



# WRITERSTALK

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Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

APRIL SPEAKER

## Suspense and Conflict With Margaret Lucke

by Dave LaRoche

We know that suspense is that state of awareness that has us on the edge of our seats, eyes wide, interest peaked. What's happening next? Can we wait? We squirm. Our blood runs hot then cold, and no way can our attention be diverted. (I feel like this just before dinner and again before dessert.) Conflict's another story. (And it's likely to accompany dessert, if dessert's not a banana split doused with Hennessy's brandy, a cherry on top.)



Margaret Lucke

Conflict is "a state of disharmony," like when pots fly around in the kitchen. It's the "condition of opposing forces," and I think of the couple next door. And speaking of them, it may also be war, the exchanges of missiles that often cause death. Conflict might be the intransigence between opposing ideas, like Congress in session. In our craft it's the place where our protagonist reaches the wall, is stopped cold by an enemy, and action occurs. It's also the place where our reader is immersed in our story. How, when, with what will the hero win, escape, or hurtle the wall?

Both suspense and conflict are vital elements in story. Together they carry our readers into the next chapter and

on to our next book. Our readers will spread the word: "Exciting read? This writer's terrific." Margaret Lucke will score with those of us who recognize this need and want to cleverly nuance suspense and hammer conflict into our stories.

Ms Lucke teaches fiction writing through UCB extension, works with both businesses and individuals as an editorial consultant, and travels abroad with her leftover time. She claims a "checkered past." Now, I have no idea what she means, but I know it will lead to great stories, and she may be encouraged to elaborate.

Margaret Lucke has authored three novels: *House of Whispers*, *A Relative Stranger*, and the forthcoming *Angel*. She has also published her *Schaum's Quick Guide to Writing Great Short Stories* and *Writing Mysteries*. Margaret has also presided over the Northern California chapter of Mystery Writers of America.

She will be with us on April 14 at Michelin's starless Harry's, our favorite digestion-ary. See you there with Margaret and the roast beef and potatoes. —WT

RECAP: MARCH SPEAKER

## The Writer and the Law

by Victoria M. Johnson

At the March South Bay Writers dinner meeting Rick Acker — who is not only a Deputy Attorney General for the California Department of Justice, but also the author of bestselling legal thrillers for adults and detective mysteries for young adults — took the mystery out of legal issues for writers and thrilled attendees with the many topics he discussed in the amount of time allotted.



Rick Acker

Acker delivered his talk by addressing the top questions most asked by writers. He started off defining copyright. It is the right to reproduce work, to distribute works, to make derivative works, to perform works, to display works publicly, and to read works publicly.

Copyright applies to literary and dramatic works, poems, songs, lyrics, music, photographs, and works in other media. He covered how to claim and register copyright and where to get permission to use copyrighted material. If works are in the public domain, no permission is needed.

Expired copyrights and works of the U. S. government also do not require permission to use. However, Acker cautioned to be sure that someone other than the U. S. government does not hold the copyright to works you want to use such as a photographer who was hired to take the photographs.

Continued on Page 6

*April is National Poetry Month.*

*We salute the poets of South Bay Writers.*

# President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour  
President, South Bay Writers

## Pragmatism vs. idealism debate affects our recaps



The two most important stories in *WritersTalk* are usually the feature previewing the speaker's presentation at the next monthly dinner meeting and the recap of the most recent dinner speaker's presentation. They wouldn't appear on the front page if they weren't most important.

Therefore they are worth arguing over, and we did just that at our SBW board meeting March 5. The issue was my campaign to improve our recaps versus our vice president's discomfort with the level of evaluation I'm advocating with these reforms.

The advance is always written by the vice president, whose primary duty is choosing and recruiting the speaker. The advance sells the presenter's worthiness and the vice president's expectations. The vice president and speaker thus become teammates, and teamwork among California Writers Club branches spawns worthy presenters and private evaluations of speakers' merits. The result is a lot of winners.

That teamwork with the speaker makes the vice president ineligible to write the recap, as does the Club's guideline that the recap address the expectations the vice president has created. On that we agree.

Alas, no one has taken ownership of the recaps, so they seldom convey what took place and all too often are not written with the sense of authority that each writer in the Club ought to be intent upon demonstrating.

There are two problems with my campaign. One is that a newsletter is a not a newspaper and I am not necessarily free to impose my will as a seasoned journalist on *WritersTalk*. The other is that we don't want to abuse our presenters, many of whom must expend an entire eight-hour workday for our measly \$100 honorarium and a chance to impress a paltry crowd.

You can't blame our vice president for saying he is loath to lure friends of SBW into an ambush.

We certainly have to think twice about conducting such an ambush. But I refuse to say we *never* should, and that's where we left the argument hanging. I believe the recaps can contain a high level of analysis without being hurtful.

Whether or not tenets of journalism apply to a newsletter, the recaps need to be a good read. The writer "should have a take and not suck," as sportscaster Jim Rome puts it.

During the past 75 years, reporting, in response to the immediacy of radio and television, increasingly has trended toward including analysis in ostensibly straightforward reporting.

Essentially, there are three ways to write a news story or a recap. One is to strive for objectivity, just-the-facts, ma'am, but even wire stories, largely from the Associated Press, seldom are totally straight anymore. The other extreme is a critical review, column or out-and-out editorial written in the first person or implied to be a first-person account or analysis.

Somewhere in between is what I'm striving for in our recaps — facts presented with flair and context relating the events to essential background material without writing out-and-out opinion.

For a club whose mantra one year was "Why Am I Writing?" we ought not discourage our recap writers from having a take. That's the motivation that makes us writers.

That need not conflict with the good of the club. Our debate, whether it's about separation of commerce and content, or the age-old conflict between pragmatism and idealism, is a worthy one. — WT

California Writers Club  
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www.southbaywriters.com

— o —

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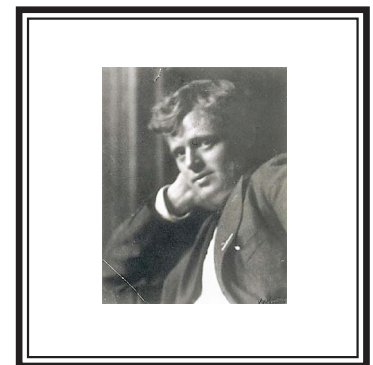
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### Join Us

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

### Accolades

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### Announcements and Advertisements

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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# Words from the Editor

by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson  
Managing Editor



## Plurals for Poets

Recently, we members of South Bay Writers heard a talk on grammar, followed by one on legal terms and laws for writers. Also, April is National Poetry Month. So, when the poem "Why English is Hard to Learn" by Anonymous arrived in my email inbox, I thought, "This is cool. SBW readers would enjoy it." However, one cannot simply copy something interesting, even for a nonprofit newsletter.

Humor and rhyme are powerful tools for teaching as well as for amusing readers. A humorous poem about grammar would deliver a double whammy. So, why not write something like that poem to entertain and inform readers of this column?

I collected a list of irregular plurals, thought about rhyming words, and came up with something I liked. I shared it with Andrea Galvacs, who paid me a great compliment by saying, "I've heard something like that before. Are you sure it isn't plagiarism?"

I indeed did write it myself. But, what about plagiarism, copyright? One cannot copyright a title, a fact, or an idea such as amusing poems about English grammar, so I checked the plagiarism aspect by doing a Google search for "poem about English grammar" and "poem about plurals." The poem from my email came up a dozen times as well as several variations of it, none similar to mine. As to copyright and all that, no poet worthy of the title would copy mine, except as a joke.

Therefore, in the spirit of poetry month, I present the bit of doggerel "Plurals for Poets" in the poetry pages with apology to our South Bay poets.

So, how about it, poets? Here's my challenge to you: write an original poem dealing with some aspect of English grammar, punctuation, or pronunciation. Those learning English as a second language will love you for it. —WT

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# View from the Board

by S. Halloran

Seven of us – President Colin Seymour, Vice President Dave LaRoche, Treasurer Bill Baldwin, Secretary Sylvia Halloran, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Membership Chair Sally Milnor, and Web Presence Chair Pratibha Kelapure – met in Santa Clara Wednesday night, March 5, 2014.

The board is deeply saddened by the passing of Andrea Galvacs, a longtime member and friend. We salute her good work for the branch and the honesty and forthrightness of her convictions. She will be greatly missed.

A Leadership Conference set for May 3 will give techniques and tips on effective club activities. Six members will attend at club expense: Colin Seymour, Bill Baldwin, Kimberly Malanczuk, Pratibha Kelapure, and Nader Khaghani. If you'd like to join with our attendees, please speak to Dave LaRoche.

Edie Matthews was appointed the new Branch Publishing Outreach chair. She will handle SBW outreach and inquiries to various agents, publishers, editors, and speakers.

The Board chose the recipient on this year's Matthews-Baldwin Award for service to the Branch, to be awarded on April 14.

The Board approved plans to pursue a proposed workshop on story by Charlotte Cook on May 31 or June 1.

CWC Central Board Representative Dave LaRoche reported that SBW member Robert Garfinkle has been chosen to receive the Ina Coolbrith Award in July. This is a seldom-given award for outstanding service to the Central Board – in his case, the successful handling of trademark infringement by the now defunct California Writers Coalition.

Remember that the benefits you harvest from the club are sown with the seeds of your own dedication and involvement! – WT

## New Members

Continued from Page 5

**Kathleen Nesbitt** found us online. Kathleen writes novels, and a list of her publications can be found on [bigcitylit.com](http://bigcitylit.com). Kathleen's hobbies are eco justice, bike riding, and just spending time with her English Cocker Spaniel, Kiera.

**Melissa Wang** is interested in writing memoir, and writing has always been an important part of her life. Melissa writes: "Writing helped me identify myself. Recalling back to second grade, there was a poem about the seasons – my first ever written project. I became conscious of the fact that I learned to create something I could call my own. Throughout these past few years, I have discovered one thing that will never, ever change – my love of writing."

**To our new Members:** We wish a warm welcome to each and every one of you, and we hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. **And to All of Our South Bay Writers:** We appreciate your continuing presence and support. We're looking forward to seeing you at our April 14 meeting at Harry's! – WT

## Classic California Writers Helen Hunt Jackson (1830-1885)

by Pratibha Kelapure

Late nineteenth century was a time of triumph for several important women writers in America such as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and Louisa May Alcott. Helen



Pratibha Kelapure

Hunt Jackson is not named among them often. Yet, her novel *Ramona* is significant for several reasons. Most importantly, it was a protest against mistreatment of American Indians by white settlers.

It is also a beautiful romantic novel and an accurate historical account of Southern California ranchers' lives in the picturesque Southern California.

In the early part of her career, Jackson wrote poetry and some prose for prominent periodicals. She was a life-long friend of Emily Dickinson, and Ralph Waldo Emerson was an admirer of Jack-

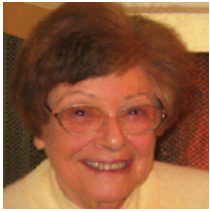
son's poetry. But in 1870, after hearing a speech by Ponca Chief Standing Bear on the injustices suffered by the American Indians and their dispossessions by the US government, Jackson was inspired to act. She wrote to a friend, "A fire has been kindled within me, which will never go out." When her book *A Century of Dishonor* fell on the deaf ears of the government, she decided to appeal to people's hearts. *Ramona* was intended to inform and inspire the country to right the wrongs committed against the American Indians. The *North American Review* called it, "unquestionably the best novel yet produced by an American woman."

In spite of Jackson's intentions, today *Ramona* is remembered and appreciated for its romanticism and its immortal love story. The prose is fluid and meditative. Blue eyed Ramona, an orphan of mixed Scottish and American Indian blood, is raised by the matronly Spanish rancher, Señora Moreno. Ramona falls in love with an American Indian sheep shearer, Alessandro, and immediately faces strong opposition from Señora

Moreno. Alessandro himself is going through extremely harsh conditions due to the dispossession of his father's land. Against all odds, Ramona and Alessandro forge a life of love. The tale of love, loss, and sacrifice set against the picturesque Southern California landscape pulls at the heartstrings of readers.

An unintended consequence of the novel was the rise in Southern California tourism. By coincidence, Southern Pacific Railroad opened the rail lines to California around the same time the novel was published. Enchanted by the Spanish aristocratic life portrayed in the novel and the descriptions of regions surrounding Temecula, people flocked to Southern California looking for places mentioned in the novel.

The political message of the novel was noticed, but did not gather enough steam at the time. Could it be that the social and political climate of the nineteenth century was not ripe enough to accept a message of this magnitude from a female poet writing a romantic love story? Regardless, *Ramona* has stood the test of time. – WT



**Andrea Galvacs**  
Contributing Editor

## In Memoriam: Accolades Editor

**Andrea Galvacs** joined the staff of *WritersTalk* in July 2005. She served as Chief Copy Editor as well as the writer of the Accolades column. Also, she was the administrator of the *WritersTalk* Challenge Contest. She leaves a hole in our staff as well as in each of our hearts. —WT

## Andrea Galvacs 1942 – 2014



We write when in joy and when in sadness; today it is because of the last.

I've lost a friend and even though I have many others, each friendship is special in its own way, and no one can replace the one that has gone forever.

Andrea and I have been friends for over twenty-five years. I met her working as an interpreter for the Courts, where she showed me the ropes as she was doing the same. I saw her daughters grow up, go to college and get married. We visited her house with my husband when my daughter and granddaughter came from overseas, and Les, her husband, sat my two-year-old granddaughter so she could bang some notes on their piano. I cried with her when her husband passed, held her hand on her battle with breast cancer, and took her walking during one of her hospital stays.

Feisty and brave are two words I would use to describe Andrea, as also private and challenging. Very seldom she spoke about her private feelings and personal wars, but on some other fronts she was direct and sometimes blunt. Grammar and language were her personal wars, and she was a very well prepared soldier indeed! You'd better not argue with her about these because she was always right. Her greater joys were when her letters to magazines and newspapers, correcting grammatical errors or disputing facts, were published.

I treasure her story about visiting a cathedral in Arizona with her husband, where she noticed a plaque in English on a statue of the Madonna on one side and "the wrong translation" into Spanish on the other side. When she told this to her husband he remarked, "So what are you going to do now, write to the Pope?"

I'm so glad I introduced her to the South Bay Writers Club, as I know that she thoroughly enjoyed every bit of it. She contributed something that will be quite difficult to replace—she gave of herself. Andrea, we'll miss you, but whenever we review our writing, we'll hear you whisper, "What part of the grammar did you miss?"

In loving memory, Marcela Dickerson

### Andrea The Brave

She spoke her mind, she shared some dreams,  
She opened her home when there was need:  
An honest person who sowed a seed  
In many a budding author's mind.

The chair left empty, we shall find,  
At dinner-meets shall often remind  
Our group we have someone missing it seems.  
Our accolades for a sad while indeed  
May shine with slightly less bright beams.

—Pat Bustamante

## New Members

by Sally A. Milnor

**In Remembrance**--We are all saddened by our recent loss of **Andrea Galvacs**. She was a dedicated, enthusiastic, and integral member of our Club. Her contributions to *WritersTalk* and its Challenge Contest will long be remembered. Andrea will be greatly missed.

### New members:

It is my pleasure to introduce our Club's four newest members.



**Sally Milnor**  
Contributing Editor

### Laurie DeGange

found us online, and she is currently working on a novel. Laurie was inspired to write by her brother, Alan Rodgers, who, sadly, recently passed away. Alan was a successful writer of science fiction and horror stories and won the Bram Stoker Award for his first book. Besides her writing, Laurie enjoys biking and ballroom dancing. Laurie's goals are to keep her brother's writing and publishing business moving forward while exploring her own writing.

**Yolanda Pacheco Garcia** joined SBW after attending our March meeting. She is a graduate of the College of Notre Dame, a bicultural, bilingual, Spanish Immersion teacher, poet and author. Yolanda's articles and poetry have appeared in various journals and literary publications, published by Victory Publishing. Her hobbies include volunteer work, fine arts, crafts, music, dancing, writing poetry, enjoying nature, sports, romance, and spending time with family and friends. Yolanda writes: "Life is like a box of chocolates. You must enjoy them today because tomorrow they may melt."

Continued on Page 4





## Recap: Writer and the Law

*Continued from Page 1*

Acker said that titles, ideas, facts, slogans, and catchphrases are not copyright protected. It is the expression of the work, the actual words, style, and resonance that is protected.

Who knew there was so much to know about copyright? Several questions raised by attendees delved further into this highly interesting and informative part of the lecture.



**Rick Acker**  
*Photo by Carolyn Donnell*

Acker also covered the Fair Use Doctrine, trademarks, translations, defamation, piracy, and more. Another popular question asked by writers is: how much can I copy or quote? The answer was, "It depends." Acker discussed the many elements considered in fair use and provided a website: <http://copyright.gov/fls/fl102.pdf>.

After the presentation attendees asking more questions surrounded Acker, not because he didn't explain his subject matter well, but because there wasn't enough time to cover everything everyone had on their minds.

This was one of those workshops where you didn't know how much you didn't know. For more information, visit [copyright.gov](http://copyright.gov), and for more about Rick Acker and his books, visit his website at [rickacker.com](http://rickacker.com). —WT



**New Faces: March 10 SBW Meeting**

—Photos by Carolyn Donnell



## When the Devil Whistles

*by Marjorie Johnson*

I often buy a book from speakers at our South Bay Writers meetings, but I seldom recommend one of those later. This time, Rick Acker's book, *When the Devil Whistles*, is five-star.

I couldn't put down his gripping story of whistle blowers in the corporate world. Besides writing a white-knuckle thriller novel, Acker explores morality. He asks, "Have you ever been in a situation where you were tempted to say that you didn't have a choice when the truth was that you didn't want to pay the price for making the right choice?" This is top fiction, a thriller that makes you think.

Acker handles dialogue—and the beginning and ending of each chapter—so well that the book is worth a second reading to study his techniques. —WT

## Member News

*by Marjorie Johnson*

We applaud your successes, your small or large triumphs related to writing. To be included in this column, send a short paragraph to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com) or submit a form at a meeting.

**Bill Baldwin** is assisting with the poetry event "Sparring with Beatnik Ghosts" at Camden Community Center, April 17.

**Leslie E. Hoffman** read "Cecile Street" at the March 12 Flash Fiction Forum at the Works Gallery, San Jose. Their next forum is May 14. See [flashfictionforum.com](http://flashfictionforum.com)

**Victoria M. Johnson** also read at the March Flash Fiction Forum and, on March 29, she gave a workshop, "How to Write Your Novel in Two Weeks."

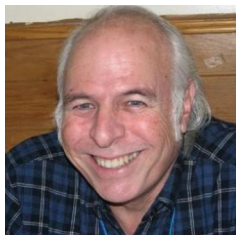
**Steve Wetlesen**, poetic artist, created a memorial piece for a funeral. The piece was met with rave reviews! —WT



# Bob Garfinkle Honored with Ina Coolbrith Award

by Marjorie Johnson

On February 26, 2014, the Central Board State Representatives of the California Writers Club voted to award Bob Garfinkle the prestigious Ina Coolbrith Award for his service to CWC. The Ina Coolbrith Award is the highest honor that can be bestowed on a member of the California Writers Club. The following information appears in Bob's bio on the Fremont Area Writers website.



Robert (Bob) A. Garfinkle is the immediate past-President of the California Writers Club. An internationally recognized independent scholar on the history of astronomy, he is a highly regarded amateur astronomer and has been a professional writer for more than thirty years. In addition to his two astronomy books, Bob has published book reviews, articles, and short stories. He is the author of the

international best-selling astronomy book *Star-Hopping: Your Visa to Viewing the Universe*, a co-author of *Advanced Skywatching*, and a contributing author to the *Biographical Encyclopedia of Astronomers* (2007). *Advanced Skywatching* has been republished under different titles and translated into German and Spanish.

From February 1996 through July 1999, Bob created the monthly "Sky Chart" and "Sky Talk" pages for *Mercury*, the bimonthly magazine of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. His astronomical writings have also appeared in *Astronomy*, *Sky & Telescope*, *Selenology*, *Heritage*, *Deep Sky Journal*, and the journals of the British and the Irish Astronomical Associations; there are more. The moon is Bob's specialty, and "selenology" means the geology of the moon.

## The Alien in Your Future

by Marjorie Johnson

Arlene Miller, The Grammar Diva, who spoke to SBW in February, posted a thought-provoking blog on [bigwords101.com](http://bigwords101.com), "The Alien in Your Future." She begins, "What do the changes in our educational system and our plunge into more and more technology have to do with aliens?"



She discusses changes in our classrooms that certainly will change our society:

- Cursive writing is not included in the new standards for education.
- Memorization is out. Forget about memorizing the multiplication table or any poems or historical documents.
- Grammar is out. The standards say that students should know how to write complex sentences but nothing about how and when they should learn these things.
- STEM. This stands for *science, technology, engineering, and math*—the core curriculum. No, there is no A for *art*, or E for *English*.
- The SAT is being changed. The writing section is optional.

*WritersTalk* invites your comments. — WT

Garfinkle is the Book Review Editor for *The Journal of the Association of Lunar and Planetary Observers* and the Historian for the Lunar Section of the British Astronomical Association. In 1998, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. In addition to being a best-selling nonfiction author, Bob writes short stories and likes to encourage beginning writers.

Bob Garfinkle represented the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club (CWC) on the state Central Board (2004–2007). He is active in South Bay Writers and served on the East of Eden Writers Conference committee (2004 and 2006). He is also the co-founder and President of Fremont Area Writers (2008–2010), the eighteenth branch of the California Writers Club. In 2009, he received the prestigious Jack London Award for outstanding service to FAW.

However, what Bob did for CWC is even more amazing. He fought a trademark infringement battle—and won! That's why *WritersTalk* prints the registration ® after the CWC logo on Page 1 as well as the trademark ™ symbol after South Bay Writers Club.

SBW members who came to Rick Acker's presentation "The Writer and the Law" on March 10 will appreciate and understand what Bob did for CWC. — WT

## Off the Shelf

Edie Matthews & Marina Menendez-Pidal



*The Brothers Grimm are fighting over who first wrote, "Once upon a time."*

## Tax Preparer: Magician Of The Season

Grateful hardly covers how I feel.  
Relieved? The pressure off? It's tax season!  
To find numeric masters, what a deal—  
I am no magician nor mathematician, the reason  
Being apparently that my brain  
Prefers to play with words—for me, hooray, no strain!

— Pat Bustamante

## Let's Take a Nap

We flew off to Hawaii, my young, sweet wife and I.  
We landed at the terminal at Maui's quaint Lanai.  
We gazed at all the greenery and gorgeous flowers around,  
The turquoise ocean lapping at that ancient whaling town.  
And I said, Sweetheart, doesn't it just make you want to . . .  
Take a nap  
To help get your energy back.  
Let's take a nap,  
To rest up for the midnight snack.  
I know we came far, by the plane and by car,  
It's likely we'll not come again where we are,  
And, outside it's sunny, we spent lots of money, but, Honey,  
Let's take a nap.

When I was young, my grandpa Bill was someone to behold.  
Though eighty-five, man alive, he carried any load.  
One week we did Grand Canyon; he was first one down the trail.  
He signed up for the rapids trip; I thought my heart would fail.  
And I said, Grandpa, doesn't it just make you want to . . .  
Take a nap  
To help get your energy back.  
Let's take a nap,  
To rest up for the midnight snack.  
I know we came far, by the plane and by car,  
It's likely we'll not come again where we are,  
And the boat's on the ramp by the river we'll camp on, but  
Grandpa,  
Let's take a nap.

So now I've finally made it. My business has done well!  
And how I've ever come this far, I sure as hell can't tell.  
Reporters flock around me, their cameras in my face:  
"Sir, can you tell the rest of us how you keep up this pace?"  
I looked that person up and down; I saw those awe-struck eyes.  
I tried to think up something smart or words that might seem wise  
Like "aim high" or "work real hard" or "study all the facts,"  
But fin'ly I just told the truth: "The secret's in my naps."  
Now I see it in the newspaper, on TV, seems like everywhere:  
Just take a nap  
To help get your energy back.  
Just take a nap,  
To rest up for the midnight snack.  
If you want to go far, have a limousine car  
With a chauffeur and bar, be considered a star,  
Oh, you'll never go wrong, you'll wake up so strong  
If you just tell the one to whom you belong  
Let's take a nap.

— Richard A. Burns



Cat Napping

— Carolyn Donnell



## Looking South to Half Moon Bay

I walked along the ocean cliff  
Looking south to Half Moon Bay  
Turquoise water laps the shores  
Whispering its siren's call  
Even though behind me close  
Enough to feel the wind of  
Lines of cars  
Moving down Highway 1  
When I look forward  
All is now  
I breathe a breath  
Of freedom.

— Carolyn Donnell



## Memory

I watched the sunset from my perch above.  
The orange and red reflected in the sea.  
Nature's fingers clad in hues of mauve  
Add a depth of hue beyond belief.  
Foghorn sounds afar like mournful dove,  
Carried back to me by gentle breeze.  
All I need for memory to replay  
Is looking at the painting of that day.

— Carolyn Donnell



## Rectangles: The Shape of Things

Rectangles are everywhere I look.  
They're steadfast, dependable, tiring  
shapes but not as boring as squares.

The most obvious one in my bedroom is the tall narrow bureau with seven drawers, one removed to make way for a flattened square called a VCR. The television on top is a true cube covered with more of that popular shape. Another panel beneath it conceals buttons that mess up the picture.

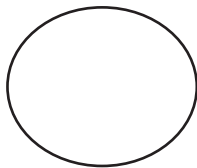
A dark-screened TV mirrors corners of my bedroom altering it to a collection of rectangles that are in reality a wall quilt and a whimsical collection of mirrors. The corner of the wall is the northwestern point of yet another "R" shape as well as the corner of the window, windowpanes, window frames, and window shades. All are squarish, straightish, side by side quadrilaterals leading my eye to the edge of the bed up the wall to the bathroom door which is the second largest rectangle not counting the floor.

Back to the door which holds two more: hinges of bright brassy hue. My eyes wander high to the window so small on the bathroom wall with its shaft of light shining bright in the shape of a well ... you know.

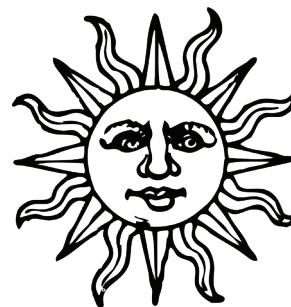
Ah, there's another one; the towel with long narrow stripes (the most anemic of all rectangles) hangs from anorexic rack below the window that allows slim streaks of light through the blinds creating a shadow band within a shadow band within a shadow band.

It is a parquet panel crafted by light,  
a rectangle of uncommon beauty.

But I grow weary and can take no more of drawers, doors, towels or floors. I look down, look up, they're here and over there. The quilt on my bed is the log cabin pattern made of rectangles inside of rectangles ... but I can't say that word one more time.



I need to seek "round" or "oval" or "square,"  
but where? I look and listen--and I hear  
the round sound of a mourning dove call  
from its oval throat. It's not a real dove but  
a recording from a drum-shaped CD player  
on my nightstand. The cooing birdcall is as  
comforting as the quilt covering me. I hear  
tires going 'round as they carry someone  
down the hill by my sloping green lawn.



The sphere named "sun" brightens my cool room calling attention to the coiled basket by my bed, bottled water near my head, my dog's circular pad on the floor, and the clock near the door. Mickey Mouse shows the correct time from his place on my wrist, and the little brown bowl on the stand cradles silver ball earrings.

Circular shapes give me breaks from  
eternal rectangles in my room.



I overlooked grandmother stern who now chides from her brass oval frame, "Girl, ten-thirty AM is too late to lounge in bed writing about the shape of things."

Cripes! I feel like a sloth, which the dictionary defines as "a slow-moving mammal with disinclination to labor."

I set paper aside to hide thoughts from my pen promising Granny in her frame not to jot words down again. But I ponder tomorrow and what a challenge it will be—for tomorrow belongs to the **triangle**

*... and triangles are going to be tough.*

*— Betty Auchard*

## Crazy Dream

I knew in an instant, you were the one  
I met many, but like you, there were  
none.

And as my heart danced with glee,  
I knew you were the one for me.

Your every smile illuminates my room  
like the essence of Spring in full bloom.  
Each time you walk thru my door  
I swear I fly six inches off the floor!

All the time we share together  
I know that we could last forever.  
I am delighted to think your love is true  
and that as we grow older, our love will  
too.

And then something happened,  
my dream fell apart  
and all I had left was an aching heart.

You seemed content  
How could this be  
you seemed perfect, the one for me.

I ponder and wonder what could it be,  
what happened to us, what happened  
to me?

And finally I sit up and am happy to see  
that you are here, alongside of me!

So I shall sit and smile and eat ice cream  
because it was just a crazy dream.

— Yolanda P. Garcia

## 2014 National Senior Poet Laureate Poetry Competition

A literary contest open to all American  
poets age 50 and older who are U.S. citi-  
zens. Published or unpublished poems,  
no limit to number of entries

**AWARDS:** Best Rhymed Poem and  
Best Unrhymed Poem will be chosen,  
one each to be named:

- National Senior Poet Laureate (Best  
overall Poem: \$500 and Certificate)
- National Senior Poet Honor Scroll  
Award (Runner-Up: \$100 and Cer-  
tificate)

Entry fees: \$5 for first poem; \$3 each  
for second and all subsequent poems;  
40-lines maximum per entry. Submit by  
email to [bquin@ymail.com](mailto:bquin@ymail.com) by June 30,  
2014. You also have to submit a cover  
sheet and your check for fees. Print a  
copy of the rules **and read them** from  
<http://amykitchenerfdn.org/2014winners/Diploemat---Dec2013Final.pdf>

You must read the rules to find the ad-  
dress for sending your materials. — WT



## Train Station Woman

Back in 1981 in San Jose  
at the old train station  
downtown

On a late summer day  
I observed her but  
she didn't see me

The clackety-clack of the train's  
wheels on the tracks  
couldn't disturb her  
reverie

She sat across from  
a neon-lit News Stand  
and Fountain Service sign  
and a pay telephone phone booth  
All lending truth to  
that steady march of time

I wondered why she sat there  
all alone

Amidst the shadows  
on the concrete floor  
And the cold fluorescent lights  
glaring from above  
Was she missing love?

Her head down, eyes closed,  
hands in her lap  
Was she sad that someone had gone?  
Or waiting for someone to  
come back?

The whistle blew so I  
quickly snapped a photo of her  
before I had to board  
I wanted to know more  
about the train station woman

— Karen Hartley

## Poetry Contest About Choices

Go to [timetowritenow.com/poetry-contest-about-choices/](http://timetowritenow.com/poetry-contest-about-choices/) Scroll down  
and press "Leave a reply" to submit  
your poem. Winners will be published  
in Juliana Kleist-Corwin's new anthol-  
ogy *About Choices* December 2014.

— WT

## Poetic Art

### Three Senru

by Stephen C. Wetlesen

A senru is a humorous, witty or sar-  
donic work, similar to a haiku. Here are  
three examples.

### For Jackson Pollock

What's the difference  
between abstract patterns and  
paint splatters on shirts?

### For a Rejected Author

No celebrity –  
nobody calls me "O.J."  
Will they publish me?

### Streets of Gold

Who knows? In Heaven,  
will God be as rich as a  
T.V. evangelist?

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

## Druthers

If I had my druthers  
And if I had a pen,  
I'd start out to be a poet  
And re-live my life again.

But that would be a cop-out,  
An excuse for avoiding life.  
To play at changing what has been  
Is like playing with a knife!

You may cut a dashing figure  
Or even slice a dream or two.  
But chances are far better  
It will bring no joy to you.

My love was teaching children,  
numbers one through ten,  
the basic three Rs, science  
and reading, *The Little Red Hen*.

I loved to see their 'aha' moments,  
light up so bright as well  
with looks of disappointment  
at the ring of the recess bell.

Teaching was my sugar and spice,  
now writing has taken its place.  
Although teaching was quite nice,  
being a poet puts smiles on my face.

So keep reaching out for your dream  
And add a touch of spice  
I just pretend to be a poet  
And let the reader pay the price!

— Yolanda P. Garcia



# April Terse on Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante  
Contributing Editor

## April App

The month connected most with Fools  
But fool, as in I fooled you, connects with tricks.  
And since I'm helpless with most modern tools  
I herewith toss advice into the mix:  
Keep your PENCIL and PEN at hand!  
When electric fails, you will understand.

— Pat Bustamante

By now it is no secret that Pat Bustamante and all things computerized do not always get along. My current theory: those certified witches in my genealogy — all GOOD psychics, not BAD witches — cause something to fail in electronic devices through my DNA getting recognized by machines. Whose magic trumps which (witch?) magic?

I acknowledge that this is the Golden Age of Being-Wired-Up and benefits creative writers — you who are reading this. With the ease of electronic communications everything is different, solving old problems such as, “Do I have enough postage stamps?”

I have had several pleasant online conversations with best-selling authors and I value that. Email can be a blessing. Now I will attempt to set up e-conversations with publishers and agents! However, my old-fashioned genes steer me in old-fashioned ways. I also have a pessimistic streak that inspires thoughts like, “Suppose the strong solar flares, as in the past, shut down everything electric here?”

On this planet we are all subject to the activities of our sun. We also, for the most part, have this recent habit: “Do NOT turn that OFF!” We are hooked on electric devices, lights, mobility from motorcycles to jet planes. What if they all stopped running? Even my typewriter is electric. (Forget about those five broken computers plus one cell phone!) Though my stove and heaters are gas, even the utility company moves gas along by using electric power. Look up the history of large geographic areas having electricity shut down by solar tantrums! It can happen. But, we writers keep our minds going whether in dark or light. Our work is never completely finished; more and more comes every day. That is a bigger blessing than electricity is. Enjoy! — WT

## Plurals for Poets

Grammar is hard, plurals make no sense.  
English money has one penny but five pence,  
But five boys called Denny are not five Dence.  
We can't say two childs if we have two children;  
They may be wild but wilds is not wildren.

If the plural of mouse is mice,  
And the plural of louse is lice,  
Why aren't two houses, two hice?  
If the farmer may have a team of oxen,  
Why can't I have a pile of boxen?

I hold out my foot, I have two feet.  
Why aren't my two boots, two beet?  
Or, a pair of old coots, a parakeet?  
If one is a tooth and a mouthful are teeth,  
Shouldn't two booths be called two beeth?

If a goose is one of a gaggle of geese,  
Is a moose one of a herd of meese?  
Is a caboose one of many cabeese?  
Always remember, the plural of this is these,  
But the plural of kiss is never keese.

— Marjorie Johnson

## Parallel

Parallel are lines  
That never intersect,  
Coupled ones whose love  
Never enters sex.

Never let another  
Know too well a need,  
Then to never love  
And never grow the seed.

“I'm fine,” we cried —  
Complainers are condemned.  
How well we lied,  
That it is ours alone,

the end.

— Colin Paul Spears



# Hyperku

by Stephen C. Wetlesen

A Hyperku is a haiku in which the initial and final lines are the same, a language artifact in which beginning and end can be reversed in a timeless, eternal fashion, and thus so contemplated, if desired. A Hyperku is a new poetic art form I have invented myself, in all humility.

Here are two Hyperku for *Revelation*,

Beginning and End,  
I AM The First and The Last,  
Beginning and End.

Alpha and Omega.  
I AM The First and The Last.  
Alpha and Omega.

followed by “Hyperku for a Woman  
Who Lives Beneath Mount Shasta,”

Hidden Shangri La —  
those rare few who wish to find  
Hidden Shangri La.

and “Hyperku for Gustav Holst,”

Music of the Spheres —  
those who use such phrases as  
Music of the Spheres.

Compare with the two haiku, “Loose  
Haiku for NGC 7321 and Beyond,”

Do galaxies sing?  
Search, yet no grand spirals are  
their deep Creator.

and “Haiku for a Casual Colored  
Imperfect Felt Pen Nude Sketch,”

Rainy wind beach.  
Some women let skin be kissed  
any day of year.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen



## Our

Your is very much  
Like our,  
Save for such  
A little thing  
As y,  
Which is why  
They are not the same,  
Unless the y is you,  
Your name.

— Colin Paul Spears

# All Hallows Eve

By Kimberly Malanczuk

Evil perched in the darkness — watching. Aging oaks stood silhouetted against the blue-black sky. Standing on the back porch of her home, Katie bit her lip and squinted up at the silver crescent barely hidden behind gray clouds. She shivered under her thin black cape. The wind's icy fingers crawled up her spine. Fading crimson and gold leaves danced and swirled across the ground, an errant leaf skidding onto her toe.

Pointed purple shoes, cracked and peeling, peeked from beneath her black gown. Her toes were cold as popsicles. She hopped in place to warm them, a pointed black hat bobbing on her head.

All Hallow's Eve. Distant giggles bubbled into the night. It would be her last. Too old, she sighed.

A faint tug pulled the ends of her hair. Spinning around she ran the light brown strands through her fingers and peered into the darkness. A spider web? Or something else? Only the autumn wind carrying the scent of burning wood and decaying leaves. She shuddered.

The warm kitchen, a lone beacon in the autumn evening, shone through the storm door glass. Rolling her eyes, she turned and yanked it open. "Hurry up! We're going to miss the good candy," she yelled, her trick-or-treat bag dangling from her fingers. A pirate and a princess surged through the door, barreling into Katie.

"A witch again? You're always a witch," complained the princess, tossing her crowned blond curls in Katie's direction.

"I love being a witch! I blend in with the ghouls and goblins. They roam the earth this night to steal a soul and eat a plump morsel," she said, leaning forward and pinching the soft flesh of her brother's cheek between ice-cold fingers.

She narrowed her eyes and pulled her lips into a snarl. Then curling her fingers above their heads, she chased her screaming siblings down the back porch steps and into the night. In a whirl of black cape, pink taffeta, and shining silver sword, the trio skirted the house through a narrow passage of overgrown hedge and ivy, bursting onto the street and into a cherubic bacchanalia. Children — sweet confections in their colorful costumes —

pushed and shoved, scampering from house to house. Choruses of "trick-or-treat". Parents urged children, "Be careful near the road." Jack o' lanterns, tall and small, grinning and grimacing, sent sparks of ghoulish light into the tree-lined street.

The threesome was soon bustling along the route. Bags outstretched, begging for candy — chocolate bars, fruit twists, licorice, Lifesavers, Sixlets, and Smartees. Never enough.

"We gotta get *at least* half a bagful!" the pirate commanded, pulling down his eye patch, raising his sword, and attacking another door. The princess agreed gripping her bag against her chest as if it were full of diamond tiaras.

A sudden movement caught Katie's eye. She froze. Shadows flit above the revelers, surveying the feast. Parents engrossed in conversation — she worried, "Don't they see?" She peered into the night sky. Crouching purple vapors darted across the moon, through the mist, and into the topmost branches. The stench of decay hung in the air.

Katie spotted little Timmy Gibson standing alone under the trees. Fistfuls of candy and a lollipop in his mouth, wrappers discarded atop his red sneakers. "Timmy! Go stand with your mother! She's over there," Katie shouted.

Her innards turned to ice. Eyes were upon her. She lifted her gaze into the branches above. There in the uppermost reaches, dimly lit by the crescent moon, it hovered. Its tall black hat cleaving the branches. Its long black cape draping a broom. Glowing green eyes — set amidst a gnarled gray face — pinned Katie. It let out a low cackle — like the crackle of burning embers. Katie bolted toward the princess and pirate, a scream lodged in her throat. Grabbing their hands, she dragged them protesting the three blocks home.

An hour later — a phone call. Timmy Gibson was missing. "Had they seen him?"

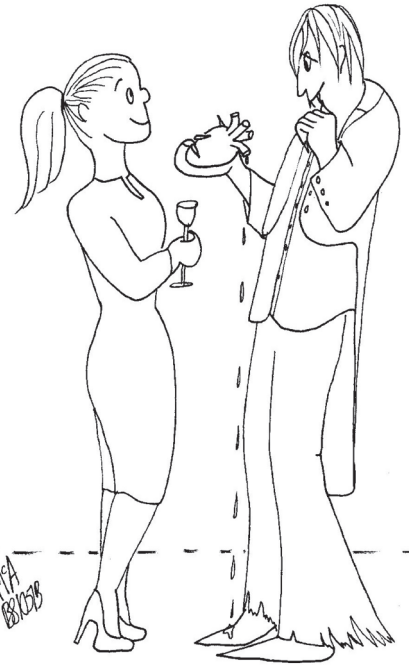
The following day, children playing near the woods found a red-sneakered foot — gnawed off at the ankle. The local news reported a pack of wild dogs the likely culprit. Katie knew better. She crushed her witch hat between her fingers and threw it into the fireplace atop the blazing logs. — WT

# Zombies, Vampires

No longer limited to Halloween, zombies and vampires are hot genres in young adult fiction.

**So do you write horror?**

*No, I write romance.*



Cartoon by Maddy McEwen-Asker

## Anticipation

Little goblins have left  
Tiny princess and a dainty witch  
Toddler in a huge pumpkin suite  
Angel with shiny wings  
Palace guard beneath the tall cap  
Scurrying feet are tired now  
Twinkling eyes are closing  
End of the Halloween night is here

The moon is bright in the sky  
Turned off the porch light  
Blew out the candles  
Retired the ghosts from the past  
Only thing left to do  
Anticipate a bright new day  
Lit by the tenderness of your eyes  
— Pratibha Kelapure





# End of the Dream

by Jill Pipkin

Last night I had a dream.

The Statue of Liberty's torch, her beacon of hope and welcome to the world, was missing! Her raised arm held an AK47! She wore body armor and a veil of barbed wire! Bullets emerged non-stop from the ends of the spikes of her head-dress. Drones encircled her, flying this way and that like crazed hornets on the warpath. Streams of tears flowed from her eyes in the shame of what she has become.

Around her base lay piles of writhing people in rags, lifting their weary emaciated arms asking for mercy; those already dead lay motionless, testament to the Statue's failure to be the beacon of hope and welcome.

I want to know . . . why are we plundering the world? What is it others have or make that we must possess? Must we raze and decimate cities and towns and villages and fields just to show that we have the firepower, that we have the ultimate superiority of force to obtain what is not ours? Must we poison fields so a country cannot grow whatever crops they please?

Do our weapons give us the right to decide who gets to do what, while we do whatever, whenever and wherever and however we please? And now we have our conscienceless drones to do our dirty work. We are the most feared entity in the world.

Have we lost all our integrity? Have we lost our *raison d'être*?

When will our Madame Liberty give up her gun and take back her torch? — WT

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## Lavender Oblivion

Colors of the evening twilight  
Spread across the river's bend.  
Images of great cathedrals  
Melt now over water's edge,  
Memories of blood and water  
Hover on the edge of mind.  
Slipping, sliding, falling down  
To lavender oblivion.

— Carolyn Donnell

Photo by K. O. Llewellyn

## The Cause

I am so saddened  
By the words Suicide Bomber  
Tips of my fingers drip tears.

How did they learn hate?  
To kill those they never met  
And now, never will.

Who taught them destruction?  
Mothers frustrated, lost  
In heavy black robes.

Fathers demanding that  
Little girls cover up and disappear,  
Lest they tempt other fathers.

Do the dead bones of terrorists  
Turn green with envy  
As they bleach in the sun?

Are their bodies turned to gold?  
Triumphant martyrdom waiting  
For heavenly virgins?

Perhaps they become  
Their own tombstones.  
Epitaphs written in blood.

I would return their childhood.  
Fill it with laughter.  
Cover their dusty feet in orange Nikes.

Let them have schooldays  
Learning about a world  
To build, not despise.

There would be an abundance of  
watermelons  
To gobble and spit out the seeds  
As adults, with love in their eyes,  
watched.

— Judith Shernock

## Wanted

A brother who won't lead  
his little brother astray  
Into the path of destruction  
Even if he has to die alone.

Also wanted:

A father who teaches his sons to obey  
Not the tenets of violent rebellion  
But the laws of love thy neighbor.

The second would have been the key  
To make the first unnecessary.

— Carolyn Donnell

Written in response to 2013 Boston  
Marathon bombing.

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## The Labyrinth

A wave breaks  
Sol's ashes settle on white foam, above  
a lone gull traces the shoreline

Turning away, a woman walks  
toward the labyrinth  
blaming tears on the wind

Each forward step  
inside the spiral maze, recalls  
dreams not manifested

Reaching center, she kneels  
at modest offerings—smoky quartz  
a half-burned bundle of sage

Surf spray prickles  
as the sun dissolves

I retrace my steps into the future

— Leslie E. Hoffman



# A Fertile Valley Named Silicon

by Karen Sundback

*It was a place of legends; it was a fertile valley named Silicon. There lived here a remarkable people, the mighty Cloud-dwellers, who lived high above the Valley. The Cloud-dwellers lived on our very hopes and dreams and made our future, and for this, gold rained down upon them. But it was the Earth-dwellers that the Cloud-dweller needed to make their lives livable.*

*The Earth-dwellers lived deep in the Valley and prayed for wet, life-giving rain. They built the foundation for everyone's lives – both their own and that of the Cloud-dwellers. These are some of their stories.*

I volunteered to do taxes at the local community center. It's more fun than a barrel of monkeys. However, if the truth be known, some monkeys are not that much fun, but I like helping my neighbors and this is one way that I can help. This year, the doors to the Tax Center opened on the first Monday of February.

I stood for my first client and extended my hand. She was a small, attractive young woman. As she shook my hand, she said, "My name is Malak."

The first task at hand is to understand the tax papers she gave me in order to unravel her story. Malak sat across from me and discretely worked her smart phone under the table as I worked on her taxes. Occasionally I asked her questions as I sifted through her papers to see if we could file her taxes. Some taxes are just too complicated for us, such as rental units with depreciation, but no, her taxes were certainly not complicated. Finally her story blossomed. Her extended family came from Pakistan and pooled their funds together to buy an apartment building near my house. One fact stood out: she was a hard-working young woman. "Four W-2s?" I asked her.

"Yes, I waitress at a steak house during the day, and in the evening, I'm a cocktail waitress downtown. On the weekends,

I have another job downtown. And last summer, during my vacation, I worked at my uncle's company."

Such focused youthful energy! Was I ever so ambitious? I was tempted to advise her to save money because youthful energy wanes too swiftly, but a quick glance through her papers showed that she already had that figured into her life plan.

My second client was Frank. I knew Frank well, but as I shook his hand, I stared at this new Frank before me to find something familiar. His hair was clean, combed, and plastered against his head; his face and clothes looked sparkling clean. Good old Frank was a regular at City Council meetings. In the Council Chambers, he was disheveled with his hair uncombed and his clothes shabby. I always assumed that he might be homeless and came to the meetings to escape the elements. Once more I took his papers in hand to find out his story. As I asked him about his pension with the City, Frank explained, "I worked at City Hall in the Planning Department for more than twenty years."

We read about the generous pensions and health plans that our city employees receive, but in Frank's case it was difficult to begrudge him. He came to our fair city with impeccable credentials after working more than twenty-five years at less generous cities. His wife Arlene contracted a debilitating disease while she was in her fifties. Frank worked as long as he could to pay for her home care and medical bills. Arlene died too soon after he retired, so soon that he found that he had nothing left but his work. Looking rumpled without Arlene's fond ministrations, he returned to the City Hall meetings to help as best he could.

*Long ago this valley was filled with producing fields and orchards and was known as the Valley of Heart's Delight. The fields and orchards are gone and this is now a Valley of Great Wealth. But this richness exacts harsh payment. If you plan to live in this Land of Toil, be one of those precious few who gain joy from long and earnest labor. — WT*

## The Beauty of a Woman

The beauty of a woman  
Is not in the clothes she may wear,  
The figure that she has,  
Or the way she combs her hair.

The beauty of a woman must be seen from her eyes,  
Because that is the doorway to her heart,  
The place where love resides.

The beauty of a woman is not in a facial mole,  
But true beauty in a woman  
Is reflected in her soul.

It is the caring that she lovingly gives,  
The tenderness,  
And how she lives.

The beauty of a woman  
Is the passion that she shows,  
And with passing years--  
Only grows!

— Yolanda P. Garcia



## Humility Again

Again, I write about humility; it says someone is shy  
Humbleness, can be found everywhere; it can be high  
Humility, I think of nice things; I do like demureness  
Another way to say, humility along with passiveness  
Humility, you cannot buy it; it is only acquired, surely  
Certainly acquired, it shows directness, such as slowly

Having humbleness, is timid; I would say, submission  
Not giving up, giving in for peace, having humiliation  
Having good sense, is humility and reserve being plain  
Plainness, something not wanted, it is a window pane  
Why be plain? So be quiet; and you are in a little lower  
You will survive, and come out looking, much greater  
Some people say humility is a put down and a censure

Not so, if you think right; deference can come out pure  
Humility again, the same things, compliance, modesty  
Humility again, an abase reserve, do not forget timidity  
Keep the humility things going; you are up never down  
Keep these positives, of humility; do not have a frown

— Clarence L. Hammonds





## To Catch A Star

This star, born in a blaze of glory,  
she is always shining bright.  
I try and cannot catch her,  
for she hides herself in the darkness.

She wraps herself in dark grey clouds  
hoping she will not be seen.  
Fearing her own brightness,  
blinded by her own dazzling stardust.

My star, not belonging to me,  
so like others, yet so different.  
How can she be both,  
knowing her own nature as part of the whole?

I try to catch her,  
to hold her still in the darkness,  
long enough so she can see  
how brightly she shines.

I try to tell her,  
but I am blinded by her glory.  
Yet she thinks she is just a little piece of rock  
hurtling through space.

She sees only the darkness  
that surrounds her.  
And I see how she illuminates  
all that her light touches.

I cannot catch the star  
and she cannot avoid her nature.  
She is compelled to swirl through the universe  
blazing brightly for all to see.

I hope she notices  
that the bright light comes from within her.  
I hope she figures out  
that the other stars shine in their own way.

I hope the stars  
that swirl through the universe with her,  
help her to enjoy  
her journey through the sky.

For I do not really wish to capture the star.  
I wish to enjoy her light,  
and smile as she blazes in her glory.  
And watch contentedly as she dances through the sky.

– Gay Bachmann (Written for Hailee)

## Muted Moonrise

Chariots of Sun rush across the sky  
Tears of grass swiftly whisked away  
The lone star suddenly turns shy  
Moon falls into oblivion

Such a ritualistic racket  
Arrogance of the bright star  
Day belongs to the winners  
And the go-getters of the world

Dusky Sun charioteers carry  
On their rusty frail lights  
The battered high-fliers  
Haughtiness still in their eyes

A few brawling hours  
In a dimly lit tavern  
Friends, foes, and strangers  
They stumble into the darkness

Their weary eyes never see  
The muted moonrise  
The unaffected kindness of  
Night's lost sinners

– Pratibha Kelapure

## I Want, #23

I want my fat  
to melt away

I want a  
pet hummingbird

I want  
the Giants to win

I want groceries bought  
and put away

I want to have  
no fears

I want flowers  
bordering the patio

I want to quit Facebook  
without  
the agony of withdrawal

I want cucumber snack  
food  
in a bag, no salt

I want a nimble mind and  
a compassionate heart

I want relationships to  
be easy

I want to feel  
your hugs again

– Richard A. Burns

## I Am

I am a slow afternoon,  
quiet as an empty car,  
lonely as the top of a hill,  
surprising as the sudden  
appearance  
of a family of quail  
scurrying across  
a hiking trail.

– Richard A. Burns

## Suddenly Psychic

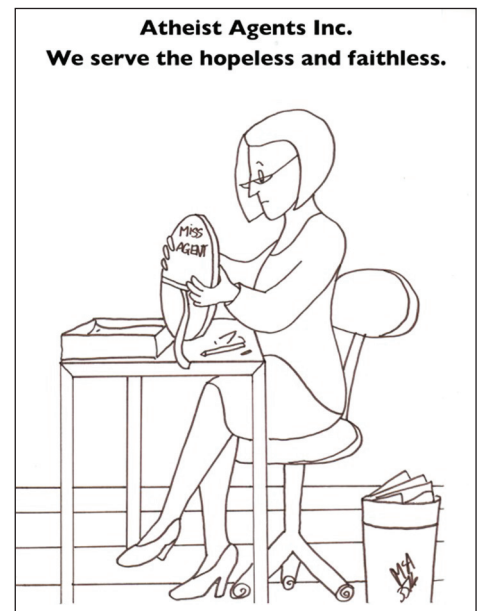
A friend wrote  
about crying  
never quite stopping  
a life that never quite started  
now all gone.  
I wondered if we  
were kindred spirits in loss  
or if he was suddenly psychic  
reading my innermost sorrows.

– Carolyn Donnell

## AOL

AOL's my new email!  
Feel like I've just gone to hell.  
Where the heck's my address list?  
Sync he says - the support rep  
Down the sink instead I say.

– Carolyn Donnell



Berty spent hours carving his thick  
manuscript into the right shape to catch  
the agent's attention in time for Easter.

– Maddy McEwen-Asker



*Redwood Writers Conference  
April 26, 2014*

## From Pen to Published

*Still time to register—Don't miss this one*

Register for the upcoming CWC Redwood Writers' Conference, From Pen to Published, on the website below. The conference takes place on April 26, 8 AM to 5:30 PM., at the Bertolini Student Center, Santa Rosa Junior College, Mendocino Avenue, Santa Rosa.

The conference features keynote speakers John Rothmann, author and political analyst for KKSF 910 AM, and Dana Gioia, poet, critic and teacher. The day is structured into four different tracks: craft, genre, publishing, and marketing. Attendees can plan their own schedule.

Cost for the conference is \$155 for California Writers Club members, \$185 for nonmembers, and \$80 for students. For more information and full listing of presenters or to register, go to [www.redwoodwriters.org](http://www.redwoodwriters.org).

## Reviews Sell Books

From Dan Poynters' *Publishing Poynters Marketplace*, January 25, 2014

Reviews make a book stand out. We can help each other by posting (five star) reviews at Amazon.com, B&N.com, BooksAMillion.com and other websites.

If you would like to review books in your area of interest/expertise, contact the listing publisher directly with your Postal address. Do not send your request to Para Publishing. Please award the book at least four stars or decline to review it. A review with fewer stars is harmful to sales. The book you receive is yours to keep. If you agree to review a book and receive it from the author, please let him/her know that you have received it and will contact them again after you complete your review.

If you want your book reviewed on Amazon.com, Smashwords, B&N.com, etc., list it here in Publishing Poynters Marketplace (no charge). You must be willing to send a book and promotional materials (review-book package) to readers of *Publishing Poynters Marketplace* who contact you (usually 5 to 10 copies). Include the number of pages in your description and, for children's books, list the age level for which the book is written. Make sure the book is already listed at Amazon.com. Just send your request and description to [DanPoynter@ParaPublishing.com](mailto:DanPoynter@ParaPublishing.com)

Draft your request so that I do not have to edit it. Make it short. Just describe the book in a few words; don't send a lengthy review of it. Lengthy submissions will be returned for rewriting or ruthlessly cut. Reviewers only need

enough information to see if they have expertise and an interest in your category. Supply full contact information including your email address. Write the draft as it should appear so that I do not have to do more than Copy\Paste. Put "Review Wanted" in the subject line. Do NOT use carriage returns or tabs in paragraphs. They will not flow into our width format.

This issue of the marketplace can be found at <http://parapublishing.com/sites/para/resources/newsletter.cfm>

This F-R-E-E newsletter is available from Dan Poynter's option-in *Publishing Poynters* mailing list from [DanPoynter@ParaPublishing.com](mailto:DanPoynter@ParaPublishing.com) —WT

**Sand Hill Review** is taking short fiction submissions (electronic only) until May 2014; [sandhillreview.org](http://sandhillreview.org)

## Classes and Workshops

### Fiction Writing Class

Learn the secrets of creating dynamic characters, compelling plots, and riveting dialogue, and comedy writing techniques with Edie Matthews. Spring quarter, April 7 – June 23, Monday and Wednesday, 1:30 – 3:20 PM. De Anza College, [www.deanza.edu](http://www.deanza.edu).

### Creative Writing, Memoir Writing Classes

Mountain View/Los Altos Adult Ed offers the writing classes listed below. Register Online at [www.mvla.net](http://www.mvla.net) or call the school office at (650) 940-1333.

**Creative Writing:** Maximize your creative energy and discover a supportive forum for growth in your writing. Facilitator: Sylvia Halloran. Hillview Center, Los Altos. Wednesdays, 3/26 – 6/4, 9:15 AM – 12:15 PM.

**Memoir Writing:** Rediscover your own history while hearing the histories of others. Read your memoirs aloud for class feedback on clarity, logic, and style. Facilitator: Sylvia Halloran. Hillview Center, Los Altos. Fridays, 3/28 – 6/6, 9:15 AM – 12:15 PM; and Thursdays, 3/27 – 6/5, 12:30 – 3:30 PM

**Introduction to Creative Writing:** EWRT 30, DeAnza College. Poetry, creative nonfiction, and short fiction taught by Lita Kurth. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10:30 AM to 12:20 PM.

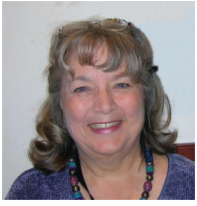
## Off-beat April

As well as being National Poetry Month, April is Mathematics Awareness Month (since 1999). This year, the month is dedicated to the presentation of 30 magical, mysterious, mathematical phenomena. Each day in April, a new item will be revealed at [mathaware.org](http://mathaware.org), a full 30 days of videos and articles on mathematical illusions, magic tricks, mysteries, and puzzles. You may well find an inspiration for a poem or short fiction. —WT



# Contests/Markets: Some Website Listings

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell  
Contributing Editor

Here's a list of major sites that keep an ongoing list of contests and other monetary opportunities. Some are free to enter; some are not. Be sure to check all deadlines and follow all rules.

*Poets and Writers:* [pw.org/grants](http://pw.org/grants)

*Fan Story:* [fanstory.com/index1contest.jsp](http://fanstory.com/index1contest.jsp)

*Writer Advice:* [writeradvice.com/markets.html](http://writeradvice.com/markets.html)

*Funds For Writers:* [fundsforwriters.com/contests/](http://fundsforwriters.com/contests/)

*Writer Magazine:* [writermag.com/writing-resources/](http://writermag.com/writing-resources/)

*Writer's Digest:* [writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions](http://writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions)

*Winning Writers:* [winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests](http://winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests)

Good luck and be sure to let us know if you have any good news. —WT

## National Poetry Month

by Carolyn Donnell

National Poetry Month is a national celebration of poetry established by the Academy of American Poets. The concept is to widen the attention of individuals and the media to the art of poetry, to living poets, to our complex poetic heritage, and to poetry books and journals of wide aesthetic range and concern.

National Poetry Month is April, every year since 1996. April was chosen because it seemed the best time of year to turn attention toward the art of poetry, in an ultimate effort to encourage poetry readership year-round.

Some goals of National Poetry Month are to highlight the legacy and ongoing achievement of American poets; to introduce more Americans to the pleasures of reading poetry; to bring poets and poetry to the public; and to increase public and private philanthropic support for poets and poetry.

A couple of sites are again hosting a poem-a-day marathon. Look for 30 days of poetry writing at NaPoWriMo 2014. It's a NaNoWriMo for poetry, with a different prompt each day. Sign up at [napowrimo.com](http://napowrimo.com).

Another resource is the 2014 Writers Digest April PAD Challenge. PAD stands for Poem-A-Day, so this is a challenge in which poets write a poem each day of April. Go to [writersdigest.com/whats-new/2014-april-pad-challenge-guidelines](http://writersdigest.com/whats-new/2014-april-pad-challenge-guidelines)

Also, [poets.org](http://poets.org) gives suggestions for 30 ways to celebrate this month at [poets.org/page.php/prmID/94](http://poets.org/page.php/prmID/94), and Los Gatos Poet Laureate Erica Goss lists some local events on [ericagoss.com](http://ericagoss.com). —WT

## Fault Zone: Call for entries

*Fault Zone: Diverge*, the fifth in the anthology series edited by the SF/Peninsula Branch of California Writers Club, will be published by Sand Hill Review Press in 2014. Nonmembers of SF/Peninsula Writers are eligible to participate by entering the **Fault Zone short story contest**.

**First Prize** is \$250 and publication in our next *Fault Zone* anthology; **Second**, \$100; **Third**, \$50. **Reading fee:** \$15.

**Deadline:** August 1, 2014

**Guidelines:** *Fault Zone* isn't only about earthquakes. It's about personal faults,

shortcomings, and the foibles of being human. In a way, we all live on a fault zone. Write from the heart. Be edgy. Be wild. But make sure your story has an arc. Stories involving California are always appreciated. Previously published work will be considered; let us know where it has appeared. Your piece should relate to the anthology's theme in some way.

**Please, when submitting:** Submit only .doc or .docx files; Times New Roman or similar font, 12 point, double-spaced; maximum word count, 2,500. Include the name of the story and page number on each page; your name goes on the

## 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

#### 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.

\* Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club. —WT

## 2014 Senior Poet Laureate

Contest open to all American poets age 50 and older. Deadline June 30.

Rules at [amykitchenerfdn.org](http://amykitchenerfdn.org) —WT

cover sheet, **not** on your manuscript.

**Submission Process: Online** (Preferred Method): We use Submittable to accept and manage submissions. Please visit <http://cwc-peninsula.submittable.com/submit>; scroll down to the Contest category. **Snail Mail:** Mail two (2)

copies of your submission plus the \$15 entry fee to the address below, postmarked by August 1, 2014. Include a cover sheet with your name, e-mail, address and phone number. **Submission address:** SF/Peninsula CWC, P.O. Box 853, Belmont, CA 94002. *Note: Do NOT use Certified Mail. We do not want to make extra trips to the post office.* —WT

## Directory of experts

*Do you have specialized knowledge that might help a writer bring authentic detail to a scene? Send a message to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com) and we will add your listing to our directory of experts.*

### **Astronomy, History of Astronomy**

Bob Garfinkle [ragarf@earthlink.net](mailto:ragarf@earthlink.net)

### **Banking**

Pam Oliver-Lyons [polpap@prodigy.net](mailto:polpap@prodigy.net)

### **Curriculum Development**

June Chen [junech@gmail.com](mailto:junech@gmail.com)

### **Counseling/John Steinbeck**

Dr. Audry L. Lynch

[glynch0001@comcast.net](mailto:glynch0001@comcast.net)

### **Engineering: Mechanical, Aerospace**

Jerry Mulenburg

[geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net](mailto:geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net)

### **Growing Great Characters from the Ground Up**

Martha Engber [martha@engber.com](mailto:martha@engber.com)

### **Internal Medicine/Addiction**

#### **Disorder/Psychology**

Dave Breithaupt [dllbmlb@comcast.net](mailto:dllbmlb@comcast.net)

### **Marketing and Management**

Suzy Paluzzi, MBA [jomarch06@yahoo.com](mailto:jomarch06@yahoo.com)

### **Mathematics/Fibonacci Sequence**

Marjorie Johnson [marjohnson@mac.com](mailto:marjohnson@mac.com)

### **Teaching and the Arts**

Betty Auchard [Btauchard@aol.com](mailto:Btauchard@aol.com)

### **Telecommunications Technology**

Allan Cobb [allancobb@computer.org](mailto:allancobb@computer.org)

### **Television Production**

Woody Horn 408-266-7040



## Poetry readings

### **Poets@Play**

Second Sundays: Check for times  
Markham House History Park  
1650 Senter Rd., San Jose

### **Poetry Center San Jose**

Willow Glen Library  
3rd Thursdays, 7:00 p.m.  
1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose

Free and open to the public. For more information, contact Dennis Noren at [norcamp@sbcglobal.net](mailto:norcamp@sbcglobal.net) or go to [poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar](http://poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar)

## 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](http://cwc-berkeley.com)

**Central Coast:** 5:30 third Tuesdays, Point Pinos Grill, 77 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove. [centralcoastwriters.org](http://centralcoastwriters.org)

**Fremont Area:** 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University, 6600 Dumbarton Circle, Room 204, Fremont. [cwc-fremontareawriters.org](http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org)

**Marin:** 2:00 fourth Sundays, Book Passage in Corte Madera. [cwcmarinwriters.com](http://cwcmarinwriters.com)

**Mendocino Coast:** 6:00 third Wednesdays, Mendocino Hotel. [writersmendocinocoast.org](http://writersmendocinocoast.org)

**Mount Diablo:** 11:30 second Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. [mtdiablowriters.org](http://mtdiablowriters.org)

**Napa Valley:** 6:30 second Wednesdays, Napa River Inn. [napavalleywriters.net](http://napavalleywriters.net)

**Redwood:** 2:30 first Sundays, Flamingo Conference Resort & Spa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa. [redwoodwriters.org](http://redwoodwriters.org)

**Sacramento:** 11:00 third Saturdays, Cattlemen's Restaurant, 12409 Folsom Blvd., Rancho Cordova. [cwcsacramentowriters.org](http://cwcsacramentowriters.org)

**San Francisco/Peninsula:** 10:00 third Saturdays, Belmont Library, 1110 Alameda De Las Pulgas, Belmont. [sfpeninsulawriters.com](http://sfpeninsulawriters.com)

**Tri-Valley:** 11:30 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. [trivalleywriters.com](http://trivalleywriters.com)

## Ongoing critique groups

### **Our Voices**

Meets at Le Boulanger in the Pruneyard in Campbell every other Sunday 11 am. Genres: Fiction, nontechnical nonfiction, memoir. Contact: Dave LaRoche – [dalaroche@comcast.net](mailto: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 at [marjoriej358@comcast.net](mailto: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](mailto:polpap@prodigy.net)

### **Karen's Critique Group**

Meets at The Hick'ry Pit, Campbell, 10 am to Noon, second and fourth Tuesdays. Fiction, non-fiction or memoir only. Three openings. Contact Karen, [Sew1Machin@aol.com](mailto:Sew1Machin@aol.com)

### **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](mailto:patatat@hotmail.com)

### **Your Critique Group**

For consideration, send information to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com)

## Ongoing writing groups; Open Mic

### **Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time**

Mondays, 9 a.m. to noon, Barnes&Noble Almaden. Contact Nader Khaghani, [workshops@southbaywriters.com](mailto:workshops@southbaywriters.com)

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

**Open Position: Networking Chair, committee members.** Network with social media. Contact SBW President.

**Need a critique group? An article on DIY critique groups is scheduled for May *WritersTalk*. In the meantime, contact Dave LaRoche at [vp@southbaywriters.com](mailto:vp@southbaywriters.com)**



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
April is National Poetry Month		1	2	3	4	5
6 11A Our Voices	7 9A Chapter at a Time 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	8	9 7:30P SBW Board Meeting	10 Noon, Riders do Right	11 7:30P Open mic B&N Almaden, San Jose	12
13	14 9A Chapter at a Time 2P Valley Writers 6:00P SBW Dinner, Harry's Hofbrau	15 10A Karen's Critique D e a d l i n e WritersTalk	16	17	18	19
20 11A Our Voices	21 9A Chapter at a Time 2P Valley Writers	22	23	24	25 7:30P Open mic Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	26
27	28 9A Chapter at a Time 2P Valley Writers	29 10A Karen's Critique 7:30P SBW Board	30	April 2014		
Future Flashes						
May 3 Leadership Conference	May 7 SBW Board Meeting	May 12 SBW Regular Dinner Meeting				

### Wanted:

Do you have copies of *WritersTalk* for January through May, 2011? If so, could you donate them to Marjorie Johnson, who is trying to build a file of hard copies of past issues?

Same question, for *WritersTalk* issues prior to 2011. Send an email to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com) or see Marjorie at a SBW meeting.

### South Bay Writers Coffee Mugs

Available at Meetings



**\$10 each or three for \$20**

**Where is it?** For locations of critique and writing groups, poetry readings, and meetings of other California Writers Club branches, see Page 14.

### Your ad could go here

\$7 per column inch for SBW members  
\$10 per inch for nonmembers

### CWC bags: Only \$10 each



Offered during our monthly meetings. Collect yours before supplies run out!

### South Bay Writers Anthology



\$10

At the meeting or on [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

### Stay informed

Read Constant Contact notices in your email for meeting and event announcements. SBW members are listed automatically; nonmembers who wish to be listed go to <http://southbaywriters.com/wordpress/mailling-list/>



**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**  
**March Regular Membership Meeting**  
**6 p.m. Monday, April 14**

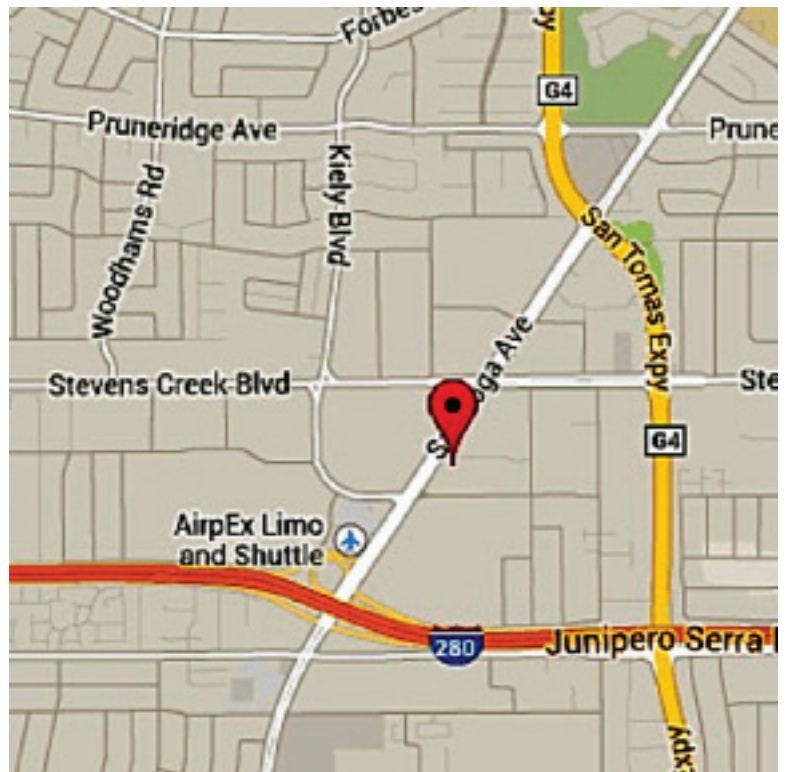
Harry's Hofbrau  
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

**Margaret Lucke**

**Suspense  
and  
Conflict**

*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.