



When Good Sentences Go Bad, Janis Bell Can Help

by Bill Baldwin

Has your writing ever ground to a halt while you pondered timeless questions like:

“Do I mean *affect* or *effect*?”

“Am I wishing I *was* or wishing I *were*?”

“Do I want a *comma* here or nothing? Or maybe a *colon*, or *semicolon*?”

And my personal favorite: “Does a question mark go inside or outside a quotation mark?”

As someone (my wife) once wrote:

“She was the type of woman who carried in her purse the conjugations of *lie* and *lay*.”

If you ask any of the questions I mentioned above, or similar questions, you'll want to hear our June speaker, Janis Bell, author of *Clean, Well-lighted Sentences*. Janis can answer these and other provocative questions; she has been teaching writing since 1973. And her answers are official: she has a Master's degree in English with an emphasis in teaching writing.



Janis Bell
Photo: Janis Bell

Not only does she answer grammar questions, she does it in ways that invite a smile and a pleasant memory. *Clean, Well-lighted Sentences* is a book for those of us who frequently find ourselves “grammar-challenged.” If you know what you want to say but aren't quite certain how to say it, you will want to hear Janis' talk. Her concise, respectful, and entertaining guide addresses common errors in American sentences.

Janis has taught at San Francisco State University, Golden Gate University, and the San Francisco Community College District. She has taught for government agencies and for private industry. Specifically, she has delivered on-site seminars to a wide range of professionals including software developers, engineers, lawyers, journalists, policemen, and firemen.

I can only imagine what she will find to correct in this very article! Perhaps I can distract her by joining her in a verse of her “Grammar Tango” (as heard on her website).

Believe me, you won't want to miss her! WT

Short fiction issue: the stories start on page 10.

May Recap Michelle Richmond

by Bill Belew

When I was in the U.S. Navy, we had a practice that we always went through after each exercise, whether it was war games in the South China Sea or learning to work together with the Korean and Japanese Navies while the Russian Navy watched in the Japan Sea. It was called “Lessons Learned.” We were required to brainstorm, individually and in groups, to list and articulate the lessons we learned. Even when I sit in on a lecture, I am still always looking and listening for what I can take away, what lesson I can learn. Michelle Richmond was the speaker last month, and she taught me much. If you didn't have a chance to attend, let me list for you the many nuggets I took away with me. If you did attend, feel free to add to the list.

Lessons Learned: On the Road to Publication

1. Writing can be done in a jeep at the beach. Or in a coffee house. Or in a studio. Or in a . . . pick your spot. Just write.
2. The norm for getting “discovered” is usually a long, slow process. Thomas Jefferson has been quoted as saying, “I find that the harder I work, the luckier I am.” I think that getting discovered is likely in direct proportion to the amount of effort put into the writing and pitching process.
3. Michelle started writing in college. She majored in journalism at the University of Alabama. She got her MFA from the University of Miami. Good schooling doesn't hurt.
4. When trying to decide whether to go to law school or be a writer, Michelle

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President's Prowling

by Dave LaRoche
President, South Bay Writers

Up and Dressed Early

He was lucky, I wasn't—it's as simple as that. It's a time and place issue or one of those it-wasn't-meant-to-be things. Someone opened the door or paved the way for somebody else. It's all the same—I didn't get there and another guy did.

I don't argue with the notion of probabilities, and some of life's turns are just that. But there are times when opportunity knocks and we are simply not ready. Can't answer the door because we're in our pajamas.

We have found a groove, a role, and operate with predilections based on some rationale that's well out of memory but ingrained in our psyche and governs us just the same. "I just don't do that," or "I prefer this," and the very popular, "I'm simply not ready." We've closed the door securely and like it that way as it's comfy, predictable, and safe, and it has nothing to do with luck or the rest.

I don't know why they picked George. I'm easily as well qualified for the position—don't care much though, never liked the guy doing the picking. Anyway, it's on the swing shift and I bowl on Tuesday night—always have. Hell of a job, though, George is real lucky.

There's a key aspect to this thing of being at the right place at the right time that so many lucky others seem to have been—that's *knowing what you want, having a vision of what it takes, and recognizing the opening when it comes.*

I don't mind columns, but fiction is quite appealing, and there is teaching; I might like editing and maybe later set policy—be influential. Yeah, the offer is attractive but I'm just not sure of my direction. I guess I'm gonna have to pass.

Or

Well, I joined the club to jack up my writing, maybe meet with other writers; you know, hone the craft and maybe get published. I'm not sure about "clubby"—not much time for office. I think I'll stay here in the back row for now, where I can consider my pronouns and participles.

So, someone else did the column, later joined the editorial staff, and became the managing editor of a big-city newspaper. And the other VP, the one who recognized the opportunity, became friendly with the speakers he selected. One was an agent who sold his book to Harper-Collins, and he's on with Charlie Rose tonight at seven.

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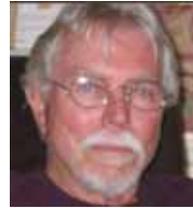
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We have a membership category that fits you. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. Contact the Membership Chair, Marjorie Johnson.



WRITERSTALK

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Members of the South Bay Writers Club are encouraged to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. Suggested word limits are not absolute; query the editor. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com; or mail double-spaced, typewritten copy to

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Guest Columns

Almost Anything Goes (400 words)

News Items (400 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)

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Creative Works

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

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An announcement is information of interest and value to writers that does not provide direct economic benefit to its originator. Announcements are published free of charge.

Advertising is accepted on the basis of its interest and value to writers. Advertising rates for Club members, \$7 per column inch; non-members, \$10. We will assist or insist with layout.

Authors retain all rights to their works; *WritersTalk* gratefully acknowledges the authors' permission to publish their works here. Contact individual authors for permission to reprint.

Change of Address: Send changes of address to the Membership Chair at membership@southbaywriters.com

Subscriptions: Nonmember subscriptions are \$20/year; send a check payable to South Bay Writers Club to the Membership Chair.

Circulation: 200

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Editor's Perspective

by Dick Amyx
Editor

Stories and Poems



Thanks to you who sent me stories for the short fiction issue. I received more than I could print in a single month—which was, I'll admit, part of my nefarious plan. The stories that didn't appear this month will get spaced out in succeeding issues. Thanks also to you who sent me poems for the poetry issue. I received more of them than I could print in a single month, and they too will appear as time goes on.

This being the short fiction issue, I thought to say something as profound as possible about short stories. By me, it's simple. In school, they taught me that a short story should have one main character; take place in a short period of time; start with a setup and conflict, build to a climax, and resolve the action with a quick denouement; *and* the protagonist should be changed as a result of what happened. I tend to be rather pig-headed in my judgment of short stories—but usually to little avail. Short stories come in many shapes and sizes, and my literary cohorts too frequently tell me that my idea of a short story is old-fashioned.

Curious to see what contemporary thinking about short stories might be, I hit the usual information sources on the web. Answers.com draws from the Literary Dictionary, the Britannica Concise Encyclopedia, the Columbia Encyclopedia, and Wikipedia. Summarizing and combining the information from those sources produces this result: a fictional prose tale of no specified length, but too short to be published as a volume on its own . . . normally concentrate[s] on a single event with only one or two characters, more economically than a novel's sustained exploration of social background. Short story definitions based upon length differ even among professional writers, in part because of the fragmentation of the medium into genres. Since the short story format includes a wide range of genres and styles, the actual length falls somewhere between the individual author's preference (or the story's actual needs in terms of creative trajectory or story arc) and the submission guidelines relevant to the story's actual market. However, many short story writers attempt to resist categorization by genre as well as definition by numbers, finding such approaches limiting and counterintuitive to artistic form and reasoning. And determining what exactly separates a short story from longer fictional formats is problematic.

Weasel words all. Apparently nobody knows exactly what a short story is. Perhaps it would be best just to accept Edgar Allen Poe's definition that "one should be able to be read it in one sitting."

We all know that you can't describe in a sentence what a poem is. Britannica says poetry is "Writing that formulates a concentrated imaginative awareness of experience in language chosen and arranged to create a specific emotional response through its meaning, sound, and rhythm"; other sources say pretty much the same thing in slightly rearranged words. A total cop. But poetry at least allows itself to be divided into genres—some 360 of them—from haiku to epic poetry, with sonnets, triolets, limericks, rondeaus, and sestinas somewhere in between.

Short story authors resist categorization by genres, and, according to Wikipedia, "definitions of the short story based upon length splinter even more when the writing process is taken into consideration."

Apparently the literary world is less able to pin down a short story than it is a poem. So, profoundly, I'll hang in with my definition (the engineering part of my personality likes the comfortable security of formulae), and you can hang with yours. Of stories we can read in one sitting, there are seven in this issue, starting on page ten. WT

Accolades

by Jackie Mutz

Summer is about to launch with sunshine, azure skies and vacations (we hope). Unfortunately, I haven't been able to attend the monthly SBW meetings because I'm teaching an ESL class until mid-



Jackie Mutz
Contributing Editor

June. Since I rely on emails, a digital audio of the meeting, and general word of mouth, it is important that when at the meetings during the "successes" segment you introduce yourself *before* sharing your writing success story. These first two accolades are anonymous:

- Someone had a short story published in *New Love Stories Magazine* and received her first paycheck from writing.
- Someone was asked to present at the Tennessee Writers Conference?
- After many months of rejection letters, **Lisa Eckstein** had an agent request her full manuscript.
- **Richard Burns** has finished his novel, which was well received by his critique group (he said the last chapter, but I'm betting on the rest of the book as well). There are two agents who are accepting his query letters.
- **Jeanne Carbone** (formerly Lewis) was recently promoted to editor of the *Almaden Times Weekly*, the *Cambrian Times* and the *Willow Glen Times*, in addition to keeping her position as editor of the *Campbell Times*, where she's worked for the past year and a half. She is "looking forward to my new responsibilities, keeping the communities informed of the news, and being very busy."
- **Ellen Green**'s first book, *Remember the Sweet Things*, was published on February 1, 2009 by Harper Collins/William Morris. It is also scheduled for publication in Germany, Italy, Japan, and Taiwan. Check out her websites: rememberthesweetthings.com and ellengreen.com.
- On May 14, **Audry Lynch** gave a

Steinbeck PowerPoint presentation to the Los Gatos-Saratoga Branch of AAUW at the Saratoga Library and was a speaker at P.E.O. International Chapter DN in San Jose on May 25. She also was one of eighteen finalists in the International Literary Awards sponsored by Salem College in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. There were 500 entries representing 43 states and nine countries, which "was an interesting experience."

- **June Smith** invited **Betty Auchard** to speak at her Rotary Club with fifty members and guests attending who naturally "adored her and purchased about twenty-one signed copies of *Dancing in My Nightgown*." She was so inspired by the last "Accolades" column that she published her first online book review of *Dancing for Suite 101*, an online magazine (suite101.com). June is also a contributing writer for the *Santa Cruz Wine Examiner* (examiner.com/x-9512-Santa-Cruz-Wine-Examiner).

While you are basking in summer fun and sun, remember to keep up your writing schedule, even if you don't feel up to it (too hot, too tired, etc.). And email me at accolades@southbaywriters.com with your writing success stories. They are inspirations for us all to keep at the craft of the written word as we enjoy the warm weather. WT

June "Jung"

Analysis-critiques are free:
Join a writer's group today.
Writers psych-out other scribes,
Well worth what you *don't* pay!

—Pat Bustamante

Prowling

Continued from page 2

One might conclude we need to define ourselves in terms of our goals and what it might take to achieve them—seems reasonable to have several. We then need to discard our comfortable habits and open up to opportunities that could carry us along the path to achievement.

Yes! This is what I want and I hear the knock clearly. I will rise early and change out of my pajamas. WT

New Members

by Lita Kurth

New member **Howard Burman**, who divides his time between here and Switzerland, had already experienced the production of thirty of his plays when he turned his hand to fiction, writing a thriller, a literary story, and a coming-of-age piece. The genre to which he devotes most energy now is "semifictitious oral histories" also termed "faction" (in case we thought the boundaries weren't blurry enough already). The very day I emailed him, he had signed a contract with the publisher McFarland for a book on the first baseball club in America, *Gentlemen at the Bat*. Interested in a critique group, he can be reached at howard@burman.net, or check out his website, howardburman.com.

Like many, **Cathryn Grant** joined SBW to get to know other writers outside of a classroom. Her career as a high-tech marketing person has provided the setting for most of her psychological suspense fiction, which has been published in both *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine* and *Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Magazine*. It was a thrill, she said, to have *Hitchcock* accept something that had been rejected elsewhere, substantiating what we've all heard about variations in editorial taste. Setting a great example, she remarks that rejection motivates her to keep trying! She is also a self-proclaimed horrible golfer who loves to golf. See her website at cathryngrant.com.

New member **Kent Werges** reported having such a great experience with our meeting and the recent Pleasanton workshop that he's thrown his hat into the election ring! He and his wife, both retired now from business careers in Southern California, have been jumping into CWC events in Silicon Valley. After discovering a poetry book by William Stafford, Kent began writing poetry and getting it published in such venues as *Avocet*, *Poetry Motel*, and *The Storyteller*. Like some of our other members, Kent pursues photography and oil painting. He is writing a memoir set in Ohio and is interested in joining a critique group. kwerges@gmail.com. WT

Time to Renew Your Membership

by Marjorie Johnson

Or join today and save.

Renew today and receive a small gift and a raffle ticket for a free South Bay dinner meeting.

Benefits of membership:

- Savings on dinner at regular meetings
- Savings on conferences and seminars
- Networking and fellowship with other writers
- Posting on CWC South Bay website, Members' Gallery
- Subscription to *WritersTalk*

Renewals:

The 2008–2009 CWC South Bay membership year ends June 30. Renewal dues of \$45 keep you a member in good standing through June 30, 2010. Save \$20 by not letting your membership lapse. Renew online at southbaywriters.com or by check using the form below.

New members:

Get June free. Send a check for \$65 with the quick application form below or join online with PayPal at southbaywriters.com.

Mail your check to
CWC South Bay Writers
Attn: Marjorie
P. O. Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Email _____

New members:

Circle area of interest: novel, short story, poetry, nonfiction, screenplay, journalism, editing, or technical. Other: _____

Are you actively writing? _____ Seeking publication? _____

Has your work been published in the last ten years? _____

(If so, please send a list of published work)

Please submit a 1000-word excerpt for active or associate membership.

Special Bonus Offering

At the June 9 meeting, Membership Chairman Marjorie Johnson will draw one winning name of someone who has paid dues for 2009–2010. That lucky person will win a free dinner meeting. Renew early to get your name into the drawing.



All new and renewing members will receive a cloisonné CWC centennial lapel pin. Present your membership card at a meeting to claim yours. 7/8" in diameter; see it in color in the *WritersTalk* on line.

South Bay Writers Elections

Tuesday, June 9

Officers who will guide our club for the next year will be elected from a slate of candidates during the June meeting.

The offices to be filled are President, Vice President, Treasurer and Secretary. These offices form an executive committee that is the core of your board of directors and the prime mover for planning the next year's events, including monthly programs.

Current candidates are

- President, Dave LaRoche
- Vice President/Program Chair, Bill Baldwin
- Treasurer, Richard Burns
- Secretary, no candidate

Nominations will be accepted from attendees at this general meeting until the time of voting. If you would like to see the name of your preferred candidate on the ballot before then, send a message containing the name of the candidate, the office for which the candidate is running, and an indication of the candidate's willingness to serve to Edie Matthews, Nominating Chair, at edie333@sbcglobal.net. The nominee must be willing to run for office.

All officers will be expected to attend regular and specially called board meetings.

The duties of the elected officers are, in general:

- **President** —Leadership, vision, policy, and procedure; appoints chairs with board ratification
- **Vice President** —Advice, programs, presidential stand-in
- **Treasurer** —Financial management, including accounting and reporting of cash flows
- **Secretary** —Keeping branch business records, including taking and maintaining minutes of board meetings; events calendar; and activity prompting

Please attend on election night. You must be present at the meeting to vote.
WT

Writers' Gigs: Freelance Bidding Sites

by Lisa Eckstein

If you want to earn money as a freelance writer but aren't sure how to start finding work, take a look at bidding sites like Elance, Guru.com, oDesk, and iFreelance.com. On these sites, professionals such as writers and editors can win contracts by submitting pitches and bids that appeal to employers who need projects completed. It takes some time to find the jobs worth bidding on and to establish yourself, but you can use these sites to begin a freelance career.

Here's how bidding sites work: Clients post project descriptions, including details about time frame and available budget. As a freelancer, you sign up for an account and create a profile that highlights your experience and talents, then locate jobs by looking in the appropriate category (e.g. Writing/Editing) and within specific skills like Article Writing, Proofreading, and Technical Writing. When you find an interesting project, you decide how much to charge and submit a proposal in which you sell yourself. The employer learns about candidates from their profiles, which include feedback from previous clients, and selects the best bid based on cost and credentials. If you're the winning freelancer, you complete the work, then receive the negotiated payment and hopefully also a positive rating.

The biggest complaint that writers have about these sites is that many of the job postings are from people who don't understand the value of a good writer and must not care about the quality of the work they receive. A common type of listing asks for dozens of short articles at the rate of a dollar or two each. A writer's time is worth more than that! Look past these projects to find clients willing to pay a reasonable price for well-written content. However, recognize that when you're starting out on one of these sites, you may have to bid a lower than average rate until you build up the feedback to vouch for your abilities.

But winning a contract is about more than the price you ask. Just like when you apply for a job or query an agent, you need to distinguish yourself from the competition. The proposal you submit should persuade the employer that you are the best candidate by offering detailed plans, highlighting your relevant expertise, and, most importantly, displaying your talent as a writer. Make sure your account profile and portfolio also promote your skills. Online tests offered by the sites give you another way to demonstrate your proficiency in areas such as grammar, spelling, and business writing.

Profiles of four of the major freelance marketplaces follow. You may find it beneficial to open an account on multiple sites, or prefer to focus your attention on only one. Full disclosure: I haven't used any of these, but after researching this article, I'm thinking about giving them a try!

Elance (elance.com)

Elance is a good starting place for new freelancers due to the site's ease of use and free membership level. An excellent search function and many subcategories help you sift through jobs in the Writing & Translation category (741 at article time). The free Basic account limits you to bidding on 3 projects a month. To raise the maximum to 20 proposals, upgrade to an Individual membership for \$10 per month. Paying for an account also lets you display more skills on your profile and increase your visibility in search results.

Elance takes 8.75% of your earnings in commission and processing fees. If you start making a lot—over \$10,000 in 6 months—the commission drops. All billing is handled through Elance's system, and you have the option to use their escrow service to ensure payment for work done.

Guru.com

Guru.com also offers free Basic accounts, which provide you with 10 bids a month, though these may only be used to apply for jobs within your own geographic region. At this membership level, Guru.com takes a 10% fee. The Guru level account costs \$75 per quarter for writers (discounted 50% if you pay for a year), allows 100 bids a month with no restriction, and reduces the commission to 5%. With a Guru ac-

count, you can opt to use up multiple bids submitting a premium proposal that will stand out from the crowd.

An account includes multiple profiles for different skill subcategories, which you need to apply for jobs requiring different skills. The bid scheme and profile system make Guru.com more complicated to use than Elance. The number of contracts available in the Writing/Editing/Translation category is similar—687 projects—but you must register for an account to view any details. Guru.com also offers an escrow protection service.

oDesk (odesk.com)

oDesk has a few important differences from the first two sites. It focuses on hourly work, so freelancers set an hourly rate in their profile, and clients compare these rather than specific project bids. In order to accurately track hours, providers must install software that takes a screenshot every 10 minutes. The application allows you to review the images before they are recorded as a privacy measure, but not everyone will be comfortable with this level of scrutiny.

All memberships are free, and oDesk takes a 10% commission. The site offers a guarantee for payment of hourly jobs when tracked through the desktop application. The Writing & Translation category lists 604 projects.

iFreelance.com

iFreelance charges only for membership and takes no commission. There are three account levels, ranging from \$6 to \$12 per month. Paying more allows you to list more subcategories in your profile and causes your proposals to appear above others when clients review a list of bids. All accounts include tools to help you market yourself and improve your visibility on the site.

iFreelance has far fewer jobs than the other sites, with 68 projects in the Writing/Editing/Translation category, but also encourages freelancers to advertise themselves to employers who may be searching for workers instead of posting jobs. Because iFreelance doesn't charge a commission, it doesn't prohibit open hiring and communication. For the same reason, it also doesn't facilitate or protect the payment process as the other sites do. **WT**

The Journey of a Thousand Miles: For Poets

by Lita Kurth

When I first came out of the writers' closet, it was as a poet. I grew up on poetry, memorizing it, hearing my father read aloud wonderful old rhyming poems from school anthologies: Helen Hunt Jackson's "September," which precisely described a rural Wisconsin September, and story poems like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith," which evoked a world of homemade axes and horses in harness. Though I came to love modern poetry too, from T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" to Adrienne Rich's "Diving into the Wreck," and though in recent times I've focused mind-boggling amounts of time and energy on fiction, poetry continues to be a source of meaning and value for



Lita Kurth
Contributing Editor

me. So this column is devoted to that purest of arts, the least likely ever to provide a living (in the U.S., at any rate): poetry. I'll recommend one conference and one book.

The Frost Place Festival and Conference on Poetry, low-key and high quality, is held annually in tiny Franconia, New Hampshire (since I attended, they have added a conference on writing and teaching poetry and an advanced seminar). On the site of Robert Frost's old home, now a museum, talks and workshops led by excellent poets and teachers took place in a renovated barn. In our free time, we walked to the likely spot where "two roads diverged in a yellow wood" and saw the stone wall mentioned in "Mending Wall"! What set this conference apart from many others, however, was the tone the director set. In suggesting an approach toward workshops, he said, "If you are torn between making an intelligent remark and a kind one, choose kindness." He also held up the value of being heard as opposed to being "discovered." Our lunches were often picnics, and the student reading was a

highlight attended by many locals. The sense of human connection was strong.

That week of concentrated poetry reading, writing, listening, and speaking acted on me like a shot of adrenaline. I gained as much from my fellow participants as from the official events and came home with new forms to try (such as the pantoum), new poets to read (Molly Peacock, Roseanne Warren), and a bigger sense of the poetry world. Afterwards, poetry poured out of me. Some of it was published, and a group of us produced an anthology, but the experience itself is what I remember most: late nights in a crowded room of poets with a bottle of Scotch growing progressively emptier; mornings of finding wild raspberries growing next to the barbed wire fence.

Since my theme here seems to be the pure joy and delight of poetry for itself, let me recommend a book I encountered while preparing for a children's writing workshop: Naomi Shihab Nye's *The Tree Is Older Than You Are* (New York: Simon & Schuster Children's, 1995,

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South Bay Poets Prefer

by Carolyn Donnell

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth . . . That line from "High Flight" by John Magee was included in the list of favorite poets on one of the questionnaires I sent out to our SBW poets. As I read the line I found myself transported back to the late 50's, sitting in front of our old B&W TV, listening raptly to the station signoff and soaring with the pilot every night that I was allowed to stay up late. Magee, an RCAF pilot, was inspired to write the verse in 1941 while test-flying a Spitfire at 30,000 feet. Just three months later he was killed in a collision. He was 19. Magee wrote this as a tribute to actual flying, but phrases like *danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings* and *the tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds* are able to lift the spirit to great heights



Carolyn Donnell
Contributing Editor

while the feet remain firmly planted on terra firma.

Most often listed favorite poets included Emily Dickinson, Maya Angelou, and Pablo Neruda. (I discovered Neruda's "A Lemon" in a workshop at this year's Women on Writing Conference at Skyline College.)

*Out of lemon flowers
loosed
on the moonlight, love's
lashed and insatiable
essences,
sodden with fragrance,
the lemon tree's yellow
emerges, . . .*

What luscious, juicy words.

Other SBW favorites ranged from Shakespeare to Bob Dylan, with everything from Mary Oliver to Rumi in between. Childhood inspirations included Robert Louis Stevenson, Lewis Carroll, and Mildred Plew Meigs; and migrated with age to Walt Whitman, William Blake, and Carl Sandburg.

Many of our poets find inspiration in nature, from the general—seasons,

animals, and the passage of time—to the specific, such as the beach at Fitzgerald Marine Reserve in Moss Beach. Music was also cited, including classical (Mozart) and Impressionists Ravel and Debussy. And Loreena McKennitt. I use her soundtrack to *Mists of Avalon* as background when reading one of my poems and was very happy to find that this artist also inspires at least one other poet in our group.

Mixing art and poetry is something else that several of us have tried, from viewing a work of art for inspiration to writing a poem to go with one of their own creations. Or creating a painting to go with a poem. The inspiration can work both ways.

Some SBW poets focus more on human subjects—life experiences, memories, relationships, human nature—both good and bad; kids, politics, and more specifically, women in midlife. One poet says, "No subject is safe from my pen,"

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The Wisdom of the Dolphins

by June Smith

At the age of 67, I fulfilled a lifelong fantasy by attending an ocean seminar swimming with wild spinner dolphins on the island of Hawaii. I had long been intrigued with stories about the interactions of cetaceans with humans, but had no idea that my communion with the dolphins would reacquaint me with the joy of writing, a pursuit I had lost touch with for many years.

The seminar facilitators lovingly guided our small group through daily meditation, as well as our adventures with the dolphins. Our welcoming meeting set the tone, with fresh leis and soothing island music. We gathered each evening for the sharing of our experience and thoughts after our day on the ocean. Mirroring the dolphin-pod example, we became a family, providing each other with companionship and support. Our facilitators supplied us with journals, encouraging us to record our impressions each night before retiring.

Every day before we boarded our boat, we thanked the Hawaiian gods for allowing us to enter their warm, nurturing water. We sent a message of love to the dolphins, asking them to join us in play if they so chose. The boat ride itself was uplifting. Inspiring music coming over the speakers intensified the magnificent view of the radiant blue waters before us. When dolphins appeared, we were ecstatic, but joined them in the water only if they remained with us for a time.

On our last day, we did an exercise that still impacts me today. Using the subjects of health both physical and mental, work, relationships, environment and the universe, we wrote about the way we wished our lives would be as if they were that way today. An intellect cleared of anxiety allowed me to record profound thoughts and ideas, many of which I now practice.

Back home, after fully documenting my adventure, I felt a deep need to share it with others. This was the first time a trip had created such a powerful impact on me. Referring to my journal, I poured my soul into the story, so as

never to forget that magical, mind-expanding week.

When the features editor of my local daily paper asked for submissions from the community, I knew that this was the opportunity I was looking for and submitted my story. To my delight, I received an enthusiastic call from him, saying he enjoyed it and could I add some embellishments? When I stopped by his office to deliver photos, he encouraged me to continue contributing articles.

I could hardly believe my eyes, when shortly after, my story and photos were published on the front page of the features section on Easter Sunday! Then a check arrived, validating me as a writer. I have been happily writing articles and essays ever since.

The Dolphin Spirit of Hawaii seminar offered a much more meaningful agenda than I could have ever imagined. Through meditation, journaling, and a week spent savoring nature, my eyes were opened up to the endless possibilities that were waiting for me in this later stage of my life. WT

View from the Board

by Dave LaRoche

Your Board of Directors met on May 6 with the following attendees: Dave LaRoche, Bill Baldwin, Cathy Bauer, Richard Burns, Marjorie Johnson, Dick Amyx, Jamie Miller, and Marilyn Fahey. The Self-Publishing Workshop drew 36 attendees with \$481 net to the Treasury. Upcoming programs include June: Janis Bell, author of *Clean, Well-lighted Sentences*; July: our traditional summer BBQ on the 19th at Edie's; after that: the business of writing with various speakers spread out through the fall. The next workshop will be the Young Writers Workshop on May 30, and for August, a Legal Aspects of Writing workshop is planned.

The EoE 2010 strategists agreed to a conference in September of 2010, selected an operations approach, and will spend \$300 to reserve Sherwood Hall at the Salinas Community Center. Cathy Bauer will act on Rita St. Claire's behalf as secretary for the duration of

Rita's term and reports that the previous month's minutes require a condensation.

Our treasurer, Richard Burns, reported that with our increased meal cost to the Lookout, the club is going negative about \$100 per meeting. Q3 reports were submitted to the Central Board Treasurer, and adding PayPal, check processing, and email communications made for an extra heavy month of expenditures—though our asset balance remains stable.

The Central Board met on April 19. A reported 1180 members will vote on opting in or out of an electronically distributed newsletter, potentially saving the Board something less than \$5K but helping with a projected \$9K cost overrun for this fiscal year. (The CB annual revenue is around \$30K, about half of which is spent supporting quarterly meetings.) Fremont Writers, organized by Bob Garfinkle and Jeannine Vegh, was denied charter on its first try at becoming a separate branch due to a deficiency of qualified "active" writers. And Glen Wood is

attempting a resurrection of the currently defunct San Fernando Branch.

The first meeting of a proposed association of Northern California branches will be held on May 24 to establish the value and cost of local collaboration.

Membership Chair Marjorie Johnson reported two new members, bringing our current total to 215. PR and Elections Chair Edie Matthews (absent) reported sending press releases of meetings and workshops out to local media and noted that our upcoming election requires a few candidates.

Open Mics continue with about eight readings per week at the various venues – see our calendar. The May issue of *WritersTalk* was mailed to 227 readers, and the emailing service associated with our new website host has been used three times successfully. Analysis suggests, however, that less than half of our mailings are opened (those wanting to read might check out their spam filters). A net-supported wiki group for EoE 2010 is open and operating.

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Self Independent Publishing with Lisa and Carla

by Dave LaRoche

Along the rocky path from manuscript through publishing, marketing, and sales to a spot on the beach in Bermuda, Lisa Alpine and Carla King led our journey. For six hours on May 3, during their surprising All About Self-Publishing workshop, we toured the vistas of opportunity, excitement, and economic gain associated with entrepreneurial authorship. Thirty-four attended.

I'm a hard case, and have always believed that traditional publishing by a family member of the "big sisters" of publishing (Random House, Penguin Group, HarperCollins, Time Warner, and Simon & Schuster) was the only road an aspiring writer should take. The fame and prosperity would be worth the fierce competition and many disappointments of following after Roth to the Pulitzer.

Carla and Lisa didn't change the fame part of that interest, but they did show us all a different arrangement—one as lilting and bright, though played by a quartet instead of the sisters' full orchestra. The first melody that flowed from the smaller group was: with *independent publishing*, the author is more financially enriched. Instead of a buck for each book sold by the sisters, six or eight come to the entrepreneur-writer. And the next clear lyric heard was *control*. It damn sure is our book, not *theirs*, and with the independent approach, *we* make the decisions about content, title, cover, presentation, and the rest. Well, the word "independent" tends to pry my mind open to fresh thinking, and I prepared to hear this revolutionary theme. And these were animated presenters, engaging, knowledgeable, and attractive—so who's not to listen?

Outside of the sisters' arrangement, one buck for a book, two self-publishing options are available. The first and likely most common is with *author services companies*. Vanity presses like LuLu and iUniverse do everything from obtaining the ISBN to distribution (marketing and sales) and fulfillment.

These print-on-demand (POD) services are sold by the package and work well for a family-and-friends run. The problem here is that the press owns the ISBN, and with that particular edition, your book is theirs to control. (The ISBN is the key to price, distribution, and fulfillment.) The author may gain only a small royalty from multiple runs—assuming the package contains distribution, a typical inclusion. POD print quality is not as good as offset printing, and if the book contains photos and illustrations, particularly color, offset is a much better choice. Vanity presses use proprietary software for pouring your



Lisa Alpine and Carla King take the fear out of self-publishing. Photo: Roger L. Kelley

text into their application and designing the layout. An easy beginning thus turns into a problem if we decide on a run with another company. First there is the ISBN, owned by the press, and changing it requires a new book (a revision and a new title will do), and then there's the proprietary software used in the design. In order to move to another press, we must redesign in a standard compatible form if offset is our choice.

Of course, for some intentions, a vanity run may be appropriate. It's a very cheap way to get your book on the posterity shelf of Uncle Amos.

Publisher services companies might be our best choice if we think we have a product that will warm the shelves at B&N for years. Lightning Source and BookMaster are presses that require a camera-ready PDF and do offset printing and perfect binding as well as storage, distribution, and fulfillment—if we elect. And there's the golden key: if *we* elect. A large offset run brings higher quality and lower unit cost—think five

hundred copies at one to three bucks per book. Yes, the risk of financial loss is higher because the books don't make a cent if not sold, but consider the margins—each one producing the revenue of a dozen published through the traditional route. One might argue: well, yes, there is more revenue, but the writer is obliged to do more work. Carla and Lisa admit to this consideration, but even when we contract out, we end up substantially ahead. Always run the numbers. Marketing? Oh yes! We will find ourselves running the trail, regardless of who publishes.

Preceding the above is the most important part of publishing, and that's *branding*. If we think the book is the product, forget it and think again—it's really the author. It's not "Nessun dorma" we adore, it's Pavarotti—or Richard Ford, E. L. Doctorow, and Betty Auchard. With energy and at length, the King-Alpine duo emphasized the need for *niche* and the correlated branding. Way before our copyeditors' machetes slice up our manuscripts, we, as personalities, need to meet our public—put our names out there in the attributes of our niche: biographer of forgotten idols, YA at eighty, chronicler of the sloth and other odd mammals. To sell the book, we must first sell a persona.

Get a domain name, establish a website, write a blog, join social networks—Facebook, MySpace, Twitter—there's a new one every hour. Develop your niche and a following. Include book excerpts, short writings, publication promises that you may not have a prayer of keeping. (If only Donna Tartt would send me a tweet, I'd buy her next novel right now, even if she never puts ink on the paper.)

Some will have trouble with branding, and a branding party was suggested. As it happens, says the King-Alpine duo, others have a better idea of who we are than we ourselves do. If you were branding me, what would it be? (Don't respond, I have a fragile ego.)

Following the overture were book design, printing, distribution and fulfillment, website design, social networking tools and orientation; movements dissected and evaluated with regard to independent publishing

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Walking the Fish

by Victoria Ballard

"I was walking my fish in the pottery my sister-in-law had made. She's an artist, see, only she's not like me, a musician, she's a potter. I guess you knew that because of the pot."

"I see. You were walking the fish that was in the pottery, the pot?"

"Yes. She made it for me for my birthday after we made love."

"I see. Do you see anything a bit unordinary about what you have just said to me?"

"Well, the part about my sister-in-law making the pottery. She's really a good housewife but she gets bored sometimes so she makes the pottery. She says it centers her."

"And what do you think? Do you think that it does?"

"Not really. I mean I think walking is a lot better. Didn't Thoreau walk?"

"Yes. A lot of people walk. Only . . ."

"Not with pottery, right?"

"Right . . . and not . . ."

"With their lover's pottery."

"That too. But . . ."

"What happened when you were walking your FISH in the pottery made for it?"

"Oh, not much. I saw a three-legged dog but it just barked. It tried to bite me but I growled back and scared it away. The fish was safe."

"Yes, about the . . ."

"Three-legged dog? She was a real bitch, nasty and needed a bath."

"Did she? And how about the . . ."

"Fish? He was dead by the time I got back. I guess the walk was too much for him. I thought he might like to get some fresh sea air from the coast."

"Were you thinking of going to the beach with him? Throwing him back in the ocean?"

"Oh, no. You know once you're out of your element, you're out of your element. Take me for example."

"You?"

"Yes, I wish you would take me. I would give up my sister-in-law for you. She's too silly anyway. I need someone more like you. A bit worn out. Like me. Once kind of pretty, but now, worn

around the edges."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm worn out. I was a rock star in Iran before all of this trouble started. I've been here a long time on this earth, like you. And I thought you might like to exchange phone numbers. Meet me for dinner at a little Italian restaurant with gypsy music."

"Actually, I'm all booked up. Well now. I see you have a lot on your mind. I do think I can help you, but this is how: the best thing is that you find another therapist, not me."

"It was the fish, wasn't it?"

"No. Not the fish. But that didn't help."

"What was it, then?"

"Never mind. It was nothing. I think I have someone for you."

"OK. Give me your hand. Good-bye."

"What's the tattoo of the fish on your hand mean?"

"Just a symbol. Dead though. He died. Never did come back even after I watered him." WT

Sarah

by Chuck Peradotto

At the battle of Columbus, two strangers had looked at each other across smoking ground littered with dead and wounded. They raised their rifles together, sighted, and one pulled the trigger a split second before the other. One left his life there in the mud and the other went home.

Sarah lay in the dark for a while, then pushed aside the coarse blanket. The icy cold of the dawn never failed to bring a gasp to the young girl's lips as she tried to shrink within herself. She crossed the rough planks of the single-room cabin where the dim light of the embers in the stone fireplace gave no heat. Shivering, Sarah pushed back her long brown hair with a thin white hand and lit the candle on the table and lowered the sooty glass around it. It flickered and hissed, the feeble light doing little to push back the darkness. The single black window looked back, mysterious

and foreboding.

Moving to the hearth, she knelt, placed small pieces of tinder on the coals, then blew softly to coax them awake. Orange eyes widened in the bed of gray ashes; tiny wisps of smoke and a long, thin yellow flame emerged, followed by a dozen more wrapping themselves around twigs as she fed them in. Then some kindling that they greedily consumed, slowly gathering strength against the cold. The girl added slightly thicker pieces to the fire and the soft crackles brought a faint smile to her sad face. After a bit, she pushed in branches as large as her thumb, then as broad as her wrist, and the room began to warm quickly.

"Mornin' Sarah." Her mother moved up behind her, stretching out her hands and, with a turn of a long flannel nightgown, said, "That feels good."

"Mornin' Ma."

"Maybe today's the day."

"Maybe."

"He'll be home today, I feel it."

"Sure Ma."

"He'll bring food, he always brings food, and some small present for you and me."

"I know Ma, but that's what you said yesterday, an' the day before, an' the one before that."

"Shush now, don't you lose faith."

"Yes Ma."

After a long silence the mother said, "You hungry?"

"Ain't been food for three days Ma."

"I know. I just asked if you were hungry."

No answer.

"Here." The mother handed Sarah a small piece of hard jerky.

Sarah took the stringy, dried meat and slowly ate small bites to make it last.

Ten days ago Billy Joe, an old friend of

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The Fifth Face

by Marjorie Johnson

I always carry a cup of Starbucks past Gary's workstation on the way to mine through the maze of desk carrels at Games-du-Jour. The high-ceilinged room is divided into a warren of open cubicles by six-foot dark-gray rug-covered partitions, supposed to deaden the noise, and so much sameness that I spent three days learning the way to the water cooler.

Gary is a super computer geek, writes code for computer games. Gary always looks spiffy, wears button-down collar shirts, slacks, and dress shoes, says he has to dress well to come to Games-du-Jour because his job is so much fun that he forgets he's working. He always wears a tie.

I'm the one who looks nerdy—beard, long hair, thick glasses, comfortable rumpled clothing and sandals, but I'm the pseudo-nerd who writes how to assemble electronic gear and how to use the software. Boring as hell, but pays my bills. Sometimes I let my mind play, surfing the web; other than that, this job is definitely ho-hum.

Today, however, Gary's desk is such a mess that I almost drop my coffee. Crumpled pieces of white paper litter his desk and floor space, crumpled white paper everywhere. "Looks like the city dump in here," I say.

"It's research, research for a computer game based upon flexagons." Gary holds up a folded paper hexagon, pinches it on a corner, and opens it out from the center into a hexagon again.

"Looks like a cootie-catcher from the sixth grade," I say.

"Not the same at all. It's a hexahexaflexagon, six faces and a six-sided shape. Four graduate students at Princeton University—one of them Richard Feynman—discovered them. It's all written up in the *American Mathematical Monthly*."

"Richard Feynman, I'm impressed. But what's the big deal?"

"Here, make one." Gary hands me a piece of adding machine tape with nineteen equilateral triangles penciled in. "Crease across the lines, back and forth, to warm it up."

The triangles are numbered 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, . . . , with a blank one on the end. I have to set down the coffee. I use a corner of Gary's desk.

"Now roll it up, folding the same underside numbers to face one another: 4 on 4, 5 on 5, 6 on 6. Fold back again three triangles in, then back three more triangles. It makes a

hexagon shape."

"What's the piece hanging out?" I ask.

"You glue the blank sides onto one another. Here, use my glue stick."

True, it does look like a hexagon, six 1s on one face, six 2s on the reverse. "Cool. But what's it good for?"

"Six different faces come out. Flex it and open from the center, and repeat. If it won't flex, move to the next corner."

I try it, not difficult. "What's the puzzle, then?"

"You can put pictures onto a face and watch the center move to an edge. See, this spot moves out."

"I guess a picture of a rabbit would really mess up, put its tail next to its ears."

Gary smiled. "That makes it a good puzzle. Pull a rabbit out of a hat, so to speak."

A stupid puzzle. I say, "How are you turning it into a computer game?"

"That's the trouble. To write the program, I have to know what happens to each triangle when you flex it. Something's wrong because the 5-face comes out only once in all the possible flexings, but the 1-face and 2-face come out again and again."

"You need to ration the glue," I say.

"It's not the glue. When I try to keep my finger on a triangle to follow it, the whole thing rips apart."

"Come on, man. You can't keep crumpling those up, over and over."

"I have to find it, the 5-face." Gary frowns and begins folding another flexagon.

I shake my head. Weird. I go back to work.

I come early the next day. Gary looks rumpled and his tie wears a grease spot. His floor wears two inches of crumpled brown paper toweling.

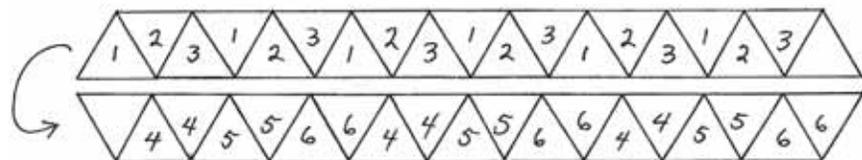
"Been here all night," Gary says. "Bigger flexagons, from a roll of paper towels."

"Lots of luck, buddy." I center my coffee on my desk and turn on my computer.

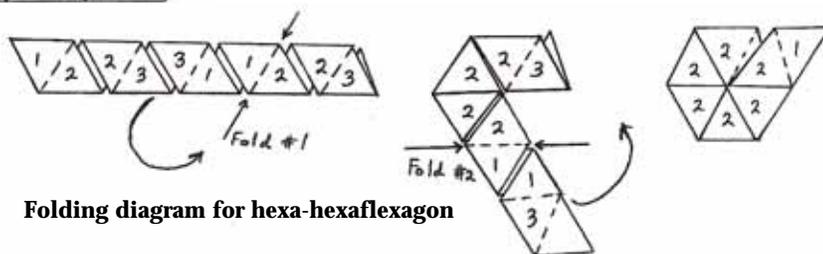
"Help! Peter! I'm stuck!"

"Coming." Gary, in some kind of trouble, is connected to a paper towel roll, a brown flexagon folded around his tie.

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Nineteen equilateral triangles



Folding diagram for hexa-hexaflexagon

Discarded Toys

by Pat Bustamante

Marc Antony was a mean brute. I don't mean the classical character. I mean the Tennessee Walking Horse that the neighbors purchased when I was twelve. All the girls I knew were crazy-mad about horses. Malibu was a great place to ride: canyons, ridgetop trails on the dumpling-shaped hills we call "the Santa Monica Mountains" and wide flat beaches with gentle surf. Movie stars lived all around us, but it was a mark of class that you treated everybody the same and pretended that it didn't matter that your best friend's father worked at a major studio and attended parties in The Colony, which I understand is now as tightly guarded as a prison.

"Tony the Horse" was classy like a movie star; sleek, pedigreed, and he pranced instead of just walking. He also bit like a snake, and his flattened ears never pricked forward like the show horses in pictures. The other two horses the Fabrone family purchased were palomino ponies.

Lettie Fabrone was not my best friend; I lied about that since my folks would not buy me a horse and I desperately wanted to ride. Lettie was a year younger and very gullible. She was also somewhat afraid of horses, whereas I feared nothing. The truth and I parted ways since I was practicing to become a famous fiction writer . . .

"Can I ride your horse?" was the most frequent start to a conversation with Lettie, who was a blue-eyed blonde and would look like Marilyn Monroe when she filled out (I certainly never would)—I resented the hell out of that. I never enjoyed riding Tony but sometimes had to. Nobody enjoyed riding Tony: my older sister, who had taken riding lessons and did know what she was doing, was almost killed when he got the bit in his teeth and galloped down the steepest of hills, pausing only to slam her sideways into a telephone pole. Tony had the temperament sensible people feared (not me).

He also cow-kicked when you tried to curry him or rub him down. He stepped on, then leaned on me once, staring thoughtfully into the distance like he

didn't have a clue, refusing to move off my thank-god cowboy boot until I bit him on his neck. That surprised Tony; he had never been bitten by a human before. I think I even saw the dawning of respect in his rolling white-edged brown eye. He was a beautifully shaped bay, rich mahogany coat, and now that I have actually learned some things about horses, I think I know why he was so unhappy.

Lettie had a little sister, Tisha, also called "The Duchess" since she was a very spoiled girl of ten. Lettie and I dodged her as much as we could after school or on weekends, but she took revenge by leading off either Beauty or Goldy, the gentle palominos. Lettie wasn't stupid enough to try to mount Tony, so I had to. I never knew where Tisha went; she had a hard time mounting, so she just led the mare off to somebody else's house, I figured.

So, because I had read every horse story in any library I found, I pretended to be the expert on horse matters, and I would instruct Lettie. "The Tennessee Walking horse has Thoroughbred blood mainly. They developed five gaits, y'know, fancy ways for a horse to walk, being ridden all over big plantations and for long days and a saddle horse had to walk beautifully, plus nobody likes saddle sores. They weren't a true breed until 1935." I never saw Lettie read a book outside her homework. And to get in good with her, I did that for her whenever she asked.

It was fun to talk Lettie into things we both knew were dangerous. Our gallops were reckless, and horses love running, so everybody was happy and nobody died. A miracle. I just made things up as I went along: "Here's what Black Beauty would have done," I'd tell gullible Lettie, trying to explain the mindset of the horses we were riding. I always had a suggestion. Or "National Velvet's jumping horse Pie: we could try that!" Then there was polo, quite popular in Malibu, mostly men riders who were terribly handsome. Boys we knew also rode horses. But wasn't that painful for them? The two topics of endless fascination for us were (1) horses and (2) boys. Not always in that order. It was another challenge to avoid Lettie's sister if we sat in the barn on hay bales and discussed those

strange creatures that we seemed so far unable to train . . .

I looked in vain for "male anatomy," finding only art books with certain statues. "They've got to be kidding!" We could not figure out the puzzle: our fates were linked to this crucial information . . . so I made up a few "facts" (after all, I had an older sister who was dating; Lettie only had "The Duchess").

Reality was so far from our guesses! For instance: Lettie's sister was sneaking out to the beach at night and putting what we only guessed at into practice. Their mother, it turns out, was having a fling with the mailman (no wonder mail was days late). My parents got divorced over some similar behavior.

And Tony-the-Tennessee Walker was a dressage-trained horse. I had completely missed out on information about dressage, "horse ballet." Someone had trained the poor beast to be a super horse athlete, then abandoned and sold him to idiots who broke his heart by not understanding his talents. When he reared up, he was not attacking us, he was performing. In this long-ago age of innocence, a horse so rigorously trained was a rarity, a gem.

Today it is innocence that is the rarity.
WT

View from the Board

Continued from page 8

The raffle plus brownies (we favor nuts) remains in the black by a few bucks and Hospitality Chair Cathy Bauer reports that she will host another critique group séance and place flyers on meeting tables to further establish that network

One anthology was sold during the month for a total of 51 post-publication. Those interested in joining a sales team, along with Amyx, LaRoche, Miller and Breithaupt are urged to contact Dick Amyx.

Promotion has begun for the Young Writers Workshop, with several school districts indicating strong interest. Coffee shops, markets, libraries, music shops and more will host flyers. Sixty is the number of students we seek with eleven registered on May 6.

All in all, the view from the Board is both colorful and panoramic. WT

Why Gladys Stuben Turned to a Life of Crime

by Luanne Oleas

Gladys was short with brown hair and eyes. In fact, her ex-husband used to say she was “five foot two with eyes of poo,” which was one of the many reasons he was her ex. Still, she had kept the best of what he had to offer, his four kids, not that he had fought her for custody. He was fairly religious about his one-weekend-a-month visits with them. Less so about his child support. Gladys figured his latest girlfriend probably soaked up those missing alimony payments.

Still, it wasn't the missing payments or the lack of alimony that drove Gladys beyond the brink. It wasn't even the fact that her three-year-old son, Billy, with his bed-head wisps of blond hair and enormous blue eyes, had gotten up early, plugged the electric frying pan into the wall, and cooked a scrambled egg on the floor. (It was better than when he parted the dog's tail and stuck it in the wall socket.)

Gladys' insanity wasn't caused by the fact that her 16-year-old daughter, Samantha (“Call me ‘Sam,’ Mo-o-o-m”) had a bus ticket to Salt Lake City and hotel reservations for two at the Marriott there. Gladys wouldn't even have known if she hadn't been pulling seven-year-old Franklin's hands out of her daughter's makeup drawer and discovered the folder from the travel agent. Really, at that point, Gladys wasn't sure which was more upsetting, the fact that her daughter was planning a rendezvous in a city 1000 miles away with a stranger she had met on the Internet or the fact that Franklin liked lipstick and eye shadow.

Still, all that was just kids being kids. It wasn't even the fact that she was rear-ended by an uninsured motorist on the way to work, or that when she arrived, the air conditioning was on the fritz.

Her road to ruin didn't even really start when she picked up her paycheck and discovered that it was \$100 short. It took four calls and an email to the payroll person to get an explanation. They had deducted the money because

Gladys took time off to take five-year-old Norman to the ear, nose and throat guy to remove the wing nut lodged in his ear.

“But I'm a salaried employee,” Gladys protested, standing beside the payroll gal's desk. “You can't deduct an hourly amount from my check.”

“Your manager insisted,” the payroll gal started. In that instant, Gladys had a vision of holding a pistol to the side of her manager's fat head, telling him to get down on his knobby knees—if he could find them beneath his swollen belly—and beg her for mercy in his weak, lispy voice. “It was the second time you took time off for a medical visit last month.” They were counting the pregnancy test for Samantha against Gladys too. At least that had come back negative.

But then, a lot of things seemed to be coming back negative for Gladys. She had completely given up on any social life. Most of the guys who were paired with her by Match.com proved to be worse than her ex, especially the one that Franklin was so attracted to.

“With all the overtime I put in?” Gladys started. She had worked every weekend that her ex had the kids for the last year.

“That is expected from salaried employees,” the payroll gal said. The lady's phone began to ring and a stack of papers fell from her desk. “Discuss it with your manager.”

“Or my manager's manager,” Gladys threatened before walking out.

Of course, those discussions would have to wait. Her wimpy manager and his manager were in Paris with the sales team. The bums.

No, it was none of that which drove her to the brink. It was an egg. She had stopped at the store on her way home to grab something quick for dinner. It was Friday, and her ex would be picking up the boys from the after-school program. Samantha—Sam—was going to spend the night with her BFF and then meet her dad on Saturday morning. All Gladys needed were the essentials. Eggs, milk, spaghetti, no beef. She was loading her groceries into the trunk of her car when she noticed liquid leaking from the egg carton. Inside, a lone egg sat in the middle of the dozen, its shell broken and dripping. That did it.

It wasn't a grand, noisy freak-out with screaming and hand-waving. It wasn't even the sort with door-slamming. It started with a slow, steady muttering of curse words as she got into the driver's seat.

“Son of a bitch. Damn it all to hell putrid pond scum duckshit-faced futher mucker.”

She was so enthralled with her diatribe that she remembered too late that she needed to stop at the ATM. Her maneuver through traffic nearly killed a pedestrian. She slammed the brakes just in time. Her parallel park job by the curb was less than perfect. No matter. She wouldn't be long. She reached under the seat looking for her purse, but found Norman's favorite toy. The lifelike handgun his father (the duckshit-faced futher mucker) had given to him. A crazy gift for a five-year-old boy. She stuffed it in her purse, planning to toss it in the garbage can by the ATM.

There was a line, of course. She finally got up to the machine and entered her PIN.

“Funds not available.” Those words on the display hit her like a brick. She knew she had funds. Her paycheck, though short, was direct-deposited into her account every other Friday. This was the Friday.

She grabbed her card and headed into the bank, 30 seconds before closing. She got up to the teller and started to explain, opening her purse to retrieve her bank card, but saw the gun instead. She pulled it out and pointed it at the teller's nose.

“Give me all the money you got,” Gladys said. WT

See your name in print!

Volunteer to write the recap
for the August meeting.

Contact the editor at
newsletter@southbaywriters.com

The Evocation

by Jamie Miller

I discovered The Evocation quite by accident, you understand. Every boy must imagine having super powers, but most quit trying to leap tall buildings by eight or nine years old. I'd forgotten those fantasies until that day in the auditorium when Speech and Debate held trials for the district competition and Kaitlin Carrington drew the first time slot.

I always liked Katie. Secretly, that is. She was cute and sweet, but so shy that I felt sorry for her having to go first. She probably would have preferred being an anonymous, comfortable number eleven but, no, she drew first. Then Darren Reigel laughed when she walked to the center of the stage. I didn't like Darren. He was arrogant, a bully. He was brilliant, I'll admit, but why'd he have to laugh at Katie, as if wanting not only to win, but to humiliate her? And when she tried to make eye contact with the audience, he returned an obscene little gesture, concealed from Mister Ingram's sight. Katie looked flustered, and Darren laughed again, and suddenly I hated him, hated him so intensely that an utterly insane thought popped into my mind. I followed it, went with it, let it grow and develop and flower. I glanced down the row at Darren, and I

tried it. For an instant he looked confused, then shook his head and went back to smirking at Katie. I tried it again, holding it this time. Concentrating. He frowned and shook his head again, but the smirk was gone and his face was blank.

I held them in my mind, those thoughts, until Darren's turn came and he took center stage. "Be it resolved," he began, "that the actions of the President of the United States shall never be considered illegal, notwithstanding objections others may raise . . ." And then I turned The Evocation toward him. ". . . and Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers— brought—" Darren stopped, looked confused, and tried again. "Be it resolved that I am the very model of a modern major general, I've—"

"Darren, are you OK?" Mr. Ingram asked.

I decided to see just how much power The Evocation had.

"I'm fine," Darren snapped, and then he clutched his crotch as a dark stain spread down his legs.

He ran off stage, his friends laughing hysterically. Ingram yelled "Aw'right, people! Quiet!"

Darren's fiasco threw the next speakers off, and I hoped, irrationally, that Katie might be a finalist, but of course she wasn't chosen.

and night—resonated on multiple levels, including the political. The featured poets (Pancho Ernantes and Homero Aridjis, for example) are known south of the border, but I had never heard of them before. Again, as with the conference, I felt my world enlarged and enriched by this contact and was intrigued to examine a poem in two languages to see how the versions compared.

So those are my two offerings at the altar of poetry. I must say it's interesting and disconcerting the way one sets out to write one thing and ends up having written another. I truly intended to discuss a useful and enjoyable textbook for college-level or adult poetry students, and somehow the more I wrote, the less it seemed to fit. Well, you might as well know what it was: Kevin Clark's *The Mind's Eye*. WT

I caught up with her as she left the auditorium. "Hey," I said. "That was a great presentation."

She looked startled. "Mine? Really? Thanks, but... no, I've never been good at speaking."

"Really, it was." I stood there, feeling as shy as she looked. "Well, gotta go."

"Yah, thanks again." She looked away and paused. "Umm, have you . . ." She blushed, hesitated, and almost whispered. ". . . got a prom date, yet? Just wondering."

Honestly, I swear I hadn't used The Evocation on her. Not intentionally, at least.

"Umm, no. Do you?" WT

The Fifth Face

Continued from page 11

"I can't get the tie out without tearing the flexagon," he says.

I hold the tie, he flexes, his orange tie comes out.

Gary shakes his head. "I almost had it when I stuck my hand inside."

I shake my head. "It's too flat to fold it with a finger inside."

Gary doesn't hear me, and he doesn't stop folding. When I leave for the day, Gary's still folding, two rolls of brown paper towels filling the floor, discarded flexagons two inches thick.

The next morning, I come in carrying my Starbucks like always. Gary isn't in his work carrel. A cardboard and plastic tape flexagon with three-foot triangles fills his floor space like a dirty brown rug. The end of his royal blue tie, the one with yellow circles, pentagrams and infinity symbols, sticks out between two triangles. Curious, I pull it out and out and out until I have Gary's entire tie but no Gary.

Did Gary find the fifth face? WT

AUTHOR'S NOTE: For further reading about flexagons, see Martin Gardner, *The Scientific American Book of Mathematical Puzzles and Diversions*, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1959. To request an instruction sheet to make a flexagon, email me: marjohnson89@earthlink.net.

EDITOR'S NOTE: See YouTube, too.

Journey: For Poets

Continued from page 7

available through the San Jose public library system). This bilingual anthology surprised me because I knew of Nye as a Palestinian-American poet and author of the lovely *19 Varieties of Gazelle*, but I was flummoxed by her association with a Spanish-English anthology of poetry. However, in the preface, she revealed that her family, which had lived in Texas, contacted some shirttail relatives in Mexico and regularly visited there in the summer. Hence, the Mexican connection and—need I say it?—small world. *The Tree Is Older Than You Are* is a beautiful volume to look at, and, though aimed at children, is not childish. Several poems—the autobiography of a peach tree and a poem about ducks at dawn, noon,

South Bay Poets Prefer

Continued from page 7

while another goes completely impromptu, using magnetic words at random to summon the muse.

Some aids to creativity listed by our poets include books—poetry, art, classics, mythology, nature, and photography. The of book mentioned most often in the textbook category was Julia Cameron's *The Artist's Way*.

Edie Matthews' class came in as a front-runner along with workshops from EoE and the Jack London Conference—several of our poets have won awards at these conferences, and Foothill College Writers Conference, where I was privileged to attend a workshop last year given by the now California Poet Laureate Emeritus, Al Young.

Most of us have been published in *WT* or our new anthology, or both. (Those who haven't submitted poems to *WT* yet please see page 3 of this newsletter.) Other publication credits include such publications as *The Sandhill Review*, *Coe Review*, *Global Prayer Digest*, the former *Whistle-Stop* magazine, a Guidebook to Fitzgerald Marine Reserve, and Western Writers Chat. Newspaper and newsletters include *Santa Clara Weekly*, the South Bay Civil War Round Table newsletter, Celtic Women, and Story Circle and various company and church newsletters. Online sites such as HazelSt.com and convergence-journal.com, and commercial sites have published our poets as well.

I know I have not found all the poets in our ever-growing branch. If you are not on my poets list (did not receive an email questionnaire from me) and want to be on it or have your opinions added to the list, please contact me at csdmailbox44-SBW@yahoo.com. WT

Poetry is the journal of the sea animal living on land, wanting to fly in the air. Poetry is a search for syllables to shoot at the barriers of the unknown and the unknowable. Poetry is a phantom script telling how rainbows are made and why they go away.

—Carl Sandburg

Writer Well-Being

by Marjorie Johnson, pinch-writing
for Rita St. Claire

How many times have you heard the successful author's secret: *Write, write, write every day?* But what happens to your body if you *do* write every day?

We all know the benefits of exercise and eating right, especially as rules for other people to follow. However, the most important rule concerns thinking right: your mental attitude. With the right attitude, living *in the now* one day at a time, everything else falls into place. No more "poor me," no more "how will I make it tomorrow," no more "I can't." No more negative thoughts.

My flight instructor posted the following quote by the famous author Anonymous under a picture of an airplane flying through puffy clouds on an otherwise perfect day:

Attitude is more important than facts, more important than the past, than education, than circumstances, than what other people think or say or do. Attitude is more important than appearances, giftedness, or skill. Attitude will make or break a company, a home, a pilot. The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day. Life is 10% what happens to us and 90% how we react to it. We are in charge of our attitudes.

So, that preachy stuff is for other people. What about the writer who writes every day? Take breaks, walking. Fill your lungs with fresh air, listen to the birds, smell the hyacinth, let sunlight warm your skin. Let natural endorphins increase your sense of well-being and improve your attitude. A stroll to the refrigerator doesn't count.

At our May meeting, Michelle Richmond told us how she does it, by reading wonderful books. Did you hear her say that her bestseller *The Year of Fog* was conceived while walking on the beach? Did you notice her positive mental attitude and that she enjoys her family every day?

To be a writer, one must write. However, that is only part of the job. A writer must read, read, read, and contemplate—all sedentary activities—

while keeping body and mind healthy and strong. Agatha Christie took a walk every day after several hours of writing and used the time to work out her plots. Several other famous authors were walkers, real walkers.

Why not try walking thirty minutes after an hour or more work at writing? Your brain is your computer, always on, whether you are awake or asleep. A walk gives you time to contemplate what you've been writing, a chance to change an attitude, reflect, reorganize. It's multitasking—good for the hypothalamus—in that you are walking and thinking. Try it; you might like it. WT

Sarah

Continued from page 10

Pa's, returning home from the war leading a lame horse, had stopped by the cabin. His arm had been wrapped with a dirty bandage, and muddy rags bound his feet. He told the woman and her daughter that he and Pa were together just before the last attack. They were in a ditch sharing a smoke and could hear the fierceness of the battle over the ridge. They were both scared and talked about what they would do if they lived through the carnage; also what one would do for the other if he didn't make it.

The two men went into the engagement together, but quickly became separated. The fighting was fierce and both Confederate and Union casualties were many.

Billy Joe survived. He later found out Pa was missing in action. That was all anyone could tell him. He heard how many of the bodies could not be identified and how some men had run away, but he was sure Pa had not run. He was sorry, but that's all he knew.

"If I were you all, I would move into town. You're two days from anyone, way out here. You won't survive on your own," he said.

"But . . . we have to be here if . . . when he comes home. He'll expect us to be . . . waiting."

"Suit yourself, but you keep that rifle by the door and loaded."

The man quenched his thirst, then watered his horse and headed out to complete his own journey. WT

May Recap

Continued from page 1

- took the advice of a drunk she ran into at a bar. It's not so much the advice you take or who you take it from as what you do with that advice. As Winston Churchill once said, "The greatest lesson in life is to know that even fools are right sometimes."
5. The University of Massachusetts Press published her first book, a compilation of short stories. There's more than one way to get a book published.
 6. Michelle received an advance of \$2000. I always wondered how much advances can be. Now I know.
 7. Michelle took a job as a tutor for the CEO of a Chinese trading company and found herself wandering the streets of Beijing. The trip wasn't even on her radar, but the end result was her first book. Sometimes the plan is not the plan.
 8. Michelle spent time in Costa Rica on a residency fellowship at a writer's colony. Surround yourself with other writers.
 9. Michelle did a reading in Alabama where some 10 people attended. One attendee was a person who was sent by another writer who just happened to pick up her book because he liked the cover. The writer had been doing a book signing and nobody showed up. What was it that Thomas J. said? This connection led her to her agent. She received a two-book contract. She stopped teaching for a living and started writing for a living.
 10. Four hundred pages and past deadline on her second book, Michelle got and took a do-over from her editor. I don't think I'd want to start over after putting that much effort into a book, would you? Sometimes it's okay to start over, even way late in the process. If you are going to do it, do it right.
 11. My favorite part of Michelle's presentation was when her eyes lit up as she said, "I always want to write." Did I hear passion? You bet I did.

Lessons Learned: On Inspiration and Research

1. Michelle wanted to write a book that

could only be set in San Francisco. It's what she knew.

2. Michelle wanted to write a book that included something about photography. It's what her sister did.
3. Michelle did research into how memory works and incorporated it into her book.
4. When she found something interesting, she worked it into her book.
5. Michelle said that when you work on something for four years it becomes monotonous, and she lost inspiration. It's okay to get bored sometimes, just don't quit.
6. Michelle is a coffee addict. Loves coffee. Researched coffee. Attended coffee tastings. Not surprising that coffee showed up in her books.



Michelle Richmond tells us writer-to-writer about her journey into writing.

7. Michelle constantly read during the writing process to keep the creative processes bubbling. If you want to be a good writer, then read.
8. She got her MFA so she would have time to write. Create a situation so you can write.
9. She enrolled in an MFA program to get away from her job of wiping sweat off of tanning beds. What would you rather be doing?
10. Her MFA program introduced her to books she might not have read otherwise. How do you get out of your comfort zone?
11. She writes in the first person because to her it "feels natural."
12. What influences a person changes as they get older.
13. Some 50 exchanges were made before a title was decided on for her book. That many?
14. Michelle doesn't work with a critique group. I don't have a critique group, but then maybe I don't need one. Or has it been an excuse for not writing that I didn't

have one?

15. Her husband, who works for the FBI, is also a writer and her chief critic. Feedback has to be gotten from somewhere.

These thoughts may be random to most, but they make sense to me. The lessons I learned from the things she said may not be the lessons you learned, but I did take away a lot. I suppose if I were asked to pick the most important of the bunch to me, I'd say: if you want to be a writer, darn it, write. Be persistent at it. Write what you know and be sure you know something. Surround yourself with like-minded and dedicated folk. And for goodness sake—write. WT

Self-Publishing

Continued from page 9

and its advantages—let me repeat, for those still reading: *control* and *profit*: that is, how your book reads, looks, and feels and realizes roughly ten times the return on sales.

The theme: writing is a business. Of course we hate the notion, but if we seek readers with cash to spend on our book, it's a given. We'll need all of the ordinary elements: marketing plan, budget and schedules, advertising and sales effort, Internet presence, licenses and tax ID, bookkeeping and accounting. And how about those spin-offs—CDs, speaking gigs, workshops, and black t-shirts with gold glitter spelling the name of your book. It's a whole lot to internalize. Need help? Look at *The Self-Publishing Manual* (14th ed.) by Dan Poynter.

To say that this was a worthwhile experience for me is a little like what I imagine Newton might have said about the bruise on his head. Some of us write solely because we enjoy it; others for the revenue. If the latter is your interest, I suggest that independent publishing is a more than reasonable option.

You are invited to contact Lisa and/or Carla for information on individual counseling regarding the hows and whys of independent publishing. You may discuss your project with Lisa at 415 887-8820 or writing@LisaAlpine.com. Outside of your interest, I'm told, there is no obligation. WT

Kimmy Goes Fishing

by Richard A. Burns

It was dark, almost black, under the capsized boat this early in the morning. Garth stayed underwater, holding his breath, with his eyes open, looking for his tackle box. *Not there! Oh, there's a flicker of something!* At the same time, he stubbornly gripped his fishing rod. A big-mouth bass, a live one, tugged hard on his line.

Kicking his way downward, he brushed his free hand around. He knocked a finger against hard plastic. *Come back to Daddy.* He grabbed the half-opened tackle box, hugging it to his chest. He zoomed to the surface. The fish had leaped again and almost pulled the rod out of his hand.

"Kimmy, you okay?" he hollered. He swallowed water, coughed, and spat.

"Do I look okay to you?" his eight-year-old daughter yelled. She floated behind him a few yards from the belly-up boat. "Hey, yeah. You're okay."

"I'd rather be okay at home under some blankets."

"Swim for the boat, Kiddo." Garth hefted the tackle box up onto the nearly flat bottom at the rear of the boat. He tugged back on the fish and cranked.

"Don't let yourself get pulled under, Pumpkin."

"I won't." She dog-paddled toward the boat.

"Dad, look at me. My hair's dripping! All my clothes" She grabbed the rim a half-foot under the surface.

"Be happy we're not coming to a waterfall."

"Sure, Dad! I should be happy!" Kimmy had sarcasm down to a fine art.

Garth laughed and continued to battle the fish. Briefly, the giant bass pulled him further from the boat. He unlocked the reel, and the line fed out. *This must be a nine-pounder!*

"Good thing you wore the vest," he said.

The thought crossed Garth's mind that this has to look odd as hell. Side-stroking, he stayed close to his daughter. He grabbed the boat. "Quick, now, try pushing as hard as you can," he yelled. "On three."

They shoved hard, but nothing doing. The dead weight of the thing was too much.

"Dad, I'm shivering."

"This ain't cold. Wait till we go ice fishing."

"Gee, I can't wait."

She didn't appear hurt, but her lips were blue.

"No need to panic," Garth said. "Let's see if I can't bring this big fella in."

"Looks like he's winning."

Two hundred feet away, the fish leaped, flickered briefly in the sunlight, and splashed. Garth reeled it in closer. To Kimmy, he said, "Keep moving. Keep calm."

He glanced back at her. She looked kind of helpless. The bass almost jerked the rod from his grip again. Garth cranked back.

"Cut it loose, Dad."

He worked his line in more. Another big leap.

"Try crawling up on the boat," he yelled. "Dang, Kimmy, do you see the size of that thing?"

The rumble of a motor came from the other side of their crippled boat.

"Dad," Kimmy hollered, "it's somebody in a motorboat."

The morning sun was still low, and Garth could only see silhouettes. One definitely had a beard.

Garth reeled the fish in closer as he treaded water. "Hey, good timing," he yelled at the rescuers.

The bearded man leaned, grabbing Kimberly under her armpits, and hauled her up. Water poured off of the girl. The other man, lanky and smaller, handed her a big, fluffy towel. "Sit down, okay?" he said. "That bench." He grunted a foreign sound at her. He squatted to untie her shoes.

"Water's cold," she said.

"It would be that. Stay out of wind."

The other one spoke at Garth, who was still dog-paddling, playing the fish in closer. "We thought you were a rock." For a man, his voice was high, and he sounded excitable. He spoke with an accent rarely heard here in southwestern Kentucky.

The smaller man busied himself with the young girl, unfastening her life vest and things. "We get you warmer."

"Yeah, thank you." Kimmy's teeth chattered.

Garth grabbed hold of the ladder.

"Here, take this," he said, reaching up and handing his rod to the bearded man. "Careful. I still got a monster pulling at the line." He shucked his dripping-wet jacket and leaped back into the water to get the tackle box.

"Hey, mister," shouted the skinny one, wringing out Kimmy's jacket. "Your little girl, she almost drowned, and you are still fishing?"

Garth climbed the ladder with the tackle box. "Shoot, I got dinner on the line. I ain't gonna just give it up," he said, breathing hard, and he took back the rod. "I'm bigger than him." There was better light now, and Garth could see the men's tawny skin, the heavy five o'clock shadow on the skinny one.

The boat's motor started.

"Hey, let's keep fishing," Garth said, but the man said no. He needed to get back to Hopkinsville.

"That's where *we* live," Kimmy said.

The fish had tired, and Garth reeled in fast. "Say, uh, where do you live at?"

The bearded one spoke. "Oh, my wife and I move into a double-wide mobile home. It is on, how you say, dead-end street off 68."

That matched the description of Edgewood Lane. He had said something to his wife yesterday about the new foreigners, the woman all wrapped in some kind of cloth. They had moved in two months ago down the street. He had neglected to go meet them. Felt uncomfortable doing it.

"And Ahmad, he live two miles north," the bearded man said.

"Sure glad you came along," Kimmy said.

Garth widened his lips, baring his teeth, and hissed in. He knew all his friends at church wouldn't be glad, not at all. These guys probably knew the Koran by heart.

He brought the fish in close and tugged it up to flop around, a big fat one, opening and closing its mouth on the deck, seeming to gasp for air. 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

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CWC

Around the Bay

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

Berkeley: 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). mtdiablowriters.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							
	1	2	3 7P Board Meeting LaRoche residence	4	5 7:30P Open Mic Barnes & Noble Almaden Plaza, San Jose	6							
7	8	9 6P Monthly Dinner Meeting & elections Lookout Inn, Sunnyvale Janis Bell	10	11	12 7:30P Open Mic Borders Books Santana Row, San Jose	13 10:30A Editors' Powwow							
14	15	16 <i>WritersTalk</i> deadline	17	18 7P Open Mic Barnes & Noble 3900 Mowry, Fremont	19 7:30P Open Mic Barnes & Noble Pruneyard, Campbell	20							
21	22	23	24	25	26 7:30P Open Mic Borders Books Sunnyvale	27							
28	29	30	<i>June 2009</i>										
<table border="1" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="width: 15%;">July 19, 3P Annual SBW BBQ Home of Edie Matthews</td> <td style="width: 15%;"></td> <td style="width: 15%; text-align: center;">Future Flashes</td> </tr> </table>							July 19, 3P Annual SBW BBQ Home of Edie Matthews						Future Flashes
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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

South Bay Writers Anthology



\$12.50 + 9.25% sales tax
At the meeting.
On the website.
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

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



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www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

Next Monthly Meeting
Tuesday, June 9, 6:00 p.m.

Lookout Inn
605 Macara Avenue, Sunnyvale
At the Sunnyvale Golf Course

Janis Bell
author of
Clean, Well-lighted
Sentences

**There will not be a
regular monthly meeting
in July.**
Alternate activity:
Annual SBW Barbecue
Sunday, July 19

