the details contact our Member-
ship Chair, Diana Richomme

(*Poppenhagen from page 1*) and an educator along the way as well. After taking some creative writing classes, she published short stories and poetry in various literary magazines. Donna was hired by *Catechist Magazine* to write their Gathering Prayers column for ten years and later helped write and edit a religious education program for a Canadian publisher. When her husband became ill, she stopped writing for publication and kept a journal to help her through the painful period. She has just started sending out articles again and had one published in *Opinion* magazine while still working on *The Great American Novel*.

Donna has lived in Saratoga for the past 38 years, where she raised her family, but she was born on a small dairy farm in Wisconsin. A recent winner of the Santa Clara County Library's rural scribe contest, you can read her growing up adventures on the library website. "My three children are all grown and married and scattered across the world," she explained, "I travel a lot." Besides writing and family, her little dog Taz and gardening are her other two loves.

Favorite Authors: Annie Dillard, Toni Morrison, Anne Lamott, Natalie Goldberg, Elizabeth Berg, and many others too numerous to mention. † Donna also likes to "read first novels to see how they did it, what worked, what caught the eye of a publisher." UD



Editors Itch...

As writers, we seem to need Anny Cleven's attention—she favors lemon drops. No disrespect to Anny but I'm getting the impression that good writing isn't enough, not nearly enough. And I ask myself: geez... if the writer, who plans, researches and composes has to "produce" as well, what the hell are the rest of these people doing?

Let's see: the writer pays for editing, seeks out a 15% agent (fickle as they are) and entertains (maybe pleads with) others who support. He/she travels—exposes private life in interviews; print, radio, TV, and in most cases pays (again) for the privilege. And... unless he/she is well known, may pay for the publishing while the "rest of these people" rake in their percentages, often lump-sums.

If carpenters, farmers and dentists, to pick a few, had to work this way, we would all be starving under a bridge with rotting teeth as they would have abandoned those jobs they had chosen, honed, and in which they were exclusively specialized. I'll bet Melville didn't hire a quartet and dance with a whale at Borders, hoping to get a few volumes on the shelf. I hear writers say, "I write for myself, I enjoy it." Damned good thing.

As much as I detest the overstepping of unions (not so excessive today), I wonder if

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WritersTalk is a monthly newsletter published by the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club.

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Submittals are invited

Submit:

Guest Columns
— *Almost Anything Goes*

Regular Columns
to Una Daly

News Items
Literary Work
Announcements and Advertisement
Letters to Ed—*In My Opinion*
to David LaRoche

Submit as attachment to email
to
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or
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Announcements are accepted on the basis of interest and value to writers, have no economic value to the originator and are published free of charge.

Advertising is accepted on the basis of its interest and value to writers and is charged \$7 per column-inch for members and \$10 for non members. Ads will be limited to three column-inches. Contact the Managing Editor.

All Submittals must be to an editor no later than the 16th of the month preceding publication. *WritersTalk* is published on the 1st of the month.

Men occasionally stumble over the truth, but most of them pick themselves up and hurry off as if nothing had happened.

-- Winston Churchill (1874-1965)

MEETING RECAP—ANNY CLEVEN, DISTRICT MARKETING MANAGER FOR BORDERS BOOKS, GIVES US OUR MEDICINE

At our meeting, June 8, charming and forthright Anny Cleven of Borders Books took the podium and enlightened us regarding the marketing of books. Direct, startling and informative, she left writers with this impression: If you think writing your book was difficult, wait until you try selling it, no... back up, wait until you just try getting it on the shelf of a book-seller.



Anny Cleven, Borders Books

In a nutshell, Anny Cleven said, the *real nut* to successful writing comes after the writing is over. That is, marketing your book is difficult, requires unusual creativity, excellent communication skills, time, money (mostly yours), and a dedication that will not tolerate let-up. (*I almost packed my bags and went home.*)

Anny is the marketing director for our local Borders' district, which covers the peninsula from Marin to Salinas. She reads every new book before it is allowed on the shelves and maintains a backlog of proposals that numbers about ninety. Her job is making money for Borders; that is, stocking those shelves with books that will sell. And, she knows what it takes to get her nod... it ain't cottage cheese.



What comes first is a good book-product and with that product, the devotion, dedication, skill and commitment required to convince her and her market that *your's is a good product*. Can we remember—it

is after the book that real *devotion, dedication, skill and commitment* come into play..



Help Wanted

Contributing Editor

May cover events of interest: Meetings, Open Mic, Book signings, etc.
Call or email Dave LaRoche

(Itch from page 3)

writers shouldn't "organize" — a guild that protects our right to write, foregoing these inordinate PR shenanigans. It would let artists create and encourage the agents, publishers, editors and sellers to *their part* of the process—qualify the writer's work and take a few risks.

There is trash out there; kitchen fiction, dull dialog, early-anguish verse, and it should stay in the computer whatever that writer's willingness to let those downstream suckle their assets and expose their guts for the sake of the "necessary" publicity—their product likely ending only the garage.

I'm for the original model; writers write, agents screen and return or represent; publishers with editors re-qualify and, for the worthy, print and distribute to sellers who promote and ring the cash register. Some make it, most don't—forget the lemon drops. *DLR*

Okay, some specifics you'll need: a "media kit"... (What the hell's that? we wondered). A media kit is documentation: your book, your credentials and your brand of commitment. It's who you are and what you will do—you are able to do. It's what's in your book and why. It's what is it that makes you a credible writer.

It's the "who's, what's, where's, and why's," Anny repeated. It's a glossy fly-sheet or brochure (graphics and photos), expounding your educa-

(Continued on page 5)

(Cleven from page 4)

tion and experience. It's a dossier of previous writings with credits, awards and sales numbers. It's your plan for events: signings, interviews, articles—in which print and what city and who's TV or radio show you've "gusted"... and who is it you know—producers and principles? It's who are your critics and what have they said.

The more elaborate the better although as in most things, sheer weight doesn't count.

Cleven doesn't like print-on-demand books and I left with the impression that it wasn't the technology she dissed but that PODs ordinarily don't get the *added value* a "legitimate" publisher provides, e.g., the agent who qualifies and the editor who polishes. (With 95 books in her backlog, she needs all the help available. Who can blame her?) Also, she said, bookstores (like Borders) must be able to return unsold books.

With regard to resources from sellers, she offered that the game "Kerplunk" is their new business model. Bookstores continue pulling the sticks of expense as long as the ball of customer satisfaction stays in the tube. That is funds are limited, promotion events are fewer and targeted now toward the most likely sellers. So, the author must be persistent, persuasive, and *participate*. In fact, many small dealers are charging writers... as much as \$150 to hold an event. "It's a rude aspect, discourteous to authors... that's just the way it is, but," she says with a grin, "don't be discouraged."

Cleven offered these tips:

- Having trouble getting started, serialize your book and go first to a magazine.
- Check out the "acknowledgements" in a book that is similar to yours to find suitable agents and editors.
- Marketing is communicating—"open mic" is excellent as it prepares you for your public.
- Create a news story associated with you and your book to get your name out in front.
- Establish yourself as an "authority" using op-ed pages and call-in shows and don't forget to chronicle them in your kit.
- When you are marketing, look to venues that focus on your particular material.
- If you get you book "on the shelf", get an inventory control number from the store so

you can track sales and how long you remain there

- A marketing plan needs to be detailed and robust—use imagination and be different to garner attention. One author had music and folk dancing from the group spotlighted in her book.

Bottom line: Marketing is crucial to selling your book—be prepared to give all.

Looking for help? She recommended Jill Loveland at Promising Promotions in Marin noting "She's very, very good and on the web."

Anny Cleven offered extraordinary insight into the competitive nature and processes of book selling and for this we are grateful, our understanding enhanced, and we thank her. She also presented an unexpected challenge to those of us already playing hide-and-seek with our muse and we may be a bit overwhelmed. *DLR*

WE'RE SPREADING THE WORD

Not one but two exciting adult seminars coming up:

Writing the Memoir:

July 31, 6-9 p.m. 826 Valencia St.

\$100. Hands-on workshop for adult aspiring memoir-writers. Panelists include: Beth Lisick, August Kleinzahler, Tanya Shaffer, and Ellen Ullman.

Moderated by Dave Eggers.

Humor Writing:

August 21, 4-7 p.m. 826 Valencia St.

\$100. Hands-on workshop for adult aspiring humor writers. Panelists include: Will Durst, Josh Kornbluth, Don Asmussen and Cameron Tuttle. Moderated by Keith Knight.

**Sign up online at
www.826valencia.org/workshops/adult
or send payment to or visit 826 Valencia's store-
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826 Valencia is a non-profit organization dedicated to supporting students ages 6 to 18 with their creative and expository writing skills, and to helping teachers inspire their students to write.

Fiction Writers

Join two novelist and a short story writer and round out a critique group of five. Meet on the first and third Thursdays for three hours to review plot, description, characterization and structure—maybe a teeny bit of grammar sneaks in.

Call Cathy Bauer at 408 252-4479 or email at cathy@bauerstar.com.

She'll answer inquiries and give details.

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This column brings a series of brief grammar lessons by Pat Decker Nipper, a writer, a former English teacher, and a member of CWC...

Nipper's Nits

By Pat Decker Nipper

Lesson 5. Each Other vs. One Another

The terms "each other" and "one another" have traditionally been used to apply to different numbers of people. "Each other" referred to only two people, while "one another" referred to more than two. For example, a married couple talked to "each other" about their four children, who were constantly arguing "among one another."

When dealing with an indefinite number, either phrase has always been acceptable: Club members helped each other or club members helped one another.

Fortunately these terms are now interchangeable in modern usage so we can relax and use either one.

Contact Pat at pat@patdeckernipper.com for comments or questions.

On the Web— by Ro Johnson



I had a panicked phone call from a friend and client: her Yahoo! email account had been frozen. She'd sent out a few hundred emails, a perfectly legitimate mailing to willing recipients. However, a flag went up in Yahoo's mail system: Kill the spammer. Kill her dead.

My friend spoke to six different Customer Care reps, some from North America. They didn't care. Well, maybe they did, but they couldn't do anything. Yahoo! email accounts are free, and there are zillions of them. Yahoo! has to automate their system out the Wazoo! For them to back out a change is manual, arduous, and not cost effective, and it's not as if you can demand a refund if they don't do what you want.

Actually, you do get a lot for what you don't pay for. These free email accounts have a decent interface and a reliable service that is not tied to your current service provider, your home computer, or your employer. The downside is you have an agreement with the company that is not unlike the one you had when you lived with your parents: their house, their rules. And if the company pulls the plug, like Yahoo! did on my friend, you're up a creek without your address book.

(Continued on page 7)

Anything Goes—Almost

**A Visit to Edwin Markham House:
An Echo from My Past**

by Katherine Eloise Barr Kintner

I was in third or fourth grade when I went to hear Edwin Markham read his poetry in Temple, Texas. My brother, 16 years my senior, was a reporter for the local paper and was given an assignment to cover the event. He took me along.

I don't remember the details except that it was in an auditorium, possibly at the High School. There was a sizable gathering and Markham stood facing the audience. What specific poems he may have read, I don't remember. But the poetic spark in me was lit, and I have been writing poems most of my life. And of course, I have my favorites of what he wrote.

I didn't know much about Markham himself. So I was surprised to learn that he was from San Jose, CA, the area in which I had lived for many years. And that his house had been moved to Kelly Park.

So it was a great treat to visit Markham's house. It is a work in transition, so I will be able to go there again and see how it progresses, and perhaps hear some poetry readings. And I will remember that evening long ago when I went to hear Edwin Markham read in Temple.

Brotherhood by Edwin Markham

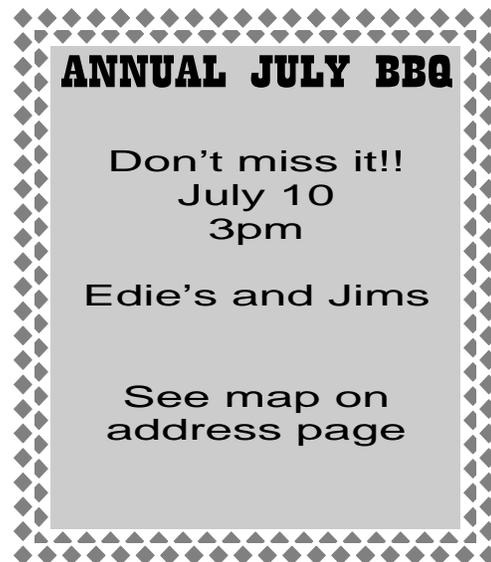
The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.
Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day;
Break the dead branches from the path;
Out Hope is in the aftermath--
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again.
Make way for brotherhood--make way for
Man!

(On the Web from page 6)

"Do you have a back-up?" I asked her, knowing my own answer to that question was no. It's the sort of thing we all put off. My friend's nightmare experience motivated me to get it done.

You may not use a free email system, but there might come a day when you want to change providers and transfer your address book from one system to another. If, like me, you haven't a clue how to go about saving your addresses, I recommend you start not with the main, high-level Help, but go straight to the address book / contacts page. Look around for something called "Import/Export" or a Help button. (Local help is far more focused and saves you from following too many false paths.) If you get frustrated, treat it like an editing problem: what is this writer really trying to tell me? Read. Breathe. Your answer is in there. You just have to find it.

See you on the Web,
Ro



Terse Verse

By Pat Butamante

But Wait Till NEXT July

July, you lie,
Declaring I might claim my "IndepenDENCE"
My book got rejected.
And sadly so ends six months of suspense..

DREAM ON, HAVE DETERMINATION (A Middle Class African American Family)

A Short Story by Clarence L. Hammonds

June 3 1988 was a warm Graduation Day at Howard University in Washington, D.C. for James Christopher; was receiving his Master's Degree in United States History. He wanted to get his Masters in two years; however, he had to study four years. He was told he needed the Master's to succeed in his profession. We will go back a few years and find out how James put things together to have a wonderful day as this one.

In 1960, we first meet James' parents in Baltimore, Maryland. Paul, his father age 25, worked in a supermarket. Marie, his mother age 23, was a clerk in a Maryland dry goods store. They postponed their own college to save money for the purchase of a home; also they wanted to have a baby while they were young. In 1962, after James' birth, Marie discovered she could not have any more children. This was devastating to her. She resigned her dry goods store job and Paul added a part time job as cashier in a restaurant to keep things together. His wife was an excellent typist; there were people who always needed something typed. This is how she earned extra money for her personal needs. Paul and Marie were thrifty, knowing how to spend and save wisely. They were determined James would succeed in furthering his education more than they had; they wanted only the best for their child.

They decided to relocate in 1978, moving to Washington D. C.. James was 16. Paul continued with his supermarket work and in D. C., he earned more. He called their son J.C., and when he was old enough, secured him a job in the supermarket to teach him early about saving. One day Paul and Marie sat down with their son for a constructive talk.

"James in two years you will be graduating from high school. We want you to progress further than we did – you will need it. We, as a people, will be advancing more rapidly than we did a few years ago. You were born when Blacks were making progress due to the Civil Rights drive by people like Dr. Martin Luther King. Jr. who had a dream and a determination. The 60s were called *turbulent, the revolution of the 60s and Civil Rights struggle for triumph.*"

Paul was giving his son what he did not get from his father in years gone by, hoping their son would apply the information now. Paul continued.

"Allow me to tell you about a man whose name is synonymous with determination. Philip Randolph, a true pioneer for Civil Rights, helped end discrimination in government. In 1937, he unionized The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, his first 'great' achievement. Another achievement began in 1964, when you were two; he founded the A. Philip Randolph Institute to encourage black participation in the labor movement and he had much to do with ending discrimination in the Armed Forces, a bill signed by President Harry Truman.

James listened intently as his parents related to him a little Black History.

Marie said, "Paul, I believe you had something else to tell James about A. P. Randolph, you said so a few days ago. Why not tell it now?"

"Yes, both of you listen, I believe the saying was like this: '*Whenever a cause needed a symbol of integrity, Randolph was sure to be there.*' There are many people in our history who have made great contributions to the world, but I would never be able to talk about all of them now."

J. C. was filled with excitement. He said to his parents, "I will never let you down, I will always remember this conversation."

J. C. left the room and returned with a letter he had received from a firm who was awarding him a scholarship; he wanted to wait for the right time to tell his parents. He had applied for it a long time ago; it was for Howard University, here in D. C. His parents knew he had gotten a letter, but didn't know the content. J. C. said, "I will begin my studies as soon as I graduate from high school, that is why I sent in for it early. The committee allowed me to do it this way."

Two years later, James entered Howard University—the fall of 1980. Shortly after he had become a student, he met a beautiful young woman named Martha Stone, a History major like J. C.. They met often but didn't know much about each other. One day, during the fall semester of 1981, Martha said, "The only thing we know about each other is, we are 'an only child.'"

"We will meet until we cover it all," J.C. said.

"That is all right with me," Martha continued.

(Dream from page 8)

“James are you going to try for a scholarship when you are ready for your MA?”

“I don’t know. I could try but as for now I cannot seem to get going. I have been here since fall of last year, my GPA is not quite high enough to apply now.”

“J. C. don’t give up, you are smart. Capture that *determined mode*, think about the African Americans who had great accomplishments, they had set backs too but were dreamers and kept fighting.”

This was a defining semester for J.C.; talking with Martha was what he needed. After that semester his grades began to soar, he acted like himself again, his parents noticed as well. His GPA rose to 4.00.

A week after graduation, J.C. awakened one morning with a great idea he thought. His dad asked him about his next venture? “I plan to go out tomorrow, I will not let this rainy season stop me.”

Between April 1st, 1985 until May 1st, 1986, James had many dead end jobs. Some looked promising, like the one as a messenger in the Capitol but he was “let go”. He could not think of any reason why he couldn’t stay longer. Others who were hired at the same time, kept their jobs. His dad told him to speak to the person in charge. James said, “Dad, I did not think it was worth the fight, I will be ready for them as soon as I get my Master’s.”

“Son, anything worth having is worth the fight. Right?” Paul said with a strong reply.

“I suppose so. I have been reading some sayings of Langston Hughes. Here are two lines from his poetry, ‘MY PEOPLE/ *Beautiful, also is the Sun/ Beautiful are also the souls of my people.*’ I like Mister Hughes, a brilliant man; thanks dad, you helped me.”

One day, on campus, J. C. saw Martha. He told her his latest news. “Martha, I have a new determination, after listening to my father and reading the poetry of Langston Hughes. If Mr. Hughes can make history, I can too”

“I know you are now ready for that Master’s, you are going to be the best around, yet,” she said.

James was an excellent student during 1986-1988. He stayed up late many nights studying; he wanted to please his parents and Martha, who had given him the hope he needed. He graduated magna cum laude.

James’ success was Determination. CH

Editors note: “Whatever Happen to...” is a new column that anyone can write. I am doing the first few to get it started. Please jump in with about 400 words.

Whatever Happened to Max Shulman

By Dave LaRoche

I will never forget the downhearted Loadstone O’toole, who sat out the “duration” on a knoll, fondling her expired pet rabbit and longing for the return of her soldier boy Asa... or his exuberant mother who, unrestrained in her good cheer upon learning of his return, hopped up on the family’s chifforobe, there to remain until the uniformed Asa actually entered the house weeks later. *The Feather Merchants* (1944) and *The Zebra Derby* (1946) were two of my favorite reads in the early 50s and with their satiric look at the “home front” during WWII, provided me many hearty laughs and back-to-laugh poignant moments.

Humorist Shulman was born of an immigrant house painter and his “homemaking wife” in 1919 and, after 69 years of his specialized sardonic view, died of bone cancer in 1988. He claimed that his impoverished beginnings provided his comical perspective—“then the better of choices available”. He first delved into the world of writing as a journalism student at the University of Minnesota—though he reportedly had been writing since four. As a student, he participated in the school’s humor monthly, *Ski-U-Mah*, and wrote a syndicated column, originating in the University’s more serious *Minnesota Daily*. Encouraged by a Doubleday editor, who followed his humor, he penned his first novel, *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*, in 1943.

Likely best remembered for the various forms of Dobbie Gillis, he completed 10 (other) novels, 2 screen plays (collaborated on two others), several short stories, and three plays before his run was over. His “college-boy” humor maintained him at zenith through at least half of his writing career but began running short of broad appreciation soon after the success of *Rally Around the Flag Boys* (1957). A salient exception, *House Calls*—a screenplay collaboration with Julius Epstein in 1978—produced a highly successful movie with Walther Mathau and Glenda Jackson and later a long-running television series.

Shulman has been described as, “the master of undergraduate humor, the outrageous pun, and the verbal caricature”. He is quoted as saying, “I don’t think there’s any kind of writing more serious than funny writing—nor more difficult or demanding.... Remember, you’ve got all the rules of fiction to follow plus, you’ve got to make somebody laugh.” DLR

Re-established —DLR

The very early sun hesitates on its rise from behind the eastern foothills, then throws its yellow beam around the corner of the house—lighting up our dew soaked garden and the burnished Ash out by the fence... also my drowsy spirit just now experimenting with its new-day's awareness.

The intrusive but welcome grinder screamed through its beans a moment ago and now the rewarding aroma wafts in savory streams throughout the morning house, mingling with another intoxicating sensation—the toasting of a frozen Dane, "Apricot" by name.

Ah early morning! It is enrichment—the time when replenishment is big and focus has not arrived. When unvarnished insight brightens perspective and yesterday's observations clear and separate like cream from way—the rich staying on to integrate, the rest tailing off with other morning discards.

I am re-established.



VP Edie Matthews, Prez Bill & Susan Mueller

Upon retiring from her position as treasurer, Susan Mueller receives award commemorating her long, often frustrating, dutiful service. Susan has been a true stalwart in the Club, performing not only as chief money hoarder but filling in and volunteering for virtually every job on the docket. Congratulations to you Susan, thanks for all that you have done and will do... and please wake up, this is important.

An Even less Minor Poet Speaks

by D. Mathison©

I chanced to read a poem, a day or two ago.
Of a poor little glowworm.
Scorned by God who couldn't glow.

I also feel worms pain and woo, as I also have a lamp unlit.
Refuse I will the hand of fate.
I'll trim the wick set a match to it.

Cause life seldom gives what we want.
It is up to us to take the reins.
Fight strains of Life gains.

Do what we have to as there is no can-not.
Over come, the odds slake those pains.
Of previous Life complains.

For in your heart remains, unkindled spark unfed.
Clothed poor in shy hold backish dread.
Of words or songs unsung unsaid.

As life's chances pass come and go, reach for them quick hold fast.
To your surprise, you may get that asked.
Realize happiness at last.

For only you can make you right.
To give dark worlds skies.
Your Glowing Light.

An offshoot of Isabel Valles poem. A Minor Poet Speaks. Page 139-The Best Loved Poems of the American People. (by) Hazell Felleman.

Comfortable Habits —DLR

Some people develop such comfortable habits—my dad liked to pick his teeth. I suppose in the beginning of this thing he actually was removing distracting debris but then as years went on he would pick longer and longer after each food experience, often going through several wooden picks during an hour of after-dinner talk.

When he was dying, at the age of ninety-two, he wouldn't eat solids and the medical folks put him onto a diet of Ensure – a sort of fortified malted. After each drink he would ask me for a toothpick and spend an hour or so of talking and pleasurable picking.

Announcements

Announcements

Announcements

Reminder

No July Meeting

**Attend BBQ
instead
RSVP Edie Matthews**



Write a column—
Anything Goes (Almost).
That's the name of the column space and we mean it. Your ski down Mount Everest, your first PGA tournament, your thoughts on the "book table" or the Arts Community in Nepal. Make it opinionated, informational, persuasive, and. Email it to Una Daly, our columns editor, before the 16th of the month.

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

GOT NEWS?

Know of an event that needs reporting—one coming up or happening now. Email our news editor—he/she'll hop on it or appoint one of our many staff members.

- Book Reviews**
- Committee Meetings**
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**The BOOK TABLE
at Club Meetings
hosting old reads and
new adventures**

Clean off your shelves and bring in your old books—those you've read a dozen times or won't read at all. Bring them to our club book table and give others an opportunity ...

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408 730 9622 or email wabaldwin@aol.com
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"It's not the one bullet with your name on it that you have to worry about; it's the twenty thousand-odd rounds labeled `occupant.'"

--Murphy's Laws of Combat



California Writers Club

South Bay Branch
1125 Miguel Ave
Los Altos, CA 94024

www.southbaywriters.com

Stamp(s)

MEMBER

[Empty box for member name]

Address Correction Requested

BBQ 7/10, 3pm

— o —
Edie and Jim Matthews
917 Perreira Dr
Santa Clara, CA

SAVE THESE DATES

Board of Directors
Jul 6, 7p, Edie's

Bar-B-Que
Jul 10, 3p
Edies

Open Mic
Jul 1, 7p
Borders, Los Gatos
Jul 15, 7p
B&N in the Pruneyard

WritersTalk Deadline
May 16 to an editor

Editors Pow Wow
Jul 25, 10am
Orchard Valley Coffe

