



WRITERSTALK

Volume 22
Number 7
July 2014

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

South Bay Writers Annual BBQ



Image by Marina Menendez-Pidal

summer potluck bbq

When: Sunday, July 6, 2014 at 3 pm
Where: Edie Matthews' home
Bring: A dish to share. SBW provides meat and drink

If your last name begins with:	Please bring a:
A - H	Main Dish
I - R	Salad
S - Z	Appetizer /dessert

RSVP to Edie at edie333@sbcglobal.net to receive locstion.

No charge for this event. No regular meeting in July.

Y'all come, now

JUNE SPEAKER

WOOT, WOOT to Success

by Pratibha Kelapure

If you ever had an urge to yell, "Woot, Woot," guess what? As writers you have a reason to cheer yourself with WOOT



Nina Amir

(Willingness, Optimism, Objectivity, Tenacity). Author, blogger, and coach Nina Amir told the writers in attendance at the South Bay Writers general meeting on June 9 to develop an "author attitude," by practicing WOOT.

According to her online bio, Nina Amir, Inspiration-to-Creation Coach, inspires people to combine their purpose and passion so they Achieve More Inspired Results. She motivates writers and non-writers to create publishable and published products and careers as authors as well as to achieve their goals, fulfill their potential and live inspired lives. Her successful books, *How to Blog a Book*, *The Author Training Manual*, and *10 Days and 10 Ways to Return to Your Best Self*, transform writers into inspired, successful authors, authorpreneurs, and blogpreneurs.

In her presentation titled, "Prep Yourself and Your Book Idea for Success," Nina outlined a nine-step process for non-fiction writers. In the current fast paced, short attention span world, writers have to do more than writing. They must also learn the business of publishing.

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President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour
President, South Bay Writers

Reading a lot into my choices of dogs, authors



With all due reverence to Jack London, a California Writers Club pioneer, I did not like it the other day when a Facebook "What Novel Are You?" quiz tabbed me as *The Call of the Wild*. I identify more with *East of Eden* and John Steinbeck, and I'd say the South Bay Writers branch does, too. Our East of Eden Writers Conferences in Salinas were evidence of that, not to mention being what lured me to SBW in 2008.

We're gung-ho about London, too, and, although I have misgivings about authors who put too much stock in machismo, I'm eager to traipse around the park that honors him in Sonoma County.

I did read *The Call of the Wild* when I was 13 or 14 and did consider it my favorite book for about a year before *The Grapes of Wrath* and *In Cold Blood* both made greater inroads. London's *The Sea Wolf*, which is about a gentleman who unexpectedly finds himself at the bottom of the pecking order aboard a ship, certainly had an impact when I was 17, although I couldn't say I loved it.

Both of the London novels I read were Limited Editions, as I recall, and part of Dad's collection, the dad part denoting my stepfather Doug, whose last name I took. The more memorable was *The Call of the Wild* because it was bound in a kelly-green Hudson's Bay Blanket swatch.

Dad was a dog lover. He named his first dog Rover, a Bedlington terrier who was not bright, and later acquired a Dandie Dinmont terrier, like the one in Sir Walter Scott's novels. That led to my love affair with the well-trained Airedale Terrier I named Tallulah J. Barkhead (1974-1988), who was with me while I worked at newspapers in Missouri, Vermont, Texas and San Jose.

So, I'm great with dogs, and one of the reasons why is that Jack London taught me how to dominate the pack and win them over.

My current dog love is Riley, my friend's 14-year-old Standard Poodle who has spent many weeks in my care. She and the Airedale were the two smartest dogs I've known and are my favorites thus far.

Alas, Dad, during his long bout with Alzheimer's Disease, sold the blanket edition of *The Call of the Wild* to a used bookstore. He sold other beloved books, but that was the one I saw in the window of the used bookstore during Dad's last days.

It was the quintessence of his decline. Maybe that's why I felt paralyzed and didn't regain the book, which I've never read since but think of often, as I'll explain.

East of Eden has some astonishing parallels to my birth father. The family has a history of fathers favoring some sons over others and a psychopathic woman or two in our mix. My father's name is even Cal. There's no doubt Steinbeck's novel did more for my mental health than any other, helping me accept and understand what had long confused me.

So why London's novel instead of Steinbeck's in that Facebook quiz? Because it was flawed in the way they're often flawed, with too much weight on the wrong answer. In this case, it was, "Which of the following is your companion of choice?"

I took the Malamute.

You can see where this is going: If the dog in the quiz had been a Standard Poodle, that would have put Steinbeck's *Travels With Charley* over the top. —WT

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

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by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



Washing away mountains

I scratched my head and drank more coffee, thinking about water, this month's theme for *WritersTalk*. We challenged you to write about water — poetry, fiction, essay, memoir — wherever your creative juices flowed. Surely, this editorial must be about water as well.

I reviewed what I knew about water, the most abundant compound on Earth's surface, covering 70 percent of the planet and making up 60 percent of the human body. "Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink ..." according to the ancient mariner — and true in too many places, in a world where 345 million people have no access to clean water.

But writers should write about what they know. I thought about things my father taught me sixty years ago when we explored Nevada County together: "Avoid old mining operations, especially where nothing grows around an otherwise beautiful, clear pond."

I remembered the vivid but unnatural-looking blue waters at Malakoff and its barren and eroded hillsides, and how Daddy showed me to pan gold in the river. Then the following piece poured out of my pen, so to speak.

Washing away mountains at Malakoff

A gold pan is shaped like a pie tin with a base larger than a dinner plate. The miner shovels river muck into the pan, adds water, and swirls the contents. Next, he pours out muddy water and lightweight debris, adds more water, and repeats the swirling action until only black sand and gold remain.

If his claim yields handfuls of nuggets, he gets rich. Otherwise, he moves to a new location or learns to reclaim gold dust.

During the California gold rush, miners discovered an ancient river channel buried under a hill near Nevada City. To get to the gold, they had only to remove the mountain.

In 1853, Edward Matteson did just that. He directed jets of water under high pressure through a canvas hose and a giant iron nozzle, called a monitor, to the gold-bearing paleogravels and washed the entire hillside down through enormous sluices.

Early placer miners knew that the more gravel they could process, the more gold they were likely to find. And the small stuff? No problem: use liquid mercury and cyanide to dissolve and separate gold from black sand and other impurities.

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Flash — Fiction, that is. The theme for August *WritersTalk* is flash fiction: see Page 13. Also in August, we'll make awards to winners of the current Challenge Contest, also on Page 13. So keep sending in those creative pieces. — WT

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View from the Board

by S. Halloran

Six of us – President Colin Seymour, Treasurer Bill Baldwin, Secretary Sylvia Halloran, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Publicity Chair Kim Malanczuk, and Membership Chair Sally Milnor – met in Santa Clara Wednesday night, June 4, 2014. We sang “Happy Birthday” to Sally and once again enjoyed Colin’s determination to end on time.

The Leadership Conference has inspired your leaders to construct a three-year plan for the club. Possibilities include developing a Tech Support Hotline for writers, a Buddy System to support each other’s writing efforts, and the revival of the East of Eden Writer’s Conference. We will have a Board Retreat in August to schedule our hopes and dreams for the future. If you like these ideas or have any additional thoughts about a certain path you’d like to see the club follow, please speak to one of us, or send an E-mail with your input.

Remember that the club’s ambition thrives on your involvement and action.

We are grateful for your confidence in us, shown by your support during the elections at our June 9 meeting. We have found harmony and good spirit together and hope that serving a second year as your club leaders will establish a template for effective and joyous volunteering that will inspire many of you to serve in the future.

Newly elected officers for 2014-15:

President Colin Seymour; Vice President Dave LaRoche; Treasurer Bill Baldwin; Secretary Sylvia Halloran; Members-at-Large: Nader Khaghani, Michael Hahn.

Our hospitality chairman is stepping down and we need to find a replacement as soon as possible. This position can be as easy or complicated as you choose. Key elements include acting as liaison with Harry’s Hofbrau; arranging for dessert at the Meet-and-Greet after speaker presentation; welcoming guests with a smile.

Moved: (M.Johnson/Milnor) to accept May minutes. Passed, unanimous.

Moved: ((M.Johnson/Milnor) to accept officers’ reports and committee reports. Passed, unanimous.

Why not create your own writing retreat this summer and make some progress on your project? We can talk about it at the barbecue! – WT

Literary Arts at the San Mateo County Fair

by Marjorie Johnson

South Bay Writers captured the show at the San Mateo County Fair, Literary Arts Division, with six first prizes among our exhibitors from a field of over 200 entries. This year’s weeklong event was like a mini-writers conference without the high price – only \$10, the cost of fair admission. The Literary Arts Division is an annual affair, with submission deadline April 1. Check their webpage in March, 2015.

Bardi Rosman Koodrin has spearheaded the Literary Arts Division from its beginning six years ago. Bardi, Literary Director of the Fine Arts Galleria, planned the events and edited the anthology, *Carry the Light*, published by Sand Hill Review. Many members of California Writers Club, San Francisco-Peninsula Branch, spent the week assisting at the show.

This year, seven members of SBW have work appearing in the fair’s anthology, *Carry the Light*: **Bill Baldwin, Rita Beach, Carolyn Donnell, Karen Hartley, Marjorie Johnson, Dr. Audrey Lynch, Madeline McEwen-Asker, and Jamie Miller**, with Carolyn Donnell, Marjorie Johnson, and Jamie Miller taking first prizes for short stories and Rita Beach a first for designing the book’s cover. Carolyn Donnell, with three first prizes, won an award for top exhibitor, with close competition from Jamie Miller.

Carry the Light, an unusual anthology of short stories, essays, memoirs and poetry from both published and non-published authors, contains a selection of 192 entries from the 2014 Literary Arts Division. Enjoy the broad spectrum of literary talent in Silicon Valley. – WT



Above:
Rita Beach designed the cover, and Bardi Rosman Koodrin holds a copy of *Carry the Light*.

Left: First Place Winners who read from their work

Renae Keep, Poetry;
Marjorie Johnson, Jamie Miller, and Carolyn Donnell, Short Stories

–Photos, Carolyn Donnell

New Members

by Sally A. Milnor

I am happy to introduce our Club's eight newest members.

Ginny Baird — found us online, and she attended our June 9 meeting at Harry's Hofbrau. Ginny is a retired technical writer/technical communicator. She has had short stories and articles published; and she continues to write, do newsletters and e-newsletters. Ginny created and maintains a website, and she does other communications as a volunteer in the Jewish community, on both the local and national levels.

Chess Desalls — is interested in writing novels. On his Membership Questionnaire, Chess says: "Writing fuels my interest in writing. I like to write the type of stories that I like to read, including fables, fairy tales and young adult fiction. I recently released a novel for publication: *Travel Glasses (The Call to Search Everywhere, #1)* — a young adult time travel story. I'm also working on *Instruments of Piece*, a collection of short stories featuring musical instruments in historical fantasy settings." His short stories have been featured on *Flash Fiction Magazine* at flashfictionmagazine.com.

Brad Haakenson — joined us online. Brad is interested in writing novels, and two of his novels, *Walking in Shadows* and *Out of the Shadows*, have been published.

Sridevi Pudipeddi — joined us at our June 9th meeting at Harry's Hofbrau. Sridevi is interested in writing novels, and she is seeking publication.

Frank Rabow — found us online and joined us at our June meeting at Harry's. Frank is interested in writing novels. He has been a technical writer for over fifteen years and has written poetry since high school. Frank's email address is FranklynRabow@att.net.

Harli Rabow — also found us online and joined us at our June meeting at Harry's. Harli, like her husband Frank, was a technical writer for fifteen years. She is currently writing a memoir about her father. Harli teaches piano; she is a pianist, a gardener and a busy grandmother. Harli's email address is harli@sbcglobal.net.

Carole Taub — joined us online, and she is interested in writing short stories. Her stories and articles have appeared in various publications, including: *New Orleans*

July News from Members

by Marjorie Johnson

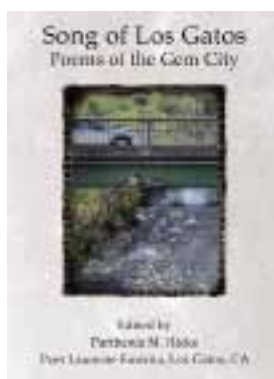
Ellen Anders, independent researcher, was a contributor to the book *Global Fashion Brands: Style, Luxury & History*. Ellen's work appears in Part IV, "Brands in historical context: Louis XIV, Le marketing, c'est Moi." The content focuses on Louis XIV, King of France, who created a brand for his royal house comparable to contemporary marketing practices across the fashion industry. The echoes of present day commercial activities are carefully drawn revealing striking similarities between mercantile and fashion branding practices, both old and new.

Robert Garfinkle sent the manuscript files for his major lunar observers' handbook, *Luna Cognita: A Comprehensive Observer's Handbook of the Known Moon*, to Springer. The manuscript, the work of 24 years, is 1,733 typeset pages, 957,000 words, and 1,287 figures. The book covers just about every aspect of observing the Moon: its historical, mythological, and romantic lore and its influence on man and the Earth; how it moves across our sky; for whom lunar features are named; how to observe occultations and eclipses; and discussions of the various types of features. Dr. Harrison H. Schmitt of Apollo 17 wrote the Introduction and Dr. John Westfall wrote the Foreword. Springer hopes to publish the book in two volumes by early next year.

May was a busy month for **Dr. Audry Lynch**. On May 3 she presented a workshop on "The World of John Steinbeck" in Santa Clara at the National Convention of Delta Kappa Gamma, an international organization dedicated to the support of women in education. On May 12, she attended the San Francisco Book Festival, where she received Honorable Mention for her book *Steinbeck Remembered* in the Biography Category.

Dr. Carla Walter is teaching the course "How to Write and Sell Nonfiction Books" on Sunday, August 24 in San Diego. She is a 2014 Margaret Fuller Universalist Unitarian Woman's Federation Grant Recipient in support of one of her current nonfiction projects, "Dancing in the Spirit of Recovery." Contact her at dr.carlawalter@gmail.com

South Bay Writers is well represented in the anthology of poems, *Song of Los Gatos*, edited by Parthenia M. Hicks. **Bill Baldwin**, **Richard Burns**, **Mary Curtis**, and **Victoria M. Johnson** read their work on June 3, 2014 at the very fun and moving anthology launch, and ten members of South Bay Writers — yes, **ten** — have their poetry appearing in the long-awaited anthology. — WT



Bill Baldwin: "Los Gatos Reveries"
Rita Baum: "Vasona Park: Where the Trees Sing"
Richard Burns: "Los Gatos, On the Shoulder"
Pat Bustamante: "Historic Cats"
Mary Curtis: "Special"
Victoria M. Johnson: "Where Creative Spirits Meet"
Victoria M. Johnson: "Hot Flashes in Los Gatos"
Jacqueline Mutz: "A Day on the Green"
Steve Sporleder: "Echoes from the Canyon"
Suzu Paluzzi: "Memories of Los Gatos"
Mary Tomasi-Dubois: "The Gem at the End of the Road"

Review, 13th Warrior, Pets Across America, Santa Fe New Mexican, and KSFR.

Carol Yorke — also joined us online, and she has attended our last two meetings at Harry's. Carol is interested in writing nonfiction books, and she is seeking publication.

To Our New Members: We wish you each a warm welcome and hope your

membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment.

And to All of our South Bay Writers: We appreciate your continuing presence and support. Our 2014-2015 fiscal year begins this month. If you haven't already done so, please remember to renew your membership. Let's keep our Club flourishing. We hope to see you on July 6. — WT

WOOT, WOOT

Continued from Page 1

She emphasized that publishing is a business, and writers need to create a business plan just like they would do for a start-up company. Your book is a product, and it must be a viable product for a traditional publisher, who is the venture capital partner financing your book and wants to see profits.



If you self-publish, you become an entrepreneur, responsible for your own profits.

In any case, you need to make a sound business plan and include that in your book proposal. You must include specifics: explain why your book is necessary, show how it is unique, and estimate the size of your potential market.

The most important step in the process is developing the “author attitude” mentioned earlier. She emphasized the importance of willingness, pointing out that it means making sacrifices. Once you have the determination, you need to take

concrete steps: research, market and competitive analysis, structure of the book, branding, and author platform. You must decide whether to follow “indie” or the traditional path to publishing.



Nina Amir networks after her talk.

—Photos by Carolyn Donnell

She elaborated on these nine steps at length. Her explanations were clear, fluid, and succinct. Listening to her, it was easy to see that she has mastered these steps herself and is in a unique position to mentor other writers.

She demonstrated her professionalism by ending the presentation on time without skipping any material. She was available to consult after the presentation, and a long line of writers quickly formed to talk to her.

Her postcard freebies were appreciated by the attendees. Another freebie was the advice handout, titled “Nine Things to Discover Before You Write a Book.” She also handed out information about her Nonfiction Writers University. You can find out more about Nina at her website: ninaamir.com/about-nina-amir/ —WT

Washing away mountains

Continued from Page 3

Hydraulic gold mining operations sprang up throughout the area, especially at Malakoff Diggins, eleven miles from Nevada City. As much as 100,000 tons of gravel per day disappeared and they built a 7,847-foot tunnel through bedrock to serve as a drain. Entire mountains were lost.

That drain at Malakoff dumped mine tailings into the South Yuba River, flooding and destroying vast areas of farmland in the Sacramento Valley as well as inundating the communities of Yuba City and Marysville. Silt flowed all the way to San Francisco Bay, impairing navigation on the Sacramento River.

For crows, the park at Malakoff is only 11 miles from Nevada City, but the recommended route on paved roads is a 50-minute drive. The old road, no longer maintained, carried the stagecoach through North Bloomfield to Allegheny along a canyon wall hand-built by Chinese coolie laborers in the 1850s. The wall is a marvel; no mortar was used, and rocks are hand-fitted against a nearly vertical wall a thousand feet above the Yuba River.

Today, scientists continue to study long-term effects of the mercury dumped into the water and introduced into the ecosystems. More than 125 years after the cessation of hydraulic mining, very little life has grown back into those water-blasted mountains at Malakoff Diggins State Park. Man created the remaining huge cliffs and colorful rock formations in just a few decades. Mother

Nature would have taken many millennia.

Back then, farmers sued the hydraulic mining operations in the landmark case, *Edwards Woodruff vs. North Bloomfield Mining and Gravel Company*. In 1884, Judge Lorenzo of the United States District Court ruled in favor of the farmers and banned hydraulic mining, declaring it “a public nuisance.”

California valued clean water and agricultural land more than gold. Now, in a similar issue with *fracking*—a method of oil extraction that uses a lot of water and leaves a wasteland—will we value water above oil?

Of local interest: The mercury used at Malakoff originated in the quicksilver mines at New Almaden in the Almaden Valley, and the mercury in the Bay came from both sources. —WT



1860s: Hydraulic monitor washing away the mountain

Charlotte Cook Workshop

by Marjorie Johnson

On May 31, Charlotte Cook presented a dynamic and interactive workshop, “8 Ways to Make All That Craft Work for You.” Charlotte, an author, a story editor, and a former publisher, had the perfect credentials to wrap everything together and apply craft to story. Wearing her hat as story editor, she put her heart into showing us how to turn our writing into “story telling” and “make it more readable.”

Charlotte began by reviewing elements of craft from the point of view of a storyteller.



Charlotte Cook

—Photo by Carolyn Donnell

“The purpose of craft,” she said, “is to make writing more readable.” Dialogue headed the list—characters tell stories, not writers. Read aloud and listen—listen to the music of your words. Use details that matter to your character—not to you. She recommended picking three details; “three is a magic number.”

“Read, read, read,” she said. Reread a book that resonates with you to study what makes the writing work. However, if you don’t like it, don’t finish it; she throws boring books at the wall.

Charlotte said she loves doing workshops because she learns things, too. This workshop, combined with the South Bay Writers Club programs of the past year, was like taking a course in creative writing taught by experts.

After her brief review of craft, Charlotte showed us how to critique and review written work like a story editor, applying her skills to more than a dozen 500-word samples submitted by attendees. She got rid of leading dependent clauses and passive sentences by rewriting them, and she deleted all adverbs because “they don’t add anything.” She did not address grammar or punctuation because concentrating



Charlotte Cook Workshop May 31, 2014
—Photos by Carolyn Donnell

on “the comma missed on page 2 is cruel and unusual punishment.”

She’s able to read and analyze a fresh piece of writing while standing in front of a group, an amazing talent possessed by only a few. Always mindful of the writer’s feelings, she made valuable comments for each individual writer. Charlotte showed us how to critique another’s work and illustrated solutions to all common problems, a fulfilling and valuable day.

“Writing is not easy,” she said. “It’s hard work to write because part of the writing is telling the truth.” She left us eager to apply her ideas to our own writing.

Charlotte invited us to contact her at storyeditor@att.net. —WT



The colorful formations at Malakoff Diggins State Park are anything but the work of Nature. —Lucy D’Mot, *Sacramento Bee*, October 9, 2011



Nina Amir and Bill Baldwin
SBW General Meeting
June 9, 2014
—Photo by Carolyn Donnell

SBW Seeks Fun Coordinators

by Kimberley Malanczuk

Do you remember the lyrics to the television show *Cheers*?

Sometimes you want to go
Where everybody knows your name,
And they're always glad you came;
You want to be where you can see,
Our troubles are all the same;

You want to be where everybody knows your name.

That's the essence of hospitality at South Bay Writers. We need people with great personalities who like to make folks feel happy and welcome, and who like to make an event fun.

South Bay Writers needs an immediate Hospitality Chairperson or Co-Chairs to manage the club's hospitality program for its monthly general meetings and workshops. The program is simple but critical to the overall well-being of our club.

The hospitality chair:

- Welcomes guests and members to our meetings and makes sure everyone signs in and has a nametag;
- Ensures new folks are introduced to board and club members, never sit alone, and aren't ignored at meetings;
- Answers questions about our club and its processes;
- Introduces guests during the Agenda portion of our monthly general meeting;
- Manages the club's relationship with Harry's Hofbrau, confirming room setup and coffee service; and
- Purchases dessert for the "Networking & Dessert" session at meeting's end.

Guests, new members, speakers, and members of other California Writers Club Branches consistently compliment South Bay Writers, telling us that our club, our members, and our meetings are among the friendliest and most fun they have attended. That reputation is a direct result of the Board of Directors' hospitality focus over the last year.

Current Hospitality Chairperson Kimberly Malanczuk has put all the processes in place to make hospitality an easy position to manage and enjoy. Kimberly is stepping down as Hospitality Chairperson to focus on club public relations and web site renovation and to develop an online store to promote club merchandise.

Hospitality is mission-critical to club well being.

Your club needs you and your contribution to hospitality.



WELCOME

If you are interested in directing the fun at our meetings, please email Colin Seymour, president of South Bay Writers, at pres@southbaywriters.com. —WT

Clockwork Alchemy 2014

by Mark Vogel

This last Memorial Day weekend I went to my first steampunk convention at the Double Tree Hotel in San Jose. I decided to go to Clockwork Alchemy when I discovered they also had a writer's track. Before we tap the altimeter and pressure gauge, let's look into what Steampunk is.

Steampunk is a blend of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and an alternate history where "high tech" devices, machinery and transportation tend to be powered by steam. Steampunk maneuvers through a backdrop of either Victorian England or America's Wild West. Visually, it's bedecked in corsets and parasols and billowy skirts, or top hats, walking canes, red velvet vests and the omnipresent airman's goggles. Steampunk also lives on the ground and under the sea, so if you are visualizing Captain Nemo at the helm of the Nautilus cruising to his next adventure,



you are not far off the mark, though Jules Verne and H.G. Wells predate steampunk. The term Steampunk was originally coined by science fiction author K.W. Jeter. William Gibson and Bruce Sterling helped bring attention to the genre with their 1992 book, *The Difference Engine*. In more recent years, the gears of steampunk have moved through the Young Adult, Historical Romance, Alternate History genres, as well as powering Fantasy and Magical scenarios.

Let's take off our goggles and inspect the convention's Author Salon track of presentations.

- "Research? Really?" Good research is imperative when building a believable world for your characters to inhabit.
- "Villains: The Worst of the Best." Twirling a mustache isn't enough anymore.
- "Victorian Magical Societies." The Victorians also gave rise to mystical societies for spiritual explorers.
- "Want to Change the World?" So what makes an alternate history or steampunk world so much fun to write in, and how do you build one?
- "Making Magic Meaningful." This was a personal favorite. Patricia MacEwen and Lillian Csernica discussed how publishers want to see consistent magic systems that engage the reader and provide a satisfying fantasy experience. They then explained step-by-step methods for building a magic system, from the power source through methods of access, to religious, military, and household applications.

Other topics included the business and methods of writing, how to project-manage your book creation, using social media platforms to publicize and promote your book, researching, self-editing, and publishing. Being an employee of Smashwords, I ended up joining a panel on the last day titled, "I Finished My Book! Now What?"

There were tracks devoted to aspects of costume making and character/role playing, even hands-on demonstrations

Continued on Page 10

Bookwus

by Jamie Miller

We heard about the earthquake as we sat down to dinner. Lindsey reacted like the Californian she is, radiating a well-practiced calm. "A seven-point-four? That's pretty good. Did they say where it was?"

"Shh. Not yet." I was reacting like a Nebraskan feeling his first quake, waiting for the buildings of the college to crash around us. "Something about the juncture of the Pacific and Juan de Fuca plates. Should we get under the table?"

"No! C'mon, Nick, it's over. Ten minutes ago. Relax."

"The news anchor mentioned a tsunami warning. What do we do about that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Go over to the beach and go swimming?" She laughed and leaned over to kiss me. "We stay right here. Portland's seventy miles upriver. And I have homework."

I tried to study but found myself drawn to the TV and the latest reports on the tsunami. It hit Vancouver Island with a five-foot surge. I had grown up as far from the ocean as you can get and found its moods endlessly fascinating. Lindsey, on the other hand— No, Lindsey was staring at the TV too, ignoring her books, as fascinated as I was. "Hey, Lin, you want to drive over to the beach? Tillamook Head, maybe? I'd like to see this thing hit."

"I thought you were scared."

"Yeah. But—"

"But drawn toward it? Drawn toward and warned away. You've seen the *Bookwus*."

"The *What*?"

"*Bookwus*. Canadian Indian mythology. A sort of death-spirit that comes from the sea to lure you to his domain. He beckons you closer with one hand and warns you away with the other and he dances. He dances two-steps-ahead, one-step-back, two-ahead, one-back, two-ahead..."

Lindsey's eyes were closed and she was nodding her head to a beat only she could hear.

"Lindsey?"

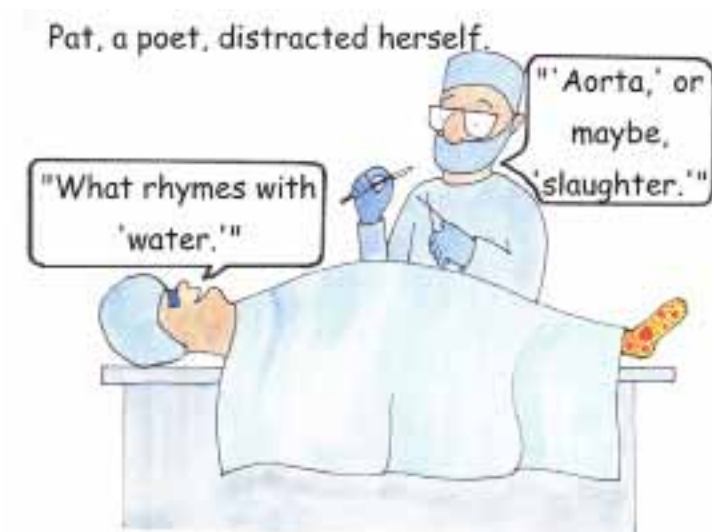
"Oh, sorry. Anyway, the dancer in this ceremony wears a sort of weird human-like mask with huge eyes and a nose that's kind of like an exaggerated hawk's beak, all painted up in black, white, and red. If someone was seeing it for the first time in a dark lodge, with only a fire in the center, it must have been terrifying. I saw one of these dance masks in the museum at Vancouver, British Columbia, when I was in high school. It was so fascinating, it got me interested in studying the Native cultures."

"A dance mask? Seriously, Lindsey? And now you're into some kind of paganism?"

She moved behind me and kissed me on the neck. "Yeah! Lets go do a pagan ritual right now!" She laughed again. "You Bible-belters are all alike! Get a girl excited, then run away at the last minute." She studied the TV again and turned serious. "Let's go see this."

We headed west on highway 26, driving too fast for the narrow, curving road, then parked overlooking the Pacific.

Shelf Life – Maddie McEwen-Asker



"This is the place I was thinking of," Lindsey said. "The cliffs are 30 feet high. We'll be safe." She climbed out of the car and walked to the very edge of the cliff. "God, it's beautiful here! Look! Look down there!" She was pointing toward the edge of the surf.

"Lin, please! Don't get so close to the edge. You scare me!" I may have been frightened, but I couldn't help thinking that she'd never looked as beautiful as she did at that moment, with the late-day sun lighting her face.

"OK, I'll back up, but come here. Look, down on the beach. There's Raven!"

"What? That bird?"

"Yeah. Maybe it's Raven, himself. Did you know that some of the Native peoples' legends say that earthquakes mean Earth is in labor, trying to give birth to new lands, new mountains, new islands? Now we know it's true."

"Yeah, cool, but what did you mean, Raven, himself?"

"Another Native myth. Raven, the immortal spirit-creature. He loved playing pranks, but as he did, he made the world what it is. It's like there weren't any people until he went walking along a beach like this one and found a huge clamshell. When he pried it open, these tiny people spilled out and started growing until they got to be the size we are now. Then he—"

"Seriously, how did you get so into this weird religion?"

"Remember my major, Nick? American Studies? Hel-lo! Issues of Church and State covers more than Salem witches and parochial schools. This is America, too." She sat down on the cliff, wrapped her arms around her drawn-up knees, and watched the restless ocean.

I lay beside her watching the fading sun turn her blonde hair to red-gold, then reached out and traced the contours of her waist and her breast. "Hey, Luv. Remember you suggested that pagan ritual—"

"Not now." She leaned forward, the better to see the beach. "Look at Raven."

Continued on Page 12



Haiku for Kidnapped Girls

All the lost daughters
Captured by wild animals.
Where is their rescue?

– Carolyn Donnell

Sad Waters

Water we drink.
In water we sink.
Blood turns to pink
In water.

By sea water we met,
Our bodies so wet.
A clever dare set.
Deep water.
Steep rocks we found.
Our dives made no sound.
Death spun you around.
Raging water.

Our souls lament
This elegiac event.
Thus, life is spent.
Silent water.

– Judith Shernock

Drought Haiku

Damn this dumb old drought
Today I praise meager mist
Though 't isn't real rain

– Richard Burns

My Eyes Are Blue

I think my eyes are blue because I came from the ocean. Each drop of water that is held together by my form came from somewhere. The birthing glacier must have sensed my need as it separated pieces of its frozen beauty, crystalline drops to forge into my body. Drops that came from the constant rolling waves must be part of what keeps my heart beating and my lungs drawing breath. The riotous waters of the typhoon must have spun off masses of drops that swirled into awareness becoming my brain. The rain that fell from the sky creating the rainbow must have been the source of those drops that have colored me unique. The mist that formed from the massive waterfall must have become that part of me that is strong and powerful. The drops from the placid river must have become my patience, moving slow and steady like the water flowing around the river bend. And that water from the deepest, darkest parts of the ocean surely must have surrounded my innermost places, gently holding my soul safe.

– Gay Bachmann

On This Beach

On this beach,
gray on gray on gray,
sky on water on sand,
the sun warms the place where I sit.
Movement delights.
Remembering a scowling voice,
and that one, and another, I think:
Peculiarities, all.
Not enough sand between the toes.
Here is the real thing.

A couple walking between me and the waves--
she, in jacket and long pants,
he, shirtless and shorts only--
look for treasures among
the carcasses of small crabs.
Death, a trifle.

They touch, and the air kicked up
by laughing waves
parts them,
and kisses me.

– Brenna Silbory

Clockwork Alchemy 2014

Continued from Page 8

and instruction on how women could defend themselves and fight with parasols. Two-thirds of the attendees were “in costume” as well as “in character.” It was a wonderful experience to walk among them, laced up, vested up, suited up in their neo-Victorian frippery. Many brought their children.

Yes, there was opportunity for improvement. Unlike a writer’s conference where you typically have 15 minutes between sessions, there was no extra time between sessions. This did not make it easy to tug on a presenter’s sleeve if you had more questions or wanted to network. As a fastidious note-taker, I nearly singed my noggin after sustaining 3 to 4 sessions in a row. The good news: the rooms were all in the same part of the hotel and travel was short.

My advice for people interested in going on Memorial weekend 2015: The week before, look up the schedule online and take note of the sessions you want to be sure to hit. Having a clone, or a steam-powered drone, can also come in handy when you find yourself torn between two or more sessions or events scheduled for the same time. Their website is clockworkalchemy.com, and to see the steampunk look, perform an image Google search for “steampunk.” The Author Guest of Honor this year was Harry Turtledove, GoodReads: <http://tinyurl.com/kafms3g>

Will I be going next year? Most likely. As for a costume, I think a kilt would be appropriate for our warm climate. I’ll avoid the red felt vest—I tend to run warm.

See www.clockworkalchemy.com . — WT



As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

– Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Poetic Art For Koi Pond

Each Koi pond is one single structure.
All components form a deep oneness
and unified work of art,
functioning in aesthetic
harmony.

This is even true
of the elegant
Great Blue Herons
we all work to frustrate,
while we keep our vibrant swimming paintings
safe in their liquid.

Aquatic birds compose a contrasting beauty,
yet they must never devour our fan tailed
golden, orange, black and silver fluid monarchs
that swirl in endless ornamental patterns
and thus serve to inspire
eternal contemplation
by we who look with intensity.

The very fact that we are present
helps to deter
avian predators,
whatever their own
colors of the spectrum.
We the viewers serve as
our own noble
living scarecrows.

Let us string deterrents together,
yet also sing and whirl in the dance,
move in balletic circles holding hands,
play harp, flute, violin and cello,
and drum like thunder.
The Realm of Feathers will see our message.
— Stephen C. Wetlesen

July Terse On Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante
Contributing Editor

July Jewels

Raindrops pitter-pat,
On every leaf are glitter-gems fat
As grease-globs; is this a dream?
Oh no. Oh yes. Out the window all
Is bone-dry. Why? Worst-summer scene,
Cannot wait until Fall;
But I have wished on every shooting star
“Please bring rain.” So far
Not a drop. Must be a lesson on what’s really worth?
Oil fields, diamond mines vs. well-watered earth.

“Dry,” as in “writer’s block.” But the writer controls the writing output.
If only we controlled the weather! I have an oval “wishing stone” given
to me by a friend. How many of us are wishing the drought would end?

Wishes. I wish I could finish that novel and sell it. I hope that my poem ends
first in the contest. I seek applause when I finish reading that short story to
an audience. But I would trade all, for the news that this drought is over.

Tragedies like wildfires or burning buildings bring an audience. But I have
yet to meet anyone who says, “I’d enjoy an end to rainfall forever.” A desert
has its own beauties plus the occasional praising poem, but I chose a
green fruitful valley for home and the remnants of a prune orchard haunt
my back yard.

Everything is wilting. I respect “conserve water” for the good of all so I
stopped irrigating. I loath the sight of the empty streambed at the edge of
my property, a stream that had nurtured creatures big and small for thou-
sands of years. Now it’s dead frogs, dead salamanders, tiny dead fish and
the dead babies of a mallard duck who traditionally lays her eggs on the
stream bank. And I recently complained about a dry-spell in my writing?

At my elbow is a bottle of water I purchased today. It would be great to
so easily purchase inspiration! There is no money in saving ducks, frogs,
or salamanders. But, please write something—a poem, a story—so your
opinion on this animal abuse is heard. —WT

Summing Summer Sunning

I thirst for water, I wish for rain,
I’ve stumbled in the calendar towards heat insane.
We are the children of Eden, aren’t we?
Doesn’t that mean we were warned this planet,
Which is alive as we are, proof when sciences scan it,
Could be ruined by our insisting, “Look! See!”
“We are smarter than apples, oh greatest we be!”
All animals furred, they must suffer it too
And my frog friends and salamanders melt into glue
Because creek water that once flowed for them
Has a water district condemned.
I buy bottled water untouched by drought
They cannot buy water, so they die without
Condemning the creatures who changed precious air,
Who sit in the sun—Oh, pretty tan!
Yes, we can,
And smile at a picture of a raging solar flare.

— Pat Bustamante



Walking on Water

— Karen Hartley

Bookwus

Continued from Page 9

The bird spread its wings and hopped closer to the surf line. The waves had grown still and were backing away from the cliff. Raven took off and began spiraling upward.

"Yes. This is how it was supposed to happen!" Lindsey stood up and moved along the cliff to where steps led down to the sand, then started climbing down.

"No! Come back!"

Lindsey ran toward the water. It had stopped retreating and seemed to be waiting. She stopped and began to dance. One hand out front, beckoning toward her, the other held close, warning away.

Two steps forward, one step back, two forward, one back... I lost her in the glare of the sunset on the water, and for a moment there seemed to be two figures, moving together.

The wave rolled in, reaching her knees, buffeting her, pushing her backward, then sweeping past and bursting against the cliff. She struggled to keep her balance. Then the water grew calm. Lindsey was still standing. Raven still circled above. There was no other figure down there. She splashed through the receding water to the stairs.

She was soaked through and shaking with cold when she reached the top of the cliff.

"God, Lin, you're freezing! I've got a

blanket in the trunk. Hurry." I led her to the car and wrapped her up. "I'll get the heater on."

"Thank you." She sat silently all the way home and for the rest of the evening, deep in thought.

Lindsey moved out the next weekend, but I see her around campus. She's not the same. She has become quite the activist, talking environment and Native American stuff, gathering a following, it seems. I just saw her on the TV news. She's going to the state capitol to speak to a legislative committee.

Something happened down on that beach that I don't understand. The Lindsey I knew is gone. Oh God, I miss her so much! — WT

Pedicure Two-step

by Carole Taub

It was the middle of the month. At last a day off. And it was finally time for my pedicure. I treat myself to this luxury every four weeks, stretching the time out as much as I can. And by that point in time, my feet, toes, nails look as if I'd crossed the Mojave barefooted.

As always I was right on time. And as always, she was all ready for me, and greeted me as I sashayed past the long row of chairs, and eased myself into the spa chair reserved just for me. Slipping off my old leather sandals I eased my feet into the water. It felt warm and heavenly. And as if I was floating on a raft, I allowed myself to surrender to the blissful hour that awaited me.

The tub was still filling, bubbles had begun accumulating, and my toes were twitching, heels paraded around the inner rim as if there was an audience in view. The velocity from the jets was on high, and my feet frolicked about, toying with the pace.

My eyes were closed, cell was on mute, and though the remote was easily accessible I declined the chair's massage. The salon was, as it always was during the mid-day hours, void of any other patrons. I only wanted the tranquility to seduce me, the titillation of the water to cleanse me. It was all so simple.

There was no television. No music. No conversation. They knew better than to engage me. It was like crawling back

into the water inside the womb. If only for one hour.

But the bells hanging on the doorknob suddenly chimed. Broke my reverie. "Hello, mister, you early. You come back later, okay?" Sari, my technician said.

He complained there was nowhere for him to go, and he'd wait. I opened up one eye for a quick peek. *Oh, come on, don't do this to me. Go away, mister.* I rubbed my brow, leaned my head down to scratch the top of my head.

Then the door chimed again. *Oy, God, now what?* Another technician, back from her lunch break. *Oh no. I saw it coming.*

"Come here, mister, I do your feet now. Here you sit in chair, next to nice lady."

Who me? I never felt so un-nice. I'm not a nice lady, I'm tired, my feet ache, and I want to be seduced by the water. I want quiet.

"Here mister, I help you in chair. You take off shoes, socks. You roll up pants. Now you put feet in water. You like?"

I shivered in disgust. My teeth clenched together, and my fingers involuntarily started doing pushups. I scratched my head again. Why was I doing that? It didn't even itch.

"Nice out there, eh?" this shoeless, sockless stranger in the chair next to mine asked.

"Mister," I said. "I am not a nice lady. I don't understand nice. I don't want to consider nice inside or out."

At that point his jaw sort of dropped. I know he thought I was crazy. And I

probably was. Then. Not now. But it was at that point that I gazed down at his legs that were hairy beyond imagination. Rather resembled an ape. Dense, black, and long. Yet the hair on his head was sparse. Strange combination, but as curious as I was I wasn't about to ask. How could I anyway? *Why do you have such thick hair on your legs?* Now that would be an interesting topic. But I'm not nice, remember? And I don't want to talk about it.

With that I turned and looked the other way. Twirled my feet in the water. Though I'd piled my hair on top of my head, getting it off my neck, it was sadly making its descent. I was sticky, and sweat was sneaking through the back of my cotton t-shirt.

My new next-door neighbor was playing tidally-winks. The water in his tub hadn't been turned off and was nearing the top. And though all possible tranquility had blown up I decided I was going to enjoy this pedicure whether I wanted to or not.

I could have a drink, a glass of wine, but I knew they didn't serve it here. Or I could have a smoke, but then I didn't smoke.

I was having feelings of abandonment, as if I'd shirked my responsibility to myself. Couldn't even fulfill my monthly hour-long treasure. All because of this hairy legged stranger.

Hairy legs or not, I wasn't going to let that get in my way. The water in my tub had become tepid. And I like it hot. Sari was working on my left foot while my right one was languid in the water.

Continued on Page 13

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

Fan Story: fanstory.com/index1contest.jsp

Writer Advice: writeradvice.com/markets.html

Funds For Writers: fundsforwriters.com/contests/

Writer Magazine: writermag.com/writing-resources/

Writer's Digest: writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions

Winning Writers: winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests

If you receive in your email an opportunity to enter a contest, by all means, check it out on its website. Find out if it is a true contest, or a publisher's promotion, or — sad to say — a scam. The sites in the list above give vetted competitions.

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

Mendocino Coast Writers Conference July 31-August 2

WRITERS WANTED for intensive **writing workshop** led by the finest teachers: Scott Hutchins, Elizabeth Rosner, Malin Alegria, Sharon Doubiago, Charlotte Gullick, Natalie Serber, Pooja Menon, Sal Glynn, Charlotte Cook, Kevin Fisher-Paulson, Emily Lloyd-Jones, James Maxwell, Penny Sansevieri.

Location: College of the Redwoods, 1211 Del Mar Drive, Fort Bragg. Full details on website www.mcwc.org — 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 can participate by entering the **Fault Zone short story contest. First Prize, \$250; Deadline: August 1, 2014. Guidelines and submissions** appear on www.cwc-peninsula.org. Click on Fault Zone, non-members. — WT

Pedicure Two-step

Continued from Page 12

I adjusted my hair back on top of my head. Repositioned myself deep into the spa chair, piled my hands into my lap, and closed my eyes. The water was turned off in my neighbors tub. And my toes twitched in the water one more time. — WT

August 2014: Flash Fiction and the Spoken Flash

by Pratibha Kelapure

August *WritersTalk* will feature flash fiction. Send us stories on any topic, but make sure you use 450 words or fewer.

Shakespeare wrote, "Brevity is the soul of wit." Following suit, the flash fiction writer strives to tell the complete, complex, and rich story in the fewest words possible with no room for backstory or stray ideas. Every word serves a purpose. Flash fiction has all the elements of short story such as story arc, characterization, and use of literary devices. The distinguishing factors are brevity and a surprising finish, sort of an unexpected flash of light.

Langston Hughes' flash-length story, "Early Autumn," can teach us a lot about the essence of flash.

For people who love the spoken word format, there is a new local venue, the Flash Fiction Forum, founded by Tania Martin and Lita A. Kurth. They hold frequent readings at Works, 365 South Market Street, San José. The next reading is on August 13.

As their web site flashfiction.com explains, "The idea for the forum emerged out of a local writers workshop in San Jose, where members routinely read their work aloud. We noticed that although the South Bay has a wealth of poetry reading events, there was no regular spoken word venue for fiction. If up to now, you've only written and published, but never

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

read in public, we encourage you to join us. This platform allows writers to get an immediate response to their work. Join us and expose your fiction!"

The founders delivered this joint statement: "We pride ourselves on the diversity of our presenters and audience and love combining new voices with established ones. For the spoken forum, we really like livelier pieces with dialogue and images and surprises.

"We are about building the writers' community. So glad to connect with South Bay Writers."

Happy Flashing! — 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 and we will add your listing to our directory of experts.

Astronomy, History of Astronomy

Bob Garfinkle ragarf@earthlink.net

Banking

Pam Oliver-Lyons polpap@prodigy.net

Curriculum Development

June Chen junech@gmail.com

Counseling/John Steinbeck

Dr. Audry L. Lynch

glynch0001@comcast.net

Engineering: Mechanical, Aerospace

Jerry Mulenburg

geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net

Growing Great Characters from the Ground Up

Martha Engber martha@engber.com

Internal Medicine/Addiction

Disorder/Psychology

Dave Breithaupt dlbm1b@comcast.net

Marketing and Management

Suzy Paluzzi, MBA jomarch06@yahoo.com

Mathematics/Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson marjohnson@mac.com

Private Investigator/Police work/Crime

M. J. Hahn

mirror3314@mypacks.net

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard Btauchard@aol.com

Telecommunications Technology

Allan Cobb

allancobb@computer.org

Television Production

Woody Horn

408-266-7040

CWC around the bay

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

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

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

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University, 6600 Dumbarton Circle, Room 204, Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Karen's Critique Group

On sabbatical. Fiction, non-fiction or memoir only. Contact Karen, 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

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.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/>

Your ad could go on Page 15

\$7 per column inch for SBW members

\$10 per inch for nonmembers

South Bay Branch Announcements

Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time

Mondays, 9 a.m. to noon, Barnes&Noble Almaden. Contact Nader Khaghani, workshops@southbaywriters.com

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

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

Need a critique group? An article on finding or founding critique groups appeared on page 9 in May *WritersTalk*, available online at southbaywriters.com. Contact Dave LaRoche at vp@southbaywriters.com or at dalaroche@comcast.net

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
July, 2014		1	2	3	4	5
6 11A Our Voices 3P SBW Picnic-BBQ	7 9A Chapter at a Time 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	8	9 No July SBW Board Meeting	10 Noon: Riders Do Right	11 7:30P Open mic B&N Almaden, San Jose	12 WTEditors'Powwow 10:30A
13	14 9A Chapter at a Time 2P Valley Writers	15 D e a d l i n e <i>WritersTalk</i>	16	17	18	19 Statewide CWC Picnic See ad below
20 11A Our Voices	21 9A Chapter at a Time 2P Valley Writers	22	23	24	25 7:30P Open mic Wil- low Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	26
27	28 9A Chapter at a Time 2P Valley Writers	29	30	31		
Future Flashes						
No August SBW Board meeting	August 9 SBW Board Retreat	August 11 SBW Dinner meeting				

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 Karen Phan at
phan_karen@yahoo.com or go to
poetrycentersanjos.org/calendar

California Writers Club Annual Picnic

This one's for the entire State, all CWC members. Here's your chance to meet and network with CWC members from other branches. (Note that South Bay Writers have their annual picnic on Sunday, July 6, announced on Page 1.)

Mark your calendars for the

CWC Annual Picnic

Saturday, July 19, 2014, 1 to 4 p.m.

Joaquin Miller Park, Oakland

Barbecue & Potluck, Open Mic, Lit-Cake Contest

Check www.calwriters.org for details

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

South Bay Writers Coffee Mugs

Available at Meetings



\$10 each or three for \$20



California Writers Club

South Bay Branch

P.O. Box 3254

Santa Clara, CA 95055

www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
Regular Membership Meetings
6 p.m. Second Mondays**

Harry's Hofbrau

390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

**No regular SBW meeting in July
South Bay Writers
Annual Picnic/BBQ
Sunday, July 6**

Location and details on Page 1

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.