



WRITERSTALK

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August 2015

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

AUGUST SPEAKER

Fine-tuning the Author's Voice

by Jenni Everidge

As we approach a new season of South Bay Writers, complete with a change in leadership, I believe it is important to be clear and honest about the vision I have for our monthly dinner meetings.

From the beginning, I have been touting the importance of community, and with that comes the application of that concept to our club.

I want to focus on speakers who offer advice on craft and commitment to writing goals, so my hopes are to usher in some new ideas and fresh spins on old ideas so we can all benefit from these gatherings together.

Thus begins our season with a topic most important to me—our voice. All writers are taught that they have a voice. Whether we use it to tell tall tales or true, we know we are unique when our voice can be heard.

Many worry that their voice isn't strong enough, funny enough, or sincere enough. I think that's all in our heads.

This month, I want to give you a speaker who will show you how to find your voice and make it work for you.



Amanda McTigue is experienced in the art of cultivating the author's voice. She is a Yale graduate and alum of both the Squaw Valley and Napa Valley Writers Conferences.

Amanda promises to deliver a presentation that will not only tune your ears to your own voice, but will practice it by providing ten shifts of focus you can bring to your own writing.

I hope you will join me at Harry's Hofbrau on August 10th for Amanda McTigue's "The Author's Voice."

Bring your pen and we will speak together. —WT

August Speaker Amanda McTigue

C'est magnifique Summer Party

by Linda M. Judd

We feasted on the scrumptious, the delicious and the decadent at another fabulous South Bay Writer's summer party hosted by Edie Matthews. Her multi-tiered backyard was the perfect setting with delicious weather, and the right mix of sunshine and breeze to engage with new and familiar faces.

As I came up to Edie's beautiful home, I met up with Judy Shernock and her husband, Don. She is one of my favorite writers. Thanks to Judy I joined SBW almost a year ago. As we came in, the eating festivities were about to get underway.



Jeanne Carbone, Diana Szuchs-Richomme, and BBQ hostess Edie Matthews

—Photo by Carolyn Donnell

I stopped by the dining room to drop off my contribution, a lemon meringue pie, made by my boyfriend, when I spied Carolyn Donnell. She and I decided to review her new book covers before the party started. In the living room, she spread out quite a few covers that she had made on Createspace. We talked about parts of the covers, and I suggested some Photoshop

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Also coming on August 10:

Awards will be given to the winners of the *WritersTalk* Challenge.

President's Perspective

by Patrick McQueen
President, South Bay Writers

The President's Two Cents: Get All You Can



South Bay Writers (SBW) and the California Writers Club (CWC) can be helpful resources in connecting you with a network of people who share your interests, pursue similar goals, and can assist with and celebrate your achievements.

In the past few months, I have heard several stories about people driving down from the East Bay and Peninsula to check out SBW. Several of these people have joined our branch, willing to go the extra miles to participate in our unique offerings. They find something here they are not finding elsewhere. Several have come up to me excited about meeting people and building meaningful relationships.

For some, the monthly general meetings held at Harry's Hofbrau offer them all they want from the club. Between encouraging and informative speakers, and networking opportunities with other members, they are getting their money's worth.

Others are finding tremendous value in smaller groups. Critique and feedback groups meet throughout the month. TalkBooks is a book club open to all members featuring books written and published by active members of our club. TalkShop is a discussion group focused on challenges, problems and tips relevant to your writing. SBW Underground is a friendly environment where participants exchange ideas about non-mainstream art and writing. At the Open Mics, readers are each given ten minutes to present their own or other writers' works.

Contests abound all around us. Carolyn Donnell faithfully publishes news about these opportunities here in *WritersTalk*, on *Facebook*, and via email. For some of our members, the club is central to keeping them connected to the writing competitions where they can regularly showcase their best.

For more information about the events listed above, or to learn about other upcoming activities, check out the events sections in the back of this and all editions of *WritersTalk*.

As SBW and CWC benefit you, I want to encourage you to continue taking advantage of the club in any way we can be of service to you. If you have praise for SBW, or suggestions on how we might better serve you, please email me at pres@southbaywriters.com or contact any of our directors listed on our webpage, southbayriters.com. We are excited to hear from you. — WT

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California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
www.southbaywriters.com

Executive Committee

President—Patrick McQueen
pres@southbaywriters.com
Vice President—Jenni Everidge
vp@southbaywriters.com
Secretary—Sherrie Johnson
secretary@southbaywriters.com
Treasurer—Bill Baldwin
treasurer@southbaywriters.com
Members-at-Large—Robyn King,
member-at-large1@southbaywriters.com
Sheena Arora,
member-at-large2@southbaywriters.com
Central Board Rep—Patrick McQueen
pres@southbaywriters.com
NorCal Rep—Jenni Everidge
vp@southbaywriters.com

Directors

Programs—Jenni Everidge
vp@southbaywriters.com
Publicity and Public Relations—Kim Malanczuk
publicity@southbaywriters.com
Hospitality—Carole Taub, Maddie McEwen-Asker,
Mark Vogel, and Hi-Dong Chai
hospitality@southbaywriters.com
Membership—Sally Milnor
membership@southbaywriters.com
Open Mic/SBW Underground—Bill Baldwin
WABaldwin@aol.com
Web Editor—Kimberly Malanczuk
WebEditor@southbaywriters.com
Workshops—Jenni Everidge
workshops@southbaywriters.com

SBW Mission

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

Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. Dual membership: \$25. Contact Membership Chair, Sally Milnor, or sign up online at southbaywriters.com



WritersTalk

is the monthly newsletter of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club.

Managing Editor

Marjorie Johnson
newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Contributing Editors

Pat Bustamante
Chess Desalls
Carolyn Donnell
Linda Judd
Sally Milnor
Karen Sundback

Submissions

Members of the South Bay Writers Club are encouraged to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. All submissions will be copyedited to uphold our publication standards. The Managing Editor decides which submissions to publish.

Submission deadline is the 15th of the month.

Suggested word limits are not absolute; query the editor. Shorter submissions are given preference. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. Send graphics separately as jpg files.

Anything Goes—Almost (300 words)

News Items (400 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)
newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Creative Works

Short Fiction (1500 words)
Memoir (1200 words)
Poetry (300 words)
Essay (900 words)

Member Achievement and News: newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Announcements and Advertisements
newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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

Advertising of workshops, conferences, and events is accepted from other Branches of California Writers Club. Because California Writers Club is a 501(c)3 nonprofit corporation, *WritersTalk* is not accepting advertising of events or services that benefit an individual. Also, we cannot accept political advertising of any kind.

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Our Mission

Encouraging writers at all levels of expertise to hone their skills in the craft of writing

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Words from the Editor

by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



Publishing Poynters Suspended

Last month I was in a dither when I found out that Preditors & Editors listed Infinity Publishing, the publisher I used for my first two books, as “not recommended.” I told you that I had a copy of Dan Poynter’s *Self-Publishing Manual* in my hands.

Members of South Bay Writers have met Dan Poynter as the speaker at our January 12, 2015 meeting as well as the presenter of an all day workshop on self-publishing a few years ago. If you didn’t receive his newsletter as promised, here’s why.

On July 3, *WritersTalk* received the following email message from Dan Poynter:

“On January 14, 2015, I was driving down my hill when I encountered two cars that had collided. I parked, hopped out, and took some photographs. Then I climbed a wall for some vertical shots. Forgetting I was on a wall I stepped back and fell some 12 feet (4m) onto the pavement below. I woke up briefly in the ER and spent the next 2+ months in the hospital. During this time, my newsletter *Publishing Poynters* was suspended along with my speeches and travel. They may not be resumed. Please do not send emails or make calls with your good wishes. I do not have time to answer them all. Thank you and goodbye.”

Dan’s newsletter was a great resource for writers for years.

Speaking of resources available to you, be sure to checkout opportunities available from SBW. In addition to those benefits listed by Patrick McQueen on Page 2, *WritersTalk* lists Beta Readers on Page 14; a Beta Reader is not an editor but gives you valuable feedback on the content of your story. You can post a member profile on southbaywriters.com and your published books with the SBW group on Goodreads.

Don’t forget that *WritersTalk* offers the Challenge contest for creative work published in this newsletter. (See Page 13.) Winners for the period January 16 through July 15 will be announced at our August 10 meeting. Winners of this Challenge will be invited to serve as judges for the next Challenge, which is an ongoing contest. The current contest runs through January 15, with results announced in February.

Keep submitting your stories and poems – they will judged in the next Challenge. When polishing those pieces for *WritersTalk*, please make your manuscript “plain vanilla”: no colors, no fancy fonts, no page breaks. And no tabs! Don’t use the tab key to indent your paragraphs – and please don’t type a bunch of spaces, either. Instead, look at paragraph spacing under alignment and spacing on the formatting palette within Word. If you type in 0.5 under indentation, first paragraph, then whenever you hit enter (or return), the next paragraph is indented automatically.

I hope to see more of your creative work soon. – WT

WritersTalk salutes NASA’s successful mission to Pluto.

The Moons of Pluto

Chaotic dances –
sunrise unpredictable.
No seasonal words.

– Stephen C. Wetlesen



South Bay Writers Summer BBQ, July 12

Left to right: Tina Glasner, Jerry Uckele, Don Shernock, Judy Shernock, Linda Judd, and Carolyn Donnell

— Photo from Carolyn Donnell's camera

New SBW Board Meets

On July 8, the 2015-16 South Bay Writers Board met in Santa Clara. When President Patrick McQueen called the Board to order, the following persons sat around the table: Vice President Jennie Everidge, Secretary Sherrie Johnson, Treasurer Bill Baldwin, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Membership Chairman Sally Milnor, Member-at-Large Sheena Arora, and Hospitality Chairman Carole Taub. Member-at-Large Robyn King was away, attending Comic Con in San Diego.

Beyond the routine business of approving agenda, minutes of last meeting, and officer reports, the meeting was organizational. Committee chairs, who agreed to serve another year, were officially appointed by the president. The Board dissolved the Publishing Outreach and Workshop Hospitality roles.

Patrick McQueen and Jenni Everidge will attend the CWC Central Board Meeting on July 26. Expect a report in the next newsletter.

Other Board actions: Promotion of ad space in *WritersTalk* will be removed and ads will not be included in future issues. References to club paraphernalia (bags, mugs, anthems) that we no longer have will also be removed from the newsletter.

SBW Board meetings are open to all SBW members. All members are invited to send their concerns to Patrick McQueen at pres@southbaywriters.com — WT

News from CWC Central Board

Reported by Ray Malus, CWC San Fernando Valley

California Writers Club has TWENTY Branches! As mentioned in the *California Writers Club Bulletin*, at midnight June 30, 2015, our twentieth branch officially chartered. Coastal Dunes is in our southern region, and meets in Nipomo, California. Their website is coastalduneswc.com

The charter was spearheaded by erstwhile Orange County member, Catherine Kitcho — who evidently can't bear living more than 30 miles from an active CWC branch. — WT

New Members

by Sally Milnor

I am very happy to introduce our newest member.

Karen Franzenburg found us online, and she writes poetry. Karen is also interested in photography, and she wants to combine her poems and photography in a book. She is currently working on a book of poems about life and inspirational motivation, awakening to society's neglects.



Sally Milnor

Karen's poem titled "Sharing the Sunrise" is included in *The American Poetry Anthology* (1986).

Welcome to the Club, Karen. We hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. **To all of our South Bay Writers:** Thank you to those of you who have renewed your memberships for the coming year, July 1, 2015 through June 30, 2016. Thank you also for helping to keep our Club flourishing.

To those who have not yet renewed: We hope you do so soon as we don't want your membership to lapse. We appreciate and need your continuing presence and support. — WT



Member News

WritersTalk Staff

Summertime, and the days are easy ... Many of us are on vacation this month.

Bob Garfinkle's encyclopedic work on the moon will be published this fall. It records results from twenty years' work and has more than 1700 pages featuring hundreds of photographs from Bob's telescope.

Madeline McEwen-Asker's story "Where Drums Beat" has been selected for inclusion in the anthology *Pagan* from Zimbell House Publishing, LLC, August, 2015. Also, Maddy's short story, "Clutching at Paws," will be published in the online magazine, *Over My Dead Body*.

We applaud your writing successes. Please send news for this column to newsletter@southbaywriters.com — WT

Calling All Bloggers

by Marjorie Johnson

Do you keep an author/writer blog? Would you like to invite more readers to visit your blog? We're trying out a new feature in the *WritersTalk* newsletter that puts a spotlight on member blogs, but we need your help.

If you've written or read a blog entry that you want to share with other members, send in a synopsis or excerpt from the entry to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. Be sure to give its source.

Blog submissions are not guaranteed publication. Entries do not have to be about writing, but should be a part of an author/writer blog and written by a South Bay Writers member. Please limit submissions to 100 words.

As an example, Karlene Pettitt, international airline pilot and author of aviation thriller novels and nonfiction motivational books, posted a guest blog about me. She sells her books on her blog. This is a short excerpt; the blog included several pictures of me with airplanes—but of course, not the one that crashed.

Marjorie Bicknell Johnson

karlenepettitt.blogspot.com

Friday's Fabulous Flyers, June 5, 2015

"I learned to fly at Palo Alto Airport in 1991. Everything went wrong one day: I uprooted a tree at the golf course. I remember nothing about it, so it couldn't have happened, right? My flight instructor quit, and no one else wanted me."

"So I spent a day next door to the airport watching birds—they called it "birding;" I called it "boring." However, with binoculars, I could read tail numbers of landing aircraft—a thief could pick out his favorite airplane! Why would he steal it? How would its owner find it? Read my novel *Bird Watcher* to find out." —WT

ANYTHING GOES

It's My Turn Now

by Pat Torello

I have a bone to pick with the tooth fairy. Teeth to pick, to be more accurate. Why can't the fairy come for us seniors who lose our pearly whites? I can assure you s/he does not come because I've tested it, with all three teeth I've had pulled in the several years since I turned 65. I placed each under my pillow, and the only thing there in the morning was the tooth. I reacted childishly, and became very cranky when I saw there was no money.

I made that up. I didn't really test it, of course. The tooth fairy is *me*. Or was, back when my daughter was small. When she lost a tooth at age six, before going to bed she told me, "The tooth fairy doesn't exist, Mom. It's just another lie grownups feed us." That night I snuck five dollars in quarters under her pillow, generous for those days. The next morning she tore into my bedroom screaming, "Mom! Mom! Guess what the tooth fairy left!"

Her miraculously renewed faith touched me. I'd like to believe like that again. I'm tired of growing more cynical every day, about everything from prospects for world peace to the odds of the 49ers ever winning the Super Bowl again to whether Hillary's telling the truth about those emails. We elders should be rewarded for our years of faithful tooth-fairy service. My husband, Frank, would make a fine tooth fairy. I still have my three fallen teeth in a drawer. I plan to put them under my pillow again, one by one, and I'd like to wake up with a nice surprise there in the morning—an Amazon gift card, perhaps, or a leather iPhone case.

Meanwhile, I remain optimistic that I won't ever have more than those three teeth for Frank to swap out. —WT

MEMOIR

How to Make a Baby

by Betty Auchard

My husband and I thought we had made a baby, but unfortunately, my first pregnancy was a false alarm. Our doctor examined me and said, "Rest your body for a month before trying again. When you think you're pregnant, wait for three months without a period, and we'll run a test to confirm it."

Dr. Barber then launched into an explanation of a sure-fire, scientific approach to conceiving a baby. It was known as the Basal Body Temperature (BBT). The process determined the exact period of ovulation so a couple wouldn't waste energy or sperm. It wasn't one bit romantic and involved Denny keeping a chart to record my temperature every single morning before I moved my limbs or used the bathroom.

For me, the method was hard to follow, but my inquisitive husband found a book at the library that explained BBT in detail. We read it together. After the first chapter, I felt a shift in attitude and began to embrace the words, thinking, *this is kind of interesting*. It gave me a lift.

The BBT method required diligence. Each morning, Denny would have to place a thermometer under my tongue, hold it for two minutes, and jot down the reading. He said, "Ya know what? I really appreciate the controlled aspect of this system. By keeping a daily log, we'll know *exactly* when ovulation happens." Then his eyes widened, and he added, "I'll create a graph." I'd never seen my husband so eager to draw a chart.

The month of resting passed, and we were ready to trust science. The thermometer, pencil, and chart waited in my husband's nightstand. As soon as his alarm went off the next day, he tapped my forehead.

"Betty, wake up. I hafta take your temperature."

"What?"

"Your temperature?"

"Oh, yeah. I gotta go to the toilet first."

"You're not supposed to move ... or talk. Just open your mouth. Don't bite down."

I held the thermometer under my tongue for two whole minutes while he watched the clock. When he said, "Ninety-seven point five," he sounded like an announcer at the Olympics.

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SBW Summer Party

Continued from Page 1

techniques for making changes. Friends came up and were happy to see she was making progress on her books. I got hungry and perused the dining room's offering of desserts, including tantalizing tiramisu and yummy chocolate cakes, and then progressed to the kitchen for salads and appetizers. I filled my plate with the best tasting food. Outside on the upper tier balcony, I stole some blackened, barbecued chicken. Every seat outside was taken, so I went back inside to the living room and found a spot next to Marcella Dickerson—she's a writer in my writer's workshop. I had a rare chance to gab with Colin Seymour. We exchanged notes about working in the news industry, and music. It also turns out that I knew his wife from my stint at ProMatch, a business-style program for displaced employees.

I went outside again looking for something to drink and sat for a time with Judy and Don in the lower portion of Edie's yard. I was pleasantly surprised to meet new faces around the table; many of them I discovered were long time members of



Linda Judd interviews Colin Seymour

SBW. We talked about writing aspects and personal events that became stories. I mentioned a website, scribophile.com, that looked especially promising for writers to get online feedback for their work. Everyone earns karma credits for the

critique of another's work. It takes five karma points to submit your work for critique. These folks are serious. You get extra karma points if the critique is long and extra points if a response is deemed "thorough," "enlightening," "encouraging," "constructive" and so on by the press of a button.

I did a rewrite of my fairytale, "Once Upon a ... Lily Pond," and hope to get feedback from this U.K. site.

Later in the afternoon, Marjorie Johnson's son Steve and daughter-in-law Debbie came by and were introduced to everyone. Even later, after getting off work from the library, Bob Balmanno was lucky to find something delicious to eat. Believe me when I said everything was great at the picnic. There was enough, plus some, for everyone to eat. And my boyfriend's pie was gone!

Many of you knew each other from over the years, but to me it was a first time to meet most of the party goers. I enjoyed it immensely. I made new new friends and handed out a few business cards. Edie and I talked a little about my writing workshop on formatting. So all around, it was a great day. —WT



SBW BBQ July 12, 2015

Top Left: Diana Szucs-Richomme, Jenni Everidge, Patrick McQueen, and hostess Edie Matthews

Lower left: Bill and Ann Baldwin, Frank Johnson wearing his straw hat, and Jim Matthews.

Our thanks to Frank and Jim, who set up everything for the BBQ and cleaned up afterwards. You've seen them at Harry's Hofbrau, where they take care of the PA and the microphones for SBW general meetings.



**Thank you,
Edie and Jim,**
from all of us.

South Bay Writers



BBQ Scenes Outside

Left, Clockwise: Jack, Mimi Vaillancourt, Meredy Amyx, Dick Amyx, Jeanne Carbone, Dave LaRoche

Below, left to right: Pat Torello, Jennie Everidge, Jennifer McQueen, Patrick McQueen, Mike Freda



More BBQ Action

Left: Jim Matthews mans the BBQ

Below: Some of us fled the wind and hid in the living room



View SBW Pictures

from our July BBQ and other events at southbaywriters.com, Events tab, Event Gallery. Or visit our page on shutterfly, southbaywritersgallery.shutterfly.com/

Pictures from San Mateo Fair appear on Facebook at California Writers Club - South Bay and on Shutterfly.

The Princess and the Mirror: A Fairy Tale

by Judith Shernock

Once upon a time there lived an ordinary King and Queen with ordinary royal problems. Queen Dympna was always worried that she was not beautiful enough for her position. She didn't want her subjects to notice any changes in her appearance as she aged. Instead of being an ordinary queen, she wanted to be a perfect gorgeous one, without a physical flaw.

After much thought, the queen called every silversmith in the kingdom. When they had all arrived at the palace and stood in the great hall, the Queen appeared before them in her regal splendor and asked: "Silversmiths, is there one among you who can fix the palace mirrors so that I will always appear beautiful?"

All but one of the men shook their heads and silently left.

Hans, the man who remained, was young and talented. "I'll give it a go!" he said.

"When you succeed, you will get 100 ducats and a white steed."

"And if I fail?" Hans asked.

"You will die."

"That is a great incentive to succeed. How long do I have?"

"Till one year from today."

Hans worked day and night. After many attempts, he succeeded in making one mirror into a magical screen in which the queen always looked beautiful. The only drawback was that the mirror made everyone else who looked into it, ugly. The Queen thought that unimportant, so, Hans got his reward. The Queen had all the other palace mirrors destroyed.

Eventually, a daughter was born to the royal couple. She was named Susanna and she was a sweet and shy little girl. There were no mirrors in the rest of the palace, only the special one that was kept in the queen's suite. One day, Susanna, with normal curiosity, snuck into her mother's room and looked in that mirror. "Who's that ugly girl?" she whispered to herself. She put her hand on her nose and the figure in the mirror did the same. She touched her ear and the image did the same.

"Oh, it's me. How ugly I am. Everyone says I am pretty but they are lying! They are afraid of my mother's wrath so they say I am gorgeous. Liars, Liars!" A tear slipped down her cheek as she ran out of the room. "A mirror cannot lie but people can," she thought.

Susanna became even shyer and she spent much of her time reading books and painting pictures. She began to enjoy her loneliness. Thus the years passed and it was time for the princess to marry. Many suitors came to ask for her hand. They all commented on how beautiful she was.

"I'm sure they are liars. My money is what they want. I am so ugly they couldn't want to marry me." The princess decided to live alone in a tower with just one loyal servant. As each suitor came she had a fence post placed in the ground near her tower. After she had ninety-nine fence posts she said, "I will see one more suitor and then the fence will be completed and I will never allow another prince or duke into my dwelling."

The last suitor didn't come on a beautiful steed. He walked slowly and was followed by five small children. She watched as he sat the children by the fence and took from his pack a small flask of water for each one. Each received two biscuits and then he kissed each of them and continued on his way to meet the princess.

He knocked on the door and Susanna herself bade him welcome. She saw immediately that he was blind and felt comfortable with him since he could not see how ugly she was. They talked a bit and she asked about the children. "My wife died leaving me with our five young sons. Four of them are blind like me but the youngest, Jack, can see—just like his mother. Would you like to meet them?"

"Why did you come here?" she asked the man.

"When we passed here on our way to the market, my son who can see, always said that there is a sad lady looking out a window. He wanted to meet her and make her smile. Today, I decided that I would let Jack try to make you smile."

The princess then agreed to meet Jack and his blind brothers. They could not see how ugly she was, and Jack was too young to care how she looked. She took some sweets with her to make the children welcome. The blind boys bowed politely but the youngest one ran around her and cried, "You are beautiful and you will be our new mother."

"You are too young to know what beauty is," she said to Jack. And she smiled.

Indeed, she married the kind blind man and became a mother to his five boys. Soon after, she told Jack that he should stop saying she was beautiful. Jack begged his father to bring a mirror to their home so his mother could see how beautiful she was. When the mirror arrived, Jack took his stepmother by the hand and dragged her to look upon herself. The princess loved the little boy so much that she did what he asked. Standing before her was a beautiful woman.

"How did this happen?" she asked.

On her next visit to her parents she told her father what she had discovered. He in turn revealed the secret of the special mirror the queen so selfishly had built. "Today your mother truly believes that she is as young and as gorgeous as she appears in her mirror. No one dare say otherwise since she will exile them from the kingdom if she finds out that they have dared to find fault with her."

Even Susanna was afraid to tell her mother that she had discovered the secret. However, to her husband she confided, "My childhood image of myself was misleading and untrue. But, because of its lie I found you and your five sons. The fate I thought so cruel was really the only way I could have met you. Because I learned not to look in mirrors and preen I have found great love and happiness. More love than I could imagine has befallen me."

Her husband answered, "My greatest sorrow, my blindness, was my benediction. Man's fate has many twists and turns. A blind man wed to a beautiful princess. I had thought that only in fairy tales could such things be possible." — WT

Hannah's Booth, Part One

by Chess Desalls

A man at the train station peers at me over thick bifocals. Wisps of thinning gray hair stand on end as a northbound train shoots by from across the platform. His eyes narrow. I nod and turn away, annoyed with myself for reacting to the sensation of being watched. Keep your head down, I remind myself. Memories last a long time.

I shove my hand in my pocket. My ticket's there—a roundtrip ticket from Millbrae to Sunnyvale. I glance up at the overhead monitor at the same time I hear the southbound train arrive; it's 8:39 a.m.

The train screeches to a halt and the doors open with the hiss of air being released. I climb the stairs, up to the second level where I hope the old man doesn't follow me. I'm in no mood to explain who I'm not, much less who I am. I'll get enough of that later, when I reach Sunnyvale.

As I ease into my seat, an inspector taps the railing next to me from down below. "Tickets!" she says. I fumble, fishing the ticket from my pocket and stretch it toward the inspector. She glances at me before noting the ticket. Her round face bears no hint of recognition. She's too young. I smile.

"Thank you," she says smiling back. "Going somewhere fun this Saturday morning?"

"Yes. I am—"

She nods politely before moving on to the next row, before I can tell her where I'm going and who I'm going to see.

"—going to Sunnyvale," I grumble. "To see Hannah at the farmer's market." I shove my ticket deep into my pocket and frown. No one cares anymore. They're all too busy with their own cares. It wasn't always this way.

I look out the window. The train's already in motion. Industrial buildings pass by, imprisoned behind fences scrawled with angry graffiti. Apartment houses alternate with housing developments fit to fill in the empty spaces behind patches of manicured lawns and walls of leafy green trees.

I close my eyes and try to imagine this part of California, the way it used to be: orchards with trees bursting with peaches and plums, pears and apples, and juicy apricots. I sigh, remembering the sweet plums Hannah's father grew in his backyard, back when lots were lots instead of what they are now: little. The memories pass the time, and before I know it, I hear the conductor's voice announce, "Next stop, Sunnyvale!"

Before the train stops, I rise from my seat and make my way down the narrow stairs into the tight space between the cars. There's just enough room to slip inside without having to block the doorway. I take a quick inventory of the other passengers: a young family, a couple of teenagers holding hands and a withered old woman with a shopping bag in one hand and a walking stick in the other. I glimpse at her through the side of my vision. I don't know if I know her, but I certainly hope she doesn't know me.

The sun shines overhead as I depart the train. I take a deep breath and walk past a line of taxis, vans and sporty two-doors

Off the Shelf

—Edie Matthews



"This dump better have a shower."

"Yes, Dear. I made sure of that."

where the farmer's market hums in full swing.

The smells hit me first—homemade breads, savory kabobs, French fries and spinach pies stuffed with feta. I can't smell the ice cream, but I can see it—mountains of it in more flavors than I can count. I sniff harder. I can't smell the kettle corn and sausages either, but that's because they're down at the other end of the street.

My feet press forward in time with the searching music of a street musician who plays a stringed instrument and a harmonica at the same time. Next to him, under a tent, is a small table filled with CDs he has out for sale. He looks at me hopefully before I turn and walk away.

Murphy Street is lined with more stands, overflowing with everything from dried fruits, nuts, cheeses, fresh fruits and vegetables to flowers. I stop at the flower stand, pick up a bouquet of lilies—Hannah's favorite—and hand the flower man a five dollar bill.

My stomach grumbles. The flower man must hear it because he gives me an embarrassed smile as he hands me my change. Who could help it, though? Ethnic restaurants—Italian, Mediterranean, Thai, Vietnamese, you name it—flank both sides of the market. Coffee shops, gift shops, a bookstore and a couple of small boutiques are neatly tucked in between the eateries.

I prop the flowers under my arm and search the booths farther along the street. The balloon man is perched outside one of my favorite restaurants. I watch as he twists a long yellow balloon into the shape of a bird and hands it to a little girl with outstretched arms.

Then I see her ... behind baskets of strawberries that aren't quite in season. Hannah. I suck in a breath.

Gripping the bouquet tightly, I walk right up to her. A tremor passes my lips as I pull it into a smile. "Hannah," I say, "these are for you."

Continued on Page 12



There's Something About a Train

There's something about
a train
The music of its wheels
clacking down the tracks
The scrim of dust and grime
on the windows
limits the view to a
hazy hue
There's something about
a train
and the cities and towns
it passes through
you see them only
from the back
lots of graffiti in red
blue and black
At every station always
the same situation
Some folks detrain
and others step on
the whistle blows and
the train is gone
Off again to the
next station
not much time for
relaxation if that'll be
your stop
The announcement blares
this stop is yours
Gather your bags and
and walk to the doors
you disembark
You stand and watch
the train depart
and for a moment
the romance of it
flutters in your heart
There's something about
a train
at every station
always the same
Yes ...
there's something ...
about a train
– Karen Hartley

Outside my window

I see a sign
Independent Living
seniors over fifty-five
add another
thirty years
to most who walk by here
trees and roses mask
rattling walkers
chairs with wheels
spinning slowly
going where?
listening to
big band music
from my mother's time
old folks swaying
to the beat
as best they can
hoping that the end
is still a day away.
– Carolyn Donnell



Tango

Long first beat
Short two and three
Cello singing
Longingly
Starry night
Swaying trees
Clinging
Moving together
Pathos and joy
Passion and pain
Rhythms
Blending
Leading
Worlds away
– Carolyn Donnell

Pneumatic Variations

Aeolian empires,
like some great cavernous lunged being,
inhaling and exhaling,
all the windborne symphonies
of the countless trillions of worlds of the Universe
that might exist beyond discovery
into
tantalizing far infinity
and translating the unknowable tempest sounds
to gentle zephyr choirs
we hope to enjoy
outside temporal realms,
in endless unspeakable pleasures,
invoking tranquil and serene delight,
ecstasy.
Contemplate
inflating and deflating
according pleat squalls
harmonizing with
elegant honey cellos and stately violins
in combination with
golden harp strings
to form
whistling cloudbursts,
gaseous susurrations,
as though these disparate floating instruments
danced in an airy descending spiral corkscrew
to wed as a single musical storm.
Blissful whirlwind possibilities,
atmospheric maelstrom depths.
– Stephen C. Wetlesen

I Am Fiction

Am I an author
with potential volumes to my name?
Could you look for me
on thrift store shelves
chancing to find my second-hand fame?
Am I a reader
consuming all you have to give?
Can I buy enough of you
to inspire yet another volume
of the exciting worlds in which you live?
Am I a character
stuck within the pages bound?
Do I begin and end
between wherever you start reading
and the point where you set my story down?
Do I exist at all
in your precious reality?
Or am I just a depiction
of who you are glad you aren't
as you continue your real life without me?
– Patrick McQueen

August Terse on Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante
Contributing Editor

August Of The Long-Winded

Yakity-yak and I DO talk back sometimes.
Since it's not cold enough for ear-muffs yet
If you want some quiet have a book of rhymes
At hand: pass it over. Guarantee you get
A quieter me!
I read, you see
Any book, anywhere, any time,
Anyhow, even when I climb
Into bed. Enough said.

— Pat Bustamante

"Talk-itis." You have heard of this; surely you've met others who have it. Why can't people just write it all down and send it to a publisher? Well ... we can!

I'm writing out this dream: I stand by railroad tracks next to a 14-year-old boy. He grins and aims his laser-gun, and just before the sharp curve, he shoots the engineer head-on. The boy brags about the horror he caused, and the engineer cannot recall what hit him, knocked him blind, before the crash. "Rock?" Ruled out.

Another dream: I see Quetzalcoatl, the sky-snake who wears feathers of fire, coming toward me and the Ma-Ya people (Children of Mother Earth). Run! Or hide in caves! The explosion and the tidal waves that follow do not kill me. I flee down the land later named California. Never will I get to see the magnificent bay carved deeply from my valley. And the Ma-Ya who escape must forever place offerings: "Oh sky snake ... please, STAY in SKY!"

The San Bruno dream: I hear a screechy whistling of something airborne, then a horrendous crash. Flames leap to the sky! Like many other survivors, I phone in the plane crash to the fire department, but they never find it. They never talk to NASA, who had been monitoring meteor-objects overhead. One of those laid a white-hot egg while passing over San Bruno! Meteorite fragments sell for big bucks on the Internet.

I bore many people by repeating these stories. If you've heard the story once from me, twice, three times, ... sorry! The members of South Bay Writers are blessedly patient. I love this group! Now, did I ever tell you about ...? —WT

I Work in Dirt

I work in dirt
My husband works
in a pear orchard down the road
Right here, there are hundreds of
plowed rows in the field
Rich, dark soil forms long parallel troughs
for irrigating acres of green lettuce
Picking them is my job this month
Hot summer days are okay here
The Salinas sun is not as brutal
as what we left in Jalisco

The rows of dirt
son hermosas, beautiful
because they are God's mother-earth
The dirt even smells good
I work forty-eight hours a week
They say I fill a basket quickly
They can see I'm made tough



My hands, dry and crusty
will ruffle *el pelo de mis hijos*
my children's hair
when I get home
How was school today
I will say to them while I cook
They taught me how to
say it in English
They are so smart

— Richard A. Burns

Sticks and Stones

Fungus Freddie calls me names
And so does Chuck the Cheat,
And I'm always being made fun of
By Shorty and Pegleg Pete,
And I really take a lot of flak
From Sally the Slime next door,
Or Sitting Bull or Running Nose
And Suzy Sophomore,
And boy, do I get ribbed a lot
By Hippopotamus Hips!
And I never hear the end of it
From Betty Blabberlips!

It really gets me, but I can take it,
(It's one of my better features).
It sure would be much nicer, though,
If they weren't all my teachers...

— E. Michael Lunsford



Bonsai Senryu

Are old growth redwoods
nothing but giant Bonsai?
How my sight changes!

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

Hannah's Booth, Part One

Continued from Page 9

She dips her head to sniff the bouquet and smiles back at me. "What a nice young man you are! How'd you know I like lilies?"



I balk, surprised that she doesn't recognize me. I shake my head. "It's me, Charlie," I say.

She squints and looks at me again. Her jaw is tight, but she's frightened. I can see it in her eyes — aged eyes, full of memories.

She tilts her head, considering me. "Now that you mention it, you do look a lot like Charlie ... used to. Are you sure you're not Charlie's grandson here to play a joke on this old woman?"

I smile and shake my head, taking in Hannah as she is now — the lines etched across her forehead, the way the skin sags around her lips and jaws. Where there were once dark auburn locks framing a younger face, there are now shortly cropped silver curls, with white strands sticking out like stripped wires.

But her eyes glow. She's still beautiful. Unharmed and unaffected. A normal human being. Unlike me.

To be continued in September WritersTalk.

How to Make a Baby

Continued from Page 5

He marked it on the graph as if it were the most important job in the world. I felt a rush of affection for his commitment. Before jumping back under the covers, I went to the bathroom while he ate breakfast and left for school.

For the first week, my temperature hovered near 97.5. That straight, flat line across the graph bored me. I was eager to ovulate. One Sunday, the number rose to 97.7, and our eyes brightened. On Monday it held, rising a bit more on Tuesday. By Wednesday, it reached 97.9 and stayed there on Thursday. Watching him enter a number on the graph every morning had taken on an air of excitement; it became a weird kind of foreplay. When the thermometer read 98.0 on Friday and held for twenty-four hours, we looked at each other, awestruck. With wonder and astonishment in his voice, Denny said, "Tonight's the night."

An hour later, my mother called. "Hi, Betty. I'm in town visiting friends. Is it okay if I stay at your place tonight?"

Egads! I wanted to say, "No, Mom; we're making a baby tonight." Instead, I said, "Sure ... that would be nice."

When Den came home for lunch, I told him about the call. He said, "We'll put your mother in our bedroom. You can sleep on the couch in the living room, and I'll sleep on the floor. When she starts snoring as loud as she always does, you can join me on the floor, and we'll get the job done." He made it sound like a class assignment.

I felt tense and worried all evening. Soon after Mom went to bed, her snoring vibrated through the wall, assuring us she wouldn't hear a thing. He got right to work with the first step by placing two sofa pillows under my hips to raise them as described in the book. I nearly fell off the pile. When he tossed one aside, it hit a chair. I held my breath, worried that the noise would wake Mom. I was a nervous wreck. I said, "Honey, forget foreplay. Just do your thing," and he did.

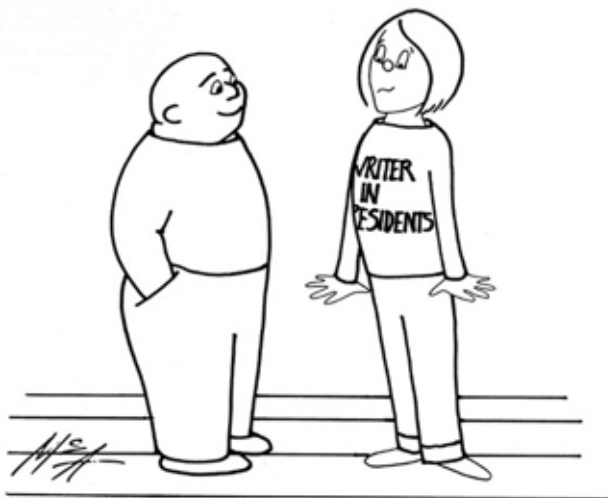
He broke the speed record for insemination so we could concentrate on step two: *keeping* my hips raised high on the pillow for ten minutes so no baby makers could escape. I dozed off in that position. When I awoke with blood rushing to my head, I turned onto my side and saw Denny fast asleep on the couch where I was supposed to be. I pushed the pillows away, curled under the blanket, and imagined how sperm introduced itself to egg. Was it a slow, seductive process, or did sperm just throw himself headlong against egg, causing her to say, "Slow down. What's the hurry? We got all night." We didn't know it yet, but when the Denny sperm met the Betty egg, they bonded and started going steady.

Three months passed with no period, so I made an appointment for the test. Dr. Barber injected my urine into the dorsal lymph sac of an African *Xenopus laevis*, a female frog. Bingo. Twelve hours later, she laid eggs. Oh Joy.

The frog laying eggs meant that I was, again, with child. — WT

Shelf Life

— Maddie McEwen-Ask-



Hope you're not entering the spelling bee.



Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell
Contributing Editor

Reporting some contests with August and September deadlines

Glimmer Train Press Short Story Award for New Writers:

Deadline: August 31, 2015. Entry Fee: \$15. Prize: \$1,500, publication in *Glimmer Train Stories*. Website: glimmertrain.com

Hunger Mountain Creative Nonfiction Prize:

Deadline: September 10, 2015. Entry Fee: \$20. Prize: \$1,000

and publication on the Hunger Mountain website. Visit hungermtn.org/contests for complete guidelines.

Visit **Poets & Writers** at <http://www.pw.org/grants> for lots more!

Writers Digest Popular Fiction Awards:

Early-Bird Deadline: September 15, 2015, Entries — \$20.

Deadline: October 15, 2015, Entries — \$25.

Short stories: 4000 words or fewer. Categories: Romance, Thriller, Crime, Horror, Science Fiction, and Young Adult. Enter at writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions/popular-fiction-awards

Check out other contests from *Writers Digest* (Poetry and Short Short coming up in October and November) as well.

Another resource for poetry contests is poetrysociety.org/psa/poetry/resources/poetrycontests/

If you hear about an intriguing contest, market, or event, please share with us at newsletter@southbaywriters.com. And if you have a winning entry, please report your triumph to us for Member News. —WT

Walt Whitman Poetry Award

Publication Prize, Poetry Collection

\$5,000 first book (48 pages or more) publication prize, all expenses paid six-week residency at the Civitella Ranieri Center in the Umbrian region of Italy, and distribution of winning book to thousands of Academy of American Poets members. Collection must not have been previously published (including self-publications and e-books).

The winning manuscript is chosen by an acclaimed poet and published by Graywolf Press. Submissions are accepted online only September 1 through November 1 each year. The entry fee is \$35. See guidelines at www.poets.org/academy-american-poets/walt-whitman-award-guidelines

For more information, please contact Patricia Guzman, Programs Coordinator, awards@poets.org —WT

Hay Fever by Noel Coward

from Lynn Ross, Stanford Repertory Theater, Stanford University

Do you enjoy pure comedy with no mission but to delight?

We think that you will like Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* presented by Stanford Repertory Theater, July 16 – Aug. 9, at Pigott Theater on the Stanford University campus. "It is pure comedy with no mission but to delight," said rave reviews when *Hay Fever* first appeared in the West End in New York in 1925.

Please join us at SRT's 17th Annual Summer Festival, *Noel Coward: Art, Style & Decadence*. For performance schedule, tickets, and directions, see our website stanfordreptheater.com —WT

WRITERSTALK Challenge

What is it?

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

Genres

Fiction, 500 – 1500 words

Memoir, 500 – 1200 words

Essay/Nonfiction, 500 – 1200 words

Poetry/Haiku

Judging Periods

January 16 through July 15

July 16 through January 15

Prizes

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

Judging

Judging will be done by *WritersTalk* contributing editors and other Club members whom the contributing editors may ask to assist. Judges will not judge a genre in which their work currently appears.

* Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California

Calling All Memoir Writers!

Pacific Grove's weekly newspaper, *The Cedar Street Times*, is looking for true-life stories, 500-750 words, for the "Keepers of Our Culture" column. Author gets a blurb, including link to website, blog or Amazon sales page. Submit as Word.doc by 15th of each month to pacificgrove-joyce@gmail.com (Editor for Park Place Publications) —WT

Faux Haiku Nonetheless True

Believe in yourself!

If you don't,
nobody else will.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen



Beta Reader Listing

You have finished a writing project. It's had the benefit of critique and careful copy editing. But is it a good read?

Your Beta reader finds story distortion and missing or excessive passages. He looks for that certain appeal that keeps readers turning the pages. The Beta reader does not copyedit—his only interest is story.

The Beta Reader Listing gives names and contact information of those willing to read. To be listed here, send your interest in participation in an email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Members willing to read:

David Strom: anything
dave.strom@gmail.com

Dick Yaeger: Fiction, no poetry
dyaeger@aol.com

Jenni Everidge: Fiction
everidge.jenni@gmail.com

Mike Freda: anything; fiction preferred
freda.mike@gmail.com

Patrick McQueen: any genre
droidpat@gmail.com

Reader and author will establish all of the details between themselves. *WritersTalk* and the SBW will provide only the listing information. —WT

Plan Ahead

SF Writers Conference

2016 San Francisco Writers Conference, February 11 – 16, Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. www.SFWriters.org

San Mateo County Fair

June, 2016. Deadline for entries for literary division is always March 31. They take short stories, memoir, essays, poetry. Read about the 2015 fair at sanmateocountyfair.com

SBW recommends ...

If you hear about an interesting writers event, please share by sending an email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com



CWC Around the Bay

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

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

Central Coast: 5:30 third Tuesdays, Point Pinos Grill, 77 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove. centralcoastwriters.org

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University, 6600 Dumbarton Circle, Room 120, Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

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

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

Mount Diablo: 11:30 second Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. mtdiablowriters.org

Napa Valley: 6:30 second Wednesdays, Napa River Inn. napavalleywriters.net

Redwood: 2:30 first Sundays, Flamingo Conference Resort & Spa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa. redwoodwriters.org

Sacramento: 11:00 third Saturdays, Cattlemen's Restaurant, 12409 Folsom Blvd., Rancho Cordova. cwcsacramentowriters.org

San Francisco/Peninsula: 10:00 third Saturdays, Belmont Library, 1110 Alameda De Las Pulgas, Belmont. sfpeninsulawriters.com

Tri-Valley: 11:30 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.com

Conferences & Workshops

Central Coast Writers Conference, September 18 – 20

The Central Coast Writer's Conference. will be held at Pismo Beach: September 18 – 20, 2015. Multiple-creators panel, nine tracks, fifty-five workshops, booths. Go to cuesta.edu/communityprograms/writersconference

Central Coast Book and Authors' Fair. Pismo Beach, September 20. Go to CentralCoastBookAndAuthorFair.blogspot.com

Notes: Pismo Beach is 200 miles (three hours) from Santa Clara. Team up with someone to share driving and hotel expenses. Treat yourself to a super weekend.

Horror Book Festival, October 3, 2015

The High Desert Branch of the California Writers Club will present the second annual Horror Book Festival at the Courtyard Marriott, 9619 Mariposa Road, Hesperia, California on Saturday, October 3rd from 2 to 5 pm. Admission is \$8.00.

Julie Adams, who starred in many horror films; E. Van Lowe, author of *Child's Play* and *Never Slow Dance with a Zombie*; Roberta Smith, *The Accordo* and *Dreamer of Downing Street*; and Michael Raff, *Scare Tactics* and *Seven: Tales of Terror*, will have their books available for sale and autographs. The Creature of the Black Lagoon will make an appearance.

Published writers in the horror/supernatural genre are invited to be on hand and sell their books. The fee for a limited number of half tables is \$20.00—must register in advance. Please visit horrorbookfest.com for details on the event.

Memoir Writers Conference, October 23 – 25, 2015

Produced by West Coast Writers Conferences. Learn how to author a memoir, autobiography, or biography that the widest audience will want to read. Discover the secrets of how to organize your story ideas; how to research and write an effective nonfiction book; how to write a true story without legal entanglements; how to write a book proposal; how to pitch a publisher; plus much more. Seminars, workshops, panels, and pitch sessions. Meet with literary agents and publishers looking for new talent. Visit wcwriters.com/genrela

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
2 10:00A Our Voices	3 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	4	5 7:30P SBW Board Meeting	6	7 7:30P Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	8
9	10 2P Valley Writers 6P SBW GENERAL MEETING , HARRY’S	11	12	13 Noon Riders Do Right	14	15 Deadline for September WritersTalk
16 10:00A Our Voices	17 2P Valley Writers	18 7:30 PM SBW UNDERGROUND	19	20	21 7:30P Open mic Wil- low Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	22
23	24 2P Valley Writers	25 TalkShop 7 PM	26 TalkBooks 7 PM	27	28	29
30 10:00A Our Voices	31 2P Valley Writers	<div>August 2015</div>				
Future Flashes Next general meeting: Monday, September 14						

Ongoing Events

Critique Groups

Our Voices

Meets at Le Boulanger in the Pruneyard in Campbell every other Sunday 10 am. Genres: Fiction, nontechnical nonfiction, memoir. Contact: Dave LaRoche at dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers

Meets at Valley Village Retirement Center, Winchester Blvd. in Santa Clara, Mondays 2:00 to 4:00 pm. Contact: Marjorie Johnson, marjoriej358@comcast.net

Emperor's Mystery Circle

Meets at Emperor Norton's, 7508 Santa Teresa Blvd, San Jose, 1:30 pm., first Mondays. Mystery genre. Contact Pam Oliver-Lyons, polpap@prodigy.net

Riders Do Right

Meets at Vallco Shopping Center, second floor, Food Court near Burger King, Noon, second Thursdays. Any genre. Contact Pat Bustamante, patatat@hotmail.com

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Open Mics

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

Ongoing discussion groups

TalkShop: Discuss topics of interest to writers—challenges, problems, and tips. Meets last Tuesdays, 6 – 9 pm. Contact Carole Taub at 777777ps@gmail.com

SBW Underground: Come to exchange ideas on non-mainstream art and writing, past and present. Meets at Coffee Society, Stevens Creek Blvd, across from De Anza, 7:30 pm, third Tuesdays. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

TalkBooks: New SBW discussion group focusing on books written by our SBW members. We will read and discuss books written by SBW members. Meets last Wednesdays, 7:00 p.m. For information, send email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Poetry Readings

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

Poetry Center San Jose: Meets at Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, Third Thursdays, 7 pm. poetrycentersanjose.org 408-808-3045

Words Drawing Music: Ongoing open mic opportunity at Works San Jose, 365 South Market Street, on second Thursdays, 7 to 9 p.m. Information at workssanjose.org

SBW Recommends ...

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



California Writers Club

South Bay Branch

P.O. Box 3254

Santa Clara, CA 95055

www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
August Regular Meeting
6 p.m. Monday, August 10**

Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

**Fine-tuning
the author's voice**
Amanda McTigue
August Speaker

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are
second Mondays 6 – 9 pm



Harry's Hofbrau

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