



# WRITERSTALK

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Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

JUNE SPEAKER LEEANNE KRUSEMARK

## Sending in that Manuscript? Submission and Formatting Do's and Don'ts

by Jenni Everidge

As my role of Vice President of South Bay Writers draws to a close, I find myself reflecting back on the year we have had. We focused a lot on building a community among the many amazing writers who belong to our club, and I am so proud of what we have accomplished. We have shared a few new experiences together, including hosting our first write-in for NaNoWriMo and exploring the exciting world of self-publishing. We have had two fantastic workshops with newly-award-winning Michael Bracken and the energetic voice guru, Amanda McTigue. I want to thank you all for the support you have shown in attending these meetings, and for your continued feedback on each speaker and workshop we have had.



LeeAnne Krusemark

This month, I am excited to bring a speaker back to South Bay Writers who has graced our meetings before, LeeAnne Krusemark. An adjunct professor of publishing for Harvard and a nationwide speaker, she will be here to discuss the importance of submitting a great manuscript for publishing in "Manuscript Do's and Don'ts." Join us as she discusses how to format writing of all genres, including articles, poetry, short stories, and books. She will focus on both hard copies and digital copies, and she will give us some important tips on how to find the right publisher, in addition to submitting a flawless manuscript.

I hope you will join me at Harry's on May 14 as we take one more journey together to improve our craft. —WT

## Malware Warning

by Marjorie Johnson

My computer had a nervous breakdown—almost as good an excuse as my dog ate my homework. But that's why June *WritersTalk* is late.

My computer—an iMac—ingested some malware, even though iMacs seldom suffer from viruses. Ransom ware encrypted my data and froze my system. I had to purchase a new hard drive. I'm sharing my sad story with you as a caveat.

I opened an email from FedEx that looked the same as others I had received from them. I was expecting a shipment of books. So—here's my fatal moment—I clicked on a link. Instead of taking me to the FedEx website, it blocked Safari with a message, including a fake phone number for support and a warning not to restart the computer. There was no chance to erase the message or to quit. Everything froze up.

My advice to you: DO NOT CLICK on links in your email because you DO NOT KNOW where that link will take you. —WT

MAY RECAP: ROBERT BALMANNO

## Master of the Meet and Greet

by Linda Myro Judd

Bob Balmanno blazed across the evening at the May 9 SBW meeting with his passionate talk about "The Meet and Greet," his favorite method for selling books. He loves meeting and talking to people.



Robert Balmanno

I met Bob at the Sunnyvale Library when he was close to finishing his third book in his Blessings of Gaia series, *Embers of the Earth*. I recognized him from his casual bio picture on the SBW website. That afternoon as we were talking, "potential guest author" crossed my mind.

Shortly after *Embers* was released, Bob's book was the group read and Bob the guest author for SBW's new book club, TalkBooks. During the month of January, *Embers* was discussed on Goodreads.com. At the end of the month, at his live interview with an intimate group at the Santa Clara Library, he was asked, "How do you approach marketing your books?"

He replied, "I have my own marketing plan and have done more than 200 book signings. I participate in meet and greets and seek out local support. I develop relationships with booksellers and readers that way. I really love getting their feedback."

*Continued on Page 6*

# President's Perspective

by Patrick McQueen  
President, South Bay Writers



## The Dark Side of the Moon

I asked my wife, "Knowing one day on the moon is approximately one month, if you stood at one spot on the moon where Earth was directly overhead, how long would it take Earth to set at the horizon?"

My wife is a good sport, so she pondered it for a moment. She first considered the axiom: One day on the moon is approximately one month. This means it takes the moon roughly 29.5 Earth days to rotate once. In other words, if the sun were directly overhead, it would take roughly one quarter of the month, or 7.4 days, to reach the horizon.

After working through the axiom, she revisited the question: How long would it take the Earth to set if it is directly overhead a fixed position on the moon?

Without blundering by mistaking the Earth for the sun, she pointed out my ruse. The sun, not the Earth, defines a day, so the length of a moon day is irrelevant to the time it would take the earth to set when it is directly overhead.

She looked up at the moon and smiled at the familiar face she saw there. She said, "The man in the moon is a description of the landscape we consistently see. Craters and surface variations that are always facing Earth form his face. In other words, if I was standing on his nose, and the Earth was directly overhead, I could stand there for my entire life and the Earth would never fall to the horizon. The Earth, when directly overhead, does not set."

She went on to explain, "I love the album *Dark Side of the Moon* by Pink Floyd, but the expression is a misnomer. There is no one side of the moon that is always dark. As you said, a day on the moon is not everlasting. It rotates once every 29.5 days or so, thereby lighting every side. We can see this happened as the moon waxes and wanes in the sky every month. However, when we talk about the "dark side" of the moon, we are actually referring to the far side—the side that never faces Earth. While the far side is hidden and less familiar, it isn't any darker than the side we see from here."

To this day I meet people who have watched and can describe to me the phases of the moon but still believe there is a side of the moon on which the sun does not shine. The expression, "dark side of the moon," completely supersedes their own direct observations. They willfully believe an idea fundamentally contradictory to the evidence right in front of them.

As my wife and I continued discussing the moon, I wondered how many of my own beliefs contradicted available evidence. —WT

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### SBW Mission

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

### Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. 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.

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### 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. The Managing Editor decides which submissions to publish.

Submission deadline is the 15th of the month.

Suggested word limits are not absolute; shorter preferred. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. Use Times New Roman 12-font; no tabs; no colors; no page breaks.

Send graphics separately as jpg files.

**Anything Goes—Almost** (300 words)

**News Items** (400 words)

**Letters to the Editor** (300 words)

### Creative Works

Short Fiction (1200 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.

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### Our Mission

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

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# Words from the Editor

by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson  
Managing Editor



## Classic Writing Books 3: *Hero With a Thousand Faces* and *The Writer's Journey*

The hero's journey through myths, legends, and classic literature becomes the writer's journey to a story that endures.

To Joseph Campbell, mythology was "the song of the universe, the music of the spheres." Campbell's book, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1949), has influenced millions of readers and writers by combining the insights of modern psychology with his revolutionary understanding of comparative mythology. Campbell outlines universal motifs of adventure and transformation that run through the world's mythic traditions. Homer's *Odyssey* is a classic example illustrating Campbell's concepts.

*The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, as relevant today as when it was first published, continues to find new audiences in fields ranging from religion and anthropology to literature and film studies. The book has also profoundly affected creative artists—authors, songwriters, game designers, and filmmakers—and continues to inspire all those interested in the inherent human need to tell stories.

Exactly how does this apply to writers? A dozen writers have jumped on the bandwagon to teach us how to write stories using the structure of the hero's journey, but they all borrow from Joseph Campbell's work.

Christopher Vogler, *The Writer's Journey: Mythic Structure for Storytellers and Screenwriters* (1992), shows us what a powerful source of inspiration myths can be. He defines a myth as a special kind of story that deals with the gods or forces of creation, and the relationship of those forces to human beings. Not all modern stories are myths, of course, but the structural patterns and archetypal characters of myth provide the basis of all modern storytelling. He states that his intention is to map out some of the patterns of mythology and relate them to modern storytelling and screenwriting.

Vogler lists twelve stages of the hero's journey. Heroes are introduced in the *ORDINARY WORLD*, where they receive the *CALL TO ADVENTURE*. They are reluctant at first or *REFUSE THE CALL*, but are encouraged by a *MENTOR* to *CROSS THE FIRST THRESHOLD* and enter the Special World, where they encounter *TESTS, ALLIES, AND ENEMIES*. They *APPROACH THE INMOST CAVE*, crossing a second threshold where they endure the *SUPREME ORDEAL*.

*Continued on Page 12*

## Linguistics for Fun

I had an English teacher who had taught high school English for 30 years when I knew her. She said she could tell where someone was from after listening to him for fifteen minutes, and she could tell from what part of the county (yes, county, not country) if he had been born there. One test was whether he called a small freshwater stream a "crick" or a "creek." Of course, that was before television and the Internet, and people didn't move around as much as they do now. Also, that was when "he" referred to humans in general and no one got into a tizzy over he/she or him/her.

I have noticed that when I use some of my father's words, my listener looks at me as though I had a hole in my head; in particular, *kattywampus*: askew or awry, and *campoodie*: a collection of shacks. (See Page 12.) If you knew those words without looking them up, where did you grow up? —WT



# View from the Board

by Sheena Arora



On Tuesday, May 3, ten South Bay Writers board members met in San Jose: President Patrick McQueen, Vice-President Jenni Everidge, Secretary Sherrie Johnson, Treasurer Bill Baldwin, Members-at-Large Robyn King and Sheena Arora, Hospitality Chair Carole Taub, Publicity Chair Linda Myro Judd, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, and Membership Chair Sally Milnor. Kymberlie Ingalls and Alfred Jan also participated.

- **Kudos to Vice-President Jenni Everidge** for organizing the Michael Bracken workshop in November 2015. Recently, Michael Bracken received the 2016 Edward D. Hoch Memorial Golden Derrigner Award for his lifetime achievement in short mystery fiction.
- **Be a CWC Central Board representative.** SWB is seeking new representation for California Writers Club at the state level. The commitment is usually two meetings per year. Ask Patrick McQueen about benefits and responsibilities of this position.
- A reminder from the SBW board: as a South Bay Writers member, you can **update or add your biography** to the Members Gallery on the SBW website. To add your biography, go to southbaywriters.com and click on Update Biography under the Members tab.
- SBW member Edie Matthews is planning the **upcoming summer picnic and BBQ.** Save your appetite and the date of **July 10.**
- SBW is gearing up for the next fiscal term **elections** during the June dinner meeting at Harry's. If you are keen on serving or assisting the SBW board, contact ArLyne Diamond, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, in person or email at arlyne@diamondassociates.net

Yes, the *Dollar Bill Anthology*, pet project of President Patrick McQueen, is taking shape! We hope you are excited to see your work published; keep on writing. To share your comments and concerns with us, find us during Monday's meeting at Harry's Hofbrau or contact us via email. — WT



## It's Time to Renew

by Sally Milnor, Membership Chair

As you know, South Bay Writers is a proud branch of the California Writers Club (CWC). CWC's fiscal year is from July 1 through June 30, so our 2015-2016 fiscal year is coming to an end, and membership renewal time is upon us. Our thanks to the many of you who have already renewed, and to those of you who have not yet done so, please renew before your membership expires on June 30, 2016.

To renew for 2016-17, please pay \$45 online at southbaywriters.com, or by mail to CWC South Bay Writers, PO Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055, or by check or in cash at our June 13th dinner meeting.

A special prize will be awarded to a lucky SBW member who has renewed for 2016-17. See you June 13th at Harry's. — WT

## Open Mic at Festa

by Linda Myro Judd

Something special will be happening at the upcoming Italian Family *Festa* on August 27-28 at Kelley Park's History Park in San Jose. The *Festa* Author's Salon will open for members of the Italian American Heritage Foundation (IAHF) to read their memoirs. An anthology, comprising their stories in English with Italian translations, will be published later in the year.

SBW member and IAHF board member Pam Oliver-Lyons started a program, "Women Only: Italian American Memoir Writing." This is a series of workshops on Basic Memoir Writing, Story Shaping and Language Phrases, Editing/Adding Sparkle, Story Polishing, and Publishing.

SBW members Edie Matthews and Linda Judd, along with Kathleen Gonzalez, a local English teacher and writer, are conducting these workshops. Later in the year, Pam has plans for another series of memoir workshops for men. — WT

## Blog Posts: SBW Authors and Books

by Linda Judd

Featuring: Betty Auchard

Book: *Dancing in My Nightgown*

Blog: chessdesalls.wordpress.com/interviews/

Interview date: April 27, 2016

Excerpt:

Q: How did you manage to schedule so many programs for *Dancing in My Nightgown*?

A: I've always sold my books as a speaker. I contacted a few organizations I knew (AAUW and women's clubs) and passed out brochures to everyone attending. Then I asked the crowd not to spill coffee on the brochures but to share them with any group that needed a speaker. That's how it got started and how my audiences grew by word of mouth. Word of mouth is the way I advertised.

Now I've added Facebook as another means of book promotion. It's fun to be published, but it means the author must take on the job of promoting.

Q: How did you come about narrating your own audio books?

A: I love reading aloud. At open mike nights I begrudged sharing the podium. I looked forward to recording my own audio books and learned a lot about how it works. My first recording session for *Dancing in My Nightgown* was in Las Vegas where my publisher was based. I've since found a reasonably priced local recording studio in Campbell (Reed's Recordings) where I've recorded short, unpublished stories on my Facebook author page, Betty Auchard, Author. I might not record my new book, *Living with Twelve Men*. — WT

**Write-ups about SBW TalkBooks appear on Pages 14 and 15.**

June read: *Gelett Burgess Sampler*, edited by Alfred Jan

# The Power of Open Mic

by Sheena Arora

Over the years, I have been taking writing classes at UC Berkeley Extension. This past year UC Berkeley Extension started a new literary magazine—*URSA Minor: UC Berkeley Extension's Art & Literature Review*. Present and past students were given the opportunity to submit. I submitted, and I am one of the few whose work was selected to appear in the inaugural issue.

UC Berkeley Extension arranged a launch party and two reading opportunities for students whose works were selected. I was very keen to read and share my work. After all, it was the first time I had submitted anywhere. On May 7, I was one of the students who read their work at Book Passage in San Francisco. We each had five to eight minutes to read.

As I got up to read, I was calm, my body didn't shake, and I didn't have grumbling sounds in my stomach. During my reading I paced myself, I raised or lowered my voice as demanded by my character, and I didn't try to read through 2,000 words in eight minutes. Instead, I stopped my piece at a climactic point and asked the audience to read the rest of my work in the magazine.

I heard gasps from the audience followed by claps. After the readings, many who initially looked at me with the eyes oh-another-Indian-with-bad-accent came over to tell me that my presentation was the best. I was delighted. Unknowingly I started advising everyone about my process—about how I try to read at open mic at least once a month.



Sheena Arora reads at Book Passage

I talked about my first open mic. That was when my stomach made funny sounds and my body shook. I had read as if I was my own audience. I had read as if I was missing my flight that I had to rush through every word. During my first open mic, my hand shook so much that I had to use both hands to hold my reading papers. Over the years reading at open mics has

helped me. Now when I read in front of strangers my body and hands don't shake and my stomach is not in knots. But most of all I have learned to pace myself.

None of my rehearsals would have been possible without Bill Baldwin. Bill is the director of open mic nights at South Bay Writers. He organizes two open mics every month, one at Barnes & Noble Bookstore and other at Willow Glen Branch Library. On the day of the open mic, in his lunch hour, Bill drives to the library, collects the keys from the library personnel, drives back to his office, and prints out the evening's printed program that includes the attendees' name, title of the work they are going to read, and name of the writer of the work.

In the evening of the open mic, he is in the location thirty minutes ahead of everyone to set-up. He arranges the chairs, tables, and podium for the evening's readings. He keeps the readers in-check and has encouraging words for all readers. I am seeing Bill do this twice a month every month. I started attending his open mic a year and half ago. And I have not seen him miss a beat. Above all, he gets no help from attendees like me. All of us just take him for granted.

Until my recent reading at San Francisco, I didn't realize that I needed to share my accolades with the unsung heroes of the writers clubs. Those who tirelessly organize and show up to better others. Those who don't care if newbies like me even understand their selflessness.

I just want to say, "Thank you Bill." — WT

## Book Announcements

### *The Shining Orb of Volney*: Donna Fujimoto

*The Shining Orb of Volney* by Donna Fujimoto is now available on Amazon. Science fiction, for middle grades.

In a land on the brink of war, the words of an ancient prophecy inspire 12-year-old Celeste to search for an Orb that will bring peace. Armed with little more than her grandmother's wisdom and an irrepressible optimism, she embarks on her quest while armies gather. Can she find the Orb and work its wonders before all she loves is destroyed? — WT



### *Tell My Dad*: Ram Muthiah

Ram Muthiah will release his debut novel *Tell My Dad* on June 17. It's a mystery novel inspired by true events that happened in Southern California. The story is set in the Bay Area. The Kindle edition can be pre-ordered on Amazon. — WT



## 2016 Matthews-Baldwin Award

Every year, South Bay Writers acknowledges and thanks someone for service given to the club. The 2016 recipients are Jim Matthews and Frank Johnson in recognition of more than 10 years of faithful service, teamwork, and friendship. Jim and Frank come early to each SBW meeting to set up the microphone and speakers and return after the meeting to take down and put away everything.

This year, Jim and Frank were given duplicate awards to display at home. The awards are beautiful, but *WT* doesn't have a photo because their unusual transparent design doesn't photograph well.

Thank you, Jim and Frank. — *WT*



Jim Matthews and Frank Johnson — Photo by Carolyn Donnell

## Winners 2016 San Mateo Fair

All winning works listed below will appear in the 2016 Fair anthology, *Carry the Light: Volume V*. Those winners "in the money" are marked first, second, or third and will receive \$100, \$75, or \$50.

**Sheena Arora:** First, SF Peninsula Writers Club Writer of the Year Short Story: "Uniqueness Under My Pillow." (Also HM, General Fiction Short Story, same title.)

**Mary Chiao:** First, Humorous Short Story: "Jimmy and Perky."

**Marcela Dickerson:** HM, Immigrant Experience Short Story: "Belly Dance."

**Carolyn Donnell:** Second, Children's Story: "Easter Bunny Rules."

**Jac Fitzenz:** Third, Genre Novelist First Chapter: *Undaunted Lovers*

**Karen Franzenburg:** HM, Poetry: "Ode to Cecil."

**Marjorie Johnson:** HM, General Fiction Short Story: "Gopher in My Living Room."

**Dave Strom:** First, Audio Book: *The Malevolent Mystery Meat!* (Also, HM, Science Fiction/Fantasy Short Story, same title.)

**Mimi Vaillancourt:** Second, Personal Memoir: "New York Times Family."

## Recap: Robert Balmanno

*Continued from Page 1*

On May 9, I was mesmerized by Bob's presence in front of a larger audience of writers. He detailed how he sets up his book events. Seven to eight weeks ahead of the event date, he contacts the bookstore's Community Relations Manager so they can purchase a supply of his books.

His publisher has arranged for his books to be listed with distributors such as INGRAM, favored by larger stores such as Barnes & Noble; and Baker & Taylor, distributors for smaller shops, such as Leigh's Favorite Books in Sunnyvale.

On the day of his event, Bob sets up a table stacked high with copies of his books near the door at the bookstore. All day, he greets people entering the store and strikes up conversations. When he interacts with someone, that person often buys a book. After a trip to the register, some eager fans will come back to his table for a signature.

Bob prefers to work with Baker & Taylor because, in his eyes, they provide better distribution services. They list books for small bookshops, the heart of meet and greet locales. Independent writers and self-published authors can be included in distributor lists by paying a fee.

For those not represented by a publishing house, having other necessary items such as a business license and a resale permit, makes it easier to market books at a variety of meet and greets, including venues outside of the distributors model.

Listening to his presentation answered the question of how he has sold more than 6,500 books: Bob has an outgoing personality and he is a practiced speaker. So we see what skills we must develop to sell books in person.

Bob left us with special news: his last meet and greet in Los Angeles netted him a meeting with a movie producer interested in his four book series, the Blessings of Gaia, with *Auger's Touchstone* coming out soon.

Stay tuned for updates at [www.robertbalmanno.com/](http://www.robertbalmanno.com/) — *WT*



Robert Balmanno

— Photo by Carolyn Donnell



# May 2016 Robert Balmanno



South Bay Writers Meeting May 9, 2016

– Photos by Carolyn Donnell



# Father's Day at the Aquarium

by Marjorie Johnson

I love my home. I have plenty to eat, and I have fun all day, watching giants pass by on the other side of the wall. The giants have no tails, only two long fins, but they still can glide. The smaller ones put their faces against the wall until a bigger one pulls them away.

Every morning my mate entwines his tail with mine and we dance. We promenade and spin pirouettes and change colors, pink, orange, green. My mate has a large brood patch, filled with tiny seahorses. He is the best looking seahorse in the herd.

After our morning greetings, we separate and spend most of the day hanging onto seaweed with our tails—and eating, of course.

I have found that, in the right light, I have a shadow on my side of the wall. All of us in this herd of seahorses look alike, but I can tell it is my shadow because it moves when I do.

I flutter the fin on my back to chase my shadow, but it always disappears by the time my snout touches the wall.

When I swim to the wall, the giants point at me with their smaller fins and hold up square boxes. Then they show the boxes to one another and point back at me.

One giant visits every day. He watches my mate and me when we dance. He has a large brood patch on his front. I wonder how many smaller giants will pop out.

Today the giant with the brood patch held a small square object against the wall. When I touched the wall on my side, I saw myself as if my snout were glued to the wall. Behind me, I could see other seahorses swaying in the grass.

When the giant pulled away from the wall, I wasn't there any more at all—his small square glittered in the light and showed other giants behind him. He put his small square into a second brood patch close to where his fin attached to his body.

Before the giant started to glide away, he locked his eyes with mine and waved one fin.

The giant—she must look like one, to such a tiny creature—liked to watch the seahorses' courtship displays. Today she had put her mirror to the glass to see what the seahorse would do. Its eyes locked onto hers when she waved goodbye.

She felt a pull on the arm that waved and saw her fingers meld together. She fluttered her back fin and glided down the hall. She felt the joy of the dance—

The baby kicked, much harder than usual, and she felt another contraction. She stopped and shook her head. When she checked her lipstick in her mirror, she saw a small seahorse, peering out.

She turned and lifted her gaze back to the aquarium tank, where tiny seahorses spewed from a male's brood patch. She gasped with a stronger contraction. Warm liquid ran down her legs. —WT

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# An Evening in Moskva

by Cal Stevens

During the 1970-71 academic year, while I was a faculty member at San Jose State University, I was selected by the American Academy of Science to participate in a four-month scientific exchange with the Soviet Union. My wife, Frances, our son Clark, who was 3 years old, and our daughter Sarah, who had her second birthday in the Soviet Union, accompanied me.

Most of our stay was in Moskva (Moscow) where we were housed in a not quite completed apartment building designed for foreign visitors. Construction was from the bottom up, so our apartment on the third floor was finished except for the toilet, which had not yet been bolted down. Since the upper floors of the building were still under construction, there was considerable noise during the day, and from the window of our apartment we often saw large pieces of debris pass by, dropped from above by the army recruits who constituted the work force.

Since I was uncomfortable about travelling without knowing the language to a foreign country, especially the Soviet Union during the height of the Cold War, I took Russian classes offered through adult education and private instruction through Berlitz paid for by the Academy of Science prior to our trip. Thus, by the time we arrived in the Soviet Union I knew enough of the language to squeak by. For instance, when our children had a medical problem I could relate our need to a doctor at the local hospital who made home visits. Unfortunately, I never could understand when the doctor was supposed to arrive so we did a lot of waiting around. It was worse at the pharmacy when I had a prescription filled. I was always presented with the medication and told verbally the dosage and the frequency with which it should be administered;

nothing was ever written down, so I was never exactly sure what to do with it. We did our best and fortunately nobody got desperately ill.

We generally ate in our apartment with the food I was able to buy at the local market, or more often what Frances was able to buy at the foreign currency store or at the American Embassy commissary some distance away.

To break up the monotony of eating at home, we decided one day to try out a cafeteria not too far from where we lived. There we got in line with our children. My Russian was too poor to grasp what the food really was, so we just picked offerings that were not too unappetizing. After getting our food, we seated ourselves at a table with about eight, mostly older men.

After we had eaten we got up and were approached by a young man who apparently had been sitting at another table. I understood him to say his name was Petr and that he wanted to show us around Moskva. I didn't answer immediately, but he smiled at us and took Clark out of my arms while Frances held onto Sarah. Before we got away from the table, however, one of the older men at the table said something derogatory about our guide, and I thought he indicated we should be careful.

Nevertheless, I was so unsure what to do I let Petr get us onto the nearby subway. Since he was still carrying Clark, I stayed very close to him, but at the same time I watched the monitor in the train so I could keep track of where we were. Fortunately, since I knew the Cyrillic alphabet, I could pronounce and therefore remember the names of stations we passed. After a while, I began to have serious misgivings about this adventure.

*Continued on Page 12*



## Cool Grass

by Michael Shipp

He lay in the cool grass watching the flag at the Veterans Memorial dance in the wind. Father's Day was the next day and already there were fresh flowers on many graves. It was a quiet, small cemetery with old noble oaks. A lot of the headstones on top of the hill were from the Pioneer Days. White marble with hundred year old black lichen homesteading the north side. The sharp corners of the hard rock rounded down with the elements of time. Nothing lasts forever, not even marble.

He had buried his father in that cemetery and came to visit when he could. Every time he could still hear the bagpipes playing "Amazing Grace." A friend gave him good advice: "Never stop talking to your dad."

Usually he visited the gravesite, said his hello, and moved on. Sometimes he sat on a nearby bench to pray. It was hard to stand over the man he spent a lifetime looking up to.

The bronze plaque read: "Loving husband, father, grandfather, Navy Ammo WWII." Not a whole lot of info.

It didn't tell you that Dad had been a Nebraska farm boy who enlisted after Pearl Harbor, served on an aircraft carrier and guided landing planes with flag signals, came home, fell in love, went to college, raised a family, and taught school for forty years. It didn't say a lot of things but he didn't want to go there. He always felt guilty for not having talked more when he had the chance.

It was a well-maintained cemetery, but it got very few visitors and at night the deer came out of the hills to eat the flowers on the graves. Usually he came, said his hello and wandered off, but today he lay on the lush lawn, next to his dad, watching the big flag flip-flop, tap dancing with the wind, and had his little cry.

Fifty white stars on a field of blue. Six white strips and seven red. In the morning sun the flag's shadow blanketed the grave.

## Off the Shelf

— Edie Matthews

YOU CAN'T PUT A GOOD BOOK DOWN



It was a nice place to rest. The lawn got plenty of water. The ground was soft and the green grass was cool to the touch and there were thick patches of clover here and there. He gazed up at the empty blue sky. If only he could quit thinking about stupid stuff maybe he could hear and understand.

A blue jay in an oak called and the flag stiffened with a hard gust of wind. An orchestra of wind chimes hung in the trees and played a free concert. A teenage girl and her dog jogged by. A young couple with a toddler visited family on the hill. A bumble bee landed on a clover flower and bent the stem over. The blades of grass were long; he wondered when the lawn mower came and there he was thinking too much again. He missed his dad and his tears fell like raindrops down his cheeks. — WT

## Sprezzatura: The Selfie Revolution

by Judith Shernock

This article is being written with the hope that someone among its readers will take up the banner and rebut the ideas being presented here.

In 1528, the Italian Baldassara Castiglione coined the new word *sprezzatura*: the ability to conceal all art and make whatever is done or said appear to be without effort or thought. In other words, *sprezzatura* is a disguise for what one really feels or the ability to create something very complex and act with studied nonchalance.

Some years later, Shakespeare had his hero Hamlet declare, "I know not, seems." He is talking to his mother about the death of his father and continues to explain his demeanor: "A person could fake grief if he wanted to but I have more grief inside me than you could ever see on the surface."

Today artifice is more and more of whom we seem to be. In 1969 the most famous of the media theorists, Marshall McLuhan, coined the expression "The Medium is the Message." McLuhan, the father and leading prophet of the electronic age, coined many of the terms we use today such as global village,

media, and less well known but more important, extensions and amputations.

Extensions occur when an individual or society makes use of something that extends the range of the human body or mind. As examples, the shovel is an extension of the human hand; the automobile, the human leg; and the telescope, the human eye.

Amputations are the effects on these extensions, especially technological ones that have modified some previous extensions. An example would be the loss of archery skills with the development of guns and firearms. The telephone extends the voice but amputates the art of penmanship. Among many other examples, McLuhan notes: "Although America is a creature of four wheels and its youth attribute more importance to arriving at driver's-license age than at voting age, it is also true that the car has become an article of dress without which we feel uncertain, unclad, and incomplete."

Now let's jump ahead fifty years to 2010, when Kevin Syston and Mike Kraiger launched *Instagram*, the name made up to combine the properties of an instant camera and a telegram. By 2014 this app had 30 million users. Every second of every day new participants were joining and uploading about 58 photos

Continued on Page 13

# The Adjacent Room

by Carole Taub

I felt blasé about it, but I'd made a promise. Though more of a commitment, as the word promise hadn't been said. Without thinking it through, *sure, yes, let's do it* had slipped out. And the decision was made. An agreement or understanding. A simple plan to shoot a gun: practice, familiarize, and experience. I thought of how it would feel, in my hand, to hold a weapon that can kill. The sounds, the brilliance of its power. No thoughts other than *sure*. No hesitation. Or debate. Not even to question why.

"During your next visit," Glenna said.

"Sure. You can count on me." And then any conversation about a gun was over. And what was now **her gun**. I hadn't seen my daughter in months. All of the visions I had of her were sweet. The flight was ho-hum. The rental car too, was nothing short of banal. Though rain had glistened the roadway, I drove beyond the posted 65 miles per hour speed limit along Interstate 5. Passing cars that were in my way, I was in a hurry to see my daughter. The hour drive to Salem was an opportunity to plan our agenda. Possibly go to the ocean. Wine tasting. The new restaurant she'd mentioned.

But she had an agenda of her own. I walked through her front door, hugs and kisses galore, joyful seeing my daughter so happy in her new home, with her new husband. The rain had waned, and hints of sunshine filtered through her massive kitchen window. We sat on the counter sipping red wine, nibbling on Gouda and the French bread she'd made the day before. She looked radiant in an ice-blue silk jumpsuit, strands of pearls draping down her neck. Her nails were crimson, accenting her flawless skin. Details about their future plans to have a baby were filled with zeal. And I was soaking it up, taking a cleansing breath, beaming with pride.

"I thought we'll go to dinner at that new restaurant," I said.

"That's fine, but we have something to do first," Glenna said. "We'll go target practice with my new little friend."

"Oh, I forgot all about that," I said.

And like a magician, her husband suddenly appeared. He embraced her, gave her a Fred Astaire dip. And then after the usual greetings to me, hugs, kisses, and

oh you look wonderful, and so good to see you, and how's your job at the bank, he disappeared. He fit into the tall, not so dark, and not overly handsome category. But he loved my daughter and was a nice dependable sort. One of those honey-do-gents. Her list was long. He never complained.

"Get *princess*, honey," she told him.

"In a jiff," he said.

I quickly downed my glass and poured another. "*Salud. Mas para usted?*"

"Thanks, but no. I need a clear head for our target practice."

Not wanting to interfere, or dip into the rationale that had pushed us into gun-ville-mode, I fussed with my hair, broke off a piece of bread, took another sip. "Great bread, sweetheart. You must give me the recipe."

Hubby returned moments later, a bit more casual, having killed the suit and donned coffee colored corduroy pants and a matching brown turtleneck. His goatee was cropped, and he wore a diamond stud earring in his right ear. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a black leather man's purse.

"Wine," I said, holding up the bottle.

"Gotta keep the focus crystal clear," he said, shaking his head. "And you need to do the same."

"We're going into the woods to shoot a gun," I said. "No one's around there, right? What's to worry about?"

He asked me to join him at the table. We sat face to face. I leaned back against the chair, ran my finger along the rough edge of the oak table. He looked at me briefly, and then slowly unzipped his black purse. Taken aback, it was surreal. None other than their *princess*. Not necessarily what I'd imagined, though I didn't have time to imagine anything. Curiosity led my fear. And I suddenly had a new understanding of being uncomfortable. It was black, dull. He held it like it was a newborn baby. Not stroking it, but admiring it just the same. I was all eyes and had become quiet and numb.

His instructions began. Rules of the gun. The clip, butt, barrel, chamber, safety, magazine, trigger: an arsenal of information that I wasn't the least bit interested in learning about. I felt sick to my stomach. and maintained my silence. He continued. Do this and never do that. Make sure

it's unloaded. This is how.

*Please don't tell me. I hate this. And you I hate more for attempting to educate me on something so hideous.*

He was relentless. He handed the gun to me and said I needed to try it: experience opening it; look inside the chamber; make sure it's unloaded. How to pull the trigger — "It's hard, but it gets easier after the first bullet."

I'd become frozen. I felt like a mute monk. Tongue-tied. Encased inside a shaft. My daughter had gone to get ready. She yelled that it was time to go. And as he began returning *princess* to her case, he said, "We're not going into the woods. We're going to an indoor shooting range."

The drive was long. Didn't know where we were. Didn't care. Hoped it was closed. It was open. I got out and walked with indeterminate trepidation. He opened the door. I walked in, stunned to see this complete gun store. All of the clerks were wearing holsters with guns stuffed inside, strapped around their waists—for the world to see. No hiding game. No game at all. Guns of all different shapes and sizes; ammunition; goggles and earmuffs; targets.

I was required to sign in, prove who I was, and show that I was not a threat. Next, I must watch a video on safety, and target practice is through the adjacent door. There's a lot of noise due to guns being shot, and two more adjacent doors to go through to get to the target practice area.

I needed to learn: where I can point the gun; to keep both eyes open and focus on the target; to hold the gun with both hands, arms outstretched; and how to pull the trigger. And make sure I put in the earplugs before the muffs.

I still maintained the *mute monk* behavior. Even though it was explained that this is a sport, enjoyed by so many, and that there are competitions, and I should go watch the video so that I can go through those adjacent doors and pull the trigger, and shoot Osama Bin Laden (the target of choice), my mind refused to concede.

The video played. Sitting on their red leather couch, I attempted to watch it. But a little voice deep inside my gut was screaming, beating drums, asking, *what are you doing here?* I told the voice that I'd promised. I said I would. And the voice responded, *you have the right to change your mind.* — WT



# June Terse on Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante  
Contributing Editor

## June, You're High!

Good month for that finished book  
Or fulfilling a promise to start something new!  
When you're ready for print  
You might feel you took  
Along time to brew  
And stew over this best work, this stint!

— Patricia Bustamante

Congratulations to so many of our group who have their books published. I self-published once too, doing good sales on the Internet until a famous (and I have to admit, much more talented) writer stole my title. I gave up the project.

I have also bored the ears off many of you, telling about a submission I personally made to Random House (I lived in Manhattan then, close to them). I shook hands with one of my heroes of writing, Bennett Cerf. Unforgettable moment. But he gently explained why the answer was "No."

### Heart breaker.

I will keep submitting; I will never give up. I hope none of you give up writing. The spur that keeps a writer writing has something to do with a need to improve this world. The world needs stories, each story with a moral or an unforgettable episode. Writers can teach—we must keep this going. — WT



## Boardwalk

Come to the boardwalk  
on a sunny afternoon  
Breathe in the smells and  
pop balloons  
Ride the carousel and  
grab a ring  
once more your soul  
will sing with  
the joy of it all  
Hold on tight when  
you ride  
the Big Dipper  
and remember  
whatever you do  
don't eat first!

The Haunted House  
beckons you  
The noisy bumper cars too  
The Skee Ball is inviting  
and the Fun House  
not so frightening  
There's that slippery slide you  
need a gunny sack  
to do  
and oh those funny mirrors  
completely change  
the look of you  
The arcades are fun and  
the overhead swings  
provide a different view  
so you look down  
while you swing and sway  
above the boardwalk

— Karen Hartley

## Three Haiku

### For Outside Bench

Shadow flock of birds  
fly over where I sit.  
I never see them.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

### Early Sunday Morning

What is sadder than  
rusty train tracks to nowhere?  
Written in my dreams.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

### Juxtaposition

Off white balloon floats  
past leaves into wispy clouds,  
with its bright white string.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

### Fill My Heart

Let your words dance across the page  
Touch my soul  
Touch my heart  
Touch my mind  
Wrap me in a moment of time

Let it make me feel  
The Kiss  
Of Life  
Of Love  
Of heart songs

Let me long for the love that is spoken  
In your sweet words  
Let me saturate my senses  
In the pallet of your love song

Let me for a brief moment  
Feel I am the only one

Allow me to caress your poetry  
Clinging to the beautiful binding  
Laced in narrow gold rims and velum

The passion of life contained

Let me dream  
Take me briefly  
Fill My Heart

Dear Poet

— Karen Franzenburg

### One beautiful sentence . . .

It has taken me years of struggle, hard work and research to learn to make one simple gesture, and I know enough about the art of writing to realize that it would take as many years of concentrated effort to write one simple, beautiful sentence.

—Isadora Duncan, Dancer

## Classic Writing Books 3

*Continued from Page 3*

They take possession of their *REWARD* and are pursued on *THE ROAD BACK* to the Ordinary World. They cross the third threshold, experience a *RESURRECTION*, and are transformed by the experience. They *RETURN WITH THE ELIXIR*, a boon or treasure to benefit the Ordinary World.

The hero's journey is a skeletal framework, fleshed out with the details and surprises of the individual story. The structure should not call attention to itself nor should it be followed too precisely. The stages can be deleted, added to, and shuffled about without losing their power.

Instead of analyzing the *Odyssey*, Vogler applies these concepts to current literature and film. For example, in *The Wizard of Oz*, Dorothy's ordinary world is her drab life in Kansas, shot in black and white in the film. She is snatched away – will she ever get home again? Glenda the Good Witch gives her the ruby slippers. The crossing of the first threshold, the turning point between Acts 1 and 2, is when Dorothy starts out on the yellow brick road. Dorothy acquires her companions the Scarecrow, Tin Woodman, and Cowardly Lion, and makes enemies such as an orchard full of grumpy talking trees. She passes a number of tests: getting Scarecrow off the nail; oiling the Tin Woodman; helping the Cowardly Lion deal with his fear. The inner cave is the Wicked Witch's castle where she is trapped; she escapes with the Witch's broomstick and the ruby slippers, her keys to getting back home. We cross into Act Three as Dorothy meets and unmasks the Wizard of Oz. She returns to Kansas with the knowledge that she is loved: "There's no place like home."

Vogler says the patterns of myth can be used to tell the simplest comic book story or the most sophisticated drama. The structure of the hero's journey is infinitely flexible, capable of

endless variation without sacrificing any of its magic, and it will outlive us all.

A tidbit especially for Californians: Doc Ricketts from Cannery Row in Monterey was mentor to both John Steinbeck and Joseph Campbell.

Note: "Classic Writing Books 1: *Plotto*" appeared in *WritersTalk*, December 2015; "Classic Writing Books 2: *The Art of Dramatic Writing*," *WT*, March 2016. Back issues of *WritersTalk* and its cumulative index can be found on southbaywriters.com. – *WT*

## Campoodie in Nevada City, 1907

A campoodie is a disheveled building, a ramshackle dwelling, or a collection of shacks.



View of shacks at Campoodie in Nevada City, 1907. California Historical Society Collection, 1860 - 1960, University of Southern California. Photo copyright by M. Rieder 1907

## An Evening in Moskva: *Continued from Page 8*

Eventually, Petr announced that we had arrived at the station where we were to get off. When we emerged from the subway, we were close to a large hotel. He led us toward the hotel and when we got to the front steps, he put Clark down and asked Frances and the children to wait while he and I made some arrangements. After he and I sat down at a table on the hotel patio, he told me that his mother was having a bad time and he was going to have to start taking care of her. Unfortunately, she didn't have any money and he didn't have much either.

After a short wait a man from the hotel approached us. Petr told him we wanted a bottle of wine. This man apparently was not at all impressed with Petr and I understood him to say he would have to come into the hotel, probably, I thought, to ascertain how that the bottle of wine he was ordering would be paid for.

By then I had realized that Petr's plan was that he would bring us out to the outskirts of Moskva so he could extract money from us. Evidently, he was counting on our fear of being lost and figured we'd essentially be forced to pay him to take us back to familiar surroundings. Unfortunately for him, I knew where we were. So as soon as he disappeared into the hotel, I ran back to my family.

"Let's go!" I said. "We've got to get out of here pronto. Petr just wants money." As we started down the steps to the subway Petr came out of the hotel looking around. "Hurry! We've got to get on the train before it takes off!"

We did make the train and within half an hour we were back in safe home territory.

Now as a retired faculty member so many years later, I can't imagine how I had allowed us to get into that situation. Although Frances and I were in our mid-30s, we were still not savvy enough to see all the dangers lurking around in this world. – *WT*

## Shelf Life – Maddie McEwen



*Au contraire. I value criticism following my anger management course.*



## Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell  
Contributing Editor

### **Mom Egg Review:**

*Mom Egg Review Vol. 15:* Submissions open May 15 to August 15. Send poetry, fiction, and creative prose for the 15th annual print issue. They publish work by writers who are mothers or by others about motherhood. Submit work not published previously online or in print. \$3 fee for each submission. See complete info at <https://themomegg.submittable.com/submit>

**FutureScapes:** FutureScapes is an annual writing competition that asks writers to envision a particular sort of world and tell a story about it. Deadline: July 15. No entry fee. Prizes: \$2,000, First; \$1,000, Second; four runners-up, each receive \$500. Full contest rules at [www.futurescapescontest.com/contest-rules/](http://www.futurescapescontest.com/contest-rules/)

**From Last Month:** Don't forget these from last month's *WritersTalk*:

Swan Scythe Press 2016 Chapbook Contest, [swanscythe.com/contest.html](http://swanscythe.com/contest.html)

*West Marin Review*, [westmarinreview.org/submissions.html](http://westmarinreview.org/submissions.html)

### **Some sites that list competitions:**

[www.aerogrammestudio.com/2015/12/01/short-story-competitions-in-2016/](http://www.aerogrammestudio.com/2015/12/01/short-story-competitions-in-2016/)

[www.newpages.com/classifieds/big-list-of-writing-contests#june](http://www.newpages.com/classifieds/big-list-of-writing-contests#june)

[www.pw.org/grants](http://www.pw.org/grants)

<https://winningwriters.com/>

[www.writermag.com/writing-resources/contests](http://www.writermag.com/writing-resources/contests)

<http://thewritelife.com/27-free-writing-contests/>

<http://fundsforwriters.com/contests/>

[www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/uncategorized/10-free-writing-contests-fellowships-with-prizes-of-500-to-25000/](http://www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/uncategorized/10-free-writing-contests-fellowships-with-prizes-of-500-to-25000/)

[www.poets.org/academy-american-poets/american-poets-prizes](http://www.poets.org/academy-american-poets/american-poets-prizes)

[www.dystopianstories.com/writing-competitions-2016/](http://www.dystopianstories.com/writing-competitions-2016/)

Have fun, and be sure to let us know if you score! —WT

## Central Coast Writers Conference & Contest

Tia Araminta, Director

The much-anticipated launch of the Central Coast Writers Contest is here! As part of the 32nd Annual Central Coast Writers Conference, this year's contest offers writers invaluable opportunity for exposure, accolades and significant cash prizes. Writers will have their work read by a truly impressive panel of judges.

The theme of the 2016 Central Coast Writers Contest is The Final Word. All entries must depict this theme, originally interpreted. Categories include Short Fiction, 1,000 to 1,200 words; Poetry, up to 40 lines; Flash Fiction, up to 500 words. New: Screenwriting, up to 20 pages. Prizes for Short Fiction, Screenwriting, and Poetry: \$1,000 for First; \$500, Second; \$100, Third. Flash Fiction: \$500 for First; \$100, Second; \$50, Third. Contestants may enter more than one category. Entry fee, Short Fiction, Poetry, and Screenwriting: \$20. Entry fee for Flash Fiction: \$15.

Contest deadline: July 15. Submission guidelines: [www.CCWritersContest.com](http://www.CCWritersContest.com)

### **Central Coast Writers Conference:**

Sept. 29 – Oct. 1, 2016. Visit [CentralCoastWritersConference.com](http://CentralCoastWritersConference.com). —WT

## Writer Advice Contest

by B. Lynn Goodwin,  
Managing Editor, *Writer Advice*

Dazzle, delight, and entice us. Our contests are listed at [www.writeradvice.com](http://www.writeradvice.com). *Writer Advice* has been running contests for 10 years, and we are known for our feedback. With two down and two to go, you can read the details from [Lgood67334@comcast.net](mailto:Lgood67334@comcast.net), or go to our website, [writeradvice.com](http://writeradvice.com). —WT

### **Sprezzatura**

*Continued from Page 9*

a second **worldwide**—*Instagram* has twenty-five languages! More than two-thirds of its users are female, and a huge percentage of its photos are the well-known “selfies.” The selfie that received the most positive likes—1.82 million—was one of Justin Bieber and Selena Gomez.

I think social media is reshaping who we are and how we think of ourselves as well as providing a platform to enhance man's vanity. (Remember, in the Bible it is written: “Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.”)

As an example, take the case of *Instagram* model Essena O'Neill, who amassed half a million followers and tens of thousands of likes in her pursuit of validation of her image. But she became jaded, had a breakdown, and bemoaned the years she had wasted making an “as-if” life filled with images of happiness and fun. She said, “One picture of me in a bikini on the beach was a result of over one hundred poses of trying to make my stomach look good,” and pointed out, “I didn't eat that day and screamed at my little sister to keep shooting pictures.” Essena and so many others are trying to capture moments that never really happened.

This trend to believe in a fake world is truly captured by the Socialite Barbie account. It's a site featuring a Barbie doll as a happy girl celebrating sociality. There are scenes of Barbie in exotic locales, looking pensive and sipping lattes; the account has 1.3 million followers. There's an implied acceptance of our own dishonesty, like a shrug that says, “That's the way things are now.”

What worries me is the acceptance of artifice as a way of being. A world where performative documentation is acceptable frightens me. —WT

## California Writers Club: CWC News

### Be Seen Statewide in the CWC Bulletin

Deadline for advertising submissions for the August issue is Friday, July 29, 2016. The spring issue is in press.

All ads submitted must be self-edited, print-ready, and will be published as received. Capacity for advertising will be determined by the Editor-in-Chief. All ads must be emailed as a jpg file to Bob Isbill at advertisingCWC@gmail.com. Details at CalWriters.org.

Checks or money orders, made payable to CWC Central Treasury for submitted ads, must be mailed to: HDCWC, The Bulletin Marketing Department, 20258 Hwy 18, STE 430, PMB 28, Apple Valley, CA 92307. —WT

Your ad will be seen by 2,000 writers.

## SBW TalkBooks

### Free Publicity Buzz

SBW TalkBooks is a book club that selects books written by SBW members for its monthly group read. This is a two-location event: the book is discussed online and the author is interviewed in person.

Join Meetup.com to receive advance notice of the book, the author meeting location, and online links. Join Goodreads.com to follow along with the book discussions during the month.

On the last Wednesday of the month, we meet for the live interview. We host and write-up each interview for social media and post on Twitter and Facebook. This creates additional book buzz for the author and the book to reach new readers.

TalkBooks currently meets at 7:30 pm at the Santa Clara City Library on Homestead Road.

If you are an SBW member who has published a book, send a jpg of the cover and a descriptive paragraph to the editor at newsletter@southbaywriters.com. We will publish your book announcement in *WritersTalk*.

Contact Linda Judd at lindyjudd@yahoo.com for a TalkBooks Author's Kit and for availability to schedule your TalkBooks event. —WT

## CWC Around the Bay

Published meeting locations and times for other CWC branches in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. If you want to 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.org

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

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

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

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

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

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

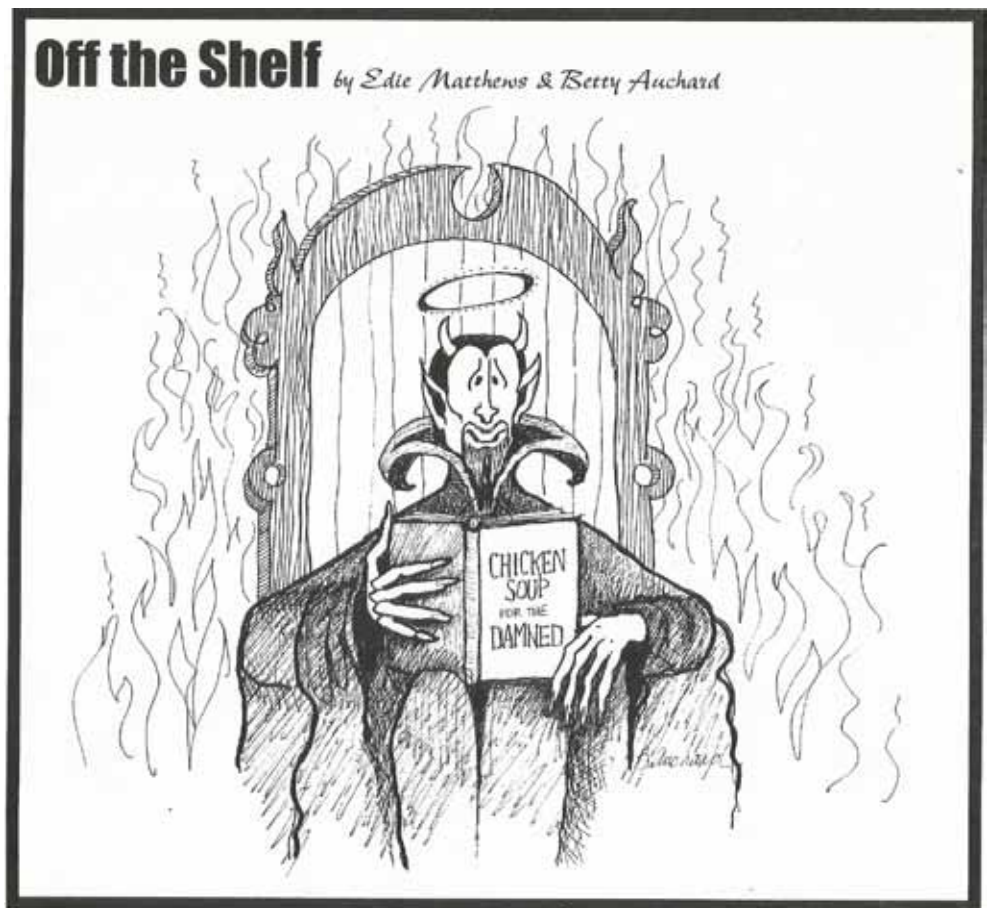
**North State:** 6:00 third Mondays, Butte County Library-Chico Branch. northstatewriters.com

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

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

**San Francisco/Peninsula:** 10:00 third Saturdays, Belmont Congregational Church, 751 Alameda De Las Pulgas, Belmont. sfpeninsulawriters.com

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



Cartoon reprinted from August 2012 *WritersTalk*

### Digital *WritersTalk*?

If you prefer to have *WritersTalk* delivered to your email address as a PDF, send a note to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. If you like it delivered by the US Postal Service, then you don't have to do anything except read and enjoy. —WT

*The devil's in the details.*



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<b>June 2016</b>			1	2	3 7:30P Open mic Barnes & Noble Almaden, San Jose	4 Bay Area Book Fair, Berkeley, June 4 - 5
5 10 AM Our Voices	6 1:30PM Mystery Circle 2PM Valley Writers	7 7 PM SBW Board meeting	8	9	10	11 Opening, San Mateo County Fair, Liter- ary Division
12 1 PM Poets at Play	13 6:00PM Regular Din- ner Meeting, Harry's 2PM Valley Writers	14 7 PM Poetry readings	15 Deadline <i>WritersTalk</i>	16 7 PM Poetry readings	17 7:30P Open mic Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	18 Authors' Day, San Mateo County Fair, Literary Division
19 10 AM Our Voices	20 2PM Valley Writers	21	22	23	24	25
26	27 2PM Valley Writers	28 7 PM TalkShop	29 7:30 PM TalkBooks Alfred Jan: Gelett Burgess Sampler	30		
<b>Future Flashes</b>						
TBA: July SBW Board meeting	July: No SBW regu- lar dinner meeting July 10: picnic	June 11 – 18: San Mateo County Fair, Literary Division	<b>TIME TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN SOUTH BAY WRITERS</b>		Sunday, July 10: Annual SBW picnic and BBQ	

## Ongoing Events

### Critique Groups

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

**Valley Writers:** Meets at Valley Village Retirement Center, Winchester Blvd, Santa Clara, Mondays 2 PM. 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

**Your Critique Group:** Send info 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

### SBW Board Meetings

Board meets 7 PM on the Tuesday preceding second Monday dinner meeting. Location TBA. Contact Patrick McQueen, pres@southbaywriters.com.

### Ongoing discussion groups

**TalkShop:** Discuss topics of interest to writers – challenges, problems, and tips. Meets last Tuesdays, 7 pm. Contact Carole Taub at 777777ps@gmail.com

**SBW TalkBooks:** discussion group focusing on books written by SBW members. Meets last Wednesdays, 7:30 PM, Santa Clara Library, Homestead Road. For more information, read article on Page 14 and send email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

### SBW TalkBooks spring schedule:

June 29: *A Gelett Burgess Sampler: Ethics and Aesthetics* by Alfred Jan

July: Catch our breaths. We will resume in August.

## San Mateo County Fair, Literary Division June 11 through June 18 Daily Events for Writers

### 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

**Well-Red Poetry Reading Series:** Second Tuesdays, 7 – 9 pm, at Works San Jose, 365 South Market Street. Featured reader followed by an open mic, if time allows. www.pcsj.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](http://www.southbaywriters.com)

## MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers  
June Regular Meeting  
6 PM, Monday, June 13**

Harry's Hofbrau  
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

**Manuscript  
Do's & Don'ts  
LeeAnne Krusemark  
June Speaker**

*WritersTalk* deadline is always  
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are  
second Mondays 6 – 9 PM  
except July and December.



### **Harry's Hofbrau**

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