



# WRITERSTALK

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Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

CURRENT EVENTS: COVID-19

## The Quarantine Hours

by J. K. McDole

4:50 AM. I wake up in a cold sweat from a terrible nightmare. I slither out of bed, fetch some water, and huddle back under the covers, hoping the nightmare won't follow.

7:00 AM. I wake up for real. The cat gnaws on my hand; his bowl must be empty. Time to get up. Another day in quarantine has begun.

7:05 AM. After showering, I select today's outfit. Should I wear the comfy tee or the baggy one? Linen or flannel pajama pants? (The checkered pair I'm currently wearing are not an option—they are for sleeping.) Down the hall, my daughter puts on her favorite Disney princess dress for school, which will begin soon in my office whether I'm ready or not.

7:30 AM. I'm not ready. There's construction paper everywhere, and I just crunched a stray goldfish snack cracker underfoot. Time to sweep, vacuum, and dust. We've been 'learning at home' since mid-March, and, while the curriculum is manageable, the clutter is not.

7:45 AM. Oops. Crushed another goldfish. This will happen again, mark my words.

8:00 AM. Got coffee. My husband, a software engineer, goes to work. He has a 30-second commute: down the hall, around the master bedroom, out the sliding glass door, and into his detached personal studio. I expect to see him again around 6:00 PM when he logs off and comes back inside for the day. I will miss him. He will miss free catered lunch and gourmet snacks at his office. Poor guy.

8:30 AM. Time for school. I am both teacher and classmate, counselor and assistant principal. All my daughter's lessons are posted online, and we watch them together. I am grateful that she is smart enough to find them easy, repetitive—even boring.

9:00 AM. She, however, is not feeling very grateful today, and I'm about to take on a new role: school detention monitor.

10:00 AM. Despite some hiccups, lessons progress smoothly. I sneak to the kitchen and grab a second cup of joe. "Teachers don't get breaks!" my daughter hollers down the hall. "Get back in here! It's time for phonemic awareness!" Listen, kid, you can't even SPELL 'phonemic awareness.' If I don't get more caffeine, I won't be able to, either.

10:30 AM. Two breaks, three snacks, and four impassioned arguments later, it's independent writing time. I put on classical music. We sit on the floor, open our notebooks, and write. Today, I am journaling out this editorial; my daughter works on a poem. This is productive, and, despite the preceding chaos, it's peaceful. We are diligent writers, my five-year-old and I.

11:00 AM. Lunch. This is the sixty-eighth peanut butter and jelly sandwich I've made since lockdown.

11:15 AM. This is the seventh time my daughter has asked if we could stop lessons for the rest of the day and do nothing but play video games. Quarantine is an endless exercise in counting.



*"Any undiscovered hobbies in here to help pass the time?"*

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

## BookExpo America

by Edie Matthews

The mention of the Javits Convention Center in New York conjures up memories of the BookExpo, the largest annual book trade fair in the United States. Never would I have imagined when I attended the events some years ago that the enormous convention center would be converted into a hospital to help the overflow of patients suffering from COVID-19.

But the mention of the venue brought back a myriad of memories. This is the big shindig for the book business sponsored by the American Booksellers Association. It's an enormous gathering of who's who in the industry. A variety of publishers attend from the mighty five to independents, university press, foreign press, etc. In addition, retailers, librarians, and a selection of the hottest authors and promising writers are in attendance.

A number of breakfasts and luncheons feature four-to-five authors who each speak about 12 minutes touting their newest book.

New York was not my first convention. I learned about the event from a published friend of mine when it was coming to LA. He said, "Don't miss it."

Renewing my press pass got me in free—and carte blanche to special events. Not only were there franchise authors, but thanks to the proximity of Hollywood, a slew of celebrities who had a book published that year were in attendance.

Bonus: books were free—and many signed by the author if you had the patience to wait in line. Free, you say? I kept returning to my car with armfuls of books. Finally, I left with over a \$1,000 worth.

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# Between the Lines

Edie Matthews



## BookExpo America (cont.)

Actually, I was enticed because I had written a little humor book that I'd was selling after my comedy shows. (Did I mention I was a stand-up comic for over ten years?)

Now I was contemplating writing a novel. After LA, I decided to attend the following year in Chicago. This time I had a chance to prepare, learn who was speaking, and strategize how to take advantage of the three-day event.

A new set of bestselling authors were scheduled, and I wanted to be sitting front and center when they spoke.

For several years I attended numerous BookExpos in New York, Chicago and back to LA. I heard a cavalcade of speakers from various backgrounds including Pat Conroy, Mary Higgins Clark, Al Gore, Bill Murray, Julia Child, Jane Goodall, Frank McCourt, Ariana Huffington, James Patterson, Jane Auel, Ted Turner, William Shatner, Brook Shields, Alex Baldwin, Judy Bloom, Michael Connelly, Philippa Gregory, Oliver Stone (in red socks), and, lo and behold, Sophia Loren, who wrote — what else? — an Italian cookbook. I stood nearby examining her business suit, sheer blouse, and strapless heels. I posed with Kareem Abdul Jabbar leaning on a motorcycle, and chatted with Garrison Keillor.

I found it intriguing to analyze the authors' attire. Romance writers wore flowing dresses, athletes dressed casually. Some had a selection of writing implements for signing, others hid behind Jackie O sunglasses. I wondered, would I have a signature look like Tom Wolf who donned a white suit?

Having a press pass opened doors. I was invited to the Playboy Mansion in Chicago (everyone had their clothes on and the hors d'oeuvre were mediocre). With a VIP pass, I jumped the line at a NY night club that had a disco ball as big as a VW Bug. Inside I listened to the Rock Bottom Remainers, the Literary Garage Band of revolving members including Stephen King, Amy Tan, Dave Barry, Scott Turow, Ridley Pearson, Barbara Kingsolver — depending on who was in town.

*National Geographic* sponsored a fabulous dinner at the Beverly Hill Hotel. I'll never forget dining on Chocolate Monaco sprinkled with gold dust.

Each time I returned home with boxes of books, many of them autographed

After a few years, I decided not to return until I was promoting my own novel — besides I was running out of space for all the free books.

However, I've had loads of fun, and I'm more knowledgeable about the business. Now I'm looking forward to being on the dais with a group of other published authors. — 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, 2020. Dual membership, \$25; student membership, \$20. New member, \$65. Contact Membership Chair at a meeting or sign up online at [southbaywriters.com](http://southbaywriters.com) or send a check to CWC-South Bay Writers, P O Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

## WritersTalk

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### Deadline

Submissions are due by the 15th of the month.

### Submissions

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

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

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

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

**News Items** (400 words)

**In My Opinion** (300 words)

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

### Creative Works

Short Fiction/Memoir (1200-1800 words)

Poetry (200 words)

Essay/Nonfiction (1000 words)

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## The Quarantine Hours (cont.)

12:30 PM. Despite protests, we resume school. Our science lesson is more hands-on than what was provided by her school: We work outside in our backyard garden. One tilled furrow sports a feast of flowery potato sprouts; nearby, corn is shooting up tall and green. Gardening, like writing, is a wholesome endeavor. If you stand still enough, you can watch the hummingbirds flock to our red glass feeder.

1:00 PM. Screams erupt from the garden when a hummingbird buzzes too close to my daughter's face. "It wasn't socially distanced," she wails. "It had coronavirus!"

1:05 PM. We learn from a Google search that while birds do not spread coronavirus, they *can* spread influenza. Stay six feet away, hummingbird.

1:15 PM. Math. Originally, I had a paragraph of complaints about how Common Core is so confusing. None of it matters, because by the time school wraps up around 2:30 PM I've stepped on another damn goldfish. I *knew* there would be more.

3:00 PM. My third cup of coffee isn't working. I attempt a half-hour nap. My daughter curls up in bed beside me, playing games on her Nintendo Switch.

3:05 PM. My daughter wakes me up, demanding a snack. Forget napping.

4:00 PM. Where did the day go? I rush through chores, start dinner, entertain my daughter enough to keep her calm. I check email, text loved ones, and struggle to keep up with extroverted family. Around 4:30, I tune into the news, only to switch it off. It's all doom and gloom.

4:30 PM. My mother-in-law is texting me wine memes. I'll take those instead.

5:00 PM. Dinner. Tonight, it's stir fry and rice. "When will this stupid quarantine be over?" asks my daughter, but I pretend to have a full mouth so she can't hear me mutter bad words.

6:00 PM. My husband comes back inside. He is tired. By 6:30 PM, one of us—usually him—is snoozing on the couch.

7:00 PM. Daughter's scheduled bedtime.

8:00 PM. Daughter's *actual* bedtime.

9:00 PM. Finally! The house is quiet and the day is done. The dishes are washed and the kitchen is clean. At last, I can sit down at my desk, turn on my computer screen, and load up work: my drafts, WIPs, and the grey wall of Adobe InDesign.

9:05 PM. Nope. I can't do it. I shut off my screen, trudge to my bedroom, and plummet into my pillow. Here I will doze fitfully, until ...

4:50 AM. Nightmare. Cold sweat. It was terrible, I tell you—I was trapped in a room for 2 months, and the floor was nothing but goldfish... —WT

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# View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson  
SBW Secretary

Without SBW meetings and with all of my normal activities cancelled, I feel cast adrift, frozen in place. SBW Board members are sheltering in place to the extent that they will probably serve another year in their current roles.

I attended the April 18 meeting of CWC San Francisco Peninsula on Zoom. We registered ahead of time so that Audrey Kalman could send out the meeting invitations; that sign-up will also allow her to send us the notes from the lecture. She kept the group of 50-plus members muted but we could send text messages on "chat."

John Byrne Barry presented "Settings That Work: How Memorable Setting Can Advance Plot, Reveal Character, Echo Theme, and More." He had excellence stage presence although his audience was virtual. Using a split screen, he addressed us at the same time that he displayed his slides. His talk was informative, useful, and even entertaining as well as being professionally presented. Lecture notes are available at [johnbyrnebarry.com](http://johnbyrnebarry.com) as well as announcements for John Barry's online book launches.

We could do this!

I hope that those conversant with Zoom will contact President Edie Matthews at [president@southbaywriters.com](mailto:president@southbaywriters.com). As an aside, my contact information as given with [secretary@southbaywriters.com](mailto:secretary@southbaywriters.com) has not been working. I hope that things get fixed soon. If you tried to send me some glad tidings about your writing successes for Member News, I did not receive them. For now, you may contact me at [marjohnson@mac.com](mailto:marjohnson@mac.com). — WT

ESSAY

## Pizza Night

by Ken Roberge (Kendad)

*Note:* This essay is meant to be over-the-top levity in this time of stress and worry. Nevertheless, my heart goes out to anyone directly affected by this virus.

By most accounts, pizza has lost its pizzazz over the years. It has become the go-to dinner all too often. But your family is stuck at home, so stressful times call for innovative solutions.

How about, instead of ordering pizza, taking pre-made from the freezer, or making one from scratch, there is a different choice — have your kids each make their pizza.

"What!" You say, "Are you crazy? The mess — the cleanup — I'm already stressed!"

Hold on! I have an innovative solution that will reveal your kid's creativity, and likely to entice your bored fifteen-year-old out of the bedroom.

Recipe:

Toppings: Pizza sauce, cheese, sausage, bell peppers, onions, garlic, and anything else you can add to a pizza.

Crust: English muffin (NO, this is not a typo).

Have each person choose their preferred toppings and apply them onto one slice of an English muffin. Place the mini-pizzas on a cookie sheet and "broil" until done — then serve and repeat the process.

An apology for the cliché, but it is quick and easy, and you are likely to have the ingredients at home. Mini-pizzas can also be cooked in a toaster oven.

If your kids are not excited about creating their personal, delectable treats, you should check if they belong in therapy, are not human, or addicted to their smart phone.

Joking aside, I would like to think I have presented more joy to savor during one evening of this stay-at-home stagnation.

I hope you delight in the experience and stay healthy. — WT

ESSAY

## Look for the Lesson

by Kymberlie Ingalls

I thought to write something today because... why not? But I don't know what to say, and I'm trying to convince myself that I'm not alone. That there are writers worldwide staring into this abyss known as The Quarantine and wondering how to use our words. I expect that there will be a whole new genre to come out of this mess, and people writing stories they never knew they wanted to tell.

It's odd, being at home yet feeling like a sitting duck. We go for an essential grocery run or like my husband requires an occasional trip to a hardware store for household repair. People having deliveries and taking chances. At any given time, the virus can show up, and we'll never know from where it came. It's a faceless enemy, and most of us don't know how to process that concept. We tend to react by extremes - positivity (denial) or negativity (fear). I have one friend who posts online a handful of times a day with all of the silver linings we need to look for. Another posts throughout each day with the weight

of doom on her shoulders.

Then there are the realists like myself. Debates rage on about staying at home, because which of your family do you want to sacrifice? They don't cotton too well to my response; money rules the world, so which of your family do you want to save?

But this realist is also a philosopher, and I can't help but wonder what the lesson is here. My belief is nothing happens without reason - meaning that the Universe, God, whatever deity you may believe in is slapping us hard with a wake up call. What is different for you now? Do you think more about your family and friend relations? Maybe you're finally getting more sleep, or realizing you have been working beyond capacity. Has your creativity found new direction? Perhaps you've rediscovered something or someone you used to love. It could be that Mother Earth has finally had enough, needing to breathe for a minute.

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# Ya Know What's Funny

by *Dave LaRoche*

He descended from his cab singing out to me, "Ya got troubles, pal?" His green eyes twinkled from their dark, tunneled sockets, and his crows-feet deepened with his grin.

Of course, I had "troubles," that's why he was there.

Coming home down highway five—smooth going, classical tunes soft on the radio—the end of a weekend in Tahoe and I was sated and mellow. I checked the horizon, about six-thirty evening time—a departing summer and its hurried sun.

The radio volume seemed low, so I turned it up. Later turned it again, and then it went dead, the engine stopped and along with that the power to my brakes and steering. An off-ramp appeared, and I wrestled the wheel through a coast to the bottom, put all my strength on the brakes—stopped and sat for a moment.

My cell phone worked—a couple of bars, a welcome surprise in the scheme of things. I made the triple-A call and hoped for the appropriate response, but it was Sunday dinner time.

He stood there—presented the roly-poly look of a man whose principle meals were Big Macs and fries, early with coffee, later with wine. Every pore in his strawberry face was filled with garage dirt—aging grease from old lube pits and spilled gasoline. His hands were deeply scarred and the color of coal soot—nails missing, torn or bitten—and rough from washing engine parts in kerosene. His pudgy arms sported small tumors bunched like grapes where muscles once may have resided. He had a tattoo on the underside of a forearm, "I Love Mildred."

He could have been Wimpy—Popeye's friend with his outsized waist and missing shoulders. Yeah, I took him in. He was the only one there and definitely the center of my attention. His "saving grace" was that he arrived in a big yellow hauler with "AAA" in a blue oval on the door—and I was or could have been desperate.

"Name's Clarence," he said.

I reached out with "Dave," but he waved me off like his blackened hand might be diseased. He was considerate with that.

"I lost the radio," I recited as best remembered, "my dash lights next. Approaching the off-ramp, the engine died and took with it those required appliances—steering and brakes."

"It's your alternator." He nodded and smiled.

"Why not the battery?" I challenged, thinking cheaper and more available, it was Sunday night.

"Alternator," he repeated, with a grin revealing a few lonely teeth. He pulled heavy chains and hooks out of a well-dented metal box behind the cab's rear partition and laid them out on the steel bed. There were dents and scrapes near everywhere, and the paint was spotty. It was an old truck I surmised, or at the least, long days and often used.

"Been driving this ol' rig for twelve years—a work-horse and helluv-a friend. Funny thing is, we were right here in the area when your call came in—haven't been waitin' long now have ya?"

I nodded my head in an affirming gesture.

A few levers adroitly handled, and the wheeze of hydraulics brought the bed up and sliding back—tipping toward the road-bed shoulder that was accommodating my coupe. With a clank of assurance, those heavy chains slid down the bed, when released from a whirring winch.

Clarence sat on the ground in front of the dead Lexus—lining and hooking things up, breathing hard for a working type, and not moving much.

"I feel like I'm drunk, but ya know what's funny... I haven't had a drink in ten years. I'm diabetic."

"Are you okay?"

"A little woozy, it'll pass. Always does." He tilted to his side then bobbed back to the other side, several times repeated—back and forth like a tiring metronome. At a point, he went entirely over, chains still in his hands.

"Clarence!"

His stippled face turned up to me—green eyes luminescent in the retiring sun and puzzled.

"I'll be okay... a minute. It's happened before..." A cough came up from the bottom somewhere, brought a flood of questionable fluids, which he spat on the ground under the truck.

He bobbed in the dust of the San Joaquin Valley, shuddering and gurgling. We were just short of an Interstate underpass, its late evening traffic liberating more noise than heavy metal at the Razzamatazz. My cell phone now absent its bars, the battery low, and the fading sun near gone. There was no help, no way to search for it. I felt pressure to do something, but what? I needed calm and reason, but felt only the tentacles of panic slithering near.

He trembled more violently. On his back now, green eyes turned yellow-white, as his irises had rotated back in their orbs. All motion had stopped.

Long shadows faded into country darkness, the night cold approaching, a tumbleweed rolled through the truck's headlights. And just as I was about to reach out to him—extend a comforting touch as I had nothing else, he sat up... straight up and was absolutely motionless for a moment.

"Clarence?"

He picked up the chains and began hooking them into the front of my car.

"I know a garage," he said, "maybe two that can fix you up—good men and better mechanics. There's the All Repair Garage down on Yellowstone and just behind them, if you don't like their looks, is Monkey's. Both know the work, neither'll gouge you."

We bounced along in the disheveled cab of his big diesel. He lived there—hand crème, toothbrush, and tissues... Band-Aids and thermos, a rosary.

He ran the transmission smoothly through its gears, talking repair shops, quality, and cost as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. And, maybe it hadn't.

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## Ya Know What's Funny

Continued from Page 5

"Ya know what's funny?" he said. "I don't get a kickback." He looked over and gave me another view of his eyes, set back in their blackened moorings. "Think about it. If you complain, I lose my job—so you see, I'd be in jeopardy." He opened the windows and lit a cigarette—deep inhale. "Don't mind, do ya?"

"I was in the army," he continued without my answer, "almost 10 years. Took a medical. Happened 'cause I was guarding this plant there in Germany—a chemical plant. There was a chlorine spill, got a bunch in my lungs, other guys too." He coughed a little—underscoring the exposure, I thought.

"They put us in a hospital, gave us oxygen, couldn't breathe worth a shit without it."

He nudged the big rig gently around the corners and through the intersections, let her out on the straights—touching controls as they were a lady once loved but now gone. Smooth and silky was his maneuvering, a stark contrast to the brute of the rig. A ride like this can close your eyes, put you off into dreamland. And, I was on another smooth ride with a lady in a phaeton Lincoln Zephier—but whoa, that's a story for a different time.

"The Doc," Clarence continued. "He said I was a goner—only a matter of weeks, and others already meetin' their Maker by then. I asked him for a cigarette. He told me it was bad for my health and against hospital rules. I said, 'Shit, Doc, if I'm gonna die, I'd like a smoke, so give me a cigarette.'"

Clarence chortled and then coughed—sniffed once, wiped the spittle on his sleeve, and went back to his story.

"Well, he seemed to see the logic in that, the Doc, and he gave me a pack. And that day, and every day after for about five, maybe six weeks, I went outside on the hour and smoked a cigarette and, you know what's funny? I recovered, and here I am, forty years and still smoking." He took a deep breath and gurgled a laugh. "My ex-wife don't like it—Mildred. Then, she don't like much a' anything about me."

He eased the rig through a turn in front of a long string of waiting cars, a few honking, a man yelling, his hand out the window, finger up.

"It was our turn," Clarence explained, turning his head to the man, then reached

into his shirt pocket and pulled out a small leather fob.

"Ya' see this here key? It's the key to my car. Know what it is?"

I looked at the keys that he handed me and recognized the trident.

"It's a Maserati, right?" he said with pride in his voice.

"Yep," I agreed. "What model?"

"Bi-Turbo. She's a late '91, helluv-a ride. And you know what's funny, I'm paying less for this car"—he took the keys from my hand and waved them around—"and my house than my ex is paying for her Saturn ... a damn Saturn. And, get this, I'm gonna be finished paying for both near a year before she is done payin' for that goddam car. I'd help, ya know, but we don't get along too much."

He chuckled and took a long drag off a cigarette that he'd held out the window in a neighborly consideration—inhaled deeply and coughed. That cough brought more, and then deeper and striated red mucus began drooling out of his mouth and down his pocked chin. He began to shudder and then the shakes, and very soon I was back at the ready as I might have to grab the wheel—me and Tyrannosaurus Rex.

His coughing stopped.

He mopped up with a dirty handkerchief and pointed to the corner on his left across the intersection.

"That's it. See... there behind the Exxon and mini-mart, that's the All Repair though, looks like they're closed. And just beyond, behind the fence there where ya see those old rusted cars, that's Monkey's. Both prob'ly closed—almost eight." We crossed, went beyond the intersection about fifty yards, and lumbered in behind the Exxon.

"Hey, ya know what's funny? Look! Somebody's still there. The rear door's up, and you're in luck. Talk to 'em. This could be easier than I thought. We could'a been drivin' around here most a' the night—maybe ta Stockton."

He pulled the rig in behind All Repair—cinder-block under a rusted corrugated roof. He eased to a stop. The several men, on the other side of the open bay, looked up from their seats—a coke crate, a wooden chair, one guy balanced on a couple old tires.

"Hey Clarence, what ya got there? Hold

on, we'll give you a hand—then maybe a beer." They laughed, chugged down the remaining, and helped him unload.

I talked to the owner, he did some figuring and wrote down a price. I said deal if it's genuine Lexus, and signed the paper. The phone on the wall rang twice. The first ringing stopped unanswered; the second was for Clarence. Maybe it was code.

Chains rearranged in the box, and papers signed, he was back in his yellow cab with the friendly blue oval—green eyes glistening from crow's feet like cat whiskers, and again he was grinning.

"Ya know what's funny?" he yelled down over the noise of the diesel. "That was my ex-wife, Mildred, on the phone... chasin' me down. Said dinner's waitin' if I'm interested—Polish and kraut, and somethin' real sweet for dessert." —WT

## Look for the Lesson

Continued from Page 4

Look for the lesson.

Know that you are not alone, even when it gets lonely. Take care of yourselves. I know with everything in my heart that some stresses are always with us, but I promise whether it comes through joy or tragedy that the lesson exists.

*"Hey hidee hi, the good lord willing the creek don't rise and life goes by like the fireflies and the devil sits with a grin."*

April 15th, 2020.

Lyrics: *The Firefly Song* / Alan Jackson

—WT

### AT PEACE

I hear their songs  
Like nature's symphony  
Playing for me  
Yellow birds on limbs  
Apricot blooms

Violet bursts of Iris  
Basking in the morning sun  
Apple blossoms  
Beckon the honeybees

Morning coffee  
Early  
At peace

- Karen Franzenburg



ESSAY

# A Coronavirus Diary

by Luanne Oleas

DATELINE, CALIFORNIA, April 10, 2020

Today, I stood in a long line outside the grocery store, each person heeding the marks to stay six feet apart as they waited to enter. A very old man stood in front of me. Maybe 85 or so, bent forward from age and pulling a rolling cart behind him. A much younger man stood in front of him. All of us wore masks.

The younger man told the older man to go in front him. It started a chain reaction, where each subsequent person in line told the older man to go in front of them. The younger man, now in front of me, looked back at me. I smiled at what he had done, but with my mask, I doubted he could tell. (I was also grateful he didn't tell me to go in front of him because I don't feel that old yet.)

After we finished shopping, our cars were parked side by side as we loaded our groceries into our respective trunks. We had pulled off our face masks at that point.

He turned to me and said, (from a safe distance) "We made it! We got our stuff!"

"Yes, we did," I said.

There was a sense of triumph, a minor victory in the grand scheme of things. Also a feeling of camaraderie I don't often sense in a big city.

"Happy Easter. Be safe!" he added.

"You too," I said as we both got in our cars to go back to the safety of our dwellings.

He made my day, but it doesn't take much anymore to be ecstatic. I found toilet paper the other day and I felt like the luckiest person in the world. I saw two little girls in pretty Easter dresses, carrying baskets with eggs, delivering them to the house of two other girls. I melted.

As overwhelmed as I am by the news, I'm equally overwhelmed by the goodness that this slowdown has instilled. An unbridled kindness that is now acceptable because we are all in this together. Just a wave and smile to a stranger, a gesture that makes someone else's day more tolerable and, in a way, says let me make your life less painful. Let me help. — WT

ESSAY

# Black Death in San Francisco

by Marjorie Johnson

At the turn of the 20th century, the world experienced a resurgence of bubonic plague that spread from China to port cities around the globe. So when a 41-year-old San Franciscan named Wong Chut King died of a particularly virulent disease in March 1900, there were worries that the pandemic had finally reached U.S. soil.

Dr. Joseph J. Kinyoun, the head of the Marine Hospital Service in San Francisco, identified the plague bacteria in Wong's body. As a public health official, he was determined to stop the disease from spreading. At the same time, local politicians, business owners and newspapers were determined to discredit him, fearing that if news spread it would hurt the State's economy, says Marilyn Chase, author of *The Barbary Plague: The Black Death in Victorian San Francisco*.

Wong's death marked the beginning of the United States' first plague epidemic, which infected at least 280 people and killed at least 172 over the next eight years. The disease came on rat-infested steamships arriving at California's shores from affected areas, mostly from Asia. But city and state officials — including the governor of California — denied there was any plague outbreak at all.

Local newspapers called Kinyoun a fake, suspicious, just trying to take money from the public coffers; and this was all a big scam. This large-scale

denial of the plague was also, in part, a rejection of a new type of science that few understood. Kinyoun, who is now known as the father of the National Institutes of Health, was at the forefront of the field of medical bacteriology and used a microscope to study microorganisms no one could see.

[Then] California Governor Henry Gage was particularly averse to this new science:

"If you can't see the disease, if you can't see what's happening, then how do I know it exists?"

He wasn't even sure white people could get the plague in the first place; if your ancestors had survived the plague in Europe, then "you evolved immunity."

Many white residents attributed the outbreak to the racist perception that Chinese immigrants were disease-ridden and dirty. There was a blockade against Chinatown so that people couldn't go to work and couldn't get goods in or out.

Governor Gage blamed Kinyoun for the "plague fake," as he called it, and claimed San Francisco had never seen a living case of plague. A year after the first plague victim died, Gage successfully convinced the federal government to relocate Kinyoun to Detroit. By then, there were about 100 known deaths from the plague.

Is this déjà vu all over again? — WT

## SBW MEMBER SUCCESS!

Check out this great publication news received by SBW member Carolyn Donnell:

\*

"Congratulations! Your story, *Angel in Cat's Clothing*, has been selected to appear in *Chicken Soup for the Soul: The Magic of Cats*. The book is now on its way to the printer! Thank you for helping us share happiness, inspiration, and hope in this book by allowing us to publish your story."

\*

*Chicken Soup for the Soul: The Magic of Cats* will go on sale at retailers on July 7, 2020.

## Socializing in the Age of Covid-19

Honoring six feet of separation  
she & I  
wait for our quarantined cars  
to be freed from the shop  
sharing smiles, complimenting  
each other's pandemic garb  
appreciating  
the kindness of strangers

- Leslie E. Hoffman

# 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 and any new stories, poems, articles, etc. to 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.

## LOCAL/CWC RESOURCES

2020 San Francisco Book Festival has been CANCELLED.

2020 *Statewide Anthology*, sponsored by the High Desert Branch. CWC members can submit up to 2 short stories. Theme: pandemics. Fiction ONLY. Deadline June 30, 2020. Fee: \$15 each. All net profits from the book made through December 31, 2020 will be divided equally among the winners.

- [https://www.hdcwc.com/uploads/1/6/5/2/16522420/2020\\_anthology\\_2020\\_guidelines.pdf](https://www.hdcwc.com/uploads/1/6/5/2/16522420/2020_anthology_2020_guidelines.pdf)

*The Literary Nest*: A local online publication. Current theme for June 2020: Sonnet (Shakespearean or Italian). Deadline June 15, 2020

- <https://theliterarynest.com/>

*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/>

Fremont Area Writers lists many resources on their page, such as Contest Announcements, Publications Seeking Submissions, Freelance Jobs, Resources for Screenwriters, Genre Organizations, and more.

- <https://cwc-fremontareawriters.org/resources-writers/>

## SITES FOR POETS

Caesura 2020: Poetry Center San Jose. Closes June 1, 2020 for General Public. June 15, 2020 for PCSJ members. Focus on poetry, but short prose of any style is welcome.

<http://www.pcsj.org/caesuracall.html>

Red Wheelbarrow Poetry Prize 2020: three prizes: \$1,000, \$500, \$250. Five finalists published in 2020 *Red Wheelbarrow*. Winners Announced October 1st, 2020. Submit up to three unpublished poems in a single manuscript.

<https://redwheelbarrow.submittable.com/submit/164706/red-wheelbarrow-poetry-prize-2020>

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

- <https://www.upthestaircase.org/>

Poets & Writers: lists poetry and other contests.

- [https://www.pw.org/blogs/prize\\_reporter](https://www.pw.org/blogs/prize_reporter)

*The Thimble Magazine*: a quarterly online journal.

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

Authors Publish: Poetry Manuscript Publishers

- No Reading Fees
- <https://www.authorspublish.com/>

Trish Hopkinson Blog

- <https://trishhopkinson.com/where-to-submit-reprints/>

No Fee Calls for Poems - A Facebook Group that lists contests that don't charge fees

Ace World Pub Submission Lists

- <https://aceworldpub.com.ng/category/latest-opportunities/>

Poetry Society of America

- <https://poetrysociety.org/>
- Some Facebook Poetry Groups
- Poetry Center San José

- Willow Glen Poetry Project
- National Poetry Month (write a poem-a-day challenge)
- How Writers Write Poetry Community Group
- No Fee Calls for Poems

## OTHER CONTESTS AND SUBMISSIONS

*Writer's Digest* Annual Writing Competition Deadline: June 5, 2020. Grand Prize: \$5,000 in cash, interview in *Writer's Digest*, paid trip to *Writer's Digest* Annual Conference, and more.

- <https://www.writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions/annual-writing-competition>

*The Writer Magazine*: contests, articles, resources and you can subscribe to their newsletter.

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

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

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

Sequester Literature and Art: a "competitive, paying market which publishes high-quality short fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and visual arts on a rolling basis." Previously unpublished - any print or online format. Nominal reading fee. Can subscribe. See link for details.

<https://www.sequester.org/submissions>

*The Bitter Oleander Press*: a Journal of Contemporary International Poetry & Short Fiction

- <https://www.bitteroleander.com>

Winning Writers: Tom Howard/John H. Reid Fiction & Essay Contest - Fiction and nonfiction.

- Submission period: Oct 15-Apr 30. Total prizes: \$5,000.
- <https://www.awpwriter.org/contests/overview>
- <https://winningwriters.com/our-contests>

Electric Lit: Free or Cheap Resources for Emerging Writers.

- <https://electricliterature.com/free-or-cheap-resources-for-emerging-writers/>

Continued on Page 13



## Contests and Markets

*Continued from Page 12*

The Black Orchid Novella Award From The Wolfe Pack: the official Nero Wolfe Society. Must be an original unpublished work of fiction that conforms to the tradition of the *Nero Wolfe* series.

- Deadline: May 31
- [https://www.nerowolfe.org/html/literary\\_awards/black\\_orchid\\_award/Black\\_Orchid\\_award\\_proc.htm](https://www.nerowolfe.org/html/literary_awards/black_orchid_award/Black_Orchid_award_proc.htm)

AWP Association of Writers and Writing Programs

- <https://www.awpwriter.org/contests/overview>

## OTHER RESOURCES

Poets & Writers

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

MWA NorCal Chapter\* - Mystery Writers of America

- <https://mwanorcal.org/>

The Write Life\*

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

Funds For Writers - Contests, submissions, grants, etc.

- <https://fundsforwriters.com/contests/>

Freedom With Writing\* - submissions, contests, jobs, and more

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

Authors Publish\*

- <http://www.authorspublish.com/>

The Best Writing Contests curated by Reedsy

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

NewPages Classifieds

- <https://www.newpages.com/>

Hidden River Arts

- <https://hiddenriverarts.wordpress.com/>

ProWritingAid Writer's Community Facebook group

The Do's and Don'ts of Dialogue from *The Writer Magazine*.

- <https://www.writermag.com/improve-your-writing/fiction/dos-donts-dialogue/>

Here's How Writers Get Stories, Poems, and Novels Published

- <https://writersrelief.com/2018/08/20/heres-how-writers-get-stories-poems-and-novels-published-writers-relief/>

Writer's Digest Workshops

- <https://www.writersonlineworkshops.com/>

Poets & Writers - conferences/residencies

- [https://www.pw.org/conferences\\_and\\_residencies](https://www.pw.org/conferences_and_residencies)

Authors Publish

- <https://www.authorspublish.com/how-to-get-your-writing-published-in-2020/>

*\* On both the Internet and Facebook.*

— WT

## SPECIAL EDITION

### Literary Podcasts and Blogs

*by Margie Yee Webb*

*With a spotlight on San Francisco Writers Conference 2020 (held in February)!*

#### Podcasts

San Francisco Writers Conference

<https://www.sfwriters.org/category/podcasts/>

Free podcasts include: Memoirist, Linda Joy Myers, How to Write a Memorable Memoir. Hosted by Carla King

<https://www.sfwriters.org/podcast-three-questions-about-memoir-writing-with-linda-joy-myers/>

#### Blogs

San Francisco Writers Conference

<https://www.sfwriters.org/blog/>

Blog posts include: Motivation Monday: The Technology That Binds Us

By Carla King

<https://www.sfwriters.org/motivation-monday-the-technology-that-binds-us/>

#### SFWC 2020 Presenter Handouts

For SFWC 2020 sessions with presenter handouts, some are available via links on this page.

<https://www.sfwriters.org/sfwc-presenter-handouts-2020/>

## RELATABLE RIGHT NOW

Some quotes from fellow writers around the globe summing up their thoughts on COVID-19. Any of these feel relatable to you?

—  
“We felt so lonely in the crowd. And now we feel so connected in isolation.”

— Hrishikesh Agnihotri

“COVID-19 represents the single greatest inflection point that global society has experienced. How we manage through this pandemic and its aftermath will impact the course of humanity for decades to come.”

— Tom Golway

“This virus is shrewd in its camouflage and unabashed in its cruelty.”

— Aysha Taryam

“It's not panic. It's not terror that I feel, that I think most people feel, it's a kind of gnawing anxiety where you say to yourself, I shouldn't go out. If I do go out, I might catch this thing or I might give it to somebody else.”

— Stephen King

# *South Bay Writers Open Mics*

## ALMADEN BARNES & NOBLE



## WILLOW GLEN



## SUNNYVALE BORDERS



## PRUNE- YARD B & N



# ***South Bay Writers Open Mics***

## **SUNNYVALE BORDERS? OUTSIDE**



## **WILLOW GLEN**



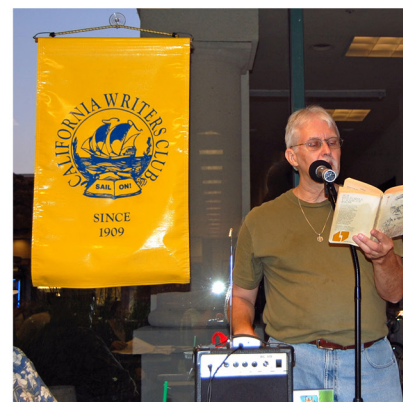
## **PRUNEYARD B & N**



## **SUNNYVALE BORDERS**



## **Bill reading somewhere**





### Haiku series

Spring blew her mission  
In May, she warmed but three days  
Back blew wintry cold

\*

Lilies of the Nile  
cry, waiting 'neath pregnant sky  
rain just passes by

\*

Gleeful hummingbirds  
Purple blooms laughingly serve  
Pollen spiked nectar

\*

Patio bordered  
With spark'ling side-show in bloom  
Lightens every load

- Richard Allan Burns

### Today I Walk Along a Road

Today I walk along a road bereft  
Of cars and trucks all rushing to somewhere  
And as I walk I look to right and left  
I blink my eyes and still no traffic's there

The park where children played to heart's content  
Stands emptier than ever's been before  
While children sad and teachers home are sent  
Find sites that teach kids two plus two make four

Some lethal bug has come upon the land  
To threaten health of everyone on earth  
Invisible it sits on face or hand  
And money talking says what life is worth

It's late but let's hope science rushes on  
And vaccination shots make COVID gone

- Richard Allan Burns

## Off the Shelf

by Edie Matthews



"That's not what's meant by 'literary canon.'"

# FICTION Chemistry

by Bill Baldwin

Composing himself, he walked through the door. The room was empty except for one girl, Nancy, who had just sat down in a desk somewhat toward the rear of the class, on the right side, on the aisle. As he came in, she looked up and smiled.

"Hi, Bill," she said in an artificially high, yet friendly, voice.

He looked at her and forced a somewhat lonely smile. "Hi," he said simply.

He went to a desk on the far side of the room, near the window, and sat. Outside, a bird flew by. The sky was blue, but through the dirty windows appeared blotched and grey. Far off, the city, with its towers and grey buildings, stood impassionate. A red flag flew over the Agfa building, and the Olympic tower was visible, though barely, through the grime that coated the double window.

Debbie had come in and, with her, Jane. They sat about three seats away, in the front row also. Jane was saying to Debbie, animated: "You want to come over and discuss Descartes for an hour or two tonight?"

Debbie looked at her, laughed, and answered haltingly: "Yeah, I do. I'll come over right after dinner. I don't understand Descartes at all."

"Me neither," said Jane amiably. "I thought maybe if I talked about it with somebody, we might be able to figure out something."

She smiled and looked down, at her notebook, writing. Debbie turned toward Bill.

He quickly shifted and looked at the floor. A white crack ran through the green ce-

ment, across the room. He could hear cars and trucks passing in the street below. The radiator, its green paint chipping, hung two feet away. On it, someone had written, in pen: *KH - MA; intimes Liebe*. He sighed and looked away. On the wall, where the green and white paint met, stood a tangle of blue lines; and near it, to the right, the word **FUCK**, with a line through it.

Paul had just come through the door and, standing behind Mimi, grasped either side of her waist, one side with each hand. Bending over her shoulder, he whispered something in her ear. She turned to him, smiling widely, her white teeth sparkling. Her brown hair flowed down over her white ivory-neck, down her narrow shoulders. Smiling, Paul walked away as Mimi laughed. Steve, who was standing nearby, said to Paul: "What did you say to her?" Paul just smiled and nodded.

He stood above the sullen window, saddened. Outside, below, people were crossing the cobblestones in front of the library, coming to class, or going. It was a long way to the pavement: Four stories. No—three. Beneath the window, three stories down, the black roof which hung over the commissary loading area lay quietly. It lay three stories below, covered with cinder.

He turned and walked back to the desk, but could not sit down. Covered with writing, the desk stared at him like a maniac.

"Kathy, I love you."

"Joyce, I want your body."

Near the bottom, rendered largely unreadable by an ink drawing of an ape reading Darwin, a group of three placard, long engraved and inked into the wood, proclaimed in sequence:

*God is dead - Nietzsche*

*Nietzsche is dead - God*

*Nietzsche is God -- Death*

He stood, staring down at the desk, musing. *Death is God - Me?* he pondered. He surveyed the room.

Debbie was talking to Steve, both smiling. Jane was leafing through *The Idiot*. Mimi (teeth sparkling) sat talking to Joe who suavely embraced Tina, who had just walked into the room.

With measured steps he moved across the room, around the desks and people, to the front of the room. Silently, he opened the window.

He saw the Post Office and the gas station, and where they were building the new motor pool. He saw the wash-o-mat, and the PX and, farther off, the light brown walls of the dormitory.

No black cinder roof below...

He turned. John, newly arrived, was reading a *Fantastic Four* comic book. He hesitated. Where was *she*?

He mounted the ledge, held his head high, and stepped forward.

Steve was talking to Debbie... — WT

## MORE DELIGHTS FROM QUARANTINE TWITTER

"March lasted 3 years while April going by in 4 minutes"

— *kenechukwu (@nigerianprynce)*

"When I say I want things to be 'normal again,' I'm of course referring to a time around 1996."

— *Sam Taggart (@samtaggart)*

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November,  
all the rest have thirty-one

Except March which has 8000"

— *brandAn is good (@LeBearGirdle)*





# 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. [cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com](http://cwcmtdiablowriters.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.



*Flashback to 2019: Marjorie Johnson announcing the winners of the WritersTalk Challenge.*

*Photo by Carolyn Donnell.*



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<b>May 2020</b>					1	2
3	4 2p Valley Writers (Zoom)	5	6 No Board Meeting!	7	8	9
10	11 2p Valley Writers (Zoom) No Dinner Meeting!	12	13	14	15 <b>DEADLINE:</b> <i>WritersTalk</i> Submission <b>POSSIBLE:</b> ZOOM Open Mic	16
17	18 2p Valley Writers (Zoom)	19	20	21	22	23
24	25 2p Valley Writers (Zoom)	26	27	28	29	30
31						

## Upcoming Events

**DINNER MEETING**  
TBA

**BOARD MEETING**  
TBA

Remain at home, keep social distancing,  
and STAY HEALTHY, SBW!

## 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, [marjohnson@mac.com](mailto:marjohnson@mac.com)

**Morgan Hill Writers Group:** Meets at the Starbucks on Walnut Grove in Morgan Hill, Tuesdays at 6 pm. Critique group for long and short fiction (any genre). Contact: Vanessa MacLaren-Wray -- [vmacwray@gmail.com](mailto:vmacwray@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**

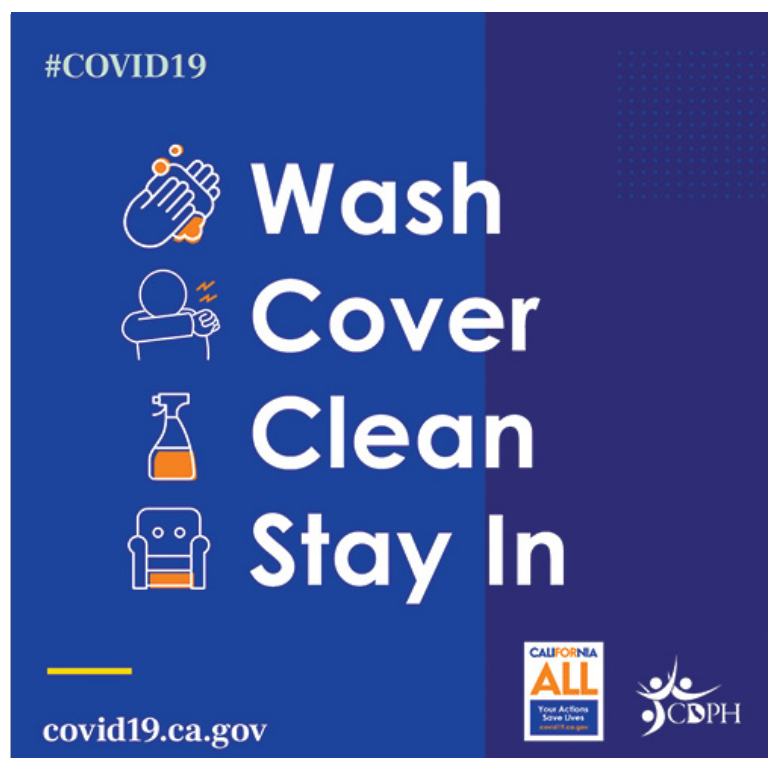
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**South Bay Writers  
Regular Dinner Meeting  
has been POSTPONED for May  
due to the Santa Clara County  
Shelter in Place order  
(active until May 31)**

**Upcoming Events  
and Speakers TBA  
Check Your Email  
for Updates!**

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

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



**Dinner Meetings at China Stix**

located at 2110 El Camino Real in Santa Clara

will resume when Shelter in Place is lifted. WRITE ON!