



WRITERSTALK

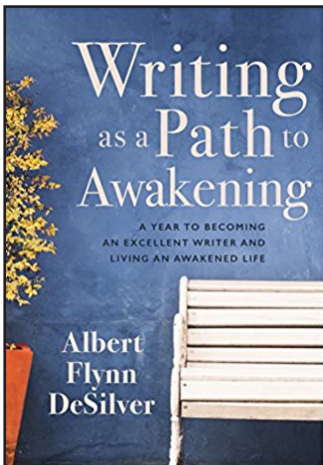
Volume 26
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Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

SEPTEMBER SPEAKER: ALBERT FLYNN DeSILVER

Writing as a Path to Awakening by Jamal Khan

Many writers say their best ideas come from a source outside themselves. How can we bring ourselves into a more receptive state, inducing our muse to reward us with ideas and inspiration? "We must first look inside ourselves and be willing to touch that raw emotional core at the heart of a deeper creativity," writes Albert Flynn DeSilver. In our dinner meeting on September 10th, this renowned poet, writer, and teacher will discuss techniques, practical insights, innovative exercises, and anecdotes about the joys and challenges of the writing life. He will describe how methods such as meditation can cultivate true depth in your writing—so your words reveal layers of profound emotional insight and revelation that inspire and move your readers.



Albert Flynn DeSilver is an American poet, memoirist, novelist, speaker, and workshop leader. He received a BFA in photography from the University of Colorado in 1991 and an MFA in New Genres from the San Francisco Art Institute in 1995. His work has appeared in more than 100 literary journals worldwide, including *ZYZZYVA*, *New American Writing*, *Hanging Loose*, *Jubilat*, and *Exquisite Corpse*. He is the author of several books of poems and the memoir *Beamish Boy*, which Kirkus Reviews called "a beautifully written memoir. . .poignant and inspirational." Albert served as Marin County, California's very first Poet Laureate and has shared the stage with U. S. Poet Laureate Kay Ryan, bestselling authors Maxine Hong Kingston, Cheryl Strayed, Elizabeth Gilbert, Legendary Beat poet Michael McClure, and many others.

Where: Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Ave, San Jose, CA 95132

When: September 10 at 6pm; talk begins at 7:30pm

Admission: \$15 for members, \$20 for nonmembers.
Includes \$10 credit for dinner.

AUGUST RECAP: DON GEORGE

Be Sure to Pack Your Empathy by J. K. McDole

Capping off a fantastic summer, the South Bay Writers braved traffic on a balmy Monday night to heed the advice of National Geographic Traveler's Editor at Large and esteemed travel writer Don George. George, who wrote the best-selling work *Lonely Planet's Guide to Travel Writing*, brought a pleasant gravitas to the podium as he spoke about his experiences. He spent a majority of the hour answering questions from the eager audience.

A key lesson shared by George revolved around the concept of attitude when traveling. Keeping an open, positive outlook about a destination -- or anything, for that matter, betwixt writing and travel and life beyond both -- will impact one's experience and ultimately allow for a better emotional connection. George advised audience members interested in travel writing to write with empathy, reflecting on that emotional connection and the impact it had on their journey.

The audience had no shortage of questions for the evening's speaker. George opened up with honesty about the variety of locales he has visited, mentioning that there were some places where the emotion he felt was so powerful that he spent time digesting and rethinking what he intended to write. The value of depicting emotion in one's writing, it seems, extends far beyond genres of fiction.

A final point of guidance: George advised taking tons of notes about one's travels. If you're attending our September meeting, consider jotting down your thoughts and writing us a recap! We'd love to publish your reviews! —WT

Between the Lines

Edie Matthews
President, South Bay Writers



Long Beautiful Hair

"Shining, gleaming, streaming, flaxen, waxen ..." (*Hair*).

At seven, I anguished over my hair. My mother was useless at styling it—though I blamed my unruly locks, often tangled with knots. TV commercials suggested a Toni Home Permanent was the answer, but no funds for that. (Just as well, since the process frizzed my friends' hair.)

Still, I longed for beautiful hair. Frustrated, I imagined a national contest staged to find a stylist who could magically transform my hair into a glamorous coiffure.

By fourth grade, I took matters into my own hands and brushed my long straight hair into a ponytail. (Fortunately, a popular fad.) In the fifth grade, I took a chance and clipped the front adding a fringe of bangs. My mother was very impressed.

Today, I join the ranks of millions who contribute to the billions of dollars spent on women's haircare. So, I find it puzzling that little attention is given to women's hair in most literature.

Oh, there have been a some exceptions:

"Rapunzel" (Brothers Grimm): "... had magnificent long hair, fine as spun gold."

"The Gift of the Magi" (O. Henry): "Della knew her hair was more beautiful than any queen's jewels and gifts."

"Bernice Bobs Her Hair" (F. Scott Fitzgerald): "It hung in dark brown glory down her back."

However, descriptions are generally cursory at best. Yet, good hair is memorable. Who could forget Rita Hayworth in *Gilda*, tossing her bouncy magenta mane while singing "Put the blame of Mame, boys ..." Despite Cher's distinctive voice, the image of her swishing her slick black hair drew our attention. Farrah Fawcett's feathered hair and signature "wings" became the rage. Bo Derek's blond corn rows in the film *10* catapulted her career. Even if you didn't watch *Friends*, good chance you heard of Jennifer Aniston's layered locks dubbed "The Rachel" after her TV character.

Attention to hair is not a new phenomenon. Recently while touring the Vatican Museum, I noticed the artful coiffures of the Greek female statues: towering updos featuring a corona of curls, plaits looped into a chignon, rows of ringlets above a tiara of braids.

However, the pièce de résistance was on display at the Legion of Honor's Pre-Raphael Exhibition. Inspired by Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem *The Lady of Shalott*, William Holman Hunt depicts a young woman standing in an open window, under a voluminous cloud of chestnut hair. (My hair should look so fantastic in the wind!)

Clearly, Hunt took liberties, since the poem only describes Sir Lancelot's do: "From underneath his helmet flow'd / His coal-black curls as on he rode." Never underestimate the power of gorgeous hair. Galvanized by Goethe's *Faust*, Dante Gabriel Rossetti painted Lady Lilith, a temptress, fingering an abundance of titian tresses that she used to seduce men.

Continued on Page 4

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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 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

email: newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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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 (1200-1800 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. We cannot accept political advertising of any kind. *WritersTalk* does not accept unpaid advertising of events or services that benefit an individual. Advertise in CWC Bulletin or in the Literary Review. See Page 14.

Change of Address: Send changes of address to membership@southbaywriters.com

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J. K. McDole Managing Editor



Hit the Send Button!

What a splendid issue we have in store this month! Our talented members submitted so many creative works that I practically clapped my hands with glee. This month's editorial will run short, as I've done my best to fill the issue's space with as much of that good content as possible.

One thing that brings a big smile to my face as I'm compiling each month's issue is seeing submissions from new members and members who are submitting something to be published for the first time in their membership with the club. When I joined the club, the editors encouraged me to submit; I hesitated, and put it off for several months. Eventually I convinced myself to 'just hit the Send button' — to sit, type something out, edit and pick at it for a few days, and then finally load it into an email and send it off. The editor was kind and receptive, even enthusiastic to see work from a member not previously featured. After I received my print copy of the issue, I walked around for the rest of the day with a little glow. My poem was printed in a newsletter! That newsletter was distributed and accessed and read across the state! People might actually read my poem!

I want to extend the potential for that little glow out to all our new and interested members. Consider the following points about submitting content to *WritersTalk*.

- If your membership with the club is current, you're eligible to submit your creative works every month.
- Submissions are due by the 15th of every month. The sooner you get it in the editor's inbox, the more time they have to review and find a spot for it in the upcoming issue.
- If the upcoming issue is full on content, don't fret: your submission will be queued for the next month.
- We accept short fiction, essays (e.g., blogs, thinkpieces, et. al.), memoir, non-fiction, and poetry. Check the adjacent sidebar for suggested word counts. I, personally, would love to feature more poetry next month!
- Our editors review your submissions for copyediting and may adjust for formatting, but we won't perform any major content editing.
- We still encourage you to review, revise, and rework your submissions to a final draft form before sending them in. Use us as practice and pretend you're submitting to an agent!

So, go on! Hit that send button! You know I'm looking forward to reading your work! —WT

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View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson
SBW Secretary

On August 7, eleven of us met at President Edie Matthews home. All Board members were present: Vice President Jamal Khan, Treasurer Trenton Myers, Secretary Marjorie Johnson, Member-at-

Large/Web editor Tatyana Grinenko, Member-at-Large Alfred Jan, CWC-Central Board Rep Bill Baldwin, CWC-NorCal Rep Dave LaRoche, Hospitality Chair Carole Taub, Newsletter Chair Jessica McDole, and Membership Chair Sally Milnor.

The meeting was called to order at 7:30 pm.

Meeting highlights:

- **Minutes for June, July 2018:** June minutes are coming later from Bill Baldwin's notes. July had no board meeting.
- **October Program:** Jamal Khan reported that October's speaker will be Albert Flynn DeSilver, "Writing as a Path to Awakening."
- **NorCal Leadership Conference September 29, National University, Pleasant Hill:** The theme is "Building Better Branches." Dave LaRoche encouraged all board members to attend. Interested members of SBW are also invited. The day includes breakfast and lunch, registrations fees to be paid by SBW. The keynote speaker will be Jordan Bernal. We will brainstorm whatever makes the club more useful and pleasurable. See article on Page 5.
- **Contests:** Carole Taub and Trent Myers will look into setting up a statewide writing contest.
- **WritersTalk Challenge Contest:** This is SBW's ongoing writing contest, open to SBW members who have a story, memoir, article, or poem published in WritersTalk. See announcement on page 10, August WritersTalk, available with back issues on our website. Prizes for work published October,

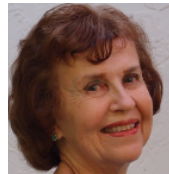
2017 through October, 2018 will be awarded at our November, 2018 meeting. Keep sending your work to WritersTalk. If you missed this contest period, you will be included in the next one.

Meeting adjourned at 8:50 pm. Next meeting: 7 pm, September 4, Edie's house.

All interested members of South Bay Writers are welcome at our board meetings, RSVP with President Edie Matthews. Please come and get in on what's happening. — WT

New Members

by Sally A. Milnor



Sally Milnor

I am pleased to introduce two of our newest members:

Kathleen Rege joined SBW at our August meeting, and she writes short stories, screenplays and non-fiction books. In addition to her writing, she

enjoys painting and golf. Kathleen's email address is: kathrege@gmail.com.

Chris Weilert joined us online, and he writes fiction and nonfiction. On his membership questionnaire, Chris said: "When I hear a bit of conversation that spawns a story, I have to put it on paper as soon as possible. Generally, I look for off-beat material that drives my curiosity. I have a good sense for the absurd, and I try to capture the theme or angle the protagonist is presenting. I walk around with my note taking devices, also listening and watching for inspiration." Chris said that "writing is something that has always been important to me. Now I have to figure out my next step." His email address is: chris_weilert@sbcglobal.net, and his web page is: lowbudgetdreamer.com.

To Our New Members: We wish you a warm welcome, and hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. To all of our South Bay Writers: Thank you to those of you who have renewed your memberships for the 2018-2019 fiscal year. To those who have not yet done so, please renew your SBW membership soon. We appreciate and need your continuing presence and support. Thank you for helping to keep our Club

flourishing.

To all of our South Bay Writers: We appreciate and need your continuing presence and support. Thank you for helping to keep our club flourishing. — WT

Long Beautiful Hair

Continued from Page 2

Beware of her fair hair, for she excells

All women in the magic of her locks,

And when she twines them round a young man's neck

She will not ever set him free again.

When we visualize our characters, we always imagine their hair — (or perhaps lack thereof), but do you describe it fully? What a distinction to create a character with a crown of hair that would inspire a painting. Now there's a challenge. — WT

September Member News

by Marjorie Johnson

Kathleen Gonzalez writes, "Not much in life is free, but my new book is the exception! *First Spritz Is Free: Confessions of Venice Addicts* features stories by 35 people who have fallen in love with the Italian city of canals. These writers shared their stories with me, and now we give them to you! Find the link at kathleenanngonzalez.com where you can get the free e-book (or buy the paperback)."

Valerie Estelle Frankel (vefrankel.com), author of books on Doctor Who, Game of Thrones, and myth, attended Worldcon 76, August 16 – 20, at the San Jose Convention Center. Worldcon is a SciFi and Fantasy conference. Valerie has been an active participant at many such events and invites you to try them out. Some 2018 conventions coming to the Bay Area include:

- KrakenCon September 28 – 30, Oakland Convention Center
- Wizard World Sacramento Comic Con, October 5 – 7

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September Member News

Continued from Page 4

- Santa Clara Library Comic-Con, October 13
- CampbellCon, West Valley College, October 20
- Sac Comic-Con, October 21

Read more at Links for CA Conventions:

<http://www.sansfis.org/FandomIndex/CaliforniaConventions.htm>

<http://www.scificonventions.com>

Marjorie Bicknell Johnson (mbicknelljohnson.com) sold four books to readers in Germany this month. Postage came to more than the value of the paperback book, *Lost Jade of the Maya*.

Luanne Oleas (<https://luanneoleas.com>) writes, "Sand Hill Review Press will publish my novel, *Flying Blind*, in early 2019. It's the story of the broken friendship of two cropdusters and the reluctant priest who connects them. The first chapter is available for free at <https://blog.luanneoleas.com>

Carole Taub's short story, "The Adjacent Room," was published in *Tinder Review*.

Read more about what SBW members are doing and have done at the Member Gallery at southbaywriters.com. If you are a member of SBW, you too can appear there. — WT

CWC Central Board Meeting

by Bill Baldwin

The Central Board met in Oakland on Sunday, July 22nd. Our South Bay rep Bill Baldwin (also CWC State Treasurer) attended.

Highlights include:

- The current officers were all elected for another term.
- The *Literary Review* has been mailed out to members (If you have not received your copy, let us know!)
- We are looking for a new permanent State Membership Chair (David George is currently serving as an Interim Chair).
- The Ina Coolbrith Award was presented to David George.

Of particular interest to South Bay Writers:

- We should get more of our South Bay Writers news included in the *CWC State Bulletin*.
- Branches can apply for up to \$250 per year in matching scholarship funds from the state CWC.

South Bay Writers is slightly delinquent in our Active Member/Associate Member ratio. We need to help our Associate Members progress to being Active Members (by getting published). — WT

Building Better Branches

by Dave LaRoche

Our Board of Directors — elected officers and committee chairs — will attend a leadership conference on September 29th in Pleasant Hill. The conference is produced and hosted by the NorCal Group, a permanent association of representatives from each of the fourteen branches in northern California.

"Building Better Branches" is a theme reflecting the goal of both the Group over the long haul and these biannual conferences — an effort to glean the best in leadership from the most successful and, by way of peer exchange, make available to all.

Morning sessions, as professionals lead from the lectern, will focus on expertise in the various aspects of good leadership — the dos and don'ts, the most effective. Afternoon sessions will include peer-to-peer meetings as those engaged in the disciplines employed in running our branches exchange their experiences, the results they achieve, and their reaction to the morning sessions. Our leaders will find themselves networked into a web of interesting people, new ideas, and return with the energy to put it all to work.

The promise: our club operation will improve, its value to us increase. Programs, as good as they are, may better address our needs. Writing contests could increase, offering opportunities for healthy awards and publication. We may see more workshops that speak to our need for advice and assistance with craft and storytelling. Our meetings may become more pleasurable with less of the frustrating and more of the enjoyable.

Our branch, although we do well, continues to seek the better of the best in offering members the value expected, and this conference dares to assist with that goal. Our Board will attend, and through the day gather enhancements they will bring back to our branch and incorporate into our operation. We will all see the benefit. — WT

Win Fame, Build Your Platform

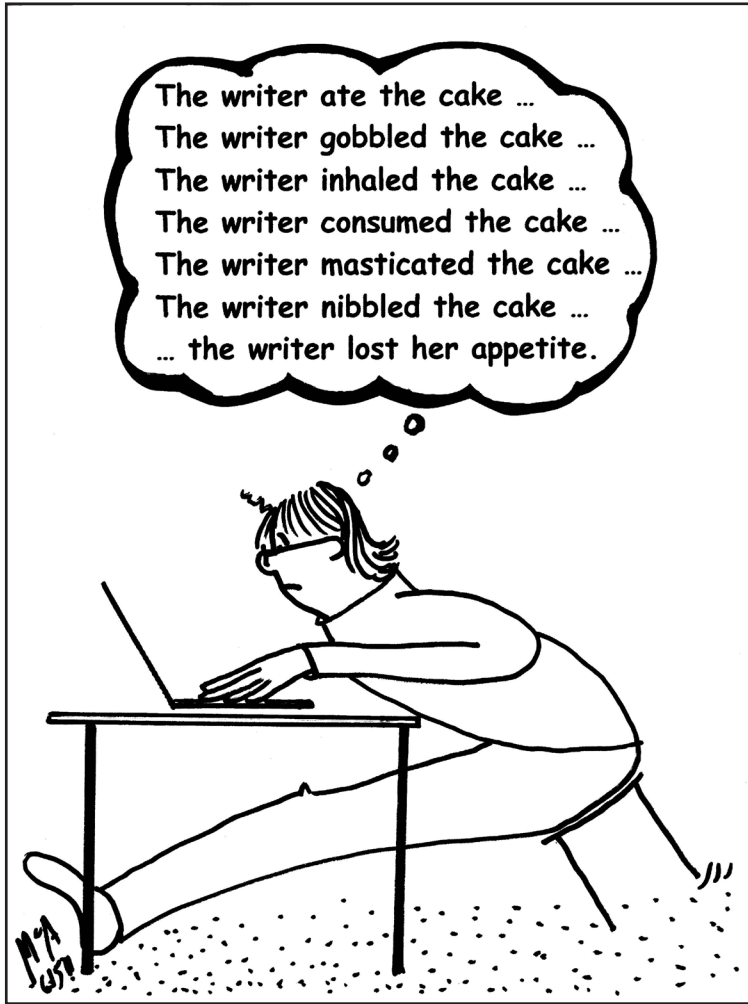
by Marjorie Johnson

Here's a little known secret: SBW can help you build your platform. As far as winning fame, you first need a platform.

How does SBW help its members?

- You can advertise yourself and your books on a page on southbaywriters.com.
- You can publish short pieces and book announcements in WritersTalk.
- You can send news to Member News (membernews@southbaywriters.com) about your writing triumphs, your publications and readings, and your appearances at a book club or other writer-friendly place.

You have until the 15th of every month to ensure your submission gets into the newsletter. Get started on building that platform today! — WT



Poets & Writers - Directory

by Carolyn Donnell

Are you published? You can apply to be listed in the Directory of Poets & Writers. Applications are evaluated on a point system. Poets, fiction writers, creative nonfiction writers, and spoken word artists are invited to apply – not writers of general nonfiction or children’s literature at this time, though. You must have 12 points in a category to be listed; i.e. you must have 12 poetry credits to be listed as a poet.

- Each book of poetry, fiction, or creative nonfiction (personal essays or memoirs) is 12 points. (Self-published works do not count at this time, but may be able to include the title in your author’s bio if you are accepted.)
- Each chapbook is 6 points.
- Each work of fiction, creative nonfiction, or poetry published in a literary journal, anthology, or edited Web publication will get you 2 points.
- Each spoken word performance (not readings) - 2 points.

See the website for all criteria.

<https://www.pw.org/writer/application/criteria>

MEMOIR

Therapeutic Assassination Attempts

By David H. Reiss

“Your kitten almost killed me.”

“They’re our kittens,” my husband replied, pulling the second squirming furball into his lap.

“Nope. Colby is just yours now...I’ve decided.”

Drew glanced up from the tiny creature that was currently attacking his finger; he didn’t look impressed.

“I’m serious!” I said, then winced. “Sort of serious. Not serious. Okay, yeah, he’s adorable and he’s my kitten too. Make him stop doing that!”

Colby, the grey-furred smaller cat, had rolled over onto his back and had all four paws splayed out; he was motionless save for the lashing of his tail. Drew tickled his belly and the little tabby wrapped around his hand, gnawing gently.

“Colby weighs less than three pounds,” my husband noted dryly.

“Yes.”

“He’s only thirteen weeks old,” he added, finding a plush cat-toy to entertain our other new furbaby. Colby’s black-and-white sister, Jacqueline, pounced on the neon mouse with a victorious mew.

“I get that.”

“How did a thirteen-week old, not-quite three-pound kitten almost kill you?”

“...Kittens are very pointy.”

Continued on Page 9

If you have more than one item in the same anthology, multiple entries are fine. Just make sure the verification points to each individual piece. San Mateo County Fair Literary Arts anthologies, for instance, will count. (Publisher is Sand Hill Review Press) You may be able to add other anthologies from California Writers Club. Poets & Writers said, “from what we can find on Amazon,” it appears that most of the anthologies were published through CreateSpace.

For anthologies, because they are edited by California Writers Club, CreateSpace can be used as the publisher. If another publisher was used for an anthology not yet on our list, please let us know and we can add it.”

I have not received a definitive answer to this question from SBW yet, except for the Dollar anthology, which I am told is CreateSpace. When I know more about the other anthologies, I will post to the Facebook group (another reason for you to consider joining)! – WT

South Bay Writers August 2018



It's a Small World

by *Penelope Cole*

I didn't want to peek in, but I couldn't help myself. I'd put it off as long as I could stand it, but I just had to look. I had to see what their little world looked like. I had to know if it was real.

It was midday and most of the shop employees had gone to lunch. There was just one sales clerk and she was busy showing a customer dolls and accessories on the far side of the store. I snuck in, crouched down, and made my way to the Employees Only back stairway to the upstairs. I'd been up there one time on a school tour. Otherwise it was off limits to the general public. Once upstairs, I took off my shoes and tiptoed in my stocking-feet to the alcove at the back wall. That was the viewing station.

It was virtually unknown. I'd found out about it by accident when I was in the shop late last week, sitting on the floor sorting some toys, I overheard Joshua whispering to a tall, dark-cloaked stranger. Something about whispering perks up your ears and gets your attention because it must be a real secret for them to speak in such hushed tones.

"They're doing well, so you say?" The stranger spoke with an accent—I'm glad he didn't speak a different language. I wasn't so good with languages. I didn't see the need since I'd probably live and die in this small village. Not easy to leave a tourist destination. We had so much to offer right here. And I wasn't really an adventurous type.

"Yes, I checked them just yesterday. All is going well. They are building and planting. They seem to be content—not stressed by the forced relocation." Joshua shuffled and spoke to the ground, "I don't know why we couldn't have just left 'em where they were. They seemed safe enough, happy enough. Why the bother to move them and take a chance when they wouldn't survive? I don't know. It doesn't seem right somehow that we'd take such a risk with them. Moving their whole settlement like that."

"It's not up to you or me," hissed the stranger. "We are merely Watchers. The Guardians have decided this and we must comply. Do not think you know more than they do. Do not overstep your place."

Then their conversation ceased when someone rattled the door bell and entered the shop. The men separated. Joshua went to the door and the stranger seemed to melt into the back of the shop. I heard a faint tinkle of the back door closing. I finished my sorting and crawled to the other side of the store. Then I stood up and made a show of stretching and yawning.

"Sorry, Joshua, I must have dozed off. I think I'll head on home now, if it's all right with you," I said, as I casually sidled toward the rack by the front door. I grabbed my jacket and book bag, and then ducked out before Joshua could respond. What could he say? I was a volunteer, so if I fell asleep on the job, or left early, there was no loss. But if I wanted a real job, I'd have to make up for today, get back in his good graces to get a decent job reference. I rushed out because I didn't want Joshua to start asking questions. I wasn't a good liar and I didn't want to get in more trouble than I was already.

That's how I learned about it. Now I was upstairs, in the alcove, poised to take a peek. Not usually such a daring person, I took a deep breath. Then I opened the eye piece, bent over, and looked in. I was totally blown away by what I saw. I was glad I'd taken a big breath, since I felt I couldn't breathe. I was stunned to see a tiny village laid out before me. Oh, it was rustic, to be sure, but charming, too. Sort of what I imagined our village had looked like a hundred years ago. The wee people were busy living their life, plowing and planting by hand. They had miniature horses, cows, donkeys, pigs, goats, and chickens. Oh, dogs and cats, too. I heard birdsong, so there must be birds, too, but they were tiny and completely hidden in the small trees. Everything was perfectly miniaturized.

My mind was boggled and enchanted at the same time. I could have stayed there forever, just watching them go about their daily life. I don't know how long I stood there. But soon, my legs grew stiff and my feet fell asleep. Then my arms, hands, and neck ached from holding still and squinting through the small eyepiece. Then the light started to fade, like their sun was going down. The little people put their tools and animals

in their barns and fed their livestock. I could see wisps of smoke coming from chimneys as I imagined tiny women preparing supper over open hearths. Oh what I wouldn't give to be able to peek into their houses! Then I flushed, embarrassed that I was such a voyeur, a real peeping tom. Surely they have a right to their privacy, to live their lives in peace. But then I realized that they had no choice in where they were living. Their world was circumscribed by the place they'd been moved to. And I wondered, where had they come from? Why had they been moved? Who were the Guardians? It was strange knowing that as a twelve year old, before my growth spurt, that I was a giant to these tiny people.

Then I heard shuffling steps coming up the stairs. I had seconds to find a hiding place. I gently replaced the cap on the eyepiece and crawled to the corner desk and hid beneath it. Joshua plodded across the room. He stopped at the eyepiece, held his breath as I had, then he uncapped it and peered in just for a moment. I heard him cap it and sigh. I wondered what he was thinking. I knew from the conversation I'd overheard that he didn't think it was a good idea to have moved the little people. Who and how were they moved anyway? And from where? I had so many questions. But I knew that I wasn't supposed to be here and I wasn't important enough to be let in on such a big secret. Quite possibly there were more secrets, too.

Joshua turned out the light and sham-bled toward his small apartment on the other end of the long upstairs room. I waited motionless. Then I saw the small line of light under this bedroom door go out. I waited in the darkness until I heard Joshua's rhythmic snoring. Then I crept out from my hiding place. I took the chance to peek into the eyepiece one more time, but it was so dark that all I could see were a few shadows at the windows from candlelight. These primitive people had no electricity. I doubt they had any modern conveniences at all. That thought filled my mind as I tiptoed down the stairs and made my way out the back door by the light from the street lamps. Our village would be as strange to the wee folk as their small world was to me.

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It's a Small World

Continued from Page 8

All the street lights were on as I hurried up the hill to our old house. Ours was the last house on the street. It was badly in need of painting and the front porch boards sagged in spots. When I got home, I had to make some excuse to my Gran about how I had to stay late. He huffed at me then said "There's no point in doing such extra work when there's no money to come from it. Ya need a real job, you do."

"For sure Grandpa, I know. But there's no way I can find a job till I have a good work record and good references. I have to have references before anyone will take a chance on me at my age." I don't know why he always badgered me about 'earning my keep.' I always did my chores no matter how late it was. And usually I brought home some coins to help with expenses or brought food, when I helped out at the inn or market. I didn't want him to feel like I wasn't contributing. I just had to wait for the right job. In the meantime, I was getting well-known around town as a real good worker, a helpful kid. That sort of 'street cred' was what would get me a good job one of these days. We all helped Gran. He hardly had to do anything since we moved in after Ma passed.

I did my evening chores, ate my dinner, and went to bed. I'd do my homework after my morning chores. Plenty of time in the morning, since Gran got up at dawn and made sure the whole household got up then, too. My sister Ann worked at the bakery, so she was first out the door. My brother Tim worked at the mill. No one showed up there before seven o'clock, so he had plenty of time for a leisurely breakfast. Too bad he didn't cook. It fell to me to do morning chores, homework, and make breakfast since my school didn't start till eight o'clock. And that was our daily routine except for weekends when I ran around town helping out and looking for work.

That night I dreamt of the little people. It was like an instant replay of what I'd seen through the eyepiece. Oh, if I could only see into their houses, see their tiny furniture, their small cooking fires, their pots and pans. And see

their meals served up on tiny plates with teeny flatware. It was like viewing a 'living dollhouse.' I'd never been interested in dollhouses as a child. But now all I wanted to do was stay glued to that eyepiece and watch them live their lives. Oh, to be a Watcher when I grew up!

Elijah rubbed his hands together and nodded to his eager apprentices. "Shall we have a peek then? We'll see how they're doing down there." Luke and John nodded in sync and briskly stowed their satchels in the cubbies along the crystal wall. Elijah took a deep breath and bent over the eyepiece. He peered in and saw a tiny young woman leaving a little old house at the top of a hill. She hurried past the market and into the bakery just after dawn. Elijah gave Luke his turn at the eyepiece. He saw a tiny young man leave the same run-down little house. The young man strolled down the hill and cut across town past the inn to the mill. Then it was John's turn to view. He saw a wee youth leave the old house, lugging a bookbag. The kid headed toward the school, but stopped at the Toy Shoppe on the way and helped the old proprietor sweep off the front steps. When the eyepiece was capped, a satisfied Elijah proclaimed, "All's well with their world." — WT

Therapeutic Assassination Attempts

Continued from Page 6

Again, I received that unimpressed look. He gently took one of Colby's paws between his fingers and put slight pressure on the pad. Four needle-like claws extended: sharp, but tiny.

"I was working at my desk and I was wearing socks, okay?"

"Okay..."

"Colby was playing on top of my foot."

"He does that," Drew chuckled. Colby was watching his sister intently now. Or rather, he was staring covetously at the neon mouse toy she was enthusiastically attempting to eviscerate.

"So, I gently lifted Colby to one side so I could get a soda. I petted him, even."

"You're a good kitty parent."

"Thanks. Anyway, I stood up and took

a step and your kitten—"

"Our kitten," Drew interrupted.

"-our kitten attacked my big toe."

"Who's our fierce little man?" Drew cooed, scratching under Colby's chin. The tiny creature lifted his head, eyes closing contentedly. "You almost died from a bitten toe?"

"I tried pulling my toe away and he wrapped around the sole of my foot, still biting."

"He was probably scared."

"He was probably homicidal," I countered. Colby was feline and felines are talented. I was confident that an adorable thirteen-week-old not-quite-three-pound ball of furry energy could manage scared and homicidal simultaneously.

"It's your fault for having toes that look so delicious."

"You're a weird, frightening man," I told him; he smiled, pleased. "Anyway, so I couldn't put my foot down to get my balance—"

"Obviously." Drew looked amused but also understanding. Given a choice between saving a toe and saving a kitten, the verdict was self-evident.

"-and I reached for the table for support but ended up knocking my pens off the desk when I tripped over the treadmill."

"Oops."

"And one pen stuck face-up in the carpet like a dagger."

"Or a punji stick," my husband noted helpfully. "Daggers don't usually stick out of the ground."

It was my turn to offer a neutral stare.

"Please, continue your story about how you were nearly killed by a tiny kitten."

I held the glare for a moment longer before moving on. "So, I tripped over the treadmill. I had to keep the kitten foot raised so Colby wouldn't be crushed and twisted to land on my back."

"Good ukemi," he approved, referring to the martial arts technique that we'd both studied years before. I'd been better at falling and he'd been better at just about everything else.

"And I nearly pithed myself on the Bic punji stick." I finished, turning so that he could see the line of black ink that had been drawn on my ear as I landed.

His expression turned serious. "Ouch. That could've sucked...I'm glad you're all

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Me Too

by Judith Shernock

The CWC Editor asked for tales of concussions other than her own. I too, know that strange experience. My setting was not as exotic as hers, but this is how it occurred.

Years ago, I worked as a high school counselor in a small desert town in Israel. Arad High was a two-story building. All the second-floor classroom doors opened to a balcony which surrounded an indoor quad. Offices and gymnasiums were on the first floor, which also opened to the same large quad.

It was an ordinary day and I was leaving my office cheerily chatting in Hebrew with a co-worker.

The next thing I remember was opening my eyes in an ambulance with a drip in my arm and an EMT standing over me. He smiled when I opened my eyes.

"You had a concussion and blacked out."

I vaguely remembered something flying toward me and later learned that a rather rowdy young student had exited his class on the second floor. He stepped onto the balcony and saw a broken chair, picked up the wooden seat of the chair and sent it flying into the quad. The heavy object chose my head to bounce off of. It knocked me out and left me lying on the floor.

The EMTs carried me to my third-floor apartment on a stretcher and told me to rest. The doctor would be coming along shortly to examine me. My husband had been alerted and was there to help.

When the doctor visited, he disconnected the drip in my arm and said, "you had better stay right here for now. Don't move around too much. I'll be back in a week. Call, if you need me sooner." The principal phoned and told my husband that I should take as long as I need to heal. "You'll be getting your pay check no matter what. Let me know if we can help."

At the time I wasn't able to ask for anything, I hardly understood what was being said. The next day, the damage was very clear and specific. I had forgotten all my Hebrew. Words, letters, how to speak, read and write in Hebrew. The

language sounded like gibberish. I had spent 15 years perfecting those language skills. Even gotten my degrees at a Hebrew University. My English seemed totally fine and unaffected.

I moped for a week. The doctor smiled, "take it easy. It, probably, will all come back." Hah! I said to myself. He probably says that to everyone.

Taking myself in hand, I began with a baby book to learn the Hebrew alphabet and some simple words. Nothing returned to me of its own accord. I studied for a month and finally went to an expert in the Hospital in Ber-Sheva, the closest large city. I needed meds because I had developed uncontrollable facial tics. The specialist had no advice regarding my loss of language. We had conversed in English. Luckily, most doctors in Israel spoke my native language fluently,

The meds worked, the facial tics vanished and by then it was summer vacation. I continued to study Hebrew like an over-zealous student. The meds settled my nerves. I maximized my study time even further.

September was approaching. Returning to work was a must. Then the miracle of the "word" befell. A week before school began all my Hebrew returned full blown. I received a letter of apology from the student who had moved out of the area with his family.

Had it all been a dream?

Not quite. Since then, when writing an English sentence, I have to check for words whose endings are not there. For instance: though I was sure I had written the word 'rang', 'ran' might appear on the paper. The word 'stand' could be 'sta'. Concussions sure can leave stran __ proble __.

Editor's Note: what a treat it was to read this perspective. The last paragraph sums up the "brain fog" of a concussion so well. How frustrating it is when every passage you read turns into a wacky game of mad-libs! Thank you, Judith! – WT

The Sound of Bad Music

by Chris Weilert

I pulled my electric guitar out of its cozy confines of the velvet-lined case, strapped it on, plugged into the amplifier, turned it up obnoxiously high and scraped the strings with unbridled passion. The windows rattled, the dog hid, my wife yelled but I tuned her out. I plucked out a series of heavy metal riffs sounding so thick and beefy that metal heads would have saluted me with respect. I felt good, I felt primal and I loved it. For all I know, it sounded like fingernails on a chalk board but to me, I was soaring with the guitar gods.

Non-electric guitar players won't understand the feeling except for maybe drummers who are just as deaf but endure more verbal abuse. I pity the parents of drummers who withstand the nerve shattering pounding of beginning drumming. It probably all started when their kid received a five-piece toy drum set for their birthday that was given to them by a non-parent. The father proceeded to set it up while cussing about the person who bought it. Next thing you know the kid was beating the holy hell out of the things while the parents laughed and tried to be patient with little Johnny's self-expression. After the cuteness wore off, the noise factor turned into a restriction on playing. This usually took three days before someone in the family lost it and hid the drumsticks.

I enjoy listening to the dozens of instruments of a symphony orchestra. I'm awed at the level of talent it takes to be part of this large group of musicians. I also wonder how they practice their craft. For instance, how do you practice the kettle drums? The massive beast of a drum must send the neighborhood into bellowing war chants, "Crush, kill, destroy," directed at the individual who's pounding the blasted things. How do you practice the gong? the bassoon or the trombone in an apartment or tract home neighborhood.

I once lived across the street from a young man who was learning trumpet. There are no walls thick enough to

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right."

"Yeah, me too."

"And I'm glad Colby is all right."

"..."

"Aren't you glad Colby is all right?"

"...yeah."

The diminutive predator in question purred loudly as he leapt from Drew's lap to attack my shoelaces. I had to admit that my almost-murderer was pretty damned cute; my concern, however, shifted towards his sister. The siblings were, after all, intensely competitive. What did she have planned to out-do her brother's attempted homicide?

"I think that your other kitten is plotting to finish the job," I told Drew, staring into Jacqueline's wide and innocent eyes.

"Our other kitten."

I wasn't done mourning our previous cat, lost to lymphoma less than two months prior. She'd been our first pet, our princess, our furry daughter. Freya had been my muse; I hadn't typed a single word without her within arm's reach for more than thirteen years. I'd never woken up alone, nor fallen asleep without her pressed against my side. Losing her had left me bereft.

But.

After my near-fatal fall, Colby had darted behind a backpack to hide. And yet—despite his initial panic—he'd emerged after only a few moments to come check on me while I lay stunned. I remembered the feel of his breath in my ear as he sniffed, worried, and the sand-paper touch of his tiny tongue. While part of my heart still ached, there was another part that was open and intensely grateful.

Nothing could replace the warm and purring piece of my soul that had been torn away, but Colby and Jackie could become family nonetheless. And unconditional trust and affection made it easy to forgive the occasional assassination attempt.

"Ours," I agreed. — WT



MEMOIR

Who Knew

by Betty Auchard

Three important events, a reunion and two speaking gigs, took me back to my hometown of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Dodie, my oldest daughter, reserved our plane tickets and a sedan and booked a hotel room.

When we arrived at the car rental, they had no sedans available and upgraded our vehicle to a Toyota RAV4 for the same price. Dodie always drove and after cruising for a few blocks, I asked what she thought of our upgrade. She sighed and said, "Mom, this is really comfortable. It drives smoothly and has super visibility. You might say that I love this car."

We felt the same about our lodging, with its rustic atmosphere, comfortable beds, excellent TV reception, and many luxuries such as a fine restaurant and small gift shop. What a great start!

After breakfast the next morning, we decided to visit a relative who could not attend the reunion or the book signings. Our trusty GPS led the way on a pleasant drive through farm coun-

try, and Dodie couldn't stop praising the good roads and wide-open spaces. My cousin, Don, and his wife, Pauline, greeted us at the door. Don said, "Hey, did you gals earn some extra money last night?"

Feeling confused, my daughter and I looked at each other and then back at him.

He said, "Obviously, you haven't watched the news."

I asked, "What news?"

"The police raided your hotel last night to close down a large prostitution ring."

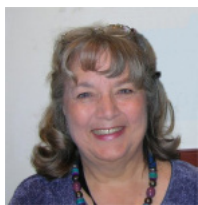
We looked at each other again and then burst out laughing.

I imagined a raid would be noisy and dramatic. The hotel had no doubt known ahead of time and didn't want to attract attention to such an unsavory incident. Management must have quietly assisted the police with the arrest of thirty naked people engaged in illicit activities, because we didn't even know it happened.

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Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



The following listings are for information only. No vetting has been done by South Bay Writers Club. Some contests have been around for a long time and the reputation is known but some are newer. Please read all guidelines carefully before submitting. And please share any experience you have with them. Good or bad.

Contests from July and August's Writers Talk – there's still time to enter!

- 2019 California Writers Club Literary Review - Submit Sep. 1 - Nov 30. \$10 fee for up to 2 pieces.

<http://calwriters.org/publications/#about>

- Twenty-second Annual Zoetrope: All-Story Short Fiction Competition Deadline Oct. 1, 2018, at 11:59 p.m. PDT.

Guidelines at <http://www.all-story.com/contests.cgi>

- Writer's Digest Popular Fiction 9/14/18 Poetry 10/01/18 Short Short Story 11/15/18

<http://www.writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions>

- Winning Writers – Tom Howard/Margaret Reid Poetry Contest Submit until Sept. 30

<https://winningwriters.com/our-contests>

- The Philip Levine Prize for Poetry - previously unpublished poetry book. Deadline Oct. 1.

<https://www.fresnostate.edu/levineprize>

New contest listing

28th Annual Jeffrey E. Smith Editors' Prize

\$5,000 Fiction | \$5,000 Nonfiction | \$5,000 Poetry DEADLINE: October 1, 2018

<https://www.missourireview.com/contests/jeffrey-e-smith-editors-prize/>

Local Publications:

- Literary Nest - Local publication. Deadline for Fall issue – September 30.

<https://theliterarynest.com>

- Sand Hill Review: Stories, non-fiction articles, and poems.

<https://sandhillreview.org/>

- Redwood Writers Young Adult & Middle Grade Fiction Contest Launching Soon: Opens: Sept. 9, 2018 Deadline: Oct. 21, 2018

<http://www.redwoodwriters.org>

Some Other Websites That List Contests and Markets and Tips for Writers:

- The Writer Magazine

<https://www.writermag.com/writing-resources/contests/>

- The Write Life

<https://thewritelife.com/writing-contests/>

- Poets & Writers

<https://www.pw.org/grants>

- National Association of Memoir Writers

<http://namw.org/>

- Freedom With Writing

<https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/>

- Authors Publish

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

- WOW! Women On Writing

<http://www.wow-womenonwriting.com/>

- Women's Fiction Writers Association

<http://womensfictionwriters.org/Contests>

- Funds For Writers

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

- Reedsy Writing Competitions in 2018

<https://blog.reedsy.com/writing-contests/>

- Writer's Write

<https://www.writerswrite.com/contests/>

- Funds for Writers

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

- Write For Kids

<https://writeforkids.org/>

Some Facebook pages and groups for writers:

- Writers Post Call for Submissions
- A Path To Publishing
- SCBWI CA North/Central
- Historical Novel Society - Northern California
- Children's Book Writers and Illustrators
- #IndieBooksBeSeen
- Indie-Visible Community Lounge
- National Association of Memoir Writers
- Children's Writer's & Illustrator's Market
- The Writer Magazine
- The Review Review

Search Engine Optimization: Basic SEO Tips Every Author Website Needs

ingramspark.com

Book Fairs: Where Self-Publishers Meet Their Audience WriteForKids – Writing Children's Books

writeforkids.org

7 Magazines that Pay Writers \$200+ Per Article

<https://www.facebook.com/freedomwithwriting/videos/1910286652371617/>

Free Book! The Authors Publish Guide to Manuscript Submission

<https://www.facebook.com/authorspublish/videos/915529038634880/>

5 Ways to Combat "Publishing Block"

authorspublish.com

The Apple Valley Review: Now Seeking Submissions

authorspublish.com – WT

The Sound of Bad Music

Continued from Page 10

dampen the wretched noise from a beginner on trumpet. A month of "Three Blind Mice" was proceeded by "Old McDonald." These were songs that every parent loved singing to their children while they sat in the backseat of the car. For me they had been reduced to torture and I would do anything to make the pain go away. I guess I can be thankful he wasn't learning the marching band tuba, otherwise known as the Sousaphone. I can see it now; the family must put on those headphones that the ground-crew wear for directing aircraft and the Chrystal glassware must be secured. In addition, the poor kid who is learning marching band tuba is never going to impress the girls on talent show day.

The children that learn stringed instruments such as violin, viola and the cello can find notes that can make a screeching cat fight sound good. There seems to be a very fine line between the correct note to play and the misplayed ear-piercing one that can be heard over a whole ensemble. After years of practice and dedication to their stringed instruments, the sour notes somehow disappear, and parents don't have to cringe during class recitals.

When I do play my electric guitar, I try to hit the correct notes and rarely turn up the volume where it is considered a public nuisance. I have to put the noise I generate into perspective to the other sounds coming from my neighborhood. There is my neighbor who sits on his Harley Davidson, revving like it's bringing him to orgasm. Then we have the guy on the block who owns the king of all leaf blowers. It's basically a Volkswagen engine strapped on his back connected to a bazooka which allows him to blow all debris to smithereens. The biggest noise crime of them all is the fellow who lives behind me. He will use every power tool invented by Black and Decker on a Sunday morning.

So next time when you are listening to an orchestra, think about the families and neighborhoods who must tolerate the thousands of sour notes and spine curling racket. There will be a time after much patience and practice, the

flute that once sounded like a squeaky screen door can now make me think of leaping long hair gnomes prancing through the forest. When a drummer finally learns his craft, the beats can be so satisfying that even a lousy dancer like myself can find the rhythm. Lastly, even the vaulted bagpipes can bring tears to my eyes when the player hits those first line of notes of "Amazing Grace." — WT

Who Knew

Continued from Page 11

Whenever I thought about it, I laughed myself silly to get it out of my system. I had two audiences waiting to hear my stories about growing up in the area and needed to get serious about my presentation. The Cedar Rapids History Center, formerly a Chevrolet dealership, sponsored the first program. More people showed up than expected, but we managed to squeeze everyone in.

The old-timers and relatives who attended basked in my memories and added some of their own experiences, so my book talk became an interactive program. The next day we met at the public library, which had been relocated to an empty mall after a recent flood. The audience of old-timers showed as much enthusiasm as those attending the day before.

The book signings and fun ended too soon, and we needed to pack up our memories of new friendships and fly home.

A few weeks later, we got a letter from Don saying they really enjoyed our visit and looked forward to seeing us again.

Dodie wrote back: "We loved seeing you too and are planning to return so we can earn a little extra money in that hotel again." — WT

Conferences and Events

September 2018

by Margie Yee Webb

San Francisco Writing for Change Conference

September 8, 2018, San Francisco CA

<http://sfwritingforchange.org/>

"Writing to Make a Difference" — "At the 10th San Francisco Writing for Change Conference you will discover how what you write can change the world...and how to get your writing published."

Mastering the Emotion-Driven Story with Eric Witchey

September 15, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/mastering-emotion-driven-story-eric-witchey-sep-15-2018>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

Class co-sponsored by Mechanics Institute and San Francisco Writers Conference/San Francisco Writers Foundation.

North Coast Redwoods Writers' Conference

September 21-22, 2018, Crescent City CA

<http://www.ncrwc.org/>

18th Annual North Coast Redwoods Writers' Conference

Book Passage Mystery Writers Conference

September 27-30, 2018, Corte Madera CA

<https://www.bookpassage.com/mystery>

"Discover All the Clues for a Successful Career as a Mystery or Suspense Writer!"

Central Coast Writers Conference

September 27-29, 2018, San Luis Obispo CA

www.centralcoastwritersconference.com

34th Annual Cuesta College Central Coast Writers Conference

Great Valley Bookfest

October 13, 2018, Manteca CA

<https://greatvalleybookfest.org/>

"Benefiting Literacy Organizations in the California Central Valley"

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News from the 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.

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 for details and how to format your ad. —WT

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

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

Conferences and Events

Continued from Page 13

The Journey from Poet to Author: A Workshop with Diane Frank

October 13, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/journey-poet-author-oct-13-2018>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

Class co-sponsored by Mechanics Institute and San Francisco Writers Conference/San Francisco Writers Foundation.

Nonfiction Writers Conference

November 8-9, 2018, Online Virtual Conference

<https://nonfictionwritersconference.com/>

Fall Event Theme: "Become a Profitable Author" — WT

CWC Around the Bay

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

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

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

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University cwc-fremontareawriters.org

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

San Francisco/Peninsula: 10:00 third Saturdays, 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

Wanted: Information on Conferences

Send information on conferences and other events of interest to writers to newsletter@southbaywriters.com for consideration for inclusion on this page.

THE WRITERSTALK CHALLENGE

MEMBERS of SOUTH BAY WRITERS:

Don't forget! Once a year in January, awards will be 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!

Genres:

Fiction: 500 – 1800 words

Memoir: 500 – 1800 words

Essay/Nonfiction: 500 – 1000

Poetry: 20 – 200 words

Judging Periods: Work published in WritersTalk in the preceding the year. 2018 only: Work published in October, 2017 through December, 2018.

Prizes: Two winners will be selected from each genre; first prize, \$100; second, \$50. Judging by WritersTalk contributing editors and other members of CWC.

The first requirement to enter this contest is that you have something published in WritersTalk.

Let's see your creative work!

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
September 2018						1
2	3 2P Valley Writers	4 7P Well-RED at Works 7P Board Meeting	5	6	7 7:30P Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	8
9 10A Our Voices	10 2P Valley Writers 6:00P SBW Dinner Harry's Hofbrau	11	12	13	14	15 DEADLINE: <i>WritersTalk</i> Submission
16 1P Poets@Play, Markham House	17 2P Valley Writers	18	19	20 7P Third Thursday, Poetry Center	21 7:30P Open mic Wil- low Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	22
23 10A Our Voices	24 2P Valley Writers	25	26	27	28	29
30						

Future Events:

SBW Board Meeting: Tuesday, Sep. 4 at Edie Matthews' home

May Meeting: September 10 at Harry's Hofbrau

**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 for more information on how you can attend 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 for details

Poetry Readings

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

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.poetrycentersanjose.org

SBW Recommends ...

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



California Writers Club

South Bay Branch

P.O. Box 3254

Santa Clara, CA 95055

www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

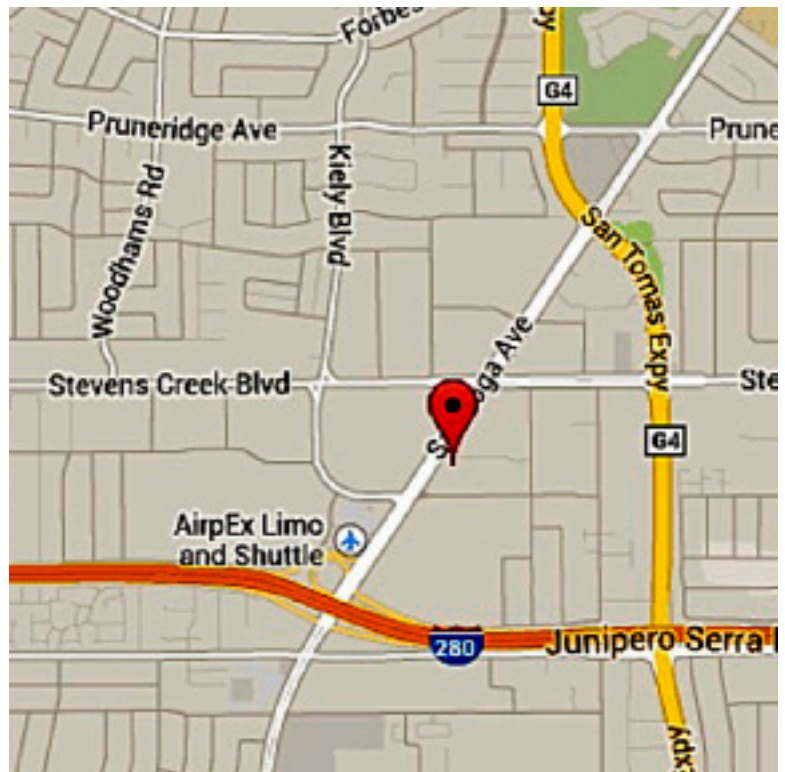
Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
Regular Dinner Meeting
6:00 - 9:00 p.m.
Monday September 10, 2018
Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose**

**Writing as a Path to Awakening
with
Albert Flynn DeSilver
September 2018 Speaker**

Please send contributions and submissions for *WritersTalk* by or on the 15th of the month!

Regular dinner meetings are second Mondays 6 – 9 PM of every month 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.