



# WRITERSTALK

Volume 27  
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October 2019

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

OCTOBER SPEAKER: KIRK GLASER

## Mastering the Short Story

by Jamal Khan



The short story has launched and inspired many a literary career. The daunting task of packing profound meaning within an economy of space has elicited enormous literary achievements in poetry and songwriting, and the short story is no exception. As Edgar Allen Poe once observed, "A short story must have a single mood and every sentence must build towards it." In the hands of a capable wordsmith, the short story shines because less is more. At our October 15th dinner meeting, Kirk Glaser will guide us through the unique features and challenges of the short story and explain what makes it so rewarding.

Kirk Glaser is the director of creative writing and a senior lecturer at Santa Clara University. He earned his Ph.D. in American

literature at the University of California, Berkeley, and his B.A. from Dartmouth College. His poetry and fiction have appeared in *The Threepenny Review*, *Sou'wester*, *Cortland Review*, *Cerise Press*, *Alsop Review*, *Bloodroot Literary Magazine*, *Mobius*, *The Caribbean Review*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, and elsewhere. He has received numerous awards and fellowships for his work, including an American Academy of Poets prize, C. H. Jones National Poetry Prize, University of California Poet Laureate Award, Richard Eberhart Poetry Prize, Sundog Poetry Prize, and Summer Literary Seminars 2010 Fellowship.

At Santa Clara University, Glaser focuses all of his writing classes on helping students to tap and develop their writerly selves first and foremost, while training the editor in each student to develop and refine the work. As a faculty adviser to the Santa Clara Review, he works closely with the student staff and practicum classes to build skills in writing, editing, and publishing as well as supporting the growth of the literary and arts community on campus.

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

When: Tuesday, October 15 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

SEPTEMBER RECAP: KATE FARRELL

## Storytelling and Public Speaking

by Bill Baldwin

Our September speaker, Kate Farrell, brought together two areas that we can use to reinforce one another when we do public presentations—or when we are developing story ideas.

I personally have for some time noticed certain dichotomies in how we are taught to write. On the one hand, we are told to "show, not tell" when writing stories; on the other hand, we are told that writers need to be able to tell a story. "But I'm not supposed to tell!"

I am also well aware of the different styles one may use in writing. One can assume a haughty third-person omniscient point-of-view (my impression is that Balzac begins all his novels with a twenty-page summary (?) of the architecture of his locale). On the other hand you can be conversational: Holden Caulfield sharing his experiences of wandering around New York.

What Kate Farrell suggested to us is that we might want to consider how we would get up in front of an audience and describe a family story that has stuck with us over the years. How would we approach that? If we take a public speaking approach to our story telling, and remember the impact of family stories, it encourages us to present our story in a more personal way.

We should have a sense of the entire story in our head as we begin. We wouldn't go into details of setting or time (like we might if we were sitting at our desk writing). We would emphasize, by repetition, certain key images or

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# Between the Lines

Edie Matthews



## A Tale of Tales

"We're reading the entire book," announced the English professor, holding up a thick literature book.

I thought, "Whoopee, I'll really be knowledgeable."

"There will also," she said, "be a test every week."

"Are you kidding?" I groaned silently. "How will I ever find time to read that tome?"

The book was a 350-page anthology of modern short stories. Each week we were assigned six to eight them. I plunged right in. Faithfully, I devoured each tale with gusto.

As the weeks progressed, keeping the plots and characters straight became a challenge. To help, I made notes. I wrote down names and synopsis on post-it notes and reviewed them before the quiz. Even then, I would occasionally be stumped by a question.

However, I remained enthusiastic. A few of the stories I had read before, but most of them I had not. Plus, though I was familiar with many of the authors like Flannery O'Connor, John Updike, and Eudora Welty, a handful I had never heard of—or at least had never read—like Lorrie Moore, Alice Munro, and John Cheever.

Cheever's work was engaging—no problem recalling the details of "The Five Forty-Eight" or "The Swimmer."

He used a clever device in "The Swimmer." The protagonist decides to travel home from a summer party by swimming from one friend's pool to another. Each pool represents a chapter of his life. The drama unfolds as he arrives at a new residence.

Another story was littered with 26 characters—most in minor roles. When creating their names, the author incorporated all the letters of the alphabet, from Anthony to Zachary. I don't recall the plot, only the gimmick.

It was easy to recognize work inspired by experience. I'll never forget "Cathedral" by Raymond Carver. The protagonist (obviously Carver) is dreading the visit of out-of-town company, a blind friend of his wife's. Carver's epiphany at the end is profound.

The professor of the class herself was a semi-famous author and a gossip. She was personally acquainted with many of the writers who had stories in our textbook. When we discussed their work, she revealed intimate details of their lives. She'd begin by saying, "I'll deny I said this, but the rumor is she used to be a prostitute." And "My sister slept with him and said he is the saddest man she ever met."

Although this anthology was a collection of noted stories, as you can imagine, I found some of them boring. Yet, I would be tested, so I had to be prepared. I devised a way to motivate myself. When starting a new story, I'd try to determine what warranted it worthy of being in the collection.

The strategy worked.

I'd assess whether it was the plot, the characters, or/and the prose that elevated the narrative. From that point on I was able to recognize the merits of each story. The method helped me become more analytical as well.

Shortly after completing this class, I began teaching and tutoring at Mission College. When students needed help in the English Lab, more often than not, I'd look at their assignment like "The Lottery" by Shirley Jackson, and say, "Ohhh, I know this story." —WT

California Writers Club  
South Bay Branch  
www.southbaywriters.com

### SBW Officers

President—Edie Matthews  
pres@southbaywriters.com  
Vice President—Jamal Khan  
vp@southbaywriters.com  
Secretary—Marjorie Johnson  
secretary@southbaywriters.com  
Treasurer—Trenton Myers  
treasurer@southbaywriters.com  
Member-at-Large1—Tatyana Grinenko  
member-at-large-1@southbaywriters.com  
Member-at-Large2—Alfred Jan  
member-at-large-2@southbaywriters.com

### SBW Representatives

Central Board—Bill Baldwin  
WABaldwin@aol.com  
NorCal—Dave LaRoche  
policies@southbaywriters.com

### SBW Committee Chairs

Bylaws/Policy&Procedures—Dave LaRoche  
policies@southbaywriters.com  
Hospitality—Janet Patey  
hospitality@southbaywriters.com  
Membership—Inga Silva  
membership@southbaywriters.com  
MRMS Admin—Dick Amyx  
mrms@southbaywriters.com  
Newsletter—J. K. McDole  
newsletter@southbaywriters.com  
Programs, Workshops—Jamal Khan  
vp@southbaywriters.com  
Publicity and Public Relations—Tatyana Grinenko  
pr@southbaywriters.com  
Web Master—Dick Amyx (Interim)  
webmaster@southbaywriters.com  
Web Editor—Tatyana Grinenko  
webeditor@southbaywriters.com  
Member News—Marjorie Johnson  
membernews@southbaywriters.com

### SBW Events

Open Mic—Bill Baldwin  
WABaldwin@aol.com

### 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, 2020. 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](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com)

### Managing Editor

J. K. McDole

### Contributing Editors

Marjorie Bicknell Johnson

Carolyn Donnell

Sally Milnor

Jana McBurney-Lin

### 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

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

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**Change of Address:** Send changes of address to [membership@southbaywriters.com](mailto:membership@southbaywriters.com)

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## Untitled Simplicity Editorial

My family and I spent the past weekend as geese. Digital geese, to be precise; we played *Untitled Goose Game*, a cheekily entertaining stealth-puzzler released for the Nintendo Switch. Produced by Australian developer House House, *Goose Game* has a simple premise that can be summed up by its even simpler tagline: "*It's a lovely morning in the village, and you are a horrible goose.*" The point is pure mischief. Your goose vexes the well-meaning locals via an extremely petty to-do list: you drag picnics into ponds, steal from street shops, ruin gardens, and perform tricks at the pub. You can even trap unsuspecting townsfolk in their tidy little garages.

The game's simplicity is part of its charm. The graphics are plain but colorful. Your mayhem is framed against the lilting piano melodies of Debussy's *Preludes*; you deliver goosey wrath via five functions: waddle, flap your wings, crouch, grab/peck, and honk. No punishment ever befalls your goose; you face no consequences for failing to complete a task. Rather, you simply try again, or find more efficient (read: sneakier) ways to inconvenience the locals.

And that, to me, is more than just entertaining. *Untitled Goose Game* is a small masterpiece of design—a lesson that, when well-executed, simple concepts can be strong, engaging, and full of replay value. When I finished the first to-do list, I received a fresh set of tasks slightly more complex than the last—and, once I'd done those, the game presented them all as timed challenges. We discovered multiple ways to complete certain tasks, suggesting the game encouraged creativity by having few 'right' or 'wrong' criteria for solving puzzles.

Can we apply this creativity to writing? Kate Farrell, our September speaker, might agree. At her talk, she offered three simple words: "strip it down." Try summing up the plot of your story with one word or theme. Reduce a complex conceptual idea to a single sentence—"somebody wanted, but, so" comes to mind as a good starting framework—to cut excessive detail, narrative fluff, or wandering plot. Center your work around a singular statement ("geese are jerks") or a question ("what would life be like if you were a goose?") or experience ("once, a goose stole my glasses")—and keep it centered ("swans are more dangerous than geese, but this story is about the latter")—to strengthen your final draft. I've always felt like craft of fiction has some overlap with elements of design; even classic games like chess and Monopoly have inherent narratives, and a narrative's execution can be inspiring.

How do you feel about simple concepts? Got any strip-it-down design principles to share? From games to suggestions to stories about angry birds, we'd love to hear it. Send in your thoughts to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com). Rest assured that no geese were harmed in the publication of this issue. — WT

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# View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson  
SBW Secretary

On September 11, a quorum of your hard-working board members, President Edie Matthews, Jamal Khan, Marjorie Johnson, Trenton Myers, Inga Silva, Alfred Jan, Bill Baldwin, and Tatyana Grinenko, met at Edie's house.

The minutes from the August Board meeting were approved. Vice President Jamal Khan announced a slate of upcoming speakers:

- October 15, Kirk Glaser, "Mastering the Short Story"
- November 19, Dave Denny, "Mechanics of Imagery and Metaphor"
- December: Holiday Party
- February 18, 2020: Lisa Mendelman, "Sex in Popular Cultures"

**WritersTalk Challenge Contest:** The awards for calendar year 2019 will be given at the December meeting, which is also SBW's holiday party. We will need more judges; please let me know if you're interested. Also, with a new writing season upon us, now is the time to pursue any new SBW activities. Please come to a board meeting with your ideas and suggestions.

Next board meeting: 7 pm, Monday, October 7, at the home of President Edie Matthews. SBW Board meetings are open to all members. Come and learn what's happening and how to be a part of the action. All you have to do is RSVP to Edie. — WT

# Storytelling and Public Speaking

*Continued from the front page*

impressions. We would keep our basic story structure simple: We might have a (step 1) setup. Then perhaps (step 2) some development. Then (step 3) a climax and then, finally, a resolution or coda (as we might call it in music); a definite narrative arc to keep in mind!

You can adapt film approaches to help you focus. As you begin, focus on impressions, images, feelings. Use a storyboard to encapsulate the four or five components of the story structure. Think in terms of images and feelings. Imagine your story as a silent film (no voice!): What emotional responses can you summon from your images?

Kate shared family stories, and several club member shared theirs (rabid horses, lard sandwiches, and more).

This certainly encouraged us to get beyond long descriptions and "beautiful" styling; to focus back on what writing perhaps is all about: Evoking an emotional response to the stories we want to share; and in that sense, to raise our own writing from simple narration to actual experience.

**In Five Easy Steps:**

1. Select a story with tension and a clear beginning, middle, and end.
2. Strip the story to its essentials. Use a story board to highlight the narrative arc.
3. Close your eyes and visualize the story and its characters
4. Now play the entire story in your head, as a silent film.
5. Tell the story. Your voice is the soundtrack to the silent film. — WT

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## October Member News

by Marjorie Johnson

It's not everyday that a member of South Bay Writers is quoted in a national magazine. Jac Fitz-enz modestly sent me an email, saying, "You might find this interesting."

The article "Human Capital's Big Reveal" in the September 2019 CFO Magazine had this to say about Jac Fitz-enz:

Attention to human capital metrics hardly is a nouveau development. Jac Fitz-enz, CEO of consultancy Human Capital Source and often referred to as the "father" of human capital strategic analysis and measurement, started looking into the topic exactly a half century ago. When he encountered the prevailing belief that people were an expense and a liability, it immediately struck him as amiss.

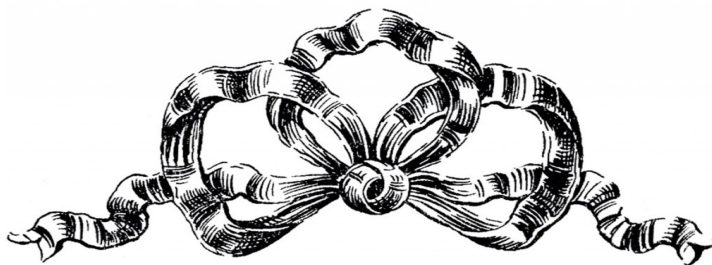
"I believe that the only asset capable of creating value for an organization is people," he says. "All other assets are inert. Facilities, equipment, even cash have no economic value until a human learns how to apply them in an organizational process."

But, he stresses, companies today should not be stalled by attempting to make their first iteration of human capital valuation perfect.

"We just need a well-thought-out set of principles on which we can build a better system tomorrow," he says. "Given that we do not have a universally accepted system today, we should be content with moving ahead to build a workable one now, and improve on it as we use and learn from it."

The new ISO standard could, of course, become the basis for a universally accepted system of valuing human capital.

Says Fitz-enz: "I wasn't certain I would live long enough to see metrics and analytics finally invade the human capital/finance realm. The hidebound SEC notwithstanding, there is now a light at the end of a very long tunnel." — WT



# Grief is a Funny Thing

by Penelope Cole

Grief is funny, peculiar, weird. It's a terrible, unpredictable thing. One day you're tearing up at an abandoned toy, an empty bed, a half-filled water bowl. You know he's gone, but you expect his head to pop up from his bed, where he's chewed the corners off. Then the bed is gone, too. The next day you're openly weeping because his sad brown eyes and sweet face came to you in a dream. But each day you wake up and go on living. That's just how it is.

Then, one day, I woke up seething with anger. How could they have left the door open? If open even a crack, we knew Bo could push his way through. And why didn't they give him a full meal? If they'd run out of dog food, he would gladly have eaten cat food. Bo was hungry and went looking for something to eat. The ointment had an oil base. He smelled it, so it must have seemed good enough to eat. He started with one tube, then another, until he'd bitten into every tube of ointment and cream in my nightstand, in my room. The shredded remains told me something was wrong, very wrong.

So it was my fault—my medication that poisoned and killed Bo. How can it be my fault when the creams and medicated ointments had been there for months, maybe over a year? My meds were in my room—so we all blamed me. Now I carry guilt on top of a load of grief. And then I even paid for the treatment that gave us false hope.

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The young man was totally drained. He'd lain helpless on the floor, hugging his dog—his loyal companion, his protector, his beloved Bo. Kwang sobbed the deep, gut-wrenching sobs of the utterly hopeless. The fight, the struggle was over. Bo had tried to live, but he wasn't strong enough to fight the toxins. Then he stopped eating—so he wasn't getting any nutrition or the medication. He got weaker. He wobbled. He threw up. He had bloody diarrhea. He hurt and it was excruciating to watch him suffer.

There was nothing left to do except say goodbye. But Kwang didn't want to take his precious Bo for a final trip to the vet—to those who'd failed to save his dog. He didn't want that. He wanted someone to come to the house and spare us that long,

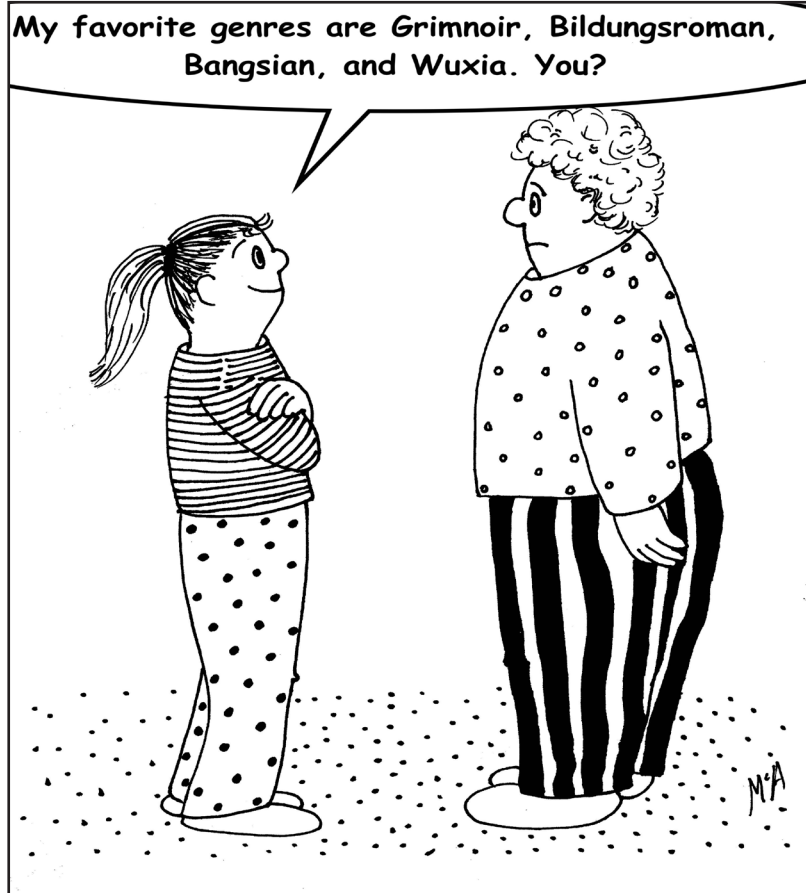
last ride. But it was late at night and most vets don't make those house calls after dark. We had another choice. We drove Bo to the Humane Society in Milpitas, all the while he was cradled in loving arms, he was caressed and petted—he was a good boy to the end.

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We are bereaved in this small, sad house. The silence is oppressive. Each day our remaining pets try to fill the void. Our two cats loudly demand more attention. My sweet girl dog is slowly coming out of her shell, though still mostly under my bed. But she's no longer looking for her buddy. They know he's gone. We all know this. We have more time, but somehow we're busier. The raw, open wound is healing, bit by bit, tear by tear. So life goes on. —WT

## Comics

by Maddy McEwen



## HALLOWEEN IS COMING...

Check Page 11 for details on our annual Halloween Costume Contest, to be held at our October 15th meeting!

There will be prizes!



# Realizations

by DeWayne Mason

December 17-18, 2015

It was June 1975 when I first heard the words, "Someone should write a book about that season." And those words had peppered my mind ever since. Steve Phipps, head baseball coach at Central Methodist College, in Fayette, Missouri, had uttered the words just after that season. I was Steve's assistant and we were discussing our team's accomplishment when he blurted out his bold assumption.

We were ecstatic that our gritty squad of thirteen players had upset a national powerhouse in the final game of our league's championship tournament. The victory capped a magical season in which we'd leapfrogged six other teams—jumping from last to first in a single year—and mounted an unbelievable comeback to steal the trophy. Given the improbability of the comeback and rare turnaround, it deserved Phipps's pronouncement and standing as baseball's greatest miracle.

Forty years later, Phipps's words were back. I was living in Highland, California, with my wife, Julie, and we were rushing to finish Christmas cards, hoping to deposit them before that evening's final post office pickup. I'd just turned a page in my address book:

Steve Phipps (Dorothy "Dorf")

128 Chesterfield Court

Liberty, Missouri 64067

Upon seeing Steve's name, his words resurfaced, mustering up memories of '75. As I began writing him a card, however, I remembered that he and his wife, Dorf, had moved, and that—for several years—I'd failed to chase down their new address.

"Damn!" I muttered. How could I lose track of Steve Phipps? Tossing my pen on the table, I stared at the kitchen ceiling, rationalizing my neglect. He'd been a significant role model—twice: As a senior athlete, when I was a troubled, insecure eighth-grader; and as a coach at Central twelve years later, after the Pirates released me from pro baseball. His mentoring had crystalized my commitment to teach.

Since departing Fayette in '76 and Missouri in '90, I'd rarely seen Steve. Our history of sending cards had been spotty,

given our single-minded focus and dedication to careers and families. But for many years I'd hoped to rekindle our friendship and work with him to write that book he'd envisioned—a book he'd passionately pushed every time we had seen each other. But first I needed to find him and thank him for his vital support.

Suddenly, as I reflected about Steve and my self-absorbed behavior, I cringed. I stood up and trudged to our family room. While peering through a glass door, I thought about my lack of response to an old Facebook post that had reported Steve's move and poor health, as well as my failure to stay in touch with other good friends I'd lost. Gazing at the gray, dusk-covered San Geronio Mountains, I realized I'd slighted the one friend who'd meant the most in shaping my life. Shaken by my all-too-rare self-revelation, I worried that time may be running out. I told myself this time I'm finding Steve.

I returned to the kitchen to finish my cards. As I addressed an envelope, I saw Julie zip past our kitchen island, clutching a roll of stamps, her long brown hair bouncing on her shoulders.

"I didn't update Steve and Dorf's address," I said.

Julie, seemingly lost in her thoughts, pivoted toward the hallway, as if she didn't hear me. I continued thinking about Steve and how we'd brought out the best in our players, none recruited to play college baseball.

Interrupting my thoughts again, Julie darted through the kitchen, returning the unused stamps to my office. "Dear, I'm done," she said. "Let's get going. After the post office we need to hit Costco and Citrus Plaza."

"Hold on! I have a few cards left! I haven't tracked down Steve's address." Refocusing, I signed another card.

"Let's go," Julie said, reentering the kitchen. "The last collection for Christmas Eve delivery is six o'clock."

Irritated, I glanced at my watch. "Give me a minute! I've got to find Steve, he's my last card!" Julie marched down the hallway toward our garage and stairway to the second floor.

I jumped up from my chair and hustled to my office. I began searching Google and Facebook for Steve's address or phone number. After several minutes, I found a July Facebook post written by a former coach at Central:

Just heard the sad news that Dorothy ("Dorf") Phipps passed away this afternoon.

She and her husband, Steve, were living in Chicago. They both lived in Liberty for several years before health issues.

Steve's wife is dead? Stunned, I stared at the post. Could Steve be dead, too? I shook my head and thought to myself, "Were their health issues that bad?"

I reflected about Dorf. Gregarious and vivacious, she was a stalwart supporting Steve's teams. She'd baked thousands of cookies for road trips and washed as many uniforms. I wondered what this might mean for me, given my age, whether I'd have enough time to write a book about our '75 team.

All of a sudden, I heard Julie's heels click clacking toward my office. Looking up, I saw her stop and lean her hand against the doorjamb. Glaring at me, she said, "We're going to miss the last pickup. If you're going, we've got to go now!" Exasperated, I collected my cards, save one.

The minute we arrived back home I checked Facebook. I found an earlier post by Scott Ricker, a former player of Steve's. It promoted a book written in 2013 about Steve and Dorf:

'Just finished the book, *Mirror Image*, by John Hogan, about my college baseball coach, Steve Phipps, and his wife, Dorothy, or "Dorf," as Steve called her. It's an unbelievable story told by Hogan, a colleague of Steve's at Central in the '90s.'

That someone penned a book about Steve and Dorf was unsurprising. They had a storybook relationship and engaging personalities. But given my purpose, I was disappointed. Still, I was hopeful it might contain useful information.

The next post I found was more telling. It included pictures from Dorf's life celebration. Unfortunately, one showed Steve in a wheelchair. I winced and slumped my

*Continued on Page 10*



# I Give Up

by Dave LaRoche

"I give up!" — an expression of aversion and exhaustion when inquiring intellect returns only fragmented nonsense. It's what I think of the current track discussed by our Central Board regarding the future of the *Literary Review*. A volunteer editor, Fred Dodsworth, Berkeley, offers ...

## Proposal Nutshell:

- Authors will submit their work to an ad-hoc "branch panel" where it will be judged fit or not for the next step.
- On the basis of branch membership size, that team will select a limited number of pieces to be advanced to the managing editor.
- The editor will then critique at \$50 per if requested by author. A submission fee is yet undetermined.

## Problems:

- Twenty-two branches, twenty-two juries, no common standards of oversight equals unfair selection across the club population and most likely scattered engagement as branches fail to organize juries.
- Small branches may have the best writers, yet submissions limited because of membership size.
- The *Review* was never intended to be a branch competition, rather a respected publication wherein members could showcase their good work.

Not a managing editor and acquisition staff all working from the same rubric, but twenty-two different ways from twenty-two different panels to distinguish and select and all from a distribution limited by the size of the branch membership — thus no common selection standards, and arbitrarily refusing some members their chance at the gate before a sentence is read.

Our *Literary Review*, now nine years on coffee tables, has developed panache — a handsome publication with quality content. It served both the club and the authors a degree of stature otherwise unknown. The process to produce the magazine has been well established (tweaks of refinement each year) and yet... And yet we elect to upend the barrel and watch all the good apples roll reluctantly into the gutter hoping to refill with a mystery something - hope

in place of an established, successful process.

Already, by change in policy, the *Review* is devalued as a pdf is available to anyone accessing the CWC website and thus has lost potential economic value, and now a plan to reduce its inherent quality.

As the founding and seven year editor of the *Review*, I object to this proposed change. It offers nothing of value, simultaneously degrading what we already have. It is the *Review*, and its needs and opportunities, not the editor, add value to the Club. — WT

## FICTION

# The Ghost of Brookdale Lodge

by Lorna Doone

Zooming under the flickering sunlight streaming through the evergreens along Highway 9, Norma complained into her car's speakerphone. "I can't believe the administration chose to side with HIM just because he's a doctor and I'm a nurse. How many people will he continue to maim due to his stupidity," she queried her husband. Streaming out from the speaker between her rants was her husband's calming voice interjecting condolences that she had to go through a day like that. He added that he supports her 100%.

He told her he was sorry for he would be on the road with work this weekend. Norma realized she was not prepared to face their home alone. Her job had been a director of nurses in a community hospital until two hours ago. She'd been fired for backing one of her nurses instead of THAT incompetent MD. In her mood her walls at home would feel claustrophobic.

Gliding up to the parking lot of Brookdale Lodge, she bid her goodbye to her husband on the line, and then grabbed her emergency overnight case from the trunk. She slammed the trunk and sauntered up to the registration desk. "One bed, please," she said to the desk clerk.

"I don't know if you want this, but it's the only room left tonight," the clerk answered. "People have seen ghosts more in that room than anywhere else in our hotel," he revealed, waving his hand over to the newspaper clippings on the wall.

She glanced at the clippings showing the supernatural events which had been

reported at the lodge over the years. "I'm not superstitious; so I'll take the room."

As she'd laid her clothes on her bed, Norma realized that she would need to go shopping for a few extras the following day.

That night at the lodge, her sound sleep was interrupted by two loud knocks in the air. Then, in the middle of the room, a young girl's image flickered. She must be about 10 years of age, Norma thought. While shimmering in the middle of the room, this image announced, "I'm keeping her company for you." Norma sat bolt upright now and watched as a second apparition appeared next to the first, and the two giggled. The second angelic spirit glided up and tapped Norma's belly. Norma watched the loving spirits fade. Norma must instantly have gone back to sleep. The next thing she was aware of was light streaming through the window shades.

Driving into Felton after breakfast, Norma spotted the TrendSetter Boutique, parked the car and entered. She realized she was still fuming about the hospital incident and thought, retail therapy was just what she needed.

"Mommy, Mommy" a lively girl about four years old ran towards her with her arms opened wide. As the girl ran past her to the welcoming arms of the mother down the aisle, Norma woke up from her reverie. Absentmindedly, she was holding a simple blue dress that would go with her current shoes. Without a second thought she purchased it.

Late that afternoon, Norma's husband surprised her by joining her for the night. During their dinner at the lodge, her husband growled into her ear, "How delicious you look in that new dress." During the meal, Norma believed she heard the two ghost-girls scampering in the chapel on the galley above. This made her wonder if she had indeed been visited the night before.

The next morning, her husband had left early to return to his job in Silicon Valley. She tossed a coin into the wishing well in front of the Brookdale Lodge on the way to her car. She prayed for a sign of what she was supposed to do next with her life. After a deep sigh, a warm feeling enveloped her.

The first sweet spirit, now stood alone in front of the wishing well. She waved goodbye to her playmate in the belly of new mom-to-be. — WT



# ***South Bay Writers September 2019 Telling Stories***





# Fool's Gold

by Russ Towne

Clem Maxwell rushed into the Dirty Dog Saloon and came to an abrupt stop when he heard her voice. It was the sweetest he'd ever heard and came from the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. Clem had fallen in love the moment he laid eyes on Adeline. Virtually everyone in the nearly all-male gold-mining town had done the same. They'd all been lonely for so long that if she'd sung like a banshee and looked like the hind end of a filly they probably still would have fallen in love.

The fact that Adeline sang like a songbird and was truly beautiful made her all the more irresistible.

Clem eased toward the bar, never taking his eyes off Adeline. He felt a tap on the shoulder and turned to see Slim Deets. They'd been close friends until Adeline had come to town. "Why you low life sonuvab..."

"Now, Clem, don't you go sayin' something we're both gonna regret. I only went on a picnic with her."

"But you know that Adeline and I are almost engaged."

"I know no such thing. You've only gone for one ride out in the country with her."

"But we rode together before you had a picnic with her."

"Come on, Clem, let me buy you a drink." Slim poured enough gold dust on the bar for several drinks.

"No!" Clem brushed the dust off the bar onto the floor with the back of his hand. "I'm not drinkin' with the man who tried to steal my girl."

Behind the bar, Red Benton was thrilled. "Poor fools." This was the third time today a similar scene had played out with other men and, each time, he'd swept up and pocketed the gold dust.

Red had many doubts when Adeline suggested they go west to raise money to buy a big house in Boston. She said gold miners would crave the companionship of a beautiful woman at least as much as they needed picks and shovels. He finally admitted she was right. Her plan worked even better than she thought it would. She simply showed up, got a job singing in the best bar in town, and acted like a lady. The only other women in town were a few gap-toothed diseaseridden sad souls who made a living - if

you could call it that - on their backs.

Adeline shone like the warm sun in the dark, cold, lonely existence of the miners. They showered her with expensive gifts in their efforts to woo her. To her credit, she told them she was spoken for by someone from Boston but neglected to mention it was the man who'd come to the mining town the day after she did and was now their bartender. It worked best that way and was safer for Red.

Adeline and Red had discussed it early this morning. He said they had enough gold to buy their house in Boston. Adeline wanted to stay a bit longer but agreed to leave on tomorrow's noon stage.

Adeline was indeed planning on leaving on the noon stage tomorrow, but not with her fiancé. "Poor Red. The fool. He still has no clue I've fallen for Jack." Jack O'Hanlon had struck the motherlode and was now a very rich man.

She headed for the only place in town that usually served beef instead of bear or worse. Red was to meet her there in a few minutes. She decided to confess to him at lunch today in such a public place so, hopefully, he wouldn't make too much of a scene. "It'll break his heart, and I'm truly sorry for that, but he can have all the money we saved for the house. Besides, I don't need it. I'm about to be engaged to the richest man around these parts, and I'll be able to buy houses all over the world."

Jack O'Hanlon walked out of the Wells Fargo office. He saw Adeline walk into the Beef and Beans. She'd recently confessed to him that Red was the man she was engaged to. The beautiful greedy young fool. She was a lot of fun to bed and dally with, but he'd never marry a woman who'd dump her fiancé simply because she found someone richer. There were always richer men. He shook his head as he boarded the noon stage.

As he sat waiting for the trip to begin, he saw the bartender Red Benton headed for the stage coach trailed by two pairs of men struggling to carry two trunks that seemed to be much heavier than normal. Once Red was certain the trunks were securely on the coach, he climbed inside.

O'Hanlon and Benton exchanged glances, both surprised to see the other, and began laughing as the coach pulled away. —WT

# Leonard Nimoy, Walmart and Alien Abduction

by Chris Weilert

I recently went to a UFO convention out of curiosity with the hope of learning something profound. I left with the impression that a UFO convention is a gathering that I would categorize as fringe entertainment in line with professional wrestling, Civil War reenactments, and lingerie football. I went with the pre-conceived notion there was going to be a legion of Star Trek fanatics, new age pontificators, alien abductees and people who swear that spaceships are part of an ongoing conspiracy. I was not to be let down when I saw all of the above and more.

The convention was like a smorgasbord of twisted brains, certifiable kooks, UFO junkies and gawkers like me. I thought Halloween brought out the ET outfits, but this convention had folks who felt inclined to don the big head and bug eyes. In addition, I don't know why Spock impersonators where there, but I am sure Leonard Nimoy is somewhere wishing he received a dollar every time someone flashed the "go in peace and prosper" hand gesture.

Let's review three of the premises presented at the convention. Premise one: aliens are abducting people for interrogation. Apparently, this has been going on for many years, and there is a growing population making the claim. Premise 2: Aliens have infiltrated themselves into everyday society to report on us. Premise 3: There is a massive government cover up of a lot of unidentified aircraft.

To give a further breakdown, here they are. Premise 1: Aliens are abducting us. This usually happens in our sleep, and then we are sent to an unknown location to be interrogated, tortured and probed. It seems to be a common theme to be probed, but I can't imagine why. So, the aliens want to probe our orifices to find out what's going on inside. This doesn't add up, because you'd think once you probed one you probed them all. Maybe they want to gather some cells to do some cloning. The reason they keep doing this is because they want a variety of slaves to wait on them. Logically, it makes a little sense, but the question looms: If these guys traveled all this way to probe us and clone us, you would think they could invent a robot instead? If I could have a robot slave, put an order in for me.

*Continued on Page 13*

## Realizations

*Continued from page 6*

shoulders. After taking a breath, I posted a request for Steve's address and phone number on Ricker and Hogan's Facebook walls.

Later that evening I received a Facebook message from Bill Lankford, a standout on our '75 team — the best athlete Phipps and I ever coached. Lankford wrote that my contact "made his day" but that he didn't know "Coach Phipps's whereabouts." My hopes dashed again, I smiled at Bill's reply. I thought about his athletic prowess, his potential, and what might have been. I also wondered whether I'd fulfilled my potential during a five-year professional baseball career.

Seeing no further messages, I grabbed my Kindle and walked to our family room. Julie was watching TV. I downloaded Mirror Image and began reading Hogan's short but not sweet story. He described Dorf's dementia and Steve's strokes and partial paralysis. He explained how they had pooled their strengths to complement one another. And he characterized Steve as his best friend, competitive yet compassionate, witty, upbeat, and energetic. His description matched my recollection, and I devoured the book, often moved to tears. As I read about his paralysis and contemplated his harsh existence, I thought about my good fortune, in spite of findings from my recent physical. I yearned to find him, to lend him support, to be a real friend — not just a faded memory of a friend who disappeared from his life.

After checking Facebook, I returned to our family room to read. I received a call from the father of a softball player I coached at Patriot High School. Julie, sensing a long conversation, headed upstairs to watch her show free of distraction. Later, when she returned, she asked, "You didn't schedule games during the holidays, did you?"

"No, no games until January seventh and eighth." I recalled Julie's raised eyebrows the past year when I held school activities during holidays. I was mindful of "being present," my Achilles' heel, but I made a mental note to handle team stats and communications early in the morning, before my family was awake.

My eyes tired from reading, I checked Facebook one last time. Seeing nothing new, I went to bed. As I tried to get comfortable, I mulled over my neglect and

wondered where I'd be if Steve hadn't asked me to become his assistant coach back in 1973.

When I checked my phone the next morning, I saw a 5:23 a.m. Facebook message from Hogan. He wrote, "Steve lives in Chicago" and provided his phone number. I felt a sense of joy; I knew Steve was alive, where he lived, and how to reach him. After preparing for school, I called and got no answer. Disappointed, I left a message: "Hey, Steve, this is a long-lost friend. Give me a call at 908-864-8033. Look forward to catching up."

Later that morning at school, as I polished off first-semester grades, I was restless, expecting a call any moment. I thought about calling again, but decided to run a few errands. As I started pulling off the street, my phone rang. I eyed my Bluetooth screen, saw it was Phipps, and smiled. Turning the steering wheel while searching for and then pushing the pick-up button, I clipped the curb and bounced my CRV into the parking lot.

"Hello, Steve?" I said, happy that I would soon hear his voice but unsure about whether I should bring up his health and Dorf's death.

"Hey, what's up? Looking for some free gut water?" Steve said, referring to

a phrase we'd used for our drinking of Pepsi after a long practice.

I laughed and felt relieved. Steve's spirit and confidence seemed unchanged — as if time had stood still and we were still tossing footballs, shooting baskets, or sitting at his kitchen table drinking Pepsi and writing lineups for upcoming games. "Those were the days," I said. "Do you still believe that '75 team?"

"I do," Steve said. "I've told that story all over the Midwest. My daughters know it by heart."

"I can relate. I've told it in workshops coast to coast. I choke up sharing how that season ended."

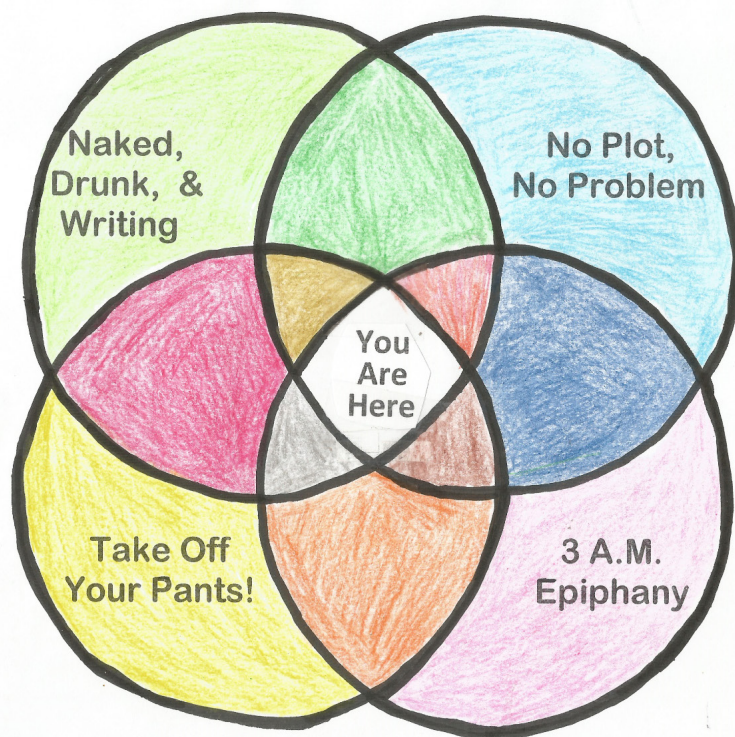
"You know," Steve said. "What our kids did in '75 beats Hoosiers and Miracle on Ice."

"I agree, but most would say that's a stretch."

"I understand, but they don't know how it happened," Steve said. "I'd like to see something better."

"I hear you," I said. "That was an unbelievable championship game."

"No doubt. And, you know, I think we need to write a book about that season." — WT



## Off the Shelf

*by Edie Matthews*



# Poetry Page

## I Want It All

by Penelope Anne Cole

I want our ten foot Christmas tree  
decorated in old fashioned wood ornaments—  
above a pile of beckoning family gifts.

I want my large family kitchen with pink tile counters,  
with the view of my mini fruit orchard  
through the corner window over the sink.

I want my fruit trees: my sweet apricot,  
my peach, my two cherry trees stripped by birds.  
And the loquat tree that planted itself in my yard.

I want my over-sized, bountiful backyard,  
with the graceful oak tree by the back fence  
where I put in a big sandbox for my home day care.

I want the day of Katy's birthday treasure hunt—  
which started in her sandbox  
and ended at the freezer with ice pops.

I want our bathtub story time, the cheesy  
Disney movies, the dog walks to our park,  
her peanut butter and jelly lunches.

I want the wee garden with the rock waterfall,  
and the spiky grass plants that refreshed me—  
viewed from my pink family room dining table.

I want my bedroom—converted from the living room,  
painted green to match my bedspread set—  
alive with birds, roses, and dogwood blossoms.

I want my seasonal tomato plants, my towering  
Douglas fir on the fence by the carport—  
where I parked my marine blue Mom-van.

I want my front yard with the white picket fence,  
the blooming Nile lilies, daffodils, white birch, and  
the lopsided stone pine we planted after Christmas.

I want the growing seasons, the rainy seasons,  
the vibrant springs, and the summer swimming times.  
I want Nicky's sleeping tree and my garden gate.

I want it all.  
I want it all back.  
I want it all back again.  
And then I'll never, ever let it go.

## Dappled Shadows

by Russ Towne

Dappled shadows on our path  
Filtered light through verdant leaves  
Treading softly hear the whispers  
Ancient dance of wind and trees.

## Dear Friend

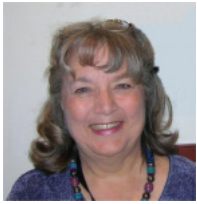
by Russ Towne

When you're feeling low  
The world doesn't care, it seems,  
Your Bucket List's too rusty  
To hold all your dreams  
You've got a friend  
Who always believes in you  
One who'd like to ease your mind  
Of all the cares you're going through  
Your fears, sadness, tears, and dreams  
They are all safe with me  
May you soon share my faith  
That your dreams will become reality  
I believe in your greatness  
All your goodness too  
The gifts you have for the world  
Most of all, I believe in you

**SOUTH BAY WRITERS**  
**October 15th Meeting:**  
**HALLOWEEN**  
**COSTUME CONTEST**  
**Come wearing your best costume!**  
**Awards To Be Given for:**  
**Most Glamorous**  
**Scariest**  
**Funniest**  
**Best Literary**  
**Most Original**

# Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



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 [membernews@southbaywriters.com](mailto:membernews@southbaywriters.com)

and any new stories, poems, articles, etc. to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com).

You can also check other branches for their current contests, submission, anthology, etc. requests. See a list of other CWC branches at

<https://calwriters.org/cwcbranches/>

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 WITH DEADLINES

### Writers Digest Awards for 2019

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

- Short Short Story Competition deadline: 11/15/19

### Zoetrope

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

- Films 2019: Third Annual Coppola Short Film Competition. Guest Judge: David Benioff (co-writer and showrunner of *Game of Thrones*). Final Deadline: October 15

## LOCAL PUBLICATIONS AND CONTESTS

WNBA 2019 Bay Area Contest Fiction, Nonfiction, and Poetry. Deadline Oct. 31, 2019.

- <https://wnba-sfchapter.org/2019-bay-area-writers-contest/>

The Literary Nest: check website for submission period for Winter issue.

- <https://theliterarynest.com/>

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

- <https://sandhillreview.org/>

Catamaran Literary Reader: A West Coast quarterly literary and visual arts journal. Fiction, poetry, creative nonfiction, and fine art. Submissions year round with a quarterly production cycle. Submission fee includes a coupon for a \$14 discount on their website store.

- <https://catamaranliteraryreader.com/>

## OTHER CONTESTS AND SUBMISSIONS

The Writer Magazine: free downloadable guide (Winter 2019 Guide to Writing Contests) at:

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

The Write Life - 31 Free Writing Contests: Legitimate Competitions With Cash Prizes

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

Winning Writers - Lists poetry and prose contests that are free to enter. Usually accepts previously published work. Tom Howard/Margaret Reid Poetry Contest. Submit October 15-April 30. \$5000 prizes. Wergle Flomp Humor Poetry Contest - Seeks humor poems Submission period: August 15-April 1. \$2250 prizes. No fee! Usually accepts published and unpublished work.

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

Crab Creek Review - Reading period open from Sept. 15 through Nov. Original, unpublished poetry, fiction and creative nonfiction. No fee. Payment is in contributor copies.

- <http://crabcreekreview.org/submissions.html>

The Treehouse Climate Action Poem Prize - 1st place \$1,000; 2nd \$750; 3rd \$500. All three poems will be published in the Poem-a-Day series. Deadline Nov 1, 2019.

- <https://poets.org/academy-american-poets/prizes/treehouse-climate-action-poem-prize>

## 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>

Poets & Writers - lists poetry and other contests.

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

The Thimble Magazine - A quarterly online journal.

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

Poetry Pacific

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

Poets.Org: ecommends several book and magazine contests.

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

Freedom With Writing: 78 Poetry Manuscript Publishers No Reading Fees

- <https://tinyurl.com/yccuwzj6>

No Fee Calls for Poems: Facebook Group that lists contests that don't charge fees.

SF State Poetry Center Chapbook Exchange. Sept 15 - Dec 15. Guidelines: 10-40 pages original, new work (written within the last 5 years) and/or published work that's fallen out of print. No fee!

- [chapbookexchange@gmail.com](mailto:chapbookexchange@gmail.com)
- <https://www.facebook.com/poetry-centerchapbookexchange/photos/a.836392293052441/3476184125739898/?type=3&theater&ifg=1>

## OTHER RESOURCES

Poets & Writers

- <https://www.pw.org/grants>\*

The Writer

- <https://www.writermag.com/contests/> (\*The Writer Magazine)

The Write Life

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

Freedom With Writing

- <https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/> \*

Authors Publish

- <http://www.authorspublish.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>

Jerry Jenkins - Your Ultimate Guide to Writing Contests Through 2019

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

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

- <https://www.newpages.com/classifieds/calls-for-submissions>

Hidden River Arts - Many different book award deadlines.

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

\* On both the Internet and Facebook.

— WT



# Conferences and Events October 2019

by Margie Yee Webb

## Litquake

October 10-19, 2019, San Francisco CA

San Francisco Literary Festival

20th Anniversary of San Francisco's Literary Festival

## Lit Crawl San Francisco

October 19, 2019, San Francisco CA

"... a massive, one-night literary pub crawl throughout the city's Mission District. Lit Crawl SF brings together 500+ authors and close to 10,000 fans for the world's largest free pop-up literary event."

Plus

## 2nd Annual Book Fair

October 19, 2019, San Francisco CA

"... at The Chapel in the heart of the Mission District on the afternoon of Lit Crawl San Francisco."

## Great Valley Bookfest

October 12, 2019, Manteca CA

<https://greatvalleybookfest.org/>

"Our mission for the Great Valley Bookfest is to create a family-friendly festival that celebrates literacy and promotes the written word in the heart of California's Central Valley."

## Writer's Digest Novel Writing Conference

October 24-27, 2019, Pasadena CA

"Hone your craft, refine your characters, explore the future of publishing, and get the tools you need to advance your career as a successful novelist."

## How Mastering the Art of Letter Writing Elevates Your Fiction -- Talk and Q&A with Gina L. Mulligan

October 26, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/how-mastering-art-letter-writing-elevates-your-fiction-talk-and-qa-oct-26-2019>

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

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

## Workshop Your Query Letter to Finally Get an Agent with Gina L. Mulligan

October 26, 2019, San Francisco CA

In this afternoon session, we'll dig deep into your agent query letters, helping you brainstorm your ideas in sm...

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

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

## Kauai Writers Conference

November 4-10, 2019, Kauai HI

Master Classes: November 4-7

Conference: November 8th-10th, 2019.

"The Kauai Writers Conference attracts major authors of both literary and popular fiction, memoir, non-fiction and screenplay."

## Fall Nonfiction Writers Conference

November 7-8, 2019, Online

<https://nonfictionwritersconference.com/>

The Nonfiction Writers Conference is presented by the Nonfiction Authors Association.

Member, Women's National Book Association-San Francisco Chapter. — WT

## Leonard Nimoy, Walmart, and Alien...

*Continued from page 9*

Premise 2: Aliens have infiltrated our society. I can accept the fact that aliens have been implanted into society, because it could explain a lot of unsettling behavior. I am not talking about the folks who are leading their own marching band down the road or the shoppers in Wal-Mart with capes, spandex jumpsuits or silver hot pants, not even the people who go on the *Bachelor* television program and start fistfights. As weird as that behavior may appear it cannot explain heinous crimes and mayhem. It must be the alien brain misfiring and going bonkers. Maybe they are the quiet and inconspicuous types taking copious notes sitting in coffee shops all day long on their laptop.

Premise 3: There is a massive cover up about alien spaceships and the government has some of this aircraft. Granted there are plenty of visuals out there of unexplained things in the sky, but why the cover up? To this day I have not seen one clear, high resolution, slam dunk proof of these flying ships. Does every picture have to look like it was shot by your drunken uncle at a picnic? Does every video clip have to be shaky or so far away that it could be a paper plate from the same picnic drifting through the sky? If the government is covering up something that didn't get eventually revealed, that would be a rare feat. Aside from who shot JFK, what else hasn't been disclosed? The government is too big and has too many whistleblowers wanting to cash in on their secrets to the *National Inquirer*.

As you can see, I am a skeptic and will need a lot more proof to get me to buy in. The alien abduction stories are quite entertaining, but I will never believe that an alien being needs to capture us in our pajamas. Nor do I think the government is hiding alien craft to keep us from freaking out or conducting secret missions to Planet Nimrod. But I do think it is possible that aliens are the ones who run social network sites because they have all of your personal data to indoctrinate us as slaves. — 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](http://www.calwriters.org).

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

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

Go to [www.calwriters.org](http://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](http://cwc-berkeley.org)

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

**Fremont Area:** 2:00 fourth Saturdays, 42 Silicon Valley, Fremont. [cwc-fremontareawriters.org](http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org)

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

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

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

**Napa Valley:** 7:00 second Wednesdays, Napa Valley Unitarian Church, Napa. [napavalley-writers.net](http://napavalley-writers.net)

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

**Redwood:** 2:00 second Sundays, Flamingo Conference Resort & Spa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa. [redwoodwriters.org](http://redwoodwriters.org)

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

**San Francisco/Peninsula:** 10:00 third Saturdays, Sequoia Yacht Club, Redwood City: check website <http://cwc-peninsula.org/>

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

**Tri-Valley:** 1:30 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. [trivalleywriters.org](http://trivalleywriters.org)

## Wanted: Information on Conferences

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



WritersTalk acquires several of its standard graphics from The Graphics Fairy ([www.thegraphicsfairy.com](http://www.thegraphicsfairy.com)).

Check out the site for resources, images, and unlicensed clip art.



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

### Upcoming Events

Board Meeting (Eddie's home):	Dinner Meeting (Holder's Country Inn)
• October 9	• October 15
• November 13	• November 19

**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](mailto:dalaroche@comcast.net)

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

**Critique group meeting in Mountain View:** one slot open for an experienced writer who writes fiction. We meet 1st and 3rd Friday of every month and are open all genres. If interested, please contact Karen Sundback at [sundback@gmail.com](mailto:sundback@gmail.com).

**Your Critique Group:** Send info to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com)

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

### 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](mailto: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.

### 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](mailto:pres@southbaywriters.com).

### 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](http://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](http://www.poetrycentersanjose.org)

**Well-Red Poetry Reading Series:** Second Tuesdays, 7 – 9 pm, at Works San Jose, 365 South Market Street. Featured reader followed by an open mic, if time allows.

[www.poetrycentersanjose.org](http://www.poetrycentersanjose.org)

### SBW Recommends ...

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



## California Writers Club

South Bay Branch

P.O. Box 3254

Santa Clara, CA 95055

[www.southbaywriters.com](http://www.southbaywriters.com)

## MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers  
Regular Dinner Meeting  
6:00 - 9:00 p.m.  
Tuesday, October 15  
Holder's Country Inn  
998 S. DeAnza Blvd, San Jose**

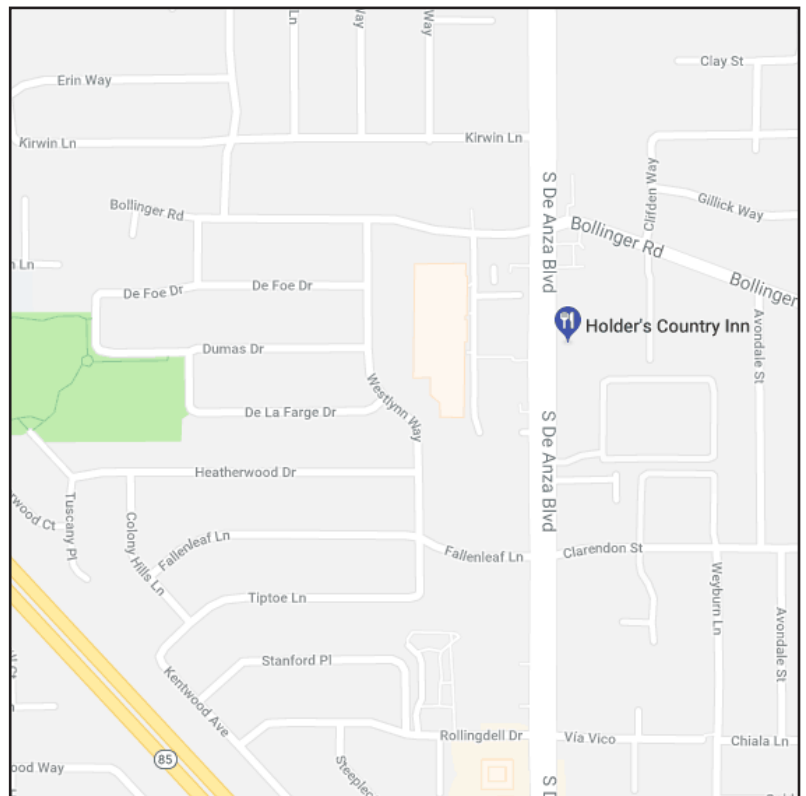
## Mastering the Short Story

with

**Kirk Glaser**

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)