



# WRITERSTALK

Volume 25  
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October 2017

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

OCTOBER SPEAKER: LAURIE ANN DOYLE

RECAP SEPT. SPEAKER: REBECCA LAWTON

## Learn From the Masters What Did Hemingway Know?

by Jamal Khan

How does one become a master storyteller? A good first step is to learn from other masters, with an expert teacher as your guide.



Laurie Ann Doyle

Laurie Ann Doyle teaches creative writing at two of the Bay Area's most distinguished institutions: the San Francisco Writers Grotto and the University of California, Berkeley. She is the winner of the Alligator Juniper National Fiction Award, and her stories have been nominated for Best New American Voices and the Pushcart Prize. She has been published in *The Los Angeles Review*, *Timber*, *Jabberwock Review*, *Arroyo Literary Review*, and elsewhere. Find out more about Laurie at [laurieanndoyle.com](http://laurieanndoyle.com).

Join us at our next meeting to learn from Laurie as she breaks down mastery of the craft into easily digestible methods. Her talk will delve into the techniques of writers whose words have stood the test of time, including Ernest Hemingway and Gabriel Garcia Marquez.

Witness how the masters so exquisitely evoke imagery, feeling, and insight to touch the reader's mind, heart, and soul all at once. Learn how they craft the distinctive elements of their work, so you can do the same in your own writing. — WT

What: Hear Laurie Ann Doyle

When: Monday, October 9 at 6 p.m.

Where: Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

## October Costume Contest



Goblins, geeks, Gandalfs, fairies and Franksteins!

Celebrate Halloween with us on October 9 and wear a costume.

Come for the fun and stay for the prize.

Categories: scariest, prettiest, most original, and most literary. — WT

## Nothing But the Truth: Creative Nonfiction

by J. K. McDole

Under cover from an early fall thunderstorm, the South Bay Writers Club gathered for its September meeting to hear award-winning author and science writer, Rebecca Lawton, speak on the craft of creative nonfiction. Her perspective on how writers' experiences can affect their work provided a refreshing take on the impact—and unexpected complexity—of telling the truth.

Lawton began with a question, "What is truth?", explaining that the use of true life experiences in writing delivers a foundation to a narrative but also opens the writer to scrutiny from the audience. "People want to know how much of [the story] really happened, and I've found through experience that the only answer that satisfies people is by using a percentage," she answered, "Say, oh, about ninety-eight percent." Lawton went on to express the importance of knowing just how much of the content is in fact *true*—with the writer calculating that personal percentage early on in the drafting process—and implementing literary devices in the work, even in nonfiction, to maximize the storytelling strength of said truth.

The discussion turned to Lawton's "eight elements" of storytelling. When applied to a narrative, these elements—specified as the protagonist, character traits, goal, motive, conflict and problem, risk and danger, struggle, and details—provide a model into which

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# Between the Lines

Edie Matthews

President, South Bay Writers



## Milliners Inspire Art and Literature

Don't leave home without it! A hat, that is. Such was the fashion for men and women during Belle Epoque (1871-1914), a period when the arts were flourishing.

The recent Degas Exhibition at the Legion of Honor in San Francisco focused on the subject of hats in paintings. On display were forty authentic *chapeaux* (hats in French) and seventy-five artworks of people in hats painted by Impressionist artists.

I was keen to see the exhibit for several reasons. First, my mother, who is English, loved hats, and as a young woman had worked briefly as a milliner. Also, I grew up when ladies wore hats to church and on social occasions. Every year my mother either purchased new Easter hats for us or refashioned older ones.

Consequently, the visit was a nostalgic experience. I luxuriated in the paintings and chapeaux and lingered over the prose in posted descriptions.

I learned that during the vogue for hats, Paris boasted a thousand hat shops that employed eight thousand milliners. This helped usher in the birth of consumerism and the founding of the first department store, Le Bon Marché.

The cost for a basic women's hat averaged 3.50 francs, but designer hats soared to as high as 200 francs. An extravagant sum, considering men earned five francs a day and women half that amount.

The popularity of hats also presented an opportunity for women to become financially independent. Although, your job determined your pay. (It's hinted that some delivery girls supplemented their income as *filles de joie*.)

In the finer boutiques, milliners created mini masterpieces, fashioning lace, ribbon, velvet, silk, feathers, flowers, fur, and even stuffed birds. Picture hats were elegantly displayed in shop windows like decorated cakes in a bakery. The vision drew customers along with Impressionist painters like Degas, Cassatt, Monet, and Renoir. So impressed and inspired by their talent, the painters considered milliners fellow artists.

Though most of the paintings show men and women in hats, some of the paintings feature hat stores, both inside and outside, as well as women strolling the Parisian streets carrying bulky hatboxes.

Milliners influenced writers, too. In his novel *Nana*, Émile Zola wrote: "The hat was smart to distraction ... greatly exaggerated, and ... adorned with a lofty feather. Mme Maloir had a mania for doing up all her hats afresh ... and with a few stitches she could manufacture a toque out of the most elegant headgear."

Clearly, creativity is interrelated, with one art form inspiring another. In letters to his brother, Vincent van Gogh quoted Émile Zola's novel, *The Belly of Paris*.

Paul Cezanne identified with Zola's working-class characters and had a steady correspondence with the author. Another example of artistic people being drawn to each other.

It's not surprising that many of my writing friends are also painters and musicians. In fact, my mother filled notebooks with poems and songs and took up painting in her fifties.

So, if you're in need of inspiration, why not don your favorite hat and take a trip to your local museum? —WT

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South Bay Branch  
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### SBW Mission

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

### Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Renewal dues are \$45 for membership through June 30, 2018. Dual membership, \$25; student membership, \$20. New member, \$65. Contact Membership Chair at a meeting or sign up online at [southbaywriters.com](http://southbaywriters.com) or send a check to CWC-South Bay Writers, P O Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

## WritersTalk

The monthly newsletter of South Bay Writers, the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club

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### Deadline

Submissions are due by the 15th of the month.

### Submissions

SBW encourages writers at all levels of expertise to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. All submissions should be sent to the above email address in the form of text or an attached MS Word file (sorry, no hard copy submissions can be accepted). Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. Use Times New Roman 12-font; no tabs; no colors; no page breaks. Send graphics separately as jpg files, with separate instructions for placement in the submission if placement is important.

All submissions will be copyedited. Titles and headlines subject to change. Managing Editor reserves the right to selection.

**Suggested word limits** (less is more):

**Member Achievement / News** (200 words)

**News Items** (400 words)

**In My Opinion** (300 words)

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

### Creative Works

Short Fiction/Memoir (1800 words)

Poetry (200 words)

Essay/Nonfiction (1000 words)

### Reprints

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

### Announcements

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

### Advertisements

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

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Marjorie Bicknell Johnson  
Managing Editor



## Eclipse Afterglow

Watching a total solar eclipse is like having sex. You have to experience it to understand it. The partial solar eclipse witnessed in the Bay Area on August 21 was nothing like the complete blocking of the sun.

For months leading up to it, we read all about the solar eclipse, caused when the new moon blocks our view of the sun. Total solar eclipses occur along a narrow band upon the earth's surface and last less than 7 minutes; the next one over the United States will be April 8, 2024 and will travel from Texas to Maine.

A million lucky people traveled to Oregon for two minutes of wonder. Instead, I viewed the waning partially eclipsed sun as a thousand miniature crescent suns beneath my tree caused by the "pinhole cameras," the pinholes being the spaces between leaves.

However, in 2006 I observed a 4.5-minute total eclipse in Egypt in the desert eight miles from the Libyan border. We camped out overnight, hosted by Bedouin tribesmen in native dress who posted two armed guards and built an eight-foot canvas wall—decorated with bold red, orange, and blue geometric designs—to protect our compound. Safe inside, we feasted on fine food and watched belly dancers. Then we rested well in two-man tents with sleeping bags and air mattresses while awaiting the big event.

Midday, I watched the moon's shadow race across the landscape and send ripples over the sand. The sky darkened to twilight, and the brightest stars appeared. My heart beat faster and my skin tingled as the 10-degree temperature drop raised goose bumps on my bare arms. Everyone and everything was quiet, unnaturally quiet, as though each living thing held its breath. Seen through shade 14 welder's glass, a single momentary burst of light enclosed the blacked-out sun like a diamond ring, and the sun wore its corona like a halo. As the sky lightened again, curved light and dark shadow bands undulated across desert sands.

Scientists don't say much about the effect the eclipse has on humans and animals. Most evidence of animal behavior is anecdotal. When the sun winks out in the middle of the day, do birds stop singing, chickens go to roost, and bees leave the field? As to humans, viewing a total solar eclipse can be a religious experience.

Imagine what a primitive man would feel. A black shadow races toward him, and the sun, worshipped as a god, is suddenly dark at midday. The sun's corona appears like a crown, surely a sign from the gods. The Bible refers to solar eclipses in

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# View from the Board

by Karen Sundback, SBW Secretary



Karen Sundback  
SBW Secretary

The September 5 South Bay Writers Board meeting was held at President Edie Matthews' home. A good portion of time was spent on our club website—either on planning repairs or reporting on work completed.

- **Website architecture.** President Edie Matthews has been working with our host server BM2/Go Daddy to increase security and to add nimbleness to our online membership communications. In addition, Matthews is working with our webmaster to improve the website. This work is still ongoing at press time.
- **Membership renewals.** Membership Chair Milnor and Treasurer Myers reported membership payment errors, in which members paid more than once. Myers is working on refunds for these mistakes. If you were affected, please accept our apologies while refunds are sent out.

*If you have not done so, please remember to renew your membership before October 1, 2017 to avoid the \$20 reinstatement fee. On October 1, the mailing list will be purged—we hope that this isn't your last printed copy of WritersTalk.*

The next meeting of the Board will be Tuesday, October 3 at 7 p.m. at the home of President Matthews. —WT

## Opportunity Knocks: Can You Hear It?

New opportunities for SBW members to share their talents and excitement for the club!

The following positions are now open:

1. **Membership Assistant:** Help coordinate new membership intake and network with other writers by meeting them at the door. Intermediate skill level with MS Excel required. Great position to build and practice marketing skills!
2. **Twitter Lead:** Tweet SBW events from the @SouthBayWriters Twitter account and monitor the latest trends in writing and publishing. Intermediate skill level with Twitter and hashtags (or willingness to learn) required. Learn how to build a follower base and promote books!
3. **Graphics Creator:** Create posters and other marketing materials for SBW workshops and events. Intermediate skill level with InDesign preferred. Boost your resume with skills gained from promoting Silicon Valley's premier writing group!

These days, the name of the game for writers is networking. Get your foot in the door with occasional small jobs.

Contact Marjorie Johnson at newsletter@southbaywriters.com or Edie Matthews at pres@southbaywriters.com for more information —WT.

## October Member News

**Una Daly** was a co-author with several of her colleagues of the article, "OER: The Future of Education is Open" in the September issue of the *Educause Review Magazine*. Below is the abstract and other information. (Note: OER stands for Open Educational Resources.)

The September/October 2017 issue of *EDUCAUSE Review* features their work (<http://er.educause.edu/toc/educause-review-print-edition-volume-52-number-5-september-october-2017>): "OER: The Future of Education is Open" by Lisa Young, Una Daly, and Jason Stone, August 28, 2017. Chosen as Editors' Pick in print.

The OER movement continues to have a significant impact on students, faculty, and the way teaching is occurring. OER can overcome barriers to students' access to course materials while also reducing the cost of higher education and providing opportunities for faculty to customize materials to their curriculum and to students' needs, potentially increasing student success.

Returning member **Shelly King** used to be a nerd, working in Silicon Valley tech companies. Now she writes about nerds like herself. She's published many short stories in literary journals and her first novel, *The Moment of Everything*, was published by Grand Central Publishing (Hachette) and has been translated to 15 languages. She now lives in the Santa Cruz mountains working on her next novel and teaches writing classes and social media workshops at her home under the redwoods and offers editorial services to other writers. To find out more about Shelly's classes, go to <http://www.shellyking.com/writing-workshops/>

**Margie Yee Webb** is a proud contributor to the gift book, *DEAR FRIEND: Letters of Encouragement, Humor and Love for Women with Breast Cancer*. She, along with contributor Teresa LeYung-Ryan and Girls Love Mail founder Gina L. Mulligan, will read their letters on Wednesday, October 4, 2017 at 7 p.m. at Books Inc. in The Marina, 2251 Chestnut Street, San Francisco. *DEAR FRIEND* (Chronicle Books, September 2017) is a collection of handwritten letters to women living with breast cancer gathered by Girls Love Mail, an organization that provides support to people diagnosed with breast cancer as seen on NBC Nightly News. Brimming with warm messages of empathy, inspiration, and humor, *DEAR FRIEND* delivers words of wisdom when they're needed the most. —WT



**Winners of the 2017 WritersTalk Challenge will be announced at the January 2018 SBW meeting. See announcement on page 13.**

# PAGE-TURNING TENSION WORKSHOP

With Jordan E. Rosenfeld

Saturday, November 4<sup>th</sup>, 9 am – 2:30 pm



Create fiction impossible to put down. Infuse your scenes, characters, and plot with tension, binding it all together and enticing your readers. Learn the techniques used by best-selling authors.

- Early bird: 9/10 – 10/9 CWC Member \$49, Nonmember \$59
- 10/10-11/4: CWC Member \$59, Nonmember, \$67
- Student (18 – 25 with ID): \$29
- At the door: \$65 Member, \$69 Nonmember (if seats available)
- Includes continental breakfast & lunch (\$12 credit)

**Location: Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose**

## REGISTRATION

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Member ☐ Nonmember ☐  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Cell \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

REGISTER ONLINE AT [WWW.SOUTHBAYWRITERS.COM](http://WWW.SOUTHBAYWRITERS.COM) or send check to CWC South Bay Writers,  
PO Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055



Total Solar Eclipse, August 21, 2017

## Eclipse Afterglow

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the Old Testament, Amos 8:9, when the Lord says, "I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth on a clear day."

Some writers have put the effects of eclipses to good use. Mark Twain in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* used a total solar eclipse as a plot element as did H. Rider Haggard in his series of *She* novels: *She*, *Ayesha*, *She and Allan*, and *Wisdom's Daughter*. Christopher Columbus used his knowledge that an eclipse of the moon would occur to awe the natives of Jamaica into providing his crew with food and supplies.

You don't have to see an eclipse or write about one to submit to *WritersTalk*. So fire up your imagination and let your creative juices flow. Send your best work to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com) by the 15th of the month. — WT

## Nothing But the Truth

*Continued from page 1*

writers can fit their experiences and thus tell a convincing, engaging story.

The members pointed out that this list of elements (which was specified as contents for the modern or more specifically Western narrative) did not include concepts like climax, resolution, or ending.

Lawton remarked that many stories and media, either fiction or nonfiction, finish with open-ended or unresolved tensions, similar to the continual, ongoing stretch of life's experiences.

Lawton, whose clear and firm voice reflected the dignity of her writing, set the membership to task with a brief writing exercise. The goal was to write a two-part paragraph with the first half describing a person who had made the writer laugh, cry, or feel intense emotion. The second half dictated a scene where the writer met this person (in passing on the street, at a bar, or perhaps unexpectedly) and described what happened next.

The exercise generated numerous stirring responses, each with the unique thumbprint of the writer's experience.

"We look for these parts of ourselves," noted Lawton, "our friendships, challenges to other people, our moments that we discovered we were brave enough to get in the car even if we didn't know how to drive it."



Rebecca Lawton, September 11

— Photo by Carolyn Donnell

She encouraged the writer to think about the pieces of themselves that are really worth writing about. "When we bring the truth into our own writing," she affirmed, "that's when we get into the power."

You can read more about Rebecca Lawton's years as a river guide and find her books, including her new collection of short stories, *Steelies and Other Endangered Species: Stories on Water*, at her website, [beccalawton.com](http://beccalawton.com), and on Amazon.com. — WT

## MEMOIR

## Winter Morning in New York

by Edie Matthews

Five a.m., Manhattan. Can't sleep. Decide to take a walk. Bundle up. Dark and drizzling. Get umbrella. Leave Amsterdam Court Hotel on 50th St. and cross Broadway. Streets are lit but deserted. Red neon letters beckon: "Radio City Music." At Rockefeller Center the Christmas tree sparkles above a deserted ice ring.

Two women approach me. "Where does the *Today* show shoot?" They've come from Maryland.

"It's around here somewhere," I reply.

I stroll onto Saks Fifth Avenue. The display windows feature whimsical scenes from the *Nutcracker*. No crowds to block the view, so I take my time, peruse each display, and read the quotes from the ballet, *Land of a 1000 Dreams*.

I head back past the ice ring and notice a queue outside NBC Studio. I see the ladies from Maryland. I think, not as crazy as the cancellation line for the musical *Hamilton*. The previous day, I spoke to two fellows swaddled in sleeping bags at the Richard Rogers Theatre, waiting since 4 a.m., a long line behind them. Many have seen the show multiple times. I learn most of the original cast are gone. I'll wait—see it in SF.

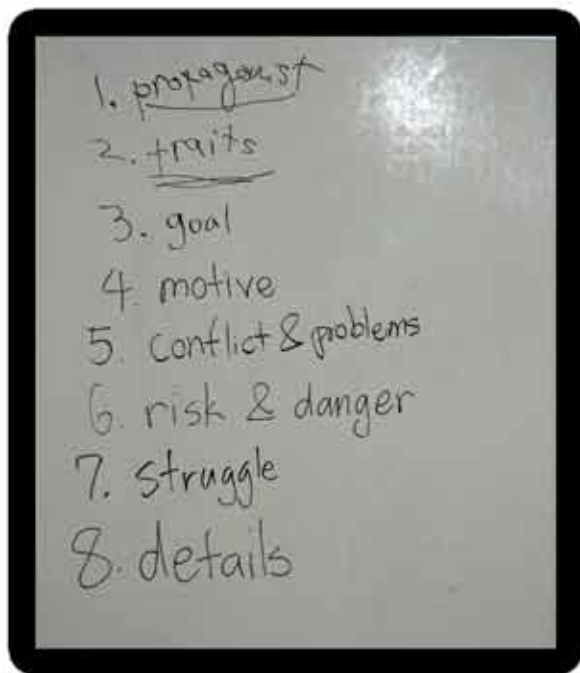
Algonquin Hotel, not far off, on 44th St. Decide to pay homage to the scribblers of the Round Table. Inside I visualize Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott, Robert Benchley, and others spouting jests, jeers, and jokes.

I pass another line outside the ABC Studio, mostly women huddled under umbrellas, waiting for *Good Morning America*.

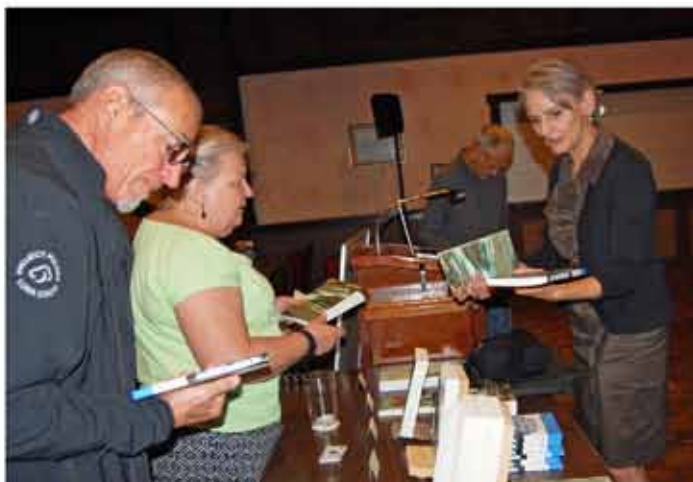
I stroll through Times Square, chased by a blazing array of ads, cavorting and competing for my dollars. Six a.m. Traffic awakening. Still dark. Feel drowsy, head back to bed. — WT







# *South Bay Writers Club September 2017*



Collage and Photos by Carolyn Donnell

# A Very Cold Night

by Dr. Jac

No horizon. Earth and sky dissolve into one brittle cold, gray dome.

Small man stands at the gate, stomps his feet, stares down the runway. No sign of the plane. Already thirty minutes late. Turning, he retreats quickly into the shelter of the terminal.

No ETA announcement from the lone airline agent. Three people, the man, the agent, a bartender behind a small bar.

The middle aged, neatly dressed gentleman looks once more outside then turns, and walks slowly to the bar. He orders slivovitz. The bartender, a thirtyish, stocky, but not homely woman, slides the drink across the bar.

"Sure you don't want two? I'm going to close the bar after the plane lands. If it wasn't late I would have closed already."

"That's a good idea. Please have one for yourself and put it on my bill."

"Danke," she answers with a smile. "What brings you to this little place? It's not exactly a tourist center."

"No, I'm just meeting someone for business. Tomorrow I'm back to civilization."

"Pardon me, but you look like a man who's retired."

"Well, I am actually. I do a little job here and there just to keep the blood flowing."

Indeed retired. Seventy years old, five years from his last day in research at the agency. Forty years in research and analysis processing reports from field agents. Mostly routine data about enemy movements or intentions. Occasionally, something exciting stirred his imagination. The thought of being a field agent, a spy, was titillating. The excitement, intrigue, danger seemed appealing. But the thrill soon wore off and he was back to processing.

He takes an infrequent courier job to make a little money and pretend to be an agent. The jobs were simple, but whatever he was handling was important. He was told two things. One, he didn't need to know the contents. If he did and was arrested, he might be coerced into telling what he knew. Two, be very discreet, blend into the background, do nothing to draw attention to him or his contact.

He doesn't have to be told. He's been in the business all his working life and certainly knows that survival depends on invisibility. At one hundred fifty pounds and a bit under five feet seven he doesn't stand out.

"How about you? Are you from here?"

"No, I'm from the south, Bavaria, a village outside of Munich. I came up here just to see what it's like. My name is Emma."

"I'm Frank. Do you like it here?"

"Nein, sehr kalt, very cold."

"Yes. We better have another drink, just to keep the cold out. You too, my treat."

"Danke. Du bist die moisten art, very kind."

Thirty minutes later the agent comes around the corner. "The plane is on final. It'll be landing in five minutes."

He stands and walks to the door. He can see the landing lights of the incoming plane. Within minutes the plane was down and at the gate. Eight passengers deplane and the pilot shuts down the two engines. They hurry through the wire fence gate and directly into a small waiting bus. The pilot strides into the bar looking around. Seeing only the courier and bartender he takes a stool next to the little man.

"What delayed you?"

"Icing. We couldn't take off until they cleared the ice off the wings."

"Well, glad you made it. I don't see my friend, so I'm going to head back to the hotel. Maybe he'll come in on the morning plane. Emma, give this man a drink. He deserves it flying on the night like this."

"Thanks. I'll have whatever whiskey you're pouring."

As Emma turns toward the whiskey bottles on the back wall, the pilot pulls a small package out of his pocket and exchanges it quickly for the envelope the little man slips into his coat pocket.

When Emma sits the drink on the shiny bar surface the pilot grabs and drains it in one gulp. "I've got to get some sleep. I've been up for nearly twenty hours and I've got the first flight out in the morning." Nodding to the bartender, he turns and leaves.

Emma wipes the bar top and begins to close for the night.

"How do I get a taxi," he asks.

"Too late. There aren't any more flights, so there won't be any taxis."

"Can I call for one?"

"No, they won't come just for you. I'll give you a ride. My car is in back of the terminal."

"That's very kind. I appreciate it."

"Not a problem. I owe you for the drinks."

The airline agent turns off most of the lights in the terminal. Walking past she says, "Please lock up Emma. I have to get home. It's very late. My husband will be worried."

"I'll take care of it. You just go home to that handsome husband. If you leave him alone too long he might find some other amusement," she teases.

Emma turns off the lights at the bar and motions him toward the door. Stepping outside into the bitter cold night, she shivers as she locks the door. A Volkswagen is parked just a few feet from the door. Unlocking it she gets behind the wheel and reaches over to open the passenger door. "Get in. I'll turn the heater on. It's like an icebox in here."

Quickly she starts the engine and in a few seconds turns on the heater. It isn't much help. At least, they're out of the wind. Pulling out of the parking lot, she turns the little car to the right and heads for the hotel about a half mile away.

"I could have walked it if it wasn't so cold."

"You'd freeze in a hundred meters."

As they approach the small hotel, more like an inn, he says, "Would you like to come in for a final drink; that is if you don't have a handsome husband waiting for you?"

She laughs. "No, no one is waiting for me. I have time for a drink. It doesn't matter when I get home."

"Good, pull into the back. My room is just a couple doors from the back entrance."

Once inside he produces a bottle of slivovitz. "This is the best thing on a cold night."

One drink leads to two and soon they're both warm and relaxed. When he hands her the second glass she touches his hand and doesn't let go. "You are so nice, such a gentleman. What did you do before you retired?"

*Continued on page 14*



# Momentous Fall

by John Jeng

"Clarence! What the heck are you doing?" Aimee shouted from thirty feet below.

"Climbing a tree."

"Well, get down from there. You're going to fall and get yourself killed!"

It was a crisp November morning. The sun was rising in the east, basking the red foliage in golden light. And here was typical Aimee trying to burst my bubble by playing the goody two-shoes. I'm gonna climb to the top and make Aimee eat her words, I thought.

"There ain't no rule against climbing trees," I said, pressing on each branch like rungs in a ladder.

"Seriously, get down from there," she yelled. "It's dangerous!"

"Don't tell me what to do!" I yelled back. What kind of tree was this anyway? Birch? Maple?

"I'm telling Mrs. Faulkner!"

"G'wan! I ain't gunna fall, no way!"

"I'm NOT going to fall ANYWAY."

I felt a stab of annoyance as I stepped tentatively onto ever-narrower branches. The nerve of that girl!

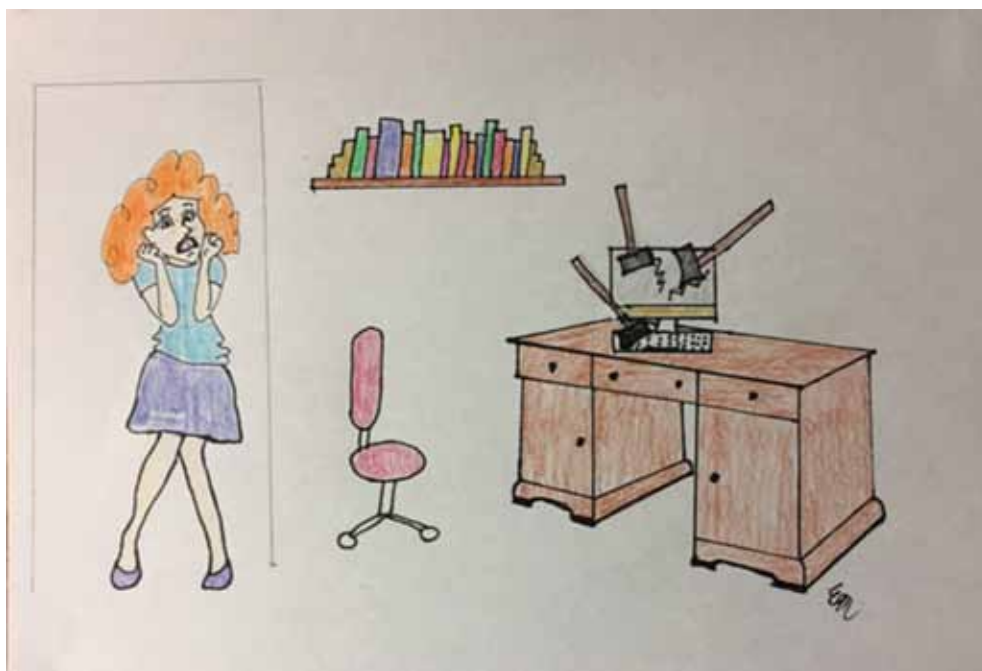
"Oh, bless your heart!" I shouted as my grandmother did when she felt slighted.

Aimee's cheeks puffed up like a blowfish. Then she ran off, presumably to tell our teacher. Ugh. If Mrs. Faulkner saw me up here, she'd probably call the fire department.

I thought about firefighters climbing up to rescue me. Ridiculous. It's true I didn't need to climb this tree, but I wanted to. This is fun. Can't that be reason enough to do something? Aimee's like that fish in *The Cat in the Hat*, always trying to spoil my fun.

The branches were twigs now sagging under my weight. I balanced tenuously with each step heavenward, but the adrenaline pumping through my veins supplanted any fear of failure. For glory!

From my vantage point, I could see tattle-tale Aimee bringing ol' Mrs. Faulkner out of the schoolyard. They ran urgently, stopping at the base where Aimee pointed up at me.



**Oh, no! My computer's been hacked!**

"There he is! I keep telling him to come down, but he won't listen!" Lil' Miss Perfect cried.

Mrs. Faulkner fumbled to put on her Coke bottle glasses and peered up in my general direction. I was easily fifty feet up by now, and I flashed my best Tom Sawyer grin—sheepish, yet determined, as if to say, "Yes, I'm climbing this tree, but it's what I do."

"Clarence, is that you?" called Mrs. Faulkner's bulldog voice.

"Yes'm."

"What are you doing up there?" she barked.

"Well, Mrs. Faulkner, I reckon I'm climbing this tree. It ain't like I'm bothering nobody up here."

"I'm NOT bothering ANYONE up here," corrected the grammar Nazi.

"Bless your heart, Aimee!" I shouted again.

"Why are you climbing this tree?" asked my teacher.

"Why not? You only live once. *Carpe diem!*"

A dried leaf swept into my face, and the tree swayed like a top-heavy Jenga tower. Just a breeze. Nothing to get worked up about. I looked down and both Aimee and my teacher were staring back up at

me dumbfounded.

"In my fifty years of teaching, that's got to be the worst reason I've ever heard for reckless behavior. Come down here this instant!" bellowed Mrs. Faulkner.

"No, Ma'am. I'd rather not settle for silver if I can go for gold."

"Tree climbing isn't even an Olympic sport, dumbhead!" Aimee cried. "Don't you realize you're not proving anything by putting yourself in danger?"

That's the third time, Aimee.

"I've had it up to here with you, Aimee," I said, raising a hand level to my neck. "As my grandmother would say, get b—"

The branch beneath my feet snapped in the middle of my perfect retort. Next thing I knew, I was tilting backward and grasping at thin air. Cripes! I'd lost control of the situation, and now I was falling. The foliage blurred. A dream deferred.

I had a moment of sudden clarity that stupid Aimee was right. My life would end like an Aesop's fable with the moral that YOLO isn't a good reason to do anything.

"Ow!"

My head hit the hardwood floor, and I awoke back in my room. My clock radio alarm was buzzing Rick Astley's "Never Gonna Give You Up" on my nightstand. It was a crisp November morning. — WT

# How I Turned 46

by Kymberlie Ingalls

Celebrating an anniversary of my life was a daunting prospect when a month prior my doctor had put me at death's door. Many handed me the gift-wrapped rhetoric of "You've survived!" and "This year will be better!" I have learned to smile politely and say the things that people are looking to hear.

There are some things I have learned since blowing out the candles of my last birthday cake. I've learned how to die with both fear and grace. I have found my old sense of humor that had seemingly gone astray. I have realized the best thing I can do at times is to not say anything at all.

And I have at last found my worth.

People always ask, "Why do you write?" and I never have a fully formed answer. I've often felt inferior in the face of other writers who have glorious imaginations or intense passions for the written word. For me, it's always been about having a conversation with myself. More recently, I've been working on a series of short fiction stories that tie in with my music obsession. But you see, I'm a writer of little imagination. Too often I am grounded in reality and despite the dark clouds that hover over me, I rather like it that way. Telling the very real tales that are universal yet uniquely different—it leaves me feeling that I have a place in what is a very large world.

Of course, it's easy to delude myself into thinking that what I'm doing, I'm doing very well. I believe people when they tell me as much, but I almost wish that just once someone would tell me I'm terrible at what I do and that I should drop my pen before I truly poison someone with it. Perhaps then I'd feel as though I've arrived.

It came about that this year on my 46th birthday, I would be spending it in the company of two women, one whom I admired very much and the other who was more well known in the literary world than I'll ever be. I was to be presenting them at a lecture later in the evening. Being an extremely shy person by nature, I spent weeks wondering what I would talk to these two authors about. Being a bestseller? Writing award-winning work? Having my words acted out before thousands? That's all about them, not about me. I wanted to ask advice, to walk away with more knowledge and instead, I walked away with an experience that held a magic I hadn't expected.

I've met many celebrities in my time. Some pretty impressive names. This evening, however, on August 9, I did not have dinner with two well known authors. I shared a meal with two best friends who welcomed me into their world for an evening. They laughed and displayed a familiarity with each other that I envied. I've lost many friends as of late and being on the fringes of such a relationship made me miss having that in my own life.

Victoria and Anne have only known each other for a few years but sometimes instant connections quickly make up for a lifetime. They hovered over me as I picked at my macaroni and cheese, but I was more interested in the conversation swirling around me. They talked of how they'd met, chuckled over shopping excursions, told of how they collaborated and didn't hold back on each other's bad habits. There was no pretense,

no politeness, only an authentic affection for each other and even for me too. Victoria has enchanted me from the time we first met with her talent and energy. As I spoke to them both, I related my own stories of edits and creations and inspiration. Then we talked of personal issues such as family and childhoods the state of the nation today. I was privy to not only what made these two women successful, but what made them human. While our experiences were different from each other's, there was a universal bond and I thought, *I belong here*.

And I felt my worth.

It was at the end when the birthday brownie arrived at the table, complete with a candle to make a wish on, that I truly sensed a kinship. They could have simply said "Happy birthday" upon learning of the day, but Anne and Victoria took the extra step to make it special. Such a simple act left this old girl still believing that good does exist in this war-torn world.

These are the gifts that need no pretty paper or bright bows. These are the gifts that cannot be bought because time can't be found in any store. It's not what others can do for me. It's learning what I have to offer of myself. —WT

## For My Little Daughter

In the woods at Portola,  
We stand together on brown sand  
and look up at a marble sky.

We have hiked for three hours.  
In three days, it will be your birthday.  
Someday, if you remember, know this:  
at the end of the trail I will carry you home  
Like I carried you  
three years ago.

What did you do to get here.  
Did you split the undergrowth like a sapling.  
Did you root in the soil of our best intentions.

Did you come down the mountain stream like a minnow,  
muddy and darting.  
Did you know you would be so natural and good.

When we came to the woods before you, we knew ourselves.  
You take my hand and I wonder:  
What do you know, and who are you.

Are you the sap running thick down the trunk -- sticky-sweet,  
Unapologetically staining our palms.  
Are you a wood-beetle in the bark that must ultimately forgive it  
no time to mourn being hollowed out.

Perhaps you are the three of us.  
You are a triptych of pastoral dreams.  
A threesome laughing under canopies that used to be lonely.  
You are a triad of worthwhile aches and pains.

You are the acorn, the soft pond tadpole,  
the well-worn path through the towering trees.

—J. K. McDole

## An Art Piece

I set the papers in  
front of me  
Thinking I'd create a  
piece of art  
that would make my heart  
feel happy

I laid them out,  
then moved them  
around and around  
I slid them up and  
down  
and placed the round  
piece where I thought  
it would shine  
Then all the rest

fell into place  
Pieces from pictures  
in magazines,  
The circle actually a plate  
And the other pieces pillows

All of a sudden I saw it  
Perfectly placed  
pieces balanced and  
colors coordinated

Now to the matt  
Found the one that  
seemed to fit  
I liked the pebbled look of it

The inner matt  
Accented the blues in  
the pieces and  
Bordered the work in black

I was pleased to see it  
all work together  
I gave it to a friend  
of mine  
And felt joy in doing that  
— Karen Hartley



August 21, 2017

## Eclipse Oregon Heartland A Cycle of Haiku Paintings

Luna Sol tango  
Pair melds in precise physics  
Intricate footwork

Astronauts tell of  
Countless ways to see Luna  
Never view bright orbs

Music of two spheres  
Mirrors our human species  
Celestial fugue

Cosmic New Year's Eve  
Champagne and pinot noir toasts  
Hot air balloon soars

Deep cobalt sky dims  
High altitude contrails loop  
Pilots chase moments

This realm lies beyond  
fine arts, words or cameras  
End of world, crowd shouts

Unveil royal crown  
Black globe occludes blinding fires  
Uncanny white ring

Sudden arrival  
Two beatific minutes  
Face of rhapsody  
— Stephen C. Wetlesen  
August 21, 2017

## My Night Light

It was my childhood night light  
A light, to welcome me at night  
A light to keep me safe at night

A night light  
A slight light  
A slight, night light to meet me  
A pale light  
A frail light  
A hail light  
A pale, frail, hail light to greet me

I didn't need a bright light  
A slight light was just right  
Years later it's a still a pale light  
Now it's my guiding light

A light for the frail  
A light to not flail  
A light to not fail

It lights my way to the bedside light  
It ensures I won't flail or fall at night  
So I'll reach my bed all right

I have a bigger,  
brighter,  
night light  
in the bathroom

— Penelope Anne Cole

## Pink Petals

Petals falling down  
Carpeting with shades of pink  
Highways made of dreams

— Carolyn Donnell





# A Better Publishing Opportunity

by Dave LaRoche

Ask Carolyn Donnell (she keeps track of these things). There are literally hundreds of places to park your story in digital form, and almost as many genres defined. The more established publishers want twenty bucks, the less maybe ten, and each deal with thousands of submissions for a single publication. The chances of being included are about the same as catching a Muskie in that creek behind your house.

On the other hand, we who belong, belong to a club that fosters the efforts of writers and offers a place to publish called the *CWC Literary Review*. (I know about the *Review*—inside knowledge.) The *Lit Review*, as its name has been nicked, is a glossy-paged, prestigious publication out once a year, and distributed to more and more readers. Among those readers are those eagerly seeking out writers for contracts. They're called agents.

It costs a ten-buck donation to submit—either one or two pieces. The CWC is a 501(c)(3) organization, and if it truly counts to the grocery list, that ten is tax deductible. Your work is blind read by acquisition editors, three who grade and write a critique. Comes time to compose, top graded work, regardless of genre, is poured onto forty-six to fifty of those glossy *Lit Review* pages, arranged and rearranged to make pretty.

The selection challenge is not nearly as rigorous as you'll find with the publishers mentioned above. You might see one hundred or so authors competing for space in the *Lit Review*, and maybe thirty will be accepted. So you see, the odds of inclusion are decent. If you have a good story to start with, choose strong active words with an eye to precision, employ correct grammar, and follow the guidelines, your odds are pretty damn good.

On the other side, the publisher is well known—in the business since 1913. The CWC was incorporated then, and since has been a first order selection for any wishing to commiserate with kin—current translation: writers helping writers. The Club is well known and respected in writing circles, and being one of the authors in this trendy magazine will not harm your writing reputation or stall your climb to the Pulitzer.

Go to [calwriters.org](http://calwriters.org) for guidelines. Donate your ten bucks and give us all a hell of a story or two, or if, you're a poet, a visual image/soul-searching message in verse. —WT

# You—in the *Literary Review*?

by Elisabeth Tuck, Mt. Diablo, and Scott Evans, San Joaquin Valley, CWC Literary Review Editors

The CWC *Literary Review* is Under New Management

You may have heard that Dave LaRoche, who started the CWC *Literary Review* at least six years ago, has retired from that post. The best compliment to him is that a team of six has agreed to produce the next *Lit Rev*! Imagine the work Dave did if it now takes six of us! Big shoes to follow in. Dave now has a well deserved opportunity to work on his own pursuits. Thank you for everything, Dave.

So, members, polish up a story, poem, essay, or memoir piece, check out the guidelines at <http://calwriters.org/publications/#submit>, follow the guidelines, and submit, submit! Submissions will be accepted Sept. 1 – Nov. 30.

We have a few submissions in already but need MANY! As a respected statewide writing club, we want to be able to choose quality. Last year we were able to expand the publication and hope to even more this year.

There has been some controversy about sending feedback to authors, so this year we are only saying we **may** be able to return feedback. After all, we're only human and we are volunteers.

Dust off those ideas you've been toying with, write, rewrite, share with other good writers, edit, rewrite and submit. (Writing is hard work isn't it? But so satisfying.) —WT

## Literary Review Submissions

CWC members may submit one or two of their published or unpublished works September 1 thru November 30, 2017 for the 2018 issue of the CWC *Literary Review*. Email entries to [davegeorge7@comcast.net](mailto:davegeorge7@comcast.net) with "CWC Lit-Review" in the subject line. In the body give author's name, email address, and branch affiliation; title(s), word count(s), and genre(s).

Include the following statement: "I, (name here), own and convey the right to publish this/these work(s) (title(s) here) for this one-time publication in the CWC *Literary Review*."

Attach submission(s) separately, if 2 entries. See guidelines at [www.calwriters.org](http://www.calwriters.org) where you can pay the \$10 fee via PayPal. Or you can mail a check to CWC Central Treasury, California Writers Club, Box 201, Danville, CA 94526.

## How to Write a How-to Book

Taught by Victoria M. Johnson

Oct. 30, 2017 to Nov. 20, 2017

4 weeks each Monday, 5:30 – 7 p.m.

Capitola Community Center, 4400 Jade Street, Capitola, CA

Do you want to write a book that will help people? If you have experience or knowledge in a topic for a book that gives instruction, guidance, and tips to inspire others then come learn how simple and fun it is to write a how-to-book.



How-to books are among the most popular with readers. They seek your wisdom and know-how to improve their lives. Discover the types of how-to writing and find the best one for your topic. The motivating instruction, handouts, and in-class writing exercises will provide you with a blueprint to write your own how-to book.

<http://www.cityofcapitola.org/recreation> —WT

# Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



## Here is the October 2017 contest collection.

**27th Annual Jeffrey E. Smith Editors' Prize: DEADLINE – October 2, 2017:** Submit fiction, poetry, and nonfiction to *The Missouri Review*. \$5,000 Fiction, Nonfiction, or Poetry. Winners receive publication, invitation to a reception and reading in their honor, and a cash prize.

### Local resources or sites for South Bay Writer authors:

**Redwood Writers Historical Fiction Contest:** Plot from the writer's imagination but true to some period of the past. Time period must be accurate, authentic, or both. Open to all CWC members. Deadline: Oct. 24, 2017, 9 p.m. Fee for CWC members: \$8. See <http://redwoodwriters.org/2017-historical-fiction-contest/>

**2018 San Francisco Book Festival:** Call for entries celebrating the best books of the spring season; no date of publication restriction. Deadline: must be received by close of business on April 25, 2018. See the website for categories, other guidelines, and entry forms. [www.sanfranciscobookfestival.com/](http://www.sanfranciscobookfestival.com/)

**The Literary Nest:** Local online publication. Submit for the Winter 2018 issue, Oct. 16 to Dec. 15, 2017. The theme is Fear. Word Count Guidelines: Fiction: 1000-5000 words. Poetry: Up to five poems, each poem 50 lines or fewer. Send unpublished work via email. See details at <https://theliterarynest.com/submissions/literary-submissions/>

**Sand Hill Review Press:** Sand Hill Review Press is continuing online. Stories of 3000 words or fewer. Nonfiction articles and essays: focus on the craft of writing or news pertinent to working writers. Poetry: any length is acceptable and multiple poem submissions are encouraged. All forms of poetry are OK. Visual Art: please send a link to your portfolio and a sample image (.jpg or .png). Prior publication is acceptable provided there are no usage issues. See <https://sandhillreview.org/submissions/>

**Goodreads:** Post your poem for the October Goodreads newsletter contest at [www.goodreads.com/topic/show/Poetry!](http://www.goodreads.com/topic/show/Poetry!) group members will vote for the poem they like. The poem with the most votes may be published on the Goodreads blog and featured in the monthly newsletter, distributed each month to more than 30 million people.

### Other contests and submission opportunities:

**Writer's Digest Popular Fiction Awards:** Better hurry! The deadline is October 16, 2017. Short stories: 4,000 words or fewer. Categories: Romance, Thriller, Crime, Horror, Science Fiction, and Young Adult. Details at <http://tinyurl.com/y79q6znm>

**IPPY Awards 2018:** The 2018 awards are now open, accepting entries for independently published books released between January 1, 2016 and February 24, 2018, or with 2016 – 2018 copyrights. Price: \$75.00 per category. See this and other contests at [https://secure.independentpublisher.com/cart/index.php?program\\_id=0](https://secure.independentpublisher.com/cart/index.php?program_id=0)

**Writing in a Woman's Voice:** Submissions are open year round. Send something to [writinginawomansvoice@gmail.com](mailto:writinginawomansvoice@gmail.com). Previously published work is fine so long as you own the rights. A small "Moon Prize" (\$91) will be awarded to one story or poem posted here during the preceding moon cycle. <http://writinginawomansvoice.blogspot.com/>

### A few other contests from the Internet:

<https://www.authorscircleawards.com/>

<http://magazine.thebluenib.com/announcing-the-summerautumn-2017-chapbook-contest/>

<https://readingdeals.com/reviews/details/classic>

<https://www.realsimple.com/magazine-more/inside-website/contests-sweepstakes/good-read-contest?xid=rsrd-june17>

# The WT Challenge

by Karen Sundback,  
Chairman, WT Challenge

We have winners coming our way!



For the past nine months, January to September, 2017, if you had work—a story, memoir, essay/nonfiction or poetry—published in *WritersTalk*, you were qualified for the WT Challenge. Two prizes will be awarded for each of the four genres: First prize—\$50 cash and two free entries for the next CWC *Literary Review*; Second prize—\$20 cash and one free entry for the next CWC *Literary Review*.

Winners will be announced at the January 2018 dinner meeting.

**Farewell for a While!** The next 2018 cycle will be put on hold while we throw our energy into searching for a new editor for *WritersTalk*.

For all of you who have submitted work to *WritersTalk*, thank you for supporting SBW and good luck! —WT

### More contests and submissions:

**Poets & Writers:** Writing Contests, Grants & Awards [www.pw.org/grants](http://www.pw.org/grants)

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

**Winning Writers:** 4 contests with varying deadlines. <https://winningwriters.com/our-contests>

**Freedom With Writing:** [www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/uncategorized/28-writing-grants-fellowships-cash-awards-up-to-80000/](http://www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/uncategorized/28-writing-grants-fellowships-cash-awards-up-to-80000/)

**Authors Publish:** [www.authorspublish.com/38-romance-publishers-that-accept-submissions-without-an-agent/](http://www.authorspublish.com/38-romance-publishers-that-accept-submissions-without-an-agent/)  
That's all for October, folks. —WT

# News from California Writers Club

## Ads in CWC Bulletin

by Bob Isbill (760) 221-6367

Want to increase your visibility? Sell your service? Promote your book? Increase speaker engagements? Pump up your web traffic? Or just send a greeting?

Each issue of *The CWC Bulletin*, published three times a year, reaches 2,000 published and aspiring writers in 21 CWC branches throughout the state and is published on [www.calwriters.org](http://www.calwriters.org)

Now we are accepting writing-related advertising from businesses, CWC members, and individuals who wish to reach our target market at reasonable prices. See [calwriters.org](http://calwriters.org) for details and how to format your ad. -WT

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### You may advertise in the CWC Literary Review or The CWC Bulletin

Go to [www.calwriters.org](http://www.calwriters.org) for details

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### A Very Cold Night

*Continued from page 8*

"I worked in a research and consulting company."

"What type of research?"

"We collected data on various companies and published reports on them."

"That sounds interesting. You must be very smart. I imagine I could learn a lot if I spent time with you."

"You are very sweet and quite pretty. Would you like a lesson now?"

An hour later she takes his arm off her chest and nudges him. He doesn't move. The alcohol and the exercise have put him into a deep snoring sleep. Slowly, she rises from the bed and dresses. Crossing the room to where he hung his jacket she reaches in and takes out his wallet. The only light comes from the parking lot. She thinks, *What a fool. Has his retirement card from M16 in his wallet.* Turning to his overcoat and feeling for something solid, she locates the small package the pilot had given him. She can feel it contains two rolls of film. Taking a switch blade

## CWC Around the Bay

Published meeting locations and times for other CWC branches in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. If you want to attend one of their meetings, first check their websites for details.

**Berkeley:** 2:00 third Sundays, Oakland Public Library Main Branch. [cwc-berkeley.org](http://cwc-berkeley.org)

**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 Round Table Pizza, 37408 Fremont Blvd., Fremont. [cwc-fremontareawriters.org](http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org)

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

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

**Mount Diablo:** 11:00 second Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. [cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com](http://cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com)

**Napa Valley:** 7:00 second Wednesdays, venue is changing. [napavalleywriters.net](http://napavalleywriters.net)

**North State:** 6:00 third Mondays, Butte County Library-Chico Branch. [northstatewriters.com](http://northstatewriters.com)

**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, Sequoia Yacht Club, Redwood City: check website <http://cwc-peninsula.org/>

**San Joaquin Valley Writers,** 12:30 second Saturdays, University of Pacific community room

**Tri-Valley:** 2:00 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. [trivalleywriters.org](http://trivalleywriters.org)

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## Wanted: Information on Conferences

Send information on conferences and other events of interest to writers to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com) for consideration for inclusion on this page.

## San José Poetry Festival: October 21 – 22

San José Poetry Festival 2017, presented by Poetry Center San José, will be celebrating diverse ethnic and cultural heritage with performances and a small press fair on Saturday, October 21, 9 to 5, and a day of workshops Sunday, October 22. Safari Kitchen will be serving affordable East African inspired Somali entrees for lunch on Saturday. Parking is located at the end of Phelan Avenue, past Bevin Brook Drive, or take bus route #73 to the corner of Phelan Avenue and Senter Road. See <http://pcsj.org/festival> for more details.

## Litquake: San Francisco Literary Festival

Litquake, San Francisco's literary festival, is now in its 18th year. Festival dates are October 6 – 14, 2017. Events for all ages unless noted otherwise. Book sales are offered when and where appropriate. Many activities ranging from elementary school age programs, poetry, book fairs to environmental issues, LBGTQ, and many others, culminating in Lit Crawl San Francisco October 10 at 5pm. Reservations are first come, first served. See schedule at [litquake.org/2017-litquake-festival](http://litquake.org/2017-litquake-festival)

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knife from her purse, she starts to open the package.

"Emma, what are you doing?"

She spins around to see him sitting up in bed. "Just looking for some matches. I wanted a cigarette. Just what you need after making love."

"I didn't think you smoked," he said.

"Relax, *liebchen*," she laughs, throwing a pillow over his face and jumping on it.

He fights her weight. She flips open the knife and thrusts it expertly between his ribs into his heart. The little man stops struggling.

She pulls the blade out and wipes the blood on the sheet. Picking up her large purse, she drops the knife, his wallet and film package into it next to her small Luger and steps quickly, quietly out the door. — WT



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2 2p Valley Writers	3 7:00p SBW Board, Edie Matthews' home Santa Clara	4	5	6 7:30p Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	7
8 10A Our Voices	9 2p Valley Writers <b>6p SBW DINNER</b> <b>HARRY'S HOFBRAU</b> COME IN COSTUME	10	11	12	13	14
15 <b>Deadline WritersTalk</b>	16 2p Valley Writers	17	18 7:30p Open mic SF Peninsula, Reach/ Teach, San Mateo	19	20 7:30p Open mic SJ Rosegarden Library	21 San Jose Poetry Festival at the Poetry Center 9 to 5
22 10A Our Voices	23 2p Valley Writers	24	25	26	27	28
29 10A Our Voices	30 2p Valley Writers	31	<b>October 2017</b>			
<b>Future Flashes</b>			<b>Sign up for November 4 workshop!</b>			

#### Future Events:

SBW Board, Tuesday, November 7  
Jordan Rosenfeld Workshop, Sat., Nov. 4, Harry's  
No November dinner meeting

**SBW/CWC Events  
appear on this calendar page.**

## Ongoing Events

### Critique Groups

**Our Voices:** Meets at Bel Bacio Coffee in San Jose every other Sunday 10 AM. Genres: Fiction, memoir, nontechnical nonfiction. Contact: Dave LaRoche at dalaroche@comcast.net

**Valley Writers:** Meets at Valley Village Retirement Community, Winchester at Dolores, Santa Clara, Mondays 2 PM. Marjorie Johnson, marjoriej358@comcast.net

**Your Critique Group:** Send info to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Do you belong to a critique group? Please send details to *WritersTalk*.

### SBW Board Meetings

Board meets on Tuesday, 7 PM, in the week preceding the dinner meeting. Contact Edie Matthews at pres@southbaywriters.com.

### Open Mics

**South Bay Writers Open Mic:** Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. First Friday evenings, B&N Almaden. Third Friday evenings, Willow Glen Library or Rosegarden Library. See calendar for schedule. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

**CWC SF Peninsula Open Mic:** Third Wednesday of every month, 7:30 PM at Reach and Teach, 144 West 25th Ave., San Mateo

### Ongoing discussion groups

**Facebook Group:** Members of South Bay Writers can join our Facebook group—South Bay Writers Club.

**Add your discussion group here.**

**You may advertise in the  
*CWC Literary Review* or  
*The CWC Bulletin***

Go to [www.calwriters.org](http://www.calwriters.org) for details

### Poetry Readings

**Poets@Play:** Meets at Markham House History Park, 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose, Second Sundays most months, 1 – 4 PM. [poetrycentersanjose.org](http://poetrycentersanjose.org)

**Poetry Center San Jose:** Meets Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, 7 PM Third Thursday, 408-808-3045 [www.poetrycentersanjose.org](http://www.poetrycentersanjose.org)

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

### SBW Recommends ...

If you know of a regularly occurring event for writers, send an email to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com).



**California Writers Club**  
South Bay Branch  
P.O. Box 3254  
Santa Clara, CA 95055  
[www.southbaywriters.com](http://www.southbaywriters.com)

## MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

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**South Bay Writers**  
**October Regular Meeting**  
**6 pm, Monday, October 9, 2017**  
**Harry's Hofbrau**  
**390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose**

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## Learn from the Masters

**Laurie Ann Doyle**  
**October Speaker**

**Costume Contest October 9**

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

Regular dinner meetings are  
second Mondays 6 – 9 PM  
except July, December, and  
workshop months



### Harry's Hofbrau

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