



WRITERSTALK

Volume 27
Number 07
July 2019

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

JULY SPEAKER: JOAN GELFAND

You Can Be a Winning Writer

by Jamal Khan

Craft. Commitment. Community. Confidence. Winning writers draw upon all four. Praised as “the clearest roadmap to success,” the 4 Cs system has yielded spectacular results for CEOs and doctors, college professors and MFAs, playwrights and poets. For over ten years, Joan Gelfand has presented the 4 Cs at conferences and book festivals, libraries and college lecture halls, igniting enthusiasm within writers from all walks of life.

From the first draft to a marketable piece, the 4 Cs system explores the writer’s inner and outer worlds, making the argument for community as a key element to becoming a winning writer. Advice on building a fan base is followed by “Confidence,” a frank exploration of the blocks that keep manuscripts locked in the drawer. With a splash of humor, a dose of empathy, and real-world anecdotes, the 4 Cs system will inspire and encourage writers at any stage of their career. In our July dinner meeting, Joan will share the actionable aspects of the system with us.

Joan Gelfand’s reviews, stories, and poetry have appeared in over 100 national and international literary journals and magazines including *Rattle*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Kalliope*, *California Quarterly*, *the Toronto Review*, *Marsh Hawk Review* and *Levure Litteraire*. Joan has been a featured reader at numerous venues in the United States and Mexico, including Bowery Poetry Club, the Southern Festival of Books, The Public Library of New York, and Litquake. She is the Development Chair of the Women’s National Book Association, a member of the National Book Critics Circle, and a juror for the Northern California Book Awards. Joan blogs for the *Huffington Post* and coaches writers.



JUNE RECAP: VICTORIA ZACKHEIM

You Gotta Adapt

by J.K. McDole

Following our yearly elections, the South Bay Writers settled in for a riveting talk with speaker Victoria Zackheim. Her topic: adapting books into compelling screenplays for theater and film.

Zackheim, a prolific author, anthology editor, and UCLA instructor, gave a simplistic explanation for how she got into adapting screenplays: “a lot of it began simply. I heard a story, I liked it, I turned it into a screenplay.” She described her process for letting characters ‘speak’ to her, a mental space of thinking and visualizing both the sensory and emotional components of a story. These components, she insisted, were very different from the traditional ‘storytelling’ parts of a narrative. “Trust yourself to sit quietly and allow the story and its characters to unfold within you. The character is going to say what she wants to say. Let her do it.”

Zackheim spoke candidly on the differences between adapting one’s own personal work and adapting the work of others. She stipulated that the primary difference was freedom: the freedom to change your own work in an adaptation, versus the lack of freedom you possess when adapting work that was written by someone else. She stressed the importance of being ‘true’ not only to a character and their nature but also to components of story: the genre, the setting, and other ‘sensibilities’ that the author has put down on the page. She noted that adaptations tend to ‘stand on their own’ as media, and that adapting a work with an established reader or fanbase can result in a displeased or discontent audience.

Continued on Page 4

Where: Holder’s Country Inn, 998 S. DeAnza Blvd,
San Jose, CA 95129

When: Tuesday, July 16 at 6pm; talk begins at 7:30pm

Admission: \$15 for members, \$20 for nonmembers.

Cost of admission includes a \$10 rebate on the purchase of a dinner

Between the Lines

Edie Matthews



Wonders Near and Far

A miniature Taj Mahal sat on the mantle of my childhood home. Carved from the same marble as the mausoleum, it survived the abuse and curiosity of four children. My mother told us the story of the heart-broken emperor who built it to honor his favorite wife. (She died giving birth to their 14th child.) This curio likely inspired my travels beyond Europe to India, Egypt, China, etc. Recently, however, I was reminded of the wonders right here in the United States.

While visiting my daughter in Phoenix, she took us on a day trip to Sedona. Stunning. Despite extensive travels in the US, how had I missed this treasure?

I learned to appreciate the marvels of this country early. Soon after I was married, my husband's job took us to Houston, Texas. It was fascinating getting to know the Lone Star State, but whenever I encountered stories of California, I was reminded of the places I had never seen: Hearst Castle, Yosemite, Catalina Island, the Chinese Garden in Golden Gate Park. I vowed that when we returned, I would visit the highlights that draw tourists from around the world.

I'm proud to say, I've fulfilled that goal—and over the years traveled to most of the US. Clearly though, even states I've been to multiple times, I've missed wonders like Sedona.

It is an oasis in Arizona. The weather is milder than the heat of Phoenix and Tucson. And the red and orange sandstone mountains are a visual masterpiece, especially at sunrise and sunset.

On the rim of a butt overlooking the city stands the Chapel of the Holy Cross, a popular venue for weddings. Tourists flock here to enjoy the expansive view of the city and Verde Valley amid natural columns, red rock towers, and mesas.

The scenery has attracted artists, writers, songsmiths, and filmmakers. Sedona has been the backlot for over 60 films, including *Johnny Guitar*, *310 to Yuma*, *The Karate Kid*, and *The Quick and the Dead*.

It has become the center for mysticism and new age prophets. Many are drawn to its beauty seeking harmony and natural healing.

Spinning wind sculptures welcome visitors to Tlaquepaque Arts & Shopping Village (ta-loc-kee-pock-kee). Among the boutiques, galleries, and restaurants, my favorite shop was managed by Opal. She dressed in colorful garb of paisley and polka-dots.

When I admired her silver pendant, she explained, "It's supposed to spell 'Oomph,' a mantra used in meditation." Uninhibited, she closed her eyes, touched her thumbs and forefingers, and demonstrated a soft "Oomph." Ignoring the side-long glances from customers, she increased her volume, "OOOMMPH."

I loved it. All the while, I was thinking Opal's a character I will use in the future.

So dear scribes, I suggest whether you're planning the vacation of a lifetime or staying home, set aside a day to check out the local sights. Have you toured the Winchester Mystery House, strolled through the lobby of the Fairmont Hotel, visited a beach town like Half Moon Bay, or Gilroy, particularly when the garlic is blooming? Observe and speak to people. You just may find the next character and setting for your bestselling novel. — WT

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SBW Mission

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

Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Renewal dues are \$45 for membership through June 30, 2019. 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

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Deadline

Submissions are due by the 20th 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

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

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Weeping Women

I'm a crybaby. There, I said it. No matter how hard I suck it up, it takes very little to make me cry. Emotional or perturbing moments in books, movies, TV shows, music, you name it—I'm guaranteed to tear up. This is hard for me to admit, maybe even a little embarrassing. Once, I started crying after passing a dog tied up outside a restaurant. He was whimpering at everyone that went by; he just looked so sad! So lonely! How long had he been there?! Someone please check on this good boy!

There's nothing inherently wrong with being a crybaby, but I struggle to admit it because I was raised in a household where 'sensitive' was practically a cuss word. Picture a 1980's military family where discipline was paramount and emotional expression—especially if negative—got you in trouble. Weeping was about as shameful as whining, both behaviors for which my dad, an Army officer and war vet, had neither time nor patience. "Why are you crying?" he would ask, a real-life echo of that skit by comedian George Lopez—who, like my dad, is also Chicano. "*Mija*, why are you crying?" And then, no matter the explanation, came that dreaded, inevitable follow-up: "That's no reason to cry. Knock it off, or I'll give you a reason to cry!"

Eventually, I'd stop crying. After enough scoldings, the tears dried up. I soldiered on, shuttering up what bothered me, because, hey: it's better to be tough, right? That's how you deal with your problems like an adult, right?

But feelings don't disappear just because you're told to make them go away. Rather, like water or coal, they transform under pressure. Fear boils into anxiety. Sadness hardens into anger; anger sours into guilt; all these complex emotions smolder beneath a diamond-hard shell of self-defeat. You can't bottle it up forever. Trust me, I tried—and I have all the invoices from years of expensive therapy to prove it.

It's funny, though, the little ways we heal; they sneak up on you, just like unexpected tears. Last week, at bedtime, I read my daughter one of my favorite picture books: *Prietita and the Ghost Woman* by Gloria Anzaldúa. The story is about Prietita, a girl studying the ways of *la curandera*—a traditional folk healer or shaman—and her quest through the South Texas woods in search of an herb for her ailing mother. Not only does Prietita risk her life by trespassing on the heavily-guarded King Ranch, she puts her very soul in danger when she encounters *la llorona*: the ghost of a woman known to haunt bodies of water like rivers and lakes. A veritable Mexican banshee, *la llorona* is said to cry and sob as she lures unsuspecting youths, kidnapping them and drowning them after mistaking them for her own lost children. She is a

Continued on Page 4

INSIDE

View from the Board: M. Johnson	4	Off the Shelf: E. Matthews	10
Conception through...: D. LaRoche	5	April Poetry Series: C. Donnell	11
2019-2020 Board Electees	5	Pack Mule: R. Towne	11
July Member News: M. Johnson	6	Muse Misery and Ecstasy: R. Towne	11
As an Editor: D. LaRoche	6	A Bad Day's Brewin': R. Towne	11
The Fifth Hole: R. Burns	6	Contests and Markets: C. Donnell	12
Old But Not Out...Yet!: E. Preston	7	Whale Haiku Cycle: S. Wetlesen	13
SBW June Collage: C. Donnell	8	Conferences & Events: M. Yee Webb	13
Coffee Madness: C. Weilert	9	Calendar	15
Renew Your Membership	9		
The Beach Built By Love: R. Towne	10		

View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson
SBW Secretary

On June 12, ten of us met at Secretary Marjorie Johnson's home: Edie Matthews, Jamal Khan, Trenton Myers, Bill Baldwin, Dave LaRoche, Inga Silva, Janet Patey, Alfred Jan, Tatyana Grinenko, and Marjorie.

President Edie Matthews announced the date for the SBW summer BBQ: Sunday, August 18, 3 p.m., to be held at Edie's new home. On Tuesday, July 16, SBW will have a dinner meeting with a speaker program.

Vice President Jamal Khan announced a slate of upcoming speakers:

- July 16, Joan Gelfand, "You Can Be a Winning Writer"
- August 18, BBQ (No August Speaker)
- September 17, Kate Farrell, "A New Age of Fire: Storytelling Focusing on Public Speaking"
- October 15, Kirk Glaser, "Mastering the Short Story"
- November 19, (pending) Dave Denny, Poetry to strengthen prose
- 2020: February 18, Lisa Mendelman, "Sex in Popular Cultures"

On July 21, the **2019 Jack London Award** will be given to **Carolyn Donnell** for her long years of service to the club as photographer and behind the scenes with *WritersTalk*.

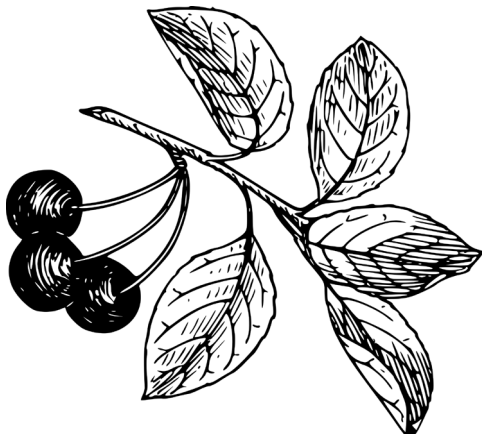
2019 SBW Elections: Dave LaRoche will handle the June 18 election. All current elected officers are running for another term. Hopefully, some new people will express their interest; we need a slate that involves some new people.

WritersTalk Challenge Contest: The awards for calendar year 2019 will be given at the December meeting, which is also SBW's holiday party.

Bill Baldwin announced that all members should have received a copy of *The Literary Review*. Look for a submission announcement in August *WritersTalk*.

Next board meeting: 7 pm, Wednesday, July 10, at Marjorie Johnson's house. Next dinner meeting: Tuesday, July 16.

SBW Board meetings are open to all members: RSVP to Edie. Come and learn what's happening and how to be a part of the action. — WT



Weeping Women

Continued from page 2

legendary bogeyman, the perfect threat employed against unruly kids by their exasperated parents: "if you disobey me and stay out late, you will hear the cries of *la llorona* when she comes to take you away!"

But in her story Anzaldúa implores us to take a different glimpse at *la llorona*—to "be sensitive" to the weeping woman, a challenge that even other characters in the story find daunting. When the ghostly woman first appears, she is neither weeping nor wailing; instead, she hovers above a forest pond, glowing with the austerity of a goddess. Young Prietita entreats *la llorona* for help in finding the herb and, instead of snatching the child away, she reveals the plant at the water's edge. Prietita—who, along her journey, has shown kindness and respect to other spiritual guides within the wood, such as the deer, dove, and salamander—escapes with *la llorona's* help, turning to thank her 'new friend' and finding her vanished at the edge of the road. The *curandera*, moved by Prietita's tale, remarks: "perhaps [*la llorona*] is not what others think she is."

(Yes, I cried as I read the story to my daughter. Yes, I'm tearing up just thinking about the beauty of a myth inverted so that the heroine entreats a ghost for help, rather than strike it down.)

This isn't the first time Anzaldúa has helped me work through complicated feelings. As a teenager, I devoured *La Frontera*, her 1987 collection of essays and poems on cultural identity, queerness, and femininity. I craved the ability to express myself the way that she did, both in English and our colloquial Tex-Mex Spanish—in poetry and in prose. Now I think back on her lessons about how I portray emotion in writing as well as my daily life, how to communicate and describe it so it changes the depth of a character or setting. Like water, emotion can be sensual. It can build and flow or drip from a faucet; it can swallow you up until you're immersed and about to drown. That's how I want my writing to feel; those are the kind of stories I want to tell.

So, I'm a crybaby. I'll own up to it. Because maybe, just maybe, there's nothing wrong with all that weeping. — WT

You Gotta Adapt

Continued from the front page

When asked about the approved methodology for adaptation, Zackheim laughed and shrugged. "There's no gift to knowing what works for an adaptation," she assured the crowd. "You can read the original material all the way through without making a single notation, and I encourage you to do that, but you will find it's very hard not to get engaged in the material and bracket off parts that will be integral material for scenes, scene-building, and transitions. Sometimes you can't help but edit as you go!"

She closed the talk with questions from the audience and an assurance that theater and film adaptations were a good way to test one's understanding of creative work, either their own or somebody else's. "Adaptation is my challenge to take someone else's work and put it out in a way that is honest, well-done, and makes the author think: 'I'm glad I took that risk.'" We're glad you came and spoke to us, Victoria! Thank you for the insight on transforming writing into something challenging and new! — WT

South Bay Writers - Conception through Today

by Dave LaRoche

Let me first say that a reflection of some of the facts, if not the tone, in the following is derived from a piece written by Robert A. Garfinkle (past Central Board President) for inclusion into a century of CWC history (Dave Sawl of Berkeley Branch - prime mover) that was never totally compiled and published. Thank you, Bob.

As is often the case with organizations wishing to promulgate message and expand their ranks, a couple of folks from an existing branch, San Francisco - Peninsula, noted the absence of writers' clubs in the South Bay and foresaw a need gone wanting. Madge Saksena and Tom Mach of SF-P then made it their business to see that void filled, and on the 28th of June in 1986 the first meeting of South Bay Writers was held. Twenty-seven members later, on January 15, 1987, South Bay Writers was chartered by the CWC Central Board. A special note to Tom Mach, the second SBW president (following Saksena) is still with us today — an SBW member, professional writer, and occasional contributor to WritersTalk. Hats off to Tom; I hope we all last as actively and as long.

Our branch flourished and grew with many outstanding writers as members, each month a notable speaker, and from time to time a weekend workshop. Notables through the years, members who contributed significant time and leadership were: Bill Baldwin, Edie Matthews, Betty Auchard, Bob Garfinkle, Ro Davis, Victoria Burlew, Marjorie Johnson, Dick and Meredy Amyx, Susan Mueller, Cathy Baurer, Beth Proudfoot, and others. A July barbeque and December Christmas party were inaugurated and continue today.

WritersTalk, our newsletter began its life in December of 2004 with Una Daly, Danielle Fafchamps, and yours truly. WT replaced a two-page monthly of announcements with its twenty pages, including substantial amounts of work from members — fiction, memoir, and poetry.

Our first of three East of Eden writers' conferences (a momentous effort) was held in Salinas in August of 2002. Some forty instructors and 250 attendees spent three days learning and exchanging tips and tricks related to the creative endeavor; visited Cannery Row and browsed the workings and artifacts at the Steinbeck Center. Beth Proudfoot, our SBW director, garnered production help from the club members and instruction from Bay area teachers, editors, writers, and agents. The conference was produced again in 2004 (Beth the director), and in 2006 (co-directors: Edie Matthews. and Kelly Harrison). Kelly later compiled and edited the centennial CWC anthology, *West Winds*, published in 2014. A fourth conference was planned, and all but held for 2008, but the recession, in full swing at that time, depleted attendee interest or flattened wallets and the event was canceled.

Over the years, membership in South Bay grew, and in 2007 counted 237 members on the roll, but again the recession tolled and our membership dropped to just under one hundred in 2008. Today, renewals coming, we have near 145 members. Ours is an active and energetic group. Our dedicated leaders, newly affirmed, have the branch on their minds. We can expect good things in the coming year — speakers and workshops to help with technique and others to motivate our muse.

“Writers Helping Writers” is a slogan you’ll hear, and it’s more than cute and succinct. It is, in fact, the reason we’re here. Get to know one another; exchange ideas; join a critique group or start one. Become active, take a place on the board — there are 2000 members in the CWC, many in our part of the woods, and many are writers of note and willing to help — Network, and among writers, “network” is a verb. — WT



The 2019-2020 South Bay Writers Board

From Left to Right: Treasurer Trenton Myers, Members-At-Large Tatyana Grinenko and Alfred Jan, President Edie Matthews, and Vice President Jamal Khan. Not pictured: Secretary Marjorie Johnson

July Member News

by Marjorie Johnson

Linda Boroff reports, "I'm a brand new member, but I did just win first prize in the memoir section of the Ageless Authors contest: agelessauthors.com. I was interviewed by the magazine *InMenlo.com* as well, and an article will appear later this month."

Many SBW members have participated in literary events at the San Mateo County Fair. Twelve years ago, Bardi Rosman Koodrin initiated the Literary Division with its contests and the Literary Stage with its many events for writers. This year, on the last day of the fair, it was announced that Bardi had passed away the night before. That huge room became completely silent. All writers present were each given a "Carry the Light" badge to wear for the day to commemorate Bardi. (*Carry the Light* was the Fair's anthology for many years, and the button carries the Literary Stage logo.)

This year's winners in the Literary Division, San Mateo County Fair, include several members of South Bay Writers:

William Baldwin, "Leaving for Work," Div. 335-06 Poetry, Honorable Mention

Penelope Anne Cole, "Welcome to Hell," Div. 333-02 Short Story, Third Place

Penelope Anne Cole, "The Little People," Div. 333-05 Short Story, Second Place

Penelope Anne Cole, "The Wild Ride," Div. 333-12, Third Place

Carolyn Donnell, "The Black One," Div. 333-02, Honorable Mention

Dave LaRoche, "Roan and Rachel," Div. 333-02 Short Story, Second Place

David Strom, "The Sinister Sugar Rush!" Div. 328-02 Audio Book, First Place

Karen Sundback, "Killing Wyatt Edwards," Div. 334 CWC Writer of the Year Short Story Contest, First Place

Kelly Miller's first novel has been published and is now available as an e-book or paperback at amazon.com. The story, a continuation of the classic novel, *Pride & Prejudice*, is a romantic fantasy called *Death Takes a Holiday at Pemberley*. Kelly writes, "The cover is especially meaningful to me: the cover model portraying Elizabeth Bennet is my daughter."

Congratulations to each and every one of you.

Do you have any good news related to writing? Do you want to announce your news to the world of South Bay Writers? If so, it's easy: send an email to

membernews@southbaywriters.com

—WT

As an Editor

by Dave LaRoche

As an editor, one needs first discover the author's voice, understand, adopt, and mimic. Don't change a word until this is down—neatly tucked into your expression. Voice is a critical element of writing, each author with their own, each bit of the author's song with its followers.

Only the author knows the story. They have imagined it, lived it, been told it—all or any of it firsthand. As an editor, don't mess with it, don't think of it as your own. Know it and help tell it better—vivid descriptions, precision with language, action verbs that shun the need for qualifiers..

As an editor know the arc—the foundational elements that set the stage, the journey and obstacles overcome or causing delay, and the change that comes when all is finally realized. But don't synthesize arc if one doesn't exist. Not all stories need one, some are only if tantalizing, a slice of life, a worthy remembrance.

As an editor, put on the shoes and walk the walk of the characters. Method acting instructs the actors to live the life of the characters portrayed. This applies as well to writing and most certainly to editing. Know and be the character—don't only describe. Get in their shoes before suggesting a change. If the shoes fit well, leave things as they are. And, remember, it is the characters telling the story; the author only helping them onto the page.

As an editor, know the landscape—the demographical, cultural, dialectical characteristics of scene—Appalachia, New Orleans, Istanbul. People thus characters are different—think, talk, and behave in different ways. Authenticity is critical, says Eudora Welty, and she's absolutely correct—authenticity is king.

Finally, grammar. What's to say? Do it right, use the rules before you break them, perhaps in favor of points made above.

If you slip with this, even the novice will recognize and frown—put down the writing not to ever pick up.

As an editor, know you are only a tool, a practiced, informed, and critical set of eyes, a reader with the wherewithal to correct and suggest the betterment of presentation. This piece that you work on belongs to the author and the story they tell.

As an editor, get in and emerge—be the story. —WT

MEMOIR

The Fifth Hole

by Richard Allan Burns

The Canadian Rockies can be beautiful in July and so they were in 1979 a day after the finals at the Calgary Stampede. We wanted to explore Banff and see the famous Banff Springs Hotel. I considered staying the night there, but the price was out of our league. and the family was along on the trip. We decided to have a picnic before looking for a Motel 6.

The Banff Springs Hotel championship golf course is world famous and I'd always wanted to play it someday. On a lark, I stopped by the golf shop and asked if there were any openings for a round of golf. Amazingly, ten minutes and a quick kiss for my wife later, I was teeing up on the first hole. I'd seen pictures of the course on covers of magazines. I thought it rivaled Pebble Beach for beauty and name-recognition. The family would picnic without me and I would play nine holes. They would be back to pick me up after my round.

The starter told me to go ahead on my own. The scheduled twosome hadn't shown up. It was a great chance to play two or three balls after I played the first hole, away from the wardens at the clubhouse. On that day, I would be Lee Trevino playing against Tom Watson. The fairways were, of course, strange to me, but I was hitting the ball well considering how seldom I played, and I was using rented clubs.

Tom Watson was two over par after putting out on the third, leading Trevino by 2 strokes. Next was a famous par-three

Continued on Page 9

Old But Not Out...Yet!

by Evelyn Preston

I've discovered there's a definite point when a person becomes old. No, nothing like a special birthday, new decade or those indelible signs like cataracts or wrinkles; gray hair, stiff backs and slower steps don't even count. What I believe is that the very first time we begin checking the newspaper obituaries truly signals we've slid into that can-no-longer-avoid stage and finally accept—old age. Even when we soften the blow and call ourselves seniors or elders, reading obits tacitly admits that people in our own generation, our peers, really do...actually can...die... that we're well on the road to the startling possibility, and high probability of more life behind us than ahead!

What freaks me out the most is "meeting" someone on those obit pages I know, and now suddenly...knew. I search for dates of birth much earlier than my own and then breathe a sigh of relief finding dates of death approaching the century mark. How happily satisfying when someone else's longevity immediately suggests a personal reprieve, like a welcome invite to hang out at the party a little longer than planned.

"There's still time," I inwardly cheer; "years ahead," I muse. If I'm lucky, and keep all my marbles, and exercise my body and brain, I promise to: start taking vitamin supplements, finish the great American novel, plow through those boxes of photographs! Job jars remain viable, jilted ambitions do-able; if I hurry and get going, time can still be on my side.

And with a sigh of relief, I turn the page to editorials, local news or sports and fall back into that comfortable condition of passing the time, not really wasting it. Suddenly there's tons of time, and it's o.k. to just let time slip by.

Of course, writers, ever creative, have smoothed the rough edges of our inevitable demise and morphed the obit into a "transition." Merely another chapter in the good life we enjoy and celebrate...that sadly happens to others...for now.

I can't stop the nagging one-note, however, about what, in the end, will be written about me? What did I accomplish all these many years? I can see a black-bordered paragraph flash in my mind: "She read the paper and drank coffee, talked on the

phone to her friends, shopped, went to lunch with friends, talked on the phone to her kids." So I started thinking what exactly am I leaving behind besides mother's Bavarian china? Does anyone care if I taught school, sold investments, wrote sporadically, even dabbled in the food business?

Frankly, I'm absolutely cowed by so many over-the-top obit recaps of super human accomplishments by ordinary people who lived—and died—all around me. I marvel at the alphabet soup of credentials trailing some of the names and the fat columns of their multi-volunteer labors pitted against my long-ago PTA membership. Can I "belong" to The Red Cross if I really just donate? Will my short teaching stint be considered noble? My one book, a coup? Guilt by obituary! Obit oblivion!

There's hope! I've never yet read a scathing, even mildly bad review of someone's life; the closest thing to a nasty knock is a few mid-sentence adjectives like "irascible, curmudgeonly, strong-willed," that hint at someone's darker side. But, hey, it's death we're talking about in these few lines, certainly the perfect opportunity to ease up. It's a fitting farewell to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative as in that old WW II era song most of these just-popped-off people would appreciate. It's the last chance to erase a lifetime of errors and omissions.

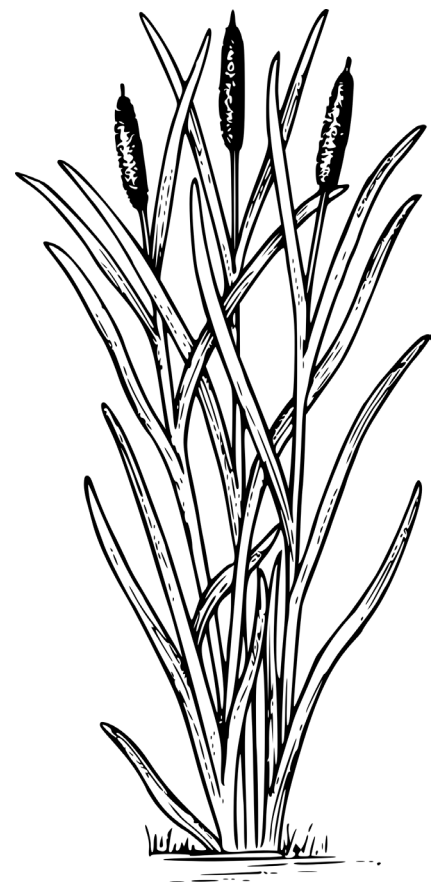
Most religions consider just remembering someone as proof of their immortality. I'll talk to my kids.

In a local paper, the most interesting bios retrace a fascinating history of the area via long-time stints of employees who built iconic Silicon Valley companies like HP—a fairly quaint loyalty these days. It's also a rare gift to read the nostalgic tales of our long-gone orchardists who turned the Valley of Heart's Delight into a sea of blossoms and a fruit canning capital. Other obits trace a genealogy, track an early, still-trusted business or uncover a venerable legacy.

Mainly, I can't help marveling at the importance placed on the more mundane accomplishments of so many people touted as never missing a Giants or Spartans game, who cooked a secret spaghetti sauce, loved their dogs, flowers, cross-

words. Most printed legacies always plug in a passionate honor to beloved parents, love-of-their life spouses, adored and accomplished children—a must-do requirement to insure resting easy, I guess, and a tidy, treasured package to accompany kin on their journey. These human connections all sound much preferred to the gold and lapis treasures of kingly tombs.

Myself? With no celebrity status or exciting career past, do I really want to leave my own lowbrow legacy? Then again, why not! Like Popeye, "I yam what I yam," and whether my grandkids or my book club gave me real pleasure, I hope someone will thoughtfully chew on a ballpoint, remember me fondly and pen a few highlights of my life as a gentle goodbye to quietly honor my last hurrah! Maybe something like, "She lived in the only second story house allowed on the block, let 20 boxes of Little League candy bars melt on her radiant-heat floor in 1976 and always enjoyed a really good glass of wine!" — WT



SOUTH BAY WRITERS

June 2019



Coffee Madness

by Chris Weilert

I was at Starbucks the other day, standing in line ready to order my usual, Vente (which means jumbo in Starbuck code) and room for Half n Half. I noticed they raised the price to two dollars and seventy-five cents. As a society, we have accepted that a simple cup of java has reached extortion level pricing. What should only cost twenty-five cents is jacked up in price by adding presentation and performance which increases our beverage cost ten-fold.

The proof of this presents itself when you buy their coffee at the grocery store and brew it at home. It turns out the value of two large cups of coffee bought at a Starbucks shop is equal to about fifty cups brewed at home. My point here is, when you go into a Starbucks or some other chain, it's not about coffee. You are paying for the surroundings, the sights, the smells and the sounds of patrons reeling off silly concoctions to a Barista. Barista is a term that never existed before all of this nonsense began with chain coffee shops. You can't help but watch the all-mighty barista conjure up everybody's beverage while you stand there asking yourself, "why do I always end up here?" I'd rather be served by a lady named Betsy wearing her waitress uniform pour me unlimited dollar coffee. Call me cheap or old fashioned, but, deep down, you agree with me. But a mass of the population can't help ordering a "Grande soy latte with a pump of caramel. That will be five fifty please!"

Yes, a latte or a cappuccino can hit your pocketbook more than a gallon of gas and won't get you as far. You see folks fueling up with enormous amounts of caffeine before they can maneuver into traffic. This

mix of frustration and a stimulating liquid results in bad decisions made behind the wheel. Do you ever look at the drivers in the diamond lane during commute time? Unsurprisingly, a lot of drivers are giving the big middle finger to the requirements of the commuter lane. There is the usual offering of electric and hybrid cars but when you notice a truck with a camper shell come barreling down the road with one lone driver you figure either this guy is late for work or he needs to use the restroom.

We love our coffee and along with all our prescription drugs, diet aids, sleeping tablets, sexual performance pills and a vast array of mind-altering substances. Where is all this leading us? Starbucks figured this out a long time ago. Give the public a place to meet with soft lighting, swanky music and have youngsters with nose rings serve you. This all seems so harmless while you are now hooked on the whole show. That will be two bucks for your tall cup of Java Joe which is really their smallest coffee. This is how it works? Reality is distorted, but you accept it. — WT



The Fifth Hole

Continued from page 6

called the Devil's Cauldron. I gazed out at the majestic view of a nearby sheer cliff and the snow-decorated mountain rising behind it. The green, 190 yards away, lay below, protected by a picturesque pond of waterlilies.

I pulled out a five iron. I'd have to get all of it. I swung hard; I mean, Tom Watson swung hard but hit it off the toe. The ball managed to clear the water and bounce up onto the front of the green. As Lee Trevino, I tried for a slower rhythm, concentrating on staying down through impact. I felt the solid feel of a well-hit iron. Trevino parred the hole and Watson three-putted. With the mountain air and good scenery, I was enjoying myself. Watson stood one up on Trevino.

The fifth hole was a long par-four, a lush fairway bordered on the right by a thick forest of pine and fir with two bunkers about 240 yards out. It would require a long second shot to reach the well-bunkered green. Trevino hit a fair drive, fading toward the corner of the right bunker. Watson's drive was perfect, 10 yards longer and in the center of the fairway. Trevino's ball was a few yards short of the trap, a good lie. I took out a three-wood and nearly topped it, the ball burning the grass-tops. It skittered and bounced in the direction of the green.

Suddenly, the sound of a motorcycle came from a knoll to my left. I heard it coast to a stop and rev the engines a few times. A young kid showing off, I thought. The rider hollered something. I turned and focused on his silhouette in the distance. Was he saying something to me? What was he hollering? It sounded like, "Pull, pull!" echoing back from the mountains. He sat up straight on his seat, pointing to the fairway behind me. Again, I heard, "Pull!"

I didn't understand it, but something in his voice convinced me to look behind me. I almost wet my pants. Less than 50 yards away was a full-grown grey wolf, a somewhat scruffy-looking animal, giving it a dangerous cast. The biker had been hollering, "Wolf!"

I swallowed a dry swallow and tried to blink it out of my vision. But the animal was still there. Time stood still. My hearted thudded against my chest. Yes, a hungry-looking, fully-grown wolf had

Continued on Page 14

RENEW YOUR SBW MEMBERSHIP!

ALL current members need to renew for 2019-2020, even if you purchased a half-year membership in January or February or March.

RENEW TODAY by:

Credit card: Renew online at southbaywriters.com

Pay in Person: cash or check at the next meeting

Mail: send your basic information with a check for \$45 to

CWC South Bay Writers Club
P. O. Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055

The Beach Built by Love

by Russ Towne

When our daughter was about fifteen, she was stricken with an “incurable” disease and nearly died. Stephanie spent about a month in the hospital, much of it in intensive care fighting for her life. She had to deal with an awful disease as well as many blood transfusions and the side-effects of chemotherapy, steroids, and other harsh medications. She met each challenge, disappointment, and setback with courage and class.

Eventually, the disease went into remission and she dreamed of having a party and bonfire for her sixteenth birthday at the beach with her friends, relatives, and beloved dog Ginger. It took quite a bit of searching, but we finally found a beach that had all the necessary attributes including allowing dogs and bonfires, and with easy access for elderly relatives.

A week before her party, the disease flared up and fifteen glorious months of remission ended.

Then, at 9 p.m. the night before the party, a friend called with news that turned our plans upside down. He’d just heard that the small beach we’d selected and the ones contiguous to it were about to be overwhelmed by a 30,000-person event that would essentially close them to private parties. The beach was out and no other beach within a reasonable driving distance had all of the attributes required to make her dream come true.

Though our daughter had her heart set on having her family and friends, dog, and a bonfire at the beach, as usual, she didn’t complain when she heard the news. In her young life, she had to deal with much worse things than a spoiled birthday party. But it was the final straw on a mountain of straws that finally broke the camel’s back. She sat down and quietly began to cry.

She quickly decided she’d rather have the party at our home so she could at least have her dog, relatives, friends, and a bonfire. We began making the calls to invitees about the changed plans.

The next day, when guests began arriving at our home (which is about 30 miles from the nearest beach) they were surprised to find a sign that read:



“The ULTIMATE beach book?”

Welcome to our beach, where dogs and bonfires are welcome. Where the beach is small and the waves are so far away that you need to close your eyes to see them, but not the love for our daughter and her little dog, too. Happy Birthday, Stephanie!

Laid out before them was the smallest, goofiest beach you ever saw, but it had been built with love. Our friends had, at a moment’s notice, dreamt up creating a beach in our backyard. They surprised us by arriving several hours earlier with a car loaded with 660 pounds of sand, a palm tree, beach toys, fish netting, Tiki Torches, and a whole lot of love. Our friends and our middle son Brian and his friend helped to lay it all out.

The beach was built with so much love that it quickly became real to everyone there. The birthday girl and her friends frolicked in the sand, had a barbecue, built their own huge ice cream sundaes, and splashed in the water of a little wading pool. Then, as night fell, they lit the Tiki torches and enjoyed a great bonfire. In the darkness, with the light of the torches and bonfire and the laughter and splashing of those playing in the water, the scene had, indeed magically transformed into a beach.

As the girls laughed and played on the “beach” around the bonfire with our funny little dog Ginger, I felt for a moment that all was right in the world, and was very grateful to our friends for making our daughter’s birthday wish come true after all. — WT



Poetry Page

April Poetry Series

by Carolyn Donnell

April 1

It's April Fool's Day
Do I have to get up now?
Or just stay in bed.

April 2

I hate Computers
but we can't live without them.
Where's my glass of wine?
U
Still can't write today.
Writers block seems here to stay.
Chocolate anyone?

April 15

Notre Dame stood tall
For nearly a thousand years
Now is up in flames

April 20--"First Love" prompt

His first name was Robert
Don't remember the last
A black-haired third grader
and not very fast

I chased him around
on recesses grounds
and caught him and gave him
a smooch on the mouth

I'll never forget the look in his eyes
Scared as a rabbit doesn't suffice
Needless to say my love faded quick
Robert returned to chase balls with a stick.

April 20

I don't like the sopranos, the opera type
At least not the one that right now comes to mind
I listen to wavering, quavering pitch
Can't make up its mind if it is what or which
G or G sharp or somewhere in between
Leaves me with wishes to leave sight unseen

Give me a high note that soars like a lark
A clear voice to rise on a breeze in a park
Think of the women who sing Celtic tunes
Dream about walking through Irish-green ruins
Forgetting life's problems I manage a smile
A moment of freedom for just a while

Pack Mule

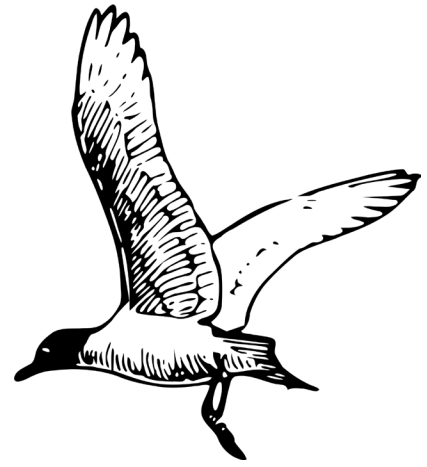
by Russ Towne

She says, "We don't need a shopping cart
I'll just get an item or two."
So why am I clutching thirty things
When she's only halfway through?

Muse Misery and Ecstasy

by Russ Towne

Muses can often be
The most horrible teasers
Before finally sharing
Something that pleases!



A Bad Day's Brewin'

by Russ Towne

When I woke up
Key sites were down
Spent all mornin'
On work-arounds

Cut a toe on a tack
I didn't see on the floor
Jumped and banged my head
On the edge of a door

Bathroom flooded
Sewer's blocked
I'm even wearin'
Mismatched socks

Coffee pot's empty
It's plain to see
A bad day's brewin'
It's burnin' me

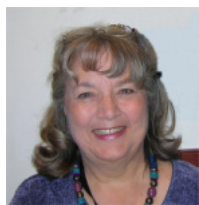
All this stuff
Is pilin' on
Everything I touch
Is turnin' out wrong

But today isn't going
To get me down
It may take awhile
But I'll bring it around

Time will tell
I am right
I'll make it a great day
If it takes all night!

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



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!

If you are in the Facebook Group for the South Bay Writers Club, you can find some listings in the Files section. The Files section can be found on the left-hand column of the page. If you aren't already a member, check us out on Facebook and ask to join!

Let us know if you have any success with any of the contests listed in Writers Talk. (Or any other contest for that matter.) Send your writing victories to member-news@southbaywriters.com and any new stories, poems, articles, etc. to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

SCREENPLAY CONTESTS:

In keeping with the last meeting's theme, here are a few screenplay contests I found on a sister site (Fremont Area Writers):

Withoutabox: A database of script and film contests all around the world where you can upload and submit your screenplay to various contests.

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

Film Freeway: The Canadian version of WithoutABox. Sometimes the same contests are listed here as in WithoutABox, but with different entry fees.

<https://filmfreeway.com>

Nicholl Fellowship: The most prestigious screenplay contest. Many winners go on to be produced. But competition is fierce.

<http://www.oscars.org/nicholl>

Cinequest Film Festival: A San Francisco Bay Area Film Festival with a screenplay contest.

<http://www.cinequest.org/screenplay-submissions>

24-HOUR SHORT STORY CONTEST:

SUMMER, 2019 24-Hour Short Story Contest. Held quarterly and limited to 500 entrants. Start time is Saturday, July 13th, 2019 at 10:00 am Pacific time. They send a prompt by email and you have 24 hours to write a story. Must submit the story before 10 on Sunday. See details at Writers Weekly:

<https://24hourshortstorycontest.com/>

UPCOMING DEADLINES:

Writers Digest Awards for 2019: Popular Fiction Awards - Deadline: September 16, 2019. 6th Annual Self-Published Ebook Awards - Deadline: September 3, 2019. Poetry Awards - Deadline: October 01, 2019. Short Short Story Competition - Deadline: December 17, 2018

<https://www.writersdigest.com/writing-competitions-pricing-and-deadlines/>

ONGOING LOCAL PUBLICATIONS:

The Literary Nest: A local online publication. Submissions period for summer issue is April 16 - June 30. See at <https://theliterarynest.com/>

Sand Hill Review: Stories, non-fiction articles, and poems. <https://sandhillreview.org/>

OTHER CONTESTS:

Citron Review: Online literary journal. Poetry, creative nonfiction, and fiction.

<https://citronreview.com/submission/>

The Writer Magazine: They list contests, articles, resources and you can subscribe to their newsletter. A free downloadable guide is available at:

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

The Write Life:

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

Winning Writers: Lists poetry and prose contests that are free to enter. Usually accepts previously published work. Current submissions open for Tom Howard/Margaret Reid Poetry Contest. All styles and themes. Submit April 15 - Sept 30. They also have a list of contests to avoid:

<https://winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests/contests-to-avoid>

Hidden River Arts: Many different book awards listed at NewPages Classifieds (<https://www.newpages.com/classifieds/calls-for-submissions>).

Writing Contests & Book Contests. Announcements of new and current writing contests.

<https://hiddenriverarts.wordpress.com/awards-deadlines-and-guidelines/>

The Blue Nib Literary Magazine: Poetry, fiction or reviews. You must be a subscriber but they say a contributor account costs nothing. Read submission guidelines at:

<https://thebluenib.com/submit-poetry-fiction-reviews/>

SOME SITES FOR POETS:

Up The Staircase Quarterly: Submit 3-6 poems in a single document. Submit up to 10 .jpgs for art. No previously published poetry, but previously published artwork is okay.

<https://tinyurl.com/yc6e26ru>

Rattle Poetry Prize: Deadline July 15. The annual Rattle Poetry Prize offers \$10,000 for a single poem to be published in the winter issue of the magazine. Ten finalists will also receive \$200 each and publication, and be eligible for the \$2,000 Readers' Choice Award, to be selected by subscriber and entrant vote.

<https://www.rattle.com/prize/about/>

The Thimble Magazine:

<https://www.thimblelitmag.com/submissions/>

Poetry Pacific: Literary e-zine 2 issues per year, Spring and Fall. Published and unpublished welcome as long as you still have the rights.

<http://poetrypacific.blogspot.com/>

Poets.Org: Recommends several book and magazine contests. The most prestigious include the Yale Younger Poets Series, the National Poetry Series, the Walt Whitman Award, the Discovery/The Nation award, the Boston Review prize, and the Association of Writers & Writing Programs (AWP) Award Series in Poetry.

<https://poets.org/text/entering-win-poetry-contests>

Freedom With Writing: 78 Poetry Manuscript Publishers Who Do Not Charge Reading Fees

<https://tinyurl.com/yccuwzj6>

OTHER RESOURCES:

Poets & Writers: <https://www.pw.org/grants>

The Writer: <https://www.writermag.com/contests/>

The Write Life: <https://thewritelife.com/writing-contests/>

Freedom With Writing: <https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/>

Authors Publish: <http://www.author-publish.com/>

The Best Writing Contests of 2019, curated by Reedsy: <https://blog.reedsy.com/writing-contests/>

Get Free Write: a list of the writing contests in 2019. <https://getfreewrite.com/blogs/writing-success/2019-writing-contests-the-complete-guide>

— WT

WHALE HAIKU CYCLE

by Stephen C. Wetlesen

Gray whale pod – count twelve.
Blowhole steam hiss audible.
Pier Butoh ballet.

Pacific Taiko.
Flukes and fins pound drum chorus.
Random breach echoes.

Operatic canvas –
what haiga do Humpbacks paint?
Orca dialects?

To Cetus, all humans are deaf.

Distant serenades.
Incomprehensible notes.
Devour brine singers?

All seasons, all year.
Deadlier than raw fugu.
Blood from submarines.

Hunt no performers,
underwater arias,
never symphonies.

Eat no operas.
Sea dance drums taste bad as steaks –
feast with ears, not plates.

Refuse ugly meats.
Respect voices with deep minds –
learn their words instead.

What choirs might they click?

NOTES:

This haiku cycle was written to protest Japans' intent to resume whaling, scheduled for August, 2019, although they already, right now kill whales for "scientific research" and sell the meat to restaurants, fish markets and the like. Some like whale meat, some say it takes unpleasant. Depends on which whale and other factors, I suppose.

"Butoh" is a Japanese dance form generally involving slow movement.

"Haiga" is a haiku poem combined with a painting, drawing or photo.

"Haiku" is the same word for both singular and plural – much like "moose" in English can mean either one moose or a large herd of them.

"Fugu" is Japanese for puffer fish – which contain a deadly nerve toxin, which kills people who eat it without proper training. Specially trained and licensed chefs, who know exactly what they are doing, can remove the poison and serve it up as a delicacy; even so, a few people die of it every so often, as the chefs warn them can happen. Therefore, people eat fugu dished in part as a "thrill" and a gamble.

"Taiko" are giant booming Japanese drums, often a group of them. Some performers almost look like they are dancing as they play.

Humpback whales are noted for their ethereal songs. – WT

Conferences and Events July 2019

by Margie Yee Webb

ThrillerFest XIV

July 9-13, 2019, New York City

<http://thrillerfest.com>

Thrillerfest -- annual conference of the International Thriller Writers -- is the premier conference for thriller enthusiasts, bringing together famous authors and new ones along with industry professionals, agents, and fans.

2019 Berrett-Koehler Book Marketing Conference

July 11-12, 2019, San Diego CA

<https://bkauthors.org/category/events/marketing-conference/>

Author Stephanie Chandler said: "You can receive \$100 off the conference fee. Just register and use the code: SENTBYA-SPEAKER."

Sierra Storytelling Festival

July 19-21, 2019, Nevada City CA

<http://sierrastorytellingfestival.org>

"Celebrating 34 Years of Artfully Told Tales!"

Mendocino Coast Writers' Conference

August 1-3, 2019, Mendocino CA

<http://mcwc.org>

30th year of the Mendocino Coast Writers' Conference

Publishing Bootcamp

August 4, 2019, Mendocino CA

<http://mcwc.org/oneday-bootcamp/>

"Join Philip Marino, senior editor at Little, Brown and Company, for our fourth annual Publishing Bootcamp . . ."

Annual Greater Los Angeles Writers Conference

August 16-18, 2019, Los Angeles CA

<http://www.wcwriters.com/aglawc/index.html>

23rd Conference for Writers --

"AGLAWC uniquely presents individual tracks for Aspiring, Active, and Accomplished writers (what we call the 3-A's)."

Book Passage Mystery Writers Conference

August 22-25, 2019, Corte Madera CA

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

"The four-day Book Passage Mystery Writers Conference has a strong tradition of great authors and teachers. It covers everything mystery writers need – from developing ideas and writing skills to finding a publisher."

San Francisco Writing for Change Conference

September 14, 2019, San Francisco CA

<http://sfwritingforchange.org/>

"At the 11th San Francisco Writing for Change Conference you will discover how what you write can change the world . . . and how to get your writing published." – WT

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

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: 3:00 third Sundays, 1204 Preservation Park Way, Oakland. 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, 42 Silicon Valley, Fremont. 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 third Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com

Napa Valley: 7:00 second Wednesdays, Napa Valley Unitarian Church, Napa. napavalley-writers.net

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

Redwood: 2:00 second 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: 1:30 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 Fifth Hole

Continued from page 9

just quit trotting toward me and now crouched tentatively, ready for who knows what on the fifth hole of a damn golf course.

The cyclist had just disappeared down the service road.

I desperately looked left and then right. Maybe the beast was stalking a nearby deer. There were deer and elk in Canada, right?

Not today. Except for me and that wolf, the fairway was empty.

Heck, I was only playing a quick round of golf.

I gripped my three-wood tight with both hands. I tried to look taller. It hadn't moved. I took a couple steps toward the wild animal. It seemed unconcerned. "Go away, get out of here," I commanded as if it were my child. My voice sounded small in the vastness of the Canadian Rockies. Its razor teeth gleamed a sinister yellow, plainly visible when the wolf pulled back its black and quivering top lip. I imagined

it was wondering what it might eat afterward for dessert. It rose from its crouch and took a few wary steps toward me.

Now what? The entire experience was too weird. I was petrified. The predicament seemed oddly funny, in a messy, blood-smeared kind of way. Never had I seen a wolf in the wild. Yet here I was, facing one, alone.

I looked at the three-wood in my hands: This isn't enough club. I laughed out loud, which startled my stalker. It stood at attention, ears tall, tail up. I bet it can run damn fast, I thought.

I snatched out the heavier nine-iron. Back at the pro-shop, I should have insisted on a sand-wedge. I made ready to raise the iron and run at the wolf with an un-Trevino-like whoop and a holler. We stared each other down. Then, surprisingly, the wild grey wolf turned and trotted off toward the forest and mountain beyond. I blew out a deep sigh of relief. It turned once and gazed at me briefly with its devilish, red-eyed stare as if to

say: "You would have been too stringy to eat anyway."

I moved on and not a bit slowly, picking up Tom Watson's ball, still gripping my nine-iron. Periodically I checked back behind me. I skipped the next hole and caught up with the foursome ahead.

They were duly impressed with my story, laughed, and invited me to tee-off with them. The fairway turned toward the clubhouse. The Bow River ran cold and blue on our right. I was too flustered to care about my shots, so they improved.

When the family picked me up, I told them about my close encounter. They seemed to take it in stride, perhaps, a bit too much in stride. I soon forgot about the incident and slept well that night, in the safety of a motel room.

Occasionally, though, that moment comes back to me. What would I have done if that wolf had run at me? —WT

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5 7:30P Open mic: Almaden B&N	6
7	8 2P Valley Writers	9 7P Well-RED atWorks	10 7P Board Meeting (Marjorie's House)	11	12	13
14 10A Our Voices	15 2P Valley Writers	16 6:00P SBW Dinner Holder's Country Inn	17	18 7P Third Thursday, Poetry Center	19 7:30P Open mic: Rose Garden	20 DEADLINE: <i>WritersTalk</i> Submission
21 1P Poets@Play, Markham House	22 2P Valley Writers	23	24	25	26	27
28 10A Our Voices	29 2P Valley Writers	30	31	July 2019		

Upcoming Events

Board Meeting (Marjorie's home): • Wed. July 10	Dinner Meeting (Holder's Country Inn): • Tues. July 16
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**SBW Summer BBQ:
Sunday August 18; Location TBA!**

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

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

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 Wednesdays, 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!**

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

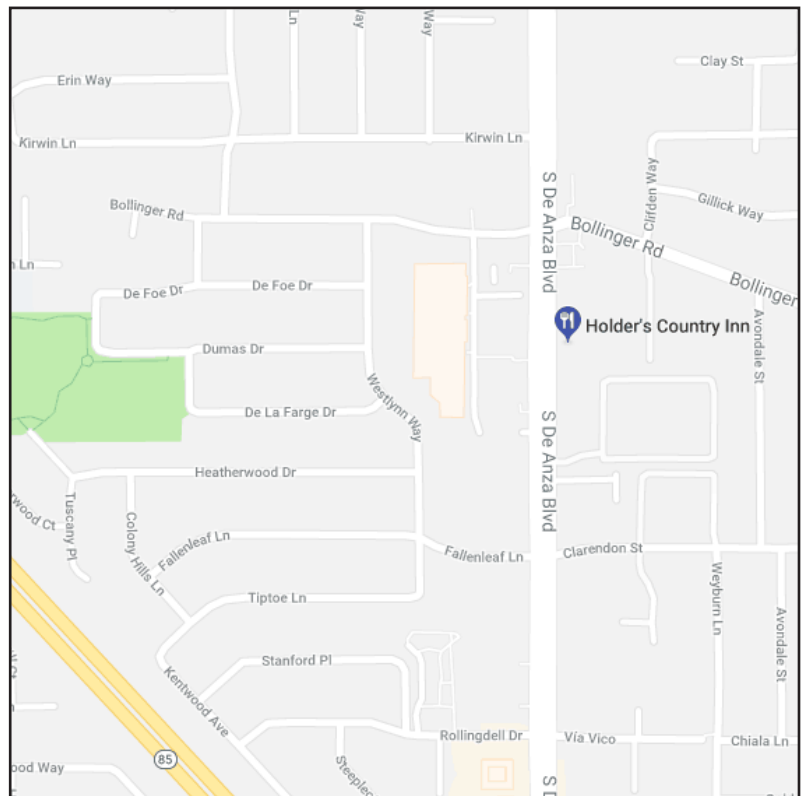
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**South Bay Writers
Regular Dinner Meeting
6:00 - 9:00 p.m.
Tuesday, July 16, 2019
Holder's Country Inn
998 S. DeAnza Blvd, San Jose**

**You Can Be a
Winning Writer
with
Joan Gelfand**

Please send contributions and submissions for *WritersTalk* by or on the 20th of the month!

Regular dinner meetings are third Tuesdays 6 – 9 PM of every month except Summer BBQ, December, and workshop months



Holder's Country Inn

Located on South De Anza Boulevard after Bollinger Rd.

Accessible from Stevens Creek Blvd. or 85 (Mineta Hwy)