



WRITERSTALK

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Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club

Introducing Swami Beyondananda

by Bill Baldwin

How can I describe our October speaker? After all, he may arrive on a flying carpet! I keep thinking of that scriptural question: "Who do people say I am?" How am I to answer that regarding this month's guest?

Should I call him a swami? Should I say he is not a swami? Should I call him wise or foolish? (Well, I can't call him foolish, can I? He's our guest speaker. But he is certainly funny. And we'd best remember that the Court Jester traditionally played an ancient, honored, and important function: to speak the Truth in a funny but often provocative way).

The man born Steve Bhaerman started an alternative high school in Washington, D.C. and co-authored a book about it: *No Particular Place to Go: Making of a Free High School*. Majoring in political science, he taught history to autoworkers on weekends at Wayne State University in Detroit.

In 1980, Steve co-founded *Pathways Magazine* in Ann Arbor, Michigan, one of the first publications bringing together holistic health, personal growth, spirituality, and politics.

Ten years later, Steve Bhaerman took the name "Swami Beyondananda." The Swami was a regular comedy feature in *Pathways* and helped launch Steve's career as "The Cosmic Comic." Swami's comedy has been called "irreverently uplifting" and has been described both as "comedy disguised as wisdom" and as "wisdom disguised as comedy." He is now an internationally known author, humorist, and workshop leader.

As the Swami, Steve is the author of four books, *Driving Your Own Karma*; *When You See a Sacred Cow, Milk It for All It's Worth*; *Duck Soup for the Soul*; and his latest, *Swami for Precedent: A 7-Step Plan to Heal the Body Politic and Cure Electile Dysfunction*. Swami's nationally syndicated spoof advice column, "Ask the Swami" — along with his comedy performances—have found a wide and appreciative audience.

As Swami himself puts it: Having spent his deformative years in Brooklyn, he earned a black belt in Borscht Belt, and has won numerous Irony-man competitions.

He also offers Absurdiveness Training.



2008 East of Eden Contest Winners

by Bill Baldwin

The entries to this year's East of Eden writing contest were exceptional. It was an honor to chair the Contest Committee.

There were six categories: Novel, Short Story, Memoir, Drama, Juvenile, and Poetry. Prizes were awarded for the top three entries in each category. As you can see below, the winners were spread across the state. I'm pleased to see we attracted writers from so large an area. I'm also happy to see we had writers from our host city of Salinas. And of course from our own South Bay Branch!

If you ever have the opportunity to evaluate a body of writing, I strongly urge you to take it (that's a hint to volunteer for the East of Eden 2010 Contest Committee—if you aren't entering the contest yourself, of course). You learn a lot from looking at how other people write and comparing it to how you write.

Congratulations, winners!

Novel

First place: "I Know You by Heart," by April Kutger (Richmond)

Second place: "Nineteen Darby Way," by Cindy Luck (Danville)

Third place: "The Jesuit Papers," by Anne Bancroft Fowler (Apple Valley)

Short Story

First place: "Recursion," by Meredy Amyx (San Jose)

Continued on page 11

Continued on page 13

On October 14: Literary Costume Party
You are invited to come to the meeting dressed as a literary character or figure.

President's Prowling

by *Dave LaRoche*
President, South Bay Writers

EoE 2008

Holy cow! What a day, what a production, what a conference! The excellent PR and publicity, the quality of the offerings, and the spirit and enthusiasm we brought to East of Eden this year paid off even better than we could have hoped or imagined. Can we go again next month? I circulated. That's what presidents do, and from every corner, I saw positive reflection. Even those who had attended before were raving and praising while hurrying on to their next venue. I too did not want to miss a minute.



Edie Matthews and Kelly Harrison, congratulations! And to Marjorie Johnson and Cathy Bauer, thank you for your critical and untiring work. And let me add Ro Johnson and Bill Baldwin to this list of those on the front line. Actually the team, the six of the team and faculty and more, deserve our appreciation as not only did they produce this wonderful event that we all so enjoyed, they added loads to the prestige and a measure to the treasury of our branch.

Did I say "enjoy?" There was that. And beyond enjoyment came the advancement of our skills and motivation. The faculty knew well what writers do and how to succeed at it, and easily shared it all with attendees. Not just about characters and dialog and not just about plot development and scene weaving; not just about style and staying on point, but spelling out the lay of the land and the excitement that comes with authoring—celebrating with us the writing world. We are a community sharing interests, not all of the same ilk but with the same goals, and it was marvelous to be among those successful others who seek the identical satisfaction.

It's gratifying to lunch with an NFL quarterback, your district legislator, or the governor because of the celebrity rub-off. "I met the president" offers cachet. I say this because we often pay big money to be seated. That same phenomenon occurs at our conferences as we hobnob with the elite of the writing world. The difference is that at the conference we learn how the "esteemed" made the grade, and that's a big difference.

At Sherwood Hall I met strangers who felt like friends and acquaintances who seemed partners as we talked of our similar goals. As a kid during the "big one," I remember collecting aluminum and selling war bonds. We were one then with nationally adopted goals, and competition among citizenry was as scarce as a gas coupon. I haven't seen much of that since, until joining this writers community, and here again I find the notion of collaboration and cooperation is paramount. As then, we all win, no one loses. We are a group working together to better our skills and opportunities and that's the good of it. It's not a zero-sum game. We learn. We exchange what we've accumulated, and we all may easily win.

Those reading here who attended will understand and share my exuberance. Those

Continued on page 12

Inside

Publishing and the Internet 4
Centennial Edition CWC Anthology 5
Journey of a Thousand Miles:
Arranging a Collection 5
The Write Stuff 6
The Promise of Change 6
Rambling Notes on East of Eden 7

East of Eden in Words and Pictures 8
Insomniacs Unite 10
Members Recommend 10
There's the Windup 11
View from the
Executive Committee 12
My Plumber Story 13

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Join With Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. Contact the Membership Chair, Marjorie Johnson.



WRITERSTALK

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Guest Columns

Almost Anything Goes (400 words)

News Items (400 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)

to Andrea Galvac
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Creative Works

Short Fiction (1800 words)
Memoir (1200 words)
Poetry (300 words)
Essay (900 words)

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Announcements and Advertisements

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Editor's Perspective

by Dick Amyx
Editor

They Went Thataway



Almost Anything Goes. At our last couple of powwows, the contributing editors have mentioned that they hadn't seen an "Almost Anything Goes" column for some time. "Almost Anything Goes" is your opportunity to sound off about, well, almost anything, and I invite you to do so. As it happens, Andrea Galvac chose this month to sound off about the United States' campaigning and electoral practices, so you have a ready example to consider.

East of Eden. This year's East of Eden was my first writers' conference. Not knowing quite what to expect, I floundered around a fair amount, but because my novel isn't quite ready for an agent or editor yet (I *will* write the first word one of these days), I focused most of my attention on the workshops. Although I've listened to lots of college professors talk about writing, I'd scarcely been exposed to established practitioners in the field in such concentrated doses. The immediacy that personal experience gives published writers enables them to bring an astonishing amount of energy and animation to what might otherwise be dry academic subjects, and inspires as well. That, if nothing else, made my admission well worth the price.

After dinner Friday night, I listened to Brian Copeland, author of *Not a Genuine Black Man*, describe the path that led him to writing. After the banquet Saturday night, I heard Karen Joy Fowler, author of *The Jane Austen Book Club*, and Jane Smiley, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *A Thousand Acres*, share how they got into writing.

Their stories were as different as different could be, but they all did say the same damn thing somewhere along the line: if you want to write a book, you have to apply your gluteus maximus to your chair and keep it there until you actually write something. I just *hate* to be reminded of that part of the process.

Another little tidbit that sped like a bent and jagged arrow straight to my heart: write it before you think it to death. I thought I was the only one who did that. Seriously. I know that when I've come up with an idea for a story, after I've thought about it for a year or two, then either I've written the whole thing in my head, solved all the problems, or answered all the questions, so there's no point in writing it, or I've come to the conclusion that it was a stupid idea in the first place.

Write it before you think it to death. Put your butt in your chair and sit there until you write it before you think it to death. Why do successful writers keep saying those ugly things?

California Writers Week. In 2003, the California State Assembly officially declared the third week in October each year as California Writers Week. California Writers Week almost got overlooked in the aftermath of East of Eden this year, and, frankly, I would have forgotten about it if Clarence Hammonds, who has returned as SBW's historian, hadn't reminded me. As I urged last year at this time, celebrate the occasion by finding someone who's not a writer and inviting him or her to take you to lunch.

Yup, last year at this time. This issue of *WritersTalk* marks my thirteenth—one year on the job, and nobody's threatened to fire me yet.

Annual Costume Contest. The general meeting on Tuesday, October 14, includes SBW's infamous annual costume contest. You are invited to come dressed as your favorite author, character, or literary theme and maybe even win a prize for it. WT

Publishing and the Internet

by Suzy Paluzzi

On September 15, more than fifty callers participated in the second free teleconference in the series sponsored by the San Francisco Writers Conference. In this case, people registered from New York to Wisconsin; and California, Colorado, and Florida were represented.

A summary of the topic of how writers can use technology for their careers follows below, but for those who are not familiar with teleconferences, the only cost to you is the price of the phone



Suzy Paluzzi

call, which in this case was long-distance. Be assured these teleconferences all originate within the United States. Questions are solicited ahead of time, after the initial request to register is completed. The questions were sorted into seven main categories, and the most pertinent questions were asked of the experts during the fifty-minute time slot. Callers are able to listen in on the conversation between moderator and expert(s).

The experts who were interviewed were Britt Bravo, who teaches people how to blog and podcast (www.BrittBravo.com), and Kevin Smokler, who lectures on the role of technology in the arts (www.kevinSmokler.com). Michael Larsen, a partner in Michael Larsen-Elizabeth Pomada Literary Agents, was the moderator. He is the cofounder and director of the San Francisco Writers Conference.

Introduction

- What is a platform? A platform answers the question, "Why am I listening to you on this subject?" An author must have a proven track record first in that particular topic (for example, coin collecting) before he/she should even approach an agent. The big publishing houses as well as nonfiction agents look for national visibility. This is not true for most small presses.

- How does one do a platform online? An author must know the boundaries, e.g. the pertinent publications and the experts in his/her field. *What are you offering that they aren't?*
- Ways to become visible online might be blogging and podcasts. These are covered in more detail, along with other ideas, deeper into this discussion.

Blog: a website where entries are made in journal style and displayed in reverse chronological order (www.sussexlearningnetwork.org). An entry in a blog is called a "post." A blog consists of usually one screen and requires time and energy commitment, so find a different tool if you are not dedicated to this one. A blogger should be prepared to write at least one post a week and be open to comments.

- Blogging can help you develop ideas with the comments from your readers. You can also attract a following by writing a book page by page online. And if you link your blog to other blog sites, you can create even more of an audience. That, however, is not your goal completely, emphasizes Kevin Smokler. It is not quantity of readership but quality that counts.
- Bloggers skim other people's headlines of blogs, so a good title of one's blog is important, as well as limiting the content size. Even an image that registers will attract readers to your blog. If you must include a long post, put it out in sections with breaks that are easy on the eye.
- If you have another blogger review your book, that can create interest. It is better to already have a relationship with that reviewer than to send a press release request.
- A bit of personal information to introduce yourself on your blog is appropriate.

Both wordpress.com and blogger.com offer free blogs, according to Britt Bravo.

Podcast: delivers audio or video to a computer or portable media player such as an iPod. As with blogging, you need to decide if podcasts are right for you.

- Does your book lend itself to a podcast? If it is about fabric, for

example, that is a more visual topic that may succeed better on YouTube.

- Podcasting is time consuming. It should take at least two hours to complete ten minutes worth of podcast. Steps in preparing a podcast may include
 1. Decide what to say.
 2. Record.
 3. Download to the computer.
 4. Edit the copy and the sound. Do you want an introduction and closing summary? Music?
 5. Test by exporting to portable media player.
 6. Decide whether you want a title and description.

YouTube: free display of video clips; appropriate for visual topics and applies well to film, mysteries, thrillers, gardening, and travel books. Requires a video camera of some kind and video editing software. A YouTube segment should be 2–5 minutes long.

Website: Your own web page is also an excellent way to promote yourself.

Michael Larsen cited an authority on the topic who says that an author needs to do at least five things a day to promote his/her writing.

- Website content
 1. Should have your bio.
 2. Include name of book and where to buy it.
 3. Upcoming tours and events
 4. How to e-mail you.
- Contracting with a web designer:
 1. Should cost you less than \$1,000.
 2. You should be provided with tools so you yourself can change your webpage and update it as need be.
 3. Name for your website is important! If you reserve a domain name, select a good one. namecheap.com is one good place to register a domain name.

This is just a sampling of the ways to market yourself and even perhaps test market your book. Should you choose to write articles elsewhere, including in magazines, that can be a way to create visibility. Publishing online is another option, like webzines and online publications to add clips to your portfolio. You may not get a large

Continued on page 13

Centennial Edition CWC Anthology Needs Your Fiction, Essays, and Poetry!

The California Writers Club, founded in 1909, is calling for submissions for its upcoming statewide literary anthology. The anthology will help mark the club's centennial year.

We are seeking fiction, literary nonfiction, and poetry written by our members. Please carefully read the submission guidelines if you are interested in submitting.

Submission Guidelines:

1. No more than 2000 words per fiction/nonfiction piece, 750 per poem.
2. Only electronic submissions can be accepted. Include your name, address, phone number, and CWC branch in the body of the email. Submit your work as a text or a Microsoft Word file to the following email address:
cwc_anthology@yahoo.com
3. Format your work in a professional manner, as you would when submitting to any agent, publisher, or contest:
 - Use white page background.
 - Use 10- or 12-point serif font (such as Times New Roman) for your copy.
 - Start your title page halfway down the page.
 - Include your name, address, phone number, and CWC branch at the top right of your title page.
 - Include last name, title (or abbreviated title), and page number in the header of every page except for the title page.
4. No more than 2 submissions in each category per author.
5. Topic of your choice.

Deadline: October 31, 2008.

Please note that we have a limited number of pages and a selection process is in place in case of too many submissions. Publication of submissions is NOT guaranteed. Put your best work forward—we're looking forward to reading it! WT

Journey of a Thousand Miles: Arranging a Collection

by Lita Kurth

No doubt you've seen contests for poetry chapbooks or story collections. Or perhaps you've edited an anthology. These tasks all call for arranging work in the optimal or at least a pleasing order...but what *is* the optimal order? It is possible, I suppose, that one collection in the universe could be arranged randomly to good effect. Mine is not that one. So I have to ask: does something good need to be dumped in order to form a coherent collection? What else should I keep in mind?

The beginning and ending stories in a collection are especially crucial, it seems to me. They can signal a writer's whole worldview. I think of Denis Johnson's jolting collection of stories, *Jesus' Son*, mostly about addicts and obsessives, people on the edge. Those stories build in a definite direction, one I found satisfying, but a different order would have left readers with an entirely different mood and sense of the writer's philosophy, the difference between hope and despair.

This summer I took a class on arranging essay collections led by Hilary Schaper, whose thesis addressed that very question.¹ The task she set us was both challenging and illuminating. We received a list of the essays in her collection with a paragraph describing each and were asked to put them in some order and justify our choices. We quickly found that chronological order didn't work with these essays that investigated works of art, obsessive compulsion, and relationships with a father, a sister, a father-in-law. After a lively discussion of the relationships among the pieces, Schaper talked about her research into other collections such as Deborah Tall's *Family of Strangers*. She discovered three touches that really helped unify a collection: the title of the whole collection, the titles of sections, and epigraphs used at the beginning of sections. She points out that "In *Family*



Lita Kurth
Contributing Editor

of Strangers, Tall titles Part I "Secrecy: Secrets Kept and Unkept." Tall writes what she knows and does not know about her silent, secretive father and lays out the impetus for her search as well as the risks in taking it.... Part III is called "Post Mortem Facts" and because the facts—physical items, family members, documentary evidence—Tall learns after her father's death do not satisfy her, she embarks on a genealogical search. Her epigraph for this part is a quotation from a book by John Berger (an art critic) and Jean Mohr (a documentary photographer): "Without a story, without an unfolding, there is no meaning. Facts, information, do not in themselves constitute meaning."

Schaper ended up calling her collection *The Smallest Part of Things*, a phrase she found in Rainer Maria Rilke's book on Rodin: "The artist's task consists of making one thing of many, and the world from the smallest part of a thing."

I love the symbiotic relationship between reading and writing. I love the idea that titles and epigrams give us an opportunity to link our work to the enormous legacy of human writing, especially writing that has been significant to us. The title of John Steinbeck's novel, *East of Eden*, echoes an Old Testament verse about Cain and Abel. Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* alludes to a poem by John Donne. They form a chain from past to future. A number of our members have written reams of poetry by now. Is it time to form a collection complete with titles, section titles, and epigraphs? Which writers would you quote? WT

1. Schaper is interviewed by Sheila Bender on the WritingItReal website (\$30/year subscription)



The Write Stuff

Before I Learned to Use a Computer

by Betty Auchard

You know how certain pens and some papers are a match made in heaven and others are not? Have you noticed how different points won't release their ink unless you press really hard, causing a thumb ache and a hand cramp? The one I'm using now was stolen from a classy hotel room. It's the kind of tool that makes writing hard work.

The paper is another issue. Sometimes it's the paper's fault—it may be smooth, slick, and stubborn, resisting marks of any kind unless you insist. Only if you're as stubborn as the paper does it open its pores to say, "OK, write something down if you *must*."

And forget about recording your thoughts with a pencil if the paper doesn't have "tooth." The paper must have a little roughness or high fiber content to grab graphite #2. But avoid writing with any pencil that is labeled "H," which stands for "hard." Consider the "H" a clue that writing with that pencil will be *hard* work. The marks barely show. Put that pencil down, even if it's topped with a new soft eraser. The new eraser cannot remove grooves in the paper, which is the only mark graphite "H" will make. It is used for secret messages that can be read only if held close to a light. The light allows you to read the shadow created by the ditch in the paper. Unlike braille, this groove can't be read with the fingertips.

No, there is only one way that thoughts can flow freely if written by hand. You must use a pen with a point that flows just as freely across the tablet as words flow from your imagination. The writing gadget must seem invisible, an extension of your soul, your heart talking to paper. The experience of recording words is pure joy if the right tool is handy, waiting to do your bidding. The perfect pen exists only for you, wanting nothing in return except the gentle touch of your fingers and assurance that it will not run dry in the middle of your manuscript. And when I find what I'm looking for, I'll buy a whole crate. WT

ALMOST ANYTHING GOES

The Promise of Change

by Andrea Galvacs

Both presidential candidates Sen. Obama and Sen. McCain are promising change once they are elected, but neither one really specifies what this change will be. Not that it matters because as true politicians, neither one would keep his word past January 20, 2009, but it would be nice to know.

I am an ordinary citizen with no political ambitions whatsoever and ineligible for the highest office in the land because I was not born in this country. However, I would like you to know the precise changes that I would make should I miraculously become president.

To begin, I would give the country we live in a proper name. America is a continent covering the area from the northernmost part of Canada to the southernmost parts of Argentina and Chile. Therefore, *United States of America* is misleading and presumptuous. Since we are in the northern hemisphere, *United States of Borealia* would be more appropriate.

I would demand that Congress enact a law that makes campaigning any earlier than Memorial Day of any election year severely punishable and have this law enforced. Therefore, presidential elections would be held in the following manner: everybody who wants to run for this office would announce his intention and start campaigning the day after Memorial Day, only until Labor Day. Primary elections would be held right after the September holiday by electing one person from each party. The winners with the largest number of popular votes in *three equally important* parties would become the *three* candidates for president and could continue campaigning until Halloween, an appropriate date for a last chance to hide behind a mask. On November 1, general elections would be held, and the person with the largest number of popular votes in any party would become the next president.

As to the vice-president, I have yet to decide which of my ideas is better for

the people. This position could be filled by allowing the presidential candidates to choose their running mates, as they do now. Or it could be given, by law, to the person in each party who received the second largest number of popular votes. Or, as a third scenario, perhaps we should do away with the position altogether, as it *normally* does not carry much weight.

Thus, the period of time allowed for campaigning would be reduced to five months. This would allow the aspirants to do the work they originally were intended to do when they were elected to their jobs and would save an enormous amount of money, even if fewer babies received kisses. Not to mention that this shorter period would eliminate the national epidemic of election fatigue syndrome.

There would be no conventions and no Electoral College. With the people electing the candidates in the primaries, there would be no need for them, which would cause another fortune to be saved. Unfortunately, the convention attendants could not act like clowns or children, and the rest of us would be deprived of some very entertaining shows.

All of these changes would require constitutional amendments and in my administration, they would be very easy to obtain. After Congress approved them by two thirds of the votes, I would announce that the first thirty-eight states (the number needed to make three-fourths) to ratify the amendments would receive ten million federal dollars to spend as they see fit. The customary seven-year deadline to ratify a constitutional amendment would be forgotten in seven seconds, and all my wishes, as well as those of the populace, would be granted.

It is really unfortunate that I have no clout with anybody who counts! My job as First Advisor would be assured in seven minutes! WT

Oct-A-Puss

A cat's a critic in disguise.
If she jumps on your keyboard
Your words go to discord:
You have backups if you're really wise.

—Pat Bustamante

Rambling Notes on East of Eden

by Edie Matthews

Lights! Action! Cameras! After 18 months of diligent planning, organizing, booking, and publicizing, the EoE committee greeted an enthusiastic crowd lined up at Sherwood Hall for the fourth East of Eden Writing Conference in Salinas.

Thanks to the creative talent of Cathy Bauer, an array of raffle prizes decorated the atrium, including baskets filled with books and other goodies and a gorgeous quilt with a literary theme—ready to warm and inspire any scribe. (Cathy also made the beautiful trophies, wooden boxes shaped like a book, for the contest winners.)

We would have never survived without the fine mathematical mind of our treasurer, Marjorie Johnson. She handled registration and kept us all on our toes, even calling Kelly and me to remind us that we still needed to pay for our manuscript consultation.

Our webmaster, Ro Davis, helped spread the word by taking all the information sent to her and presenting it into a cohesive and appealing fashion.

Our newsletter editor, Dick Amyx, who is always helpful, accepted every submission sent promoting the conference and was often up past midnight emailing me back, “Yes, yes, I can get it in this issue.”

For the fourth year, Bill Baldwin stepped in and did a fine job organizing the EoE contests, and Robert Garfinkle handled the third Basil Stevens contest.

Dave LaRoche, our valiant leader and president of South Bay Branch, gave us the freedom to do it our way, but kept asking, “Have you got it together?”

Finally, I’d like to extend a special thanks to my codirector, Kelly Harrison, who amazed me with her organization and resourcefulness, and who excelled in areas beyond my skills.

Once again this year (thanks to donations from Matilda Butler and Kendra Bonnett), we awarded a student scholarship to Phillip Green from Mission College. He recently sent back a thank-

you letter expressing his gratitude.

The keynoters did their job—Pulitzer Prize winner Jane Smiley dazzled us; Brian Copeland and Scott Rice made us laugh; Karen Joy Fowler and Hallie Ephron reminded us that our experience is fodder for our work; David Corbett reminded us that quality in writing is not restricted to literary novels; and Terry Thayer and Maralys Willis inspired us to fulfill our own writing destinies.

There were more than 80 Ask-a-Pro appointments with agents and experts available, and numerous attendees connected with agents interested in their manuscripts.

Thanks to a superior faculty, the workshops provided a wealth of information. So many choices! Best to make a friend and later share the information. Ellen Young said Patricia Vecchione’s Poetry Workshop was worth the price of the entire conference.

Behind the scenes there were obstacles. A week before the conference, the caterer at the National Steinbeck Center was fired; at the last minute, speaker Carolyn See canceled due to a family emergency; a few weeks earlier, an agent canceled, and in the final few days, a balky printer interrupted the production of badges. The committee went into overdrive, overcoming every stumbling block.

The caterer at Sherwood Hall stepped in and took over duties at the National Steinbeck Center; New York agent Jeff Moore replaced Alex Glass; Nick Taylor filled in for Carolyn See; and the badges all got printed!

It’s not happenstance that the South Bay Branch is the largest branch in the state. The biennial conference, monthly meetings, and weekend workshops prove its credibility and bring it prestige.

Though there’s always room for improvement, and after the endless hours of hard work, it’s gratifying to receive an abundance of “thank-you’s” from attendees and even have agents write back afterward.

Here’s an excerpt of an email from April Eberhardt of the Reece Halsey Agency in Marin. “It was one of the best conferences I’ve attended, overflowing with talented, passionate, kind, warm

people, writers, editors, and agents alike. The experience of being there was ample reward in and of itself. If I find a few manuscripts to represent, so much the better—they’ll be icing on the cake. (And I think I will—so far the quality of submissions has been very high.)”

If you missed this year’s EoE or were unable to get to all the workshops, there’s good news. It is our plan to invite some of these instructors to speak at our regular meetings in 2009. Hope to see you there! WT

Betty Auchard Speaks

Betty Auchard, author of *Dancing in My Nightgown: The Rhythms of Widowhood*, will share her lively adventures (and misadventures) about navigating her way through widowhood and learning how to be single so late in her life. The event is free for the public and held at the Pleasanton Senior Center, 5353 Sunol Blvd. Pleasanton, CA 94566 on October 15, 2008, 1:30-3:00 PM. Book signing follows.

All Roads Lead Out of New Jersey

Seeking stories and essays, preferably by New Jerseyites, for an anthology to be edited by April Eberhardt of the Reece Halsey North Literary Agency.

Here’s an opportunity to wax philosophical—or didactic, eulogistic, orgiastic or perhaps lovingly, hatefully, beautifully, sorrowfully or simply absently—about the state so many of us have left.

How to Submit

Email MS Word attachments, in 12 pt. Times New Roman, double-spaced, to april@reecehalseynorth.com.

Waiting

Waiting for the Voice
Within to Waken the Soul
Sending Songs to Sing.

— Sally A. Milnor

East of Eden

Writers Conference

Betty Auchard: The conference has always been where good things happen to me. I love it.

Karen Llewellyn: I was ready to go home after Friday night because I'd already filled my "basket" of adventures! Saturday was all gravy—very good gravy. This was the best East of Eden of all for me.



Hallie Ephron leads a workshop "Point of View: What's the Big Deal?" Photo: Carolyn Donnell

Meredy Amyx: Fast, intense 48 hours. Hallie Ephron, Brian Copeland, Jane Smiley—outstanding talks. Workshops: character, scene, mystery, humor, poetry. Nightowls. Camaraderie, laughter, serious business. Did that agent seem interested? Where can I find the right editor? Do they like my story? Buffet lines. Great folks at my table! New friends. Exhausted, exhilarated. How long till the next one?



Saturday lunch.



Karen Joy Fowler, author of *The Jane Austen Book Club*, tells banquet diners how she started writing.

answer: "Uh ..." Thrilling to have Karen Joy Fowler's character class, she's such a character herself!

Jana McBurney-Lin: EoE was not only a grand celebration but a time to reaffirm those things we writers know but forget: 1) Writing takes time. 2) It's a painful process. 3) You just have to sit down and do it. The AIC Principle (A** in Chair). 4) Magic happens.

Richard Burns: I reserved Laurel Inn room early, a plus. Cost of Saturday dinner priced me out of two possibly good speeches. Ask-a-pro Agent Nathan Bransford was great, but asked me for any questions I have about what agents can do for me. My

Rita Baum: I loved the conference. All well organized. Good speakers. I am writing scripts for stage and screen and was disappointed that there were no speakers or agents in that genre this time. I did get 5 minutes with Cari and that was a help. Thanks for all the good work that goes into the conference.



Scott Rice, Mr. Bulwer-Lytton Contest, entertains after Friday's dinner.

Carolyn Donnell: Writers lined up out the door. / "Where's my workshop? Ask-a-pro?" / Get in line, but not too soon. / Hope you planned your pitching tune. / Hear that gong? It means you're through. / Did you impress the agent pool? / Or are you finished, gone to—well ... / Next year, please, let's have a bell.



Cocktail hour before the Saturday night banquet at the Steinbeck Center: Rita Baum, Bonnie Vaughn, Martha Alderson, keynote speaker Jane Smiley, Edie Matthews, Susan Zeisler, Meredy Amyx, Marjorie Johnson.

Hi-Dong Chai: I thought that the overall organization of the conference was excellent. The availability of agents and pros were adequate. The food was good enough. The presentations were informative.

Helen Vanderberg: East of Eden was an awesome experience in an undistinguished town. Who knew so many writers existed? Nearly every workshop uncovered gems of ideas, reality, truth, humor, and solid usable facts. The camaraderie alone gave the event a champagne sparkle. Extra precious was the proximity to Carmel. Professional session management and flow-through made this year's EoE memorable. Thanks to everyone.



Cathy Bauer never stops: her raffle at EoE included one of her handmade quilts.
Photo: Carolyn Donnell



Night Owl sessions: Martin H. Dodd reads his prize-winning poem "On Seeing Nancy's Ashes."



Brian Copeland prepares to sign a copy of his book *Not a Genuine Black Man* for an attendee. Left: Maralys Willis, promoting her book *Damn the Rejections, Full Speed Ahead*.



Information overload: time to take five on Sherwood Hall's patio. *Photo: Carolyn Donnell.*



Sunday farewell brunch at the Steinbeck House: Cathy Bauer and Alex Leon.

Insomniacs Unite

by Anne Darling

My Dad prides himself on having a young mind. Unfortunately it's housed in a ninety-year-old body. He walks like a mailbox with the flag up and gasps for breath while his lungs make strange gurgling sounds. He stares into dark corners, not accepting that determination alone cannot restore his vision.

Until recently he had the metabolism of a hummingbird, but advanced age has slowed him down. He's still the only legally blind person I know who uses a digital camera, programs his TV, and rewires his stereo. Not unsurprisingly, things go wrong during the performance of these tasks.

Despite his physical limitations, he's still a take-charge kind of guy with opinions on everything. For instance, he claims, "Women are emotional at certain times of the month, so I could never vote for one for president."

Dad grew up and survived the Great Depression, plus two world wars, and they left an indelible mark. He still saves string, bags, wrapping paper, and

plastic food trays. Recently I repainted my thirty-year-old town-home and replaced the yellowed light switch covers because they reminded me of the color of old teeth.

"How could you be so wasteful? Are you crazy? Those were perfectly good covers." After all, a penny saved is a penny earned in Dad's book, and squandering fifty dollars for new switch plates was unforgivable.

Nonetheless, we're related by blood, bonded by love. I am his only child, and he's the one person on the planet I know who would willingly give up his life to save mine even though he has honed the art of irritation into a science. He calls the process "pulling my chain." I call it "standing on my last nerve."

Through the years I have learned not to respond to statements like "the only good music stopped with the Big Band era, and modern art is a rip-off for pretentious snobs."

However, when he insists I'm a night person and just won't admit it, I bite every time. It's embarrassing. Here I am knocking on the door to senior citizenry myself but blather on to him about having more energy and doing my best

work during daylight hours. I try to convince him that I'm always bedded down for the night well in advance of the 11 o'clock news.

"All I know is if I get up during the night your reading light is always on. That means you're a night person. Admit it."

Then he laughs and I turn into a whining toddler. "Dad, I just hate to turn out the light at night, and it's your fault."

"Why?"

"Because you taught me that ridiculous prayer when I was a kid about 'if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.' I don't want to take any chances that the Lord will snatch my soul."

"You're sixty-four years old and you're still afraid of the dark?"

"No, I'm afraid of the Lord," I reply like an idiot.

"You're a night person," he insists and then we start all over again.

Why can't I just agree him? I suspect it's because on some level I can't admit he might be right. So I continue the charade as a day person with attitude. Insomniacs unite! WT

New Feature:

Members Recommend

With this issue, *WritersTalk* initiates a new occasional feature in which members recommend selections from their recent reading.

You are invited to contribute a short (to 200 words) writeup of a book you have recently read, fiction or nonfiction, and would like to recommend to your fellow SBW members. It does not have to amount to a review or critique, just what you would tell a friend about a book you loved, including the reasons for your enthusiastic endorsement.

These will be printed as they're received and space allows.

The Beautiful Miscellaneous, by Dominic Smith (novel, pb, Washington Square Press, 2007). Nathan Nelson is the son of a brilliant particle physicist. His father's mind is always on another plane, and he is not very good at relationships. His hopes and expecta-

tions for Nathan far exceed Nathan's unexceptional abilities. He says, "If we're not careful life becomes very small." For Nathan's tenth birthday, a surprise trip to California turns out not to be to Disneyland (Nathan later thinks his father did not even know Disneyland was in California) but a visit to the Stanford Linear Accelerator. When the aftermath of a near-fatal accident leaves Nathan with the sensory and memory powers of a prodigy, his life is radically altered. As Nathan begins to solve the puzzles of his own life and those of his family, layers of reality and illusion peel back, finally exposing the truths at the core. Even though Smith's depiction of synesthesia does not quite ring true, the language of this just-right novel is evocative and deeply satisfying, and the story's ending awakens a whole other level of meaning that, fittingly enough, recasts the novel with a full extra dimension.

—Meredy Amyx

Texas Gold

Poem and painting Carolyn Donnell



A golden haze spreads
from my eyes to my heart
coating my universe in
a glaze of glory.

Dark forests behind
warn of hidden dangers,
but only if I abandon fields
of flowers to venture in.

There's the Windup

by *Meredy Amyx*

"One out, nobody on, top of the third—"

The voice of Curt Gowdy, legendary sportscaster who called games for the Boston Red Sox from 1951 to 1965, was one of the sounds of summer throughout my childhood. For fifteen seasons, the warm, slightly nasal twang of his play-by-plays was as much a part of the hot New England afternoons at our house as the chatter of the neighbors' lawnmowers and the squeal of kids splashing one another with garden hoses.

For ten and a half months of the year, my father was a college professor, serious, dignified, in suit and tie, speaking from a lectern, holding office hours, grading papers. But for just a few weeks before the fall term began, he was a manual laborer. And a Red Sox fan.

I think that was his favorite part of the year.

As soon as summer school was over, off came the tie, the jacket, the wingtips. The white dress shirt. Bare-chested, in a pair of old, paint-splattered tan trousers that sagged below the waistband of his plaid cotton boxers, my father would tackle all the yard and household tasks that had stacked up over the academic year. He'd don his baseball cap, tune the portable radio to WHDH, and head outside with a shovel or a hammer or a paintbrush. And Curt Gowdy went with him.

"There's the windup—and the pitch—"

Best of all my father liked house painting. About every two years, he'd repaint that old house, all three stories of it. Just for the fun of it, I always thought. Certainly there was no other reason why our house had to rotate every other summer through Dad's three standard color combinations: yellow with green trim, green with yellow trim, and gray with white trim.

Or maybe the real reason had more to do with unassailable justification for spending three hours listening to the

ball game on a warm day several times a week than it did with dazzling displays of exterior color sense.

Sometimes I'd watch Dad in the back yard, atop the forty-foot telescoping ladder propped precariously on the uneven ground, balancing a bucket and slapping green paint alongside the window of my third-floor bedroom. I was fascinated by his gravity-defying exhibitions of painterly dedication. The radio on the back lawn kept him focused, the volume turned up loud enough so he wouldn't miss a play.

"And it's a high fly ball—!"



Illustration by *Betty Auchard*

He'd climb down the ladder with a galaxy of paint speckles spangling his tanned shoulders, muttering mild-mannered professorial imprecations toward his perennially disappointing home boys. Like all their true fans, he loved 'em and hated 'em.

"And—he's out! Two to nothing, Cleveland."

Dad would come in after the game, wash off the sweat and the grime of his afternoon's chores, and dress for a relaxed family supper—or what should have been relaxed in those easy, innocent summer days.

If the lads had made a poor showing, Dad's mood would be grim. He'd scowl, spearing a hot dog. "The Red Sox are a bunch of bums." My mother would pass the potato salad in silence.

He'd treat us all to a recap of the critical plays, naming names as if giving a deposition. Then he'd sum up in a tone of disgust, just in case we'd missed it the first time: "The Red Sox are a bunch of bums."

If one of his brothers happened to be on hand for supper, as they often were in their single days, the conversation would grow animated as they vied with one another to critique the plays they'd heard. Their imaginations manufactured the video component so vividly that you could easily believe they'd been eyewitnesses and not just listeners to Curt's commentary and the vociferous reactions of the crowd.

"I knew it was over when he walked the leadoff guy."

"On four straight pitches. And we knew he was gonna take second."

"First pitch. Another ball in the dirt."

The rest of us rolled our eyes and munched our corn on the cob.

Ah, but there were the moments that made it all worthwhile—the golden moments that my father lived for. Gowdy's voice sings out, exulting: "Williams swings, and there's a long drive to deep right! The ball is going, and it is gone! A home run for Ted Williams! Boston takes the lead."

The Sox have a good day. Curt's happy. Dad's happy. Smiles at supptime. Watermelon for dessert. Summer is sweet. WT

Beyondananda, continued from page 1

Swami's platform on the Right-To-Laugh Party:

1. Let's Elect Ourselves!
2. Improve Reality!
3. Pray It Forward
4. Tell-A-Vision
5. Invest in A-Bun-Dance, Not Scare-City
6. Revitalize the Body Politic
7. Don't Get Even, Get Odd!

Swami (er, Steve) currently resides in Santa Rosa, California, with his wife Trudy.

Don't forget, we will also host our annual Halloween Literary Costume Contest at the October meeting. If you're game, come dressed as your favorite literary character, author, or theme. You may win a prize! WT

View from the Executive Committee

by Dave LaRoche

There being no board meeting this month, primarily because of conference demands, I thought I would tell you about the executive committee (your elected officers) and what we are independently up to. In this context, we might better be called strategists.

We are laying out activities and programs, and a further refined orientation for the club's upcoming year—ideas we would like to have the board and membership consider. I am listing below those that have our attention because we seek your comment and advice. Please suggest change or make additions or deletions and send your views to me or any of the officers at our email addresses. Or drop them in the suggestion box at the next meeting.

Signature Membership

A recognition of members whose work has been “published” in universally recognized ways. It will be a simple identification of those who have succeeded well over the current bar defining “active” membership. While the requirements have not been completely established, it will likely deal with number of pieces/books sold, the particular road to publication, short stories or poems published and where, contest wins, literary awards, and the like.

Workshop Chair

In the past, the VP has planned and produced both monthly programs and workshops. Since we are increasing the number of workshops and the quality of speakers, the job has become more of a challenge and grown substantially.

Ongoing Address of Sedentary Effects of Writing

To raise the awareness of this issue and help members take appropriate steps toward healthier writing lives, our secretary Rita St. Claire is formulating a program. It is likely to begin with a short workshop session and continue occasionally during meetings, taking a few minutes each to reemphasize its value—OMG, perhaps also an exercise.

Bylaws Rewrite

Since the original publication of our bylaws, SBW has grown. Its population has quadrupled, its activities blossomed, and its interests extended. It is time to consider upgrading our guiding principles. We want them to continue to “guide” and not run along behind, trying to catch up through stretched interpretations.

Conference Plan

There is little doubt that our conferences have been grand and leave little to be improved, but the problem is that all that is known about them resides in the heads of the last to produce them. These biannual events will continue. Recording our approach and revising it with experience so that those coming up may benefit is good sense.

Membership Drive

The simple fact is that with members come dues, interest, and energy, and with those a higher quality involvement from better programs and workshops. All of our activities have a membership component, and through it we have grown, but this coming centennial year is a terrific opportunity to exploit our interest in growth, and a “drive” seems a natural. No idea yet what form it will take.

Youth Program

We (still) like the idea of supporting our community youth who show an interest in writing. We have new ideas, some used successfully by other branches, and propose to pursue them. Members have come forward who are willing to spearhead this thrust. With proven ideas, an interest, and folks willing to work them, we hope to move ahead with this notion that certainly will reflect beneficially on our club.

Annual Writing Contest

Solid awards, broad genre reach, objective judging, reasonable reading fees, and voilà, an annual contest for SBW members. This, in addition to those sponsored by *WritersTalk* and those associated with EoE, will look to fresh work from SBW members exclusively. We like the idea of feedback and plan that those entering might have the benefit of commentary should they wish. We're also thinking that judges from another branch would open our submittal doors wider.

Anthologies, a Biennial Event

This is a big effort for those who edit and select, but done once, the next will pose fewer demands (that's the theory of it). Anthologies bring a publication outlet, recognition of skills, baby steps in the business, and an authoring notch in our pencils. For the club at large, they will bring prestige among peers, a presence in the community, and a few bucks for the treasury. And for the producers and editors: a daunting challenge yielding great satisfaction, terrific experience, and heaps of appreciation, perhaps envy from those unfortunates not involved in their publication.

Meals Comped for Those Critically and Continually Involved

With most of our activities, involvement is a reward in itself. But there are those meeting chores—necessary but not necessarily rewarding—like collecting and keeping tabs on meal money, running the meetings, entertaining the speaker, running the raffle, where the time involved is so demanding that those performing have few minutes to stuff and gulp—yet they pay for a meal. The suggestion is that meals for these people be complimentary in whole or in part. (This is a little like voting yourself in a raise, so your comments, particularly here, are of value.)

Okay, that takes care of most of what we currently have on the table. Please do us the favor of responding. We value your suggestions, and remember, this is your club. WT



Prowl, continued from page 2

having missed it must certainly do a “bookmark” and catch it the next time around—and of course there will be others.

Once again, thanks to the workers and organizers. This was a colossal job well done. Those who produced can be very proud of the result, and the rest of us can take satisfaction with membership in a branch that achieves this kind of success. WT

My Plumber Story

by Susan Mueller

When I was a young mother of two, I let the children play all over the house. They were little, but they built fabulous castles and villages. They were not required to put the toys away because the next day they would see their work with different eyes and add on more creative things.

Besides being the genius mother, it kept them out of my hair. Once a week we would all pick up the toys so I could vacuum and then it would start all over again.

In addition to this, I have always looked 10 years younger than I am so people at my door assumed I was the babysitter and would ask if the lady of the house

was home. This caused some complications.

We had a full bath upstairs and a powder room at the back of the first floor. It was the size of a phone booth. One day that toilet kept overflowing. I called a plumber from the Yellow Pages. A guy showed up and asked for the lady of the house. When I said I was she, his face clouded over. The man was huge. He must have weighed 300 lbs.

He came in and I pointed to the problem, all the way through the living room, dining room and den. He had trouble navigating. I was agile and experienced and it never occurred to me to have the children create a path.

He went in the powder room barely. He had to unseat the toilet and found the problem. Small toys. Were we surprised? He pulled them out and handed them to me with a grumpy face. He resealed the toilet and presented me with his bill. I had the check all made out except for the dollars. As he left, awkwardly and carefully, he said, "Don't ever call me again." WT

Contest Winners, continued from page 1

Second place: "Right Here in River City," by Kara Jane Rollins (Alameda)

Third place: "Cold Turkey," by Martin H. Dodd (Salinas)

Memoir

First place: "Revolution Madness," by Azadeh Tabazadeh (Los Altos Hills)

Second place: "Pence Springs," by R. Rikki Bell (Richmond)

Third place: "Practically Magic," by Gwyn Weger (Salinas)

Drama

First place: "Hot Flash Caper," by Alice Wilson-Fried (Alameda)

Second place: "The Sins of the Father," by Carol Lee Hall (Union City)

Third place: "Papa's Wedding," by Martin H. Dodd (Salinas)

Juvenile

First place: "The Cuban Castaway," by C. J. Cannino (San Jose)

Second place: "The Tale of the One-Eyed Kitty," by Jerry L. Crawford (Salinas)

Third place: "My Buddy, the Ghost," by Jamie Miller (San Jose)

Poetry

First place: "On Seeing Nancy's Ashes," by Martin H. Dodd (Salinas)

Second place: "Connected," by J. B. Drori (Lafayette)

Third place: "Pilgrims," by Dorothy North (Woodside) WT

WRITERSTALK Challenge

What Is It?

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

Genres

Fiction
Memoir
Essay
Poetry

Judging Periods

February 16 through August 15
August 16 through February 15

Prizes

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

Judging

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

* Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club; judges may not participate in the competition.



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Publishing, continued from page 4

readership like you would perhaps in a periodical like *Newsweek*, but the Internet is an international forum.

Please see below for how to register and the schedule of the free upcoming teleconferences offered by the San Francisco Writers Conference. Phillippa Burgess of Creative Convergence Inc. was my contact and welcomed the callers. Check out

www.creativecvg.com. The company does literary management and film and television production out of Los Angeles. For information on the 2009 San Francisco Writers Conference visit www.SFWriters.org

All teleconferences take place at 5:30 p.m. Pacific time.

To register, go to sfwriters.org/ask/index.php. Information for the September teleconference is still on display, but you can register to get email announcing the next one.

The next two scheduled teleconferences are

Oct. 30: Guerrilla PR with Jill Lublin, PR strategist and coauthor of *Guerrilla Publicity: Hundreds of Sure-Fire Tactics to Get Maximum Sales for Minimum Dollars*.

Nov. 20: How to write your novel as a movie with screenwriter Chris Soth. WT

Directory of Experts

Do you have specialized knowledge that might help a writer bring authentic detail to a scene? If you are willing to share your expertise, send a message to networking@southbaywriters.com or to the club post office box. We will add your listing to our directory of experts.

Asia, Japan, China, Russia

Bill Belew
belew@panasianbiz.com

Astrology, Singing

Sara Aurich
saraaurich@comcast.net

Astronomy, History of Astronomy

Bob Garfinkle
ragarf@earthlink.net

Character Development

ArLyne Diamond, Ph.D.
ArLyne@DiamondAssociates.net

Character Traits

Jeannine Vegh, M.A. M.F.T.I.
ladyjatbay@sbcglobal.net

Computer Dingus and Full-Time Nerd

Jeremy Osborne
jeremy_w_osborne@yahoo.com

Counseling

Dr. Audry L. Lynch
GLYNCH7003@sbcglobal.net

Death Care

Rick Brost
rickpatrickb@sbcglobal.net

Doctors' Office Environment, OB-GYN

Dottie Sieve
pdrsieve@yahoo.com

Central Coast Writers Branch 2009 Writing Contest

For poetry and short stories.

Winners' awards: \$500 and publication (print and on-line) in the *Homestead Review* (Hartnell College).

Entry Fees: \$15 per short story and \$5 per poem.

Submission period: August 15, 2008 through November 15, 2008.

Guidelines and Info:
www.centralcoastwriters.org

Engineering: Mechanical, Aero, Aerospace

Jerry Mulenburg
geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net

Growing Great Characters From the Ground Up

Martha Engber
marthaengber.com
marthaengber.blogspot.com

Hospital and Nursing Environment

Maureen Griswold
maureengriswold@sbcglobal.net

Internal Medicine/Addiction Disorder/Psychology

Dave Breithaupt
dlbmlb@comcast.net

Mathematics: Teaching and History; Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson
Marjohnson89@earthlink.net

Police Procedures

John Howsden
jwhowsden961@yahoo.com

Profile Writing

Susan Mueller
susan_mueller@yahoo.com

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard
Btauchard@aol.com

Television Production

Woody Horn
408-266-7040

Creative Writing Workshop Santa Clara Adult Education

A five-week session beginning October 13th Monday nights 7-9 pm. Come exercise that writing voice! Contact Jackie Mutz at j_mutz@yahoo.com or see www.scae.org for details.

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CWC

Around the Bay

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

Berkeley: Meetings are held from 10 a.m. to noon on the third Saturday of each month, except for July and August. Unless otherwise noted, our meetings are held at Barnes & Noble bookstore, in Jack London Square, Event Loft, Oakland.
berkeleywritersclub.org

San Francisco/Peninsula: Meets on the third Saturday of each month from 10 a.m. to noon at the Belmont Library, 1110 Alameda De Las Pulgas, Belmont.
sfpeninsulawriters.com

Central Coast: Meets on the third Tuesday of each month except December at the Casa Munras Hotel, 700 Munras Avenue, Monterey. The dinner hour begins at 5:30 p.m. and the program begins at 7 p.m.
centralcoastwriters.org

Mount Diablo: Meets the second Saturday of each month, except July and August, at 11:30 a.m. at the Hungry Hunter Restaurant, 3201 Mount Diablo Boulevard, Lafayette (corner of Pleasant Hill Road and Highway 24).
mtdiablowlriters.org

Tri-Valley: Meets the third Saturday of each month, except July and August, at 11:30 a.m. at the Oasis Grille, 780 Main Street, Pleasanton.
trivalleywriters.com

Sacramento: Meets at 11:00 a.m. the third Saturday of every month, except July and August, at Luau Garden Chinese Buffet, 1890 Arden Way, Sacramento 95815.
sacramento-writers.org

Marin: Meets on the fourth Sunday of every month at 2 p.m. at Book Passage in Corte Madera.
cwcmarinwriters.com

Redwood: Meetings are held on the first Sunday of the month (except for holiday weekends), from 3-5 p.m. at the Star Restaurant, 8501 Gravenstein Hwy, corner of Old Redwood Hwy and Hwy 116, in Cotati. redwoodwriters.org

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<h1>October 2008</h1>			1	2	3 7:30p Open Mic Barnes & Noble Almaden Plaza, San Jose	4
5	6	7	8	9	10 7:30p Open Mic Borders Books Santana Row, San Jose	11 10:30A Editors' Powwow
12	13	14 6p Monthly Dinner Meeting Lookout Inn, Sunnyvale Steve Bhaerman Annual Costume Contest	15	16 WritersTalk deadline 7:00p Open Mic Barnes & Noble 3900 Mowry, Fremont	17 7:30p Open Mic Barnes & Noble Pruneyard, Campbell	18
19	20	21	22	23	24 7:30p Open Mic Borders Books Sunnyvale	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	
Future Flashes		November 11 General Meeting Norman Solomon				

Stay Informed!

Sign up for the SBW Email List to receive meeting and event announcements.

www.southbaywriters.com

South Bay Writers Open Mic

Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. See calendar for schedule.

Contact Bill Baldwin
(408) 730-9622 or email
wabaldwin@aol.com

For Fremont Open Mic contact
Jeannine Vegh
ladyjatbay@sbcglobal.net

or

Bob Garfinkle
ragarf@earthlink.net

SBW Poets

The San Jose Poetry Center is turning its eyes toward SBW with an interest in showcasing our poets at its monthly readings. PCSJ's host and member of South Bay Writers Linda Lappin is making a personal request. Are you a poet? Would you like to read your work? If your answer is yes, contact Linda by email at captainlappin@netzero.net and have a look at PCSJ's website, www.pcsj.org

SBW Writers' Forum

Events
Conferences
Contests
Networking
Resources
SBW Author Events
and News at

southbaywriters.com

San Jose Poetry Slam (Est. 1998)

8:00 p.m., \$6.00

First Tuesday: Open Mic with music by Rebelskamp

Second and Fourth Tuesdays: Poetry Slam with music by Jay Rush

Third Tuesday: Head-to-Head Poetry Bouts with special guests.

At The Britannia Arms
173 W Santa Clara
Downtown San Jose
www.sanjosepoetryslam.com

Poetry Center San Jose Readings

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See www.pcsj.org for featured guests and details.



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

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

October 14, at the Lookout Inn
Steve Bhaerman,
Swami Beyondananda
and
the annual SBW costume party,
to which you're cordially
invited to come
dressed as a
literary character or figure.

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