



WritersTalk

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

Volume 31

Number 07

July 2023

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SOUTHBAY WRITERS CLUB



Grillin' & Chillin'

SUNDAY, JULY 16, 3:00-6:00PM

Let's Ketchup!

Annual Summer Potluck BBQ

Last names bring:

A-K Main Dish or Side Dish

L-R Salad, Appetizer, or Dessert

S-Z Appetizer or Dessert

The club provides BBQ Chicken and beverages!

No charge to members.

DON'T FORGET—Jim & Edie have moved.

RSVP and receive the new address in Santa Clara (near the University). pres@southbaywriters.com.

President's Message

Edie Matthews



Enjoyment, Enrichment, and Entertainment!

Hands down, of all the branches, South Bay Writers has the most fun. In addition to the inspiring speakers and weekend workshops, throughout the year, SBW offers a myriad of activities.

In the past several years, SBW has sponsored more writing contests than any other club, awarding prizes to the top winners. The topics have included pets, jobs, humor, a Mother's Day tribute, a Father's Day tribute, and our current contest, Childhood Vacation.

In the romantic month of February, when Valentine's Day approaches, we celebrate by providing a two-pound box of decadent chocolates from See's Candy Store.

For over a dozen years, we've held a summer Potluck BBQ. This is the perfect opportunity to relax outdoors, socialize with members, and enjoy the tasty creative dishes made by fellow members. Spouses are welcome, along with friends interested in writing. Of course, the meal is topped off with BBQ chicken and beverages (wine, coffee, beer, soda, and water). On occasion one member played the guitar, another time one played the organ, a man sang an operatic song, and once one fellow livened up the neighborhood with a rendition on the bagpipes. Best of all, there is no charge for the summer fun.

In the bewitching month of October, we have our Annual Halloween Costume Contest. Participants are encouraged to dress like a literary character. However, categories also include Scariest, Funniest, Original, and Beautiful. Members always amaze us with their creativity—some costumes are complicated, while others are simple but clever. One year Cathy Baur came as the poet Sylvia Plath and carried a children's stove. Kelly Gomez impressed us with her six-foot vampire wings. Luanne Oleas always awes us with unique choices like the Mad Hatter and June Osborne (*The Handmaid's Tale*). Winners in each category receive a prize.

When December arrives, we have the Holiday Bash and Potluck. Once again, members surpass themselves with a variety of delicious dishes. We also have a gift exchange and play that mischievous game of stealing. We divide into groups and sing "The Twelve Days of Christmas." And on occasion when we have a talented musician like Brigitte Doss-Johnson, our current newsletter editor, we enjoy Christmas Carols on the piano. Once again, there is no charge.

Now we're meeting in the beautiful Triton Museum of Art. Treat yourself to a luxurious evening in this stupendous venue, enrich your knowledge, and enjoy the company of fellow writers.

Did Someone Say BBQ?

Sunday

July 16, 3-6PM

View from the Board

Chris Weilert



Membership

Please renew your membership at
SouthBayWriters.com
The membership period runs from July 1st
- June 30

Open Mic Nights

When: First and Third Fridays of every month
Where: Zoom
Time: Starts at 7:30pm
How: Contact Bill Baldwin
WABaldwin@aol.com

Edie Matthews, President

We discussed the nominee for the Jack London Award
There is a continuing effort to find replacements for our long-term board members who want to step down.

Marjorie Johnson, MRMS

Discussed the need to begin sending out renewing notices.

Trenton Myers, Treasurer

Account Growth: 3% since April

Bill Baldwin, Open Mics

continue on the first and third Fridays. (Zoom)
Recent Open Mic stats:
May 19th - 9 readers
June 2nd - 9 readers
We are still doing all our open mics via Zoom

Central Board:

The next meeting July 23rd
The Jack London Awards will be presented on October 22nd in Oakland.

Nor Cal:

The next meeting with on July 26th.

Inga Silva, Membership: As of May 31st:
We have 100 members, 98 active members, 2 lifetime members and 2 students. We have reached 100 members for the first time since pre-Covid.

Alfred Jan, Member at Large:

The Triton Museum was suggested by John Mathias.

Brigitte Doss-Johnson, *WritersTalk* Editor:
The digital version of our newsletter goes out to everybody by the first of the month. Submittals need to be received earlier to get the letter out sooner.

Open Discussion:

Adding a monthly calendar to the newsletter, adding a Mentor position and looking for people with technical skills

The next board meeting will be on July 11th, 2023 on Zoom. SBW members are always welcome at Board meetings. To attend a board meeting, send an email to Edie Matthews at pres@southbaywriters.com.



June Recap: Isidra Mencos

Tamara Bell



Isidra Mencos, PhD, initially caught our attention with a fun story of what sent her down the salsa and storytelling path. She punctuated the story with remarkable hand clapping and a salsa move as she shared her coming-of-age story in Spain living under the oppressive Franco dictatorship. Her memoir, *Promenade of Desire—A Barcelona Memoir*, narrates her journey to freedom as Spain transitioned out of repression. She warns her book is a “raw page turner.”

“How unconventional book launches attract buyers” was Dr. Isidra Mencos’ subject. She elaborated that if done right, these create leads. She encouraged authors to continue launching even a year after. Follow up with communications. Publish articles. Write blog posts. Do social media. Offer live presentations.

She warned that readings at bookstores are often dead. She clued us in that bookstores now have conditions. They ask that you bring your own audience and oftentimes, you may have to guarantee thirty-five books to be sold. There are strict time limits as the stores don’t tend to sell anything else while you are there. So, make it a celebration and make it a fun experience for yourself as well as the people showing up. Be very excited! She reminded us, “No food, no party.”

Basic structure for successfully setting up book launches is storytelling. Reading, but no longer than five minutes. Refreshments. Then, questions and answers. Time limits are usually one hour.

In aiming for a memorable experience for your customers, she set out guidelines:

- Don’t read, perform.

- Choose an unusual venue.

- Partner with a business.

- Make the audience members active participants.

- Riff on your book’s theme, setting or key scene.

- Treat your launch as a marketing event which requires a budget.

- Partner with other writers.

- Promotion doesn’t end with the launch event.

Isidra showed us videos of her own dance party book launch she used to catapult her own memoir, complete with the number of attendees and costs. She suggested six other launch styles, including a mystery book party, a wine and book event at a winery, and a costume event with characters from the book, which took place at a library reading.

“Treat your book as your business.” This was my favorite takeaway from this entertaining speaker.



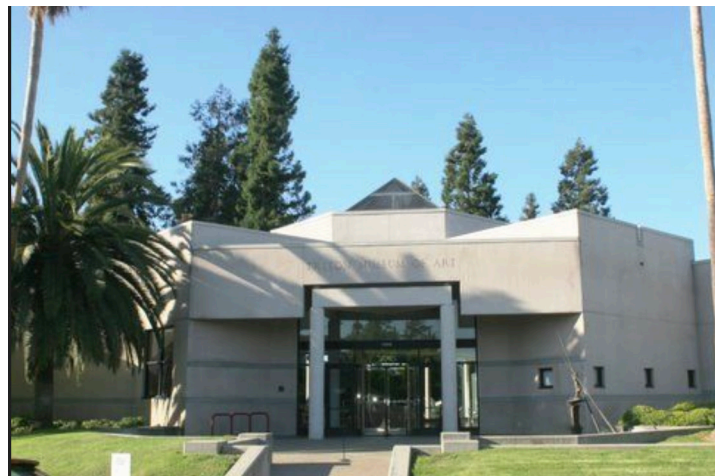
Triton Museum

Marjorie Johnson



South Bay Writers held its June meeting at the Triton Museum in Santa Clara. Seated in one of the museum's four galleries, we enjoyed a visual treat: The Big Red Chair Project by local artist, Eve Page Mathias. The artist is a retired art instructor from San Jose City College. The exhibit featured 19 acrylic paintings in bold colors, a series of portraits from the overstuffed red chair that her dog Luna (now deceased) had enjoyed sitting on while she looked out the window.

For 56 years, the Triton Museum of Art has been a destination for the community, providing a venue where local artists exhibit their work alongside regional and national artists, and where students of all ages learn about art and the creative process. Located across the street from the Santa Clara Civic Center, the Triton Museum of Art collects and exhibits contemporary and historical works with an emphasis on artists of the Greater Bay Area. Per year, over 40,000 people attend the museum on-site, perusing through exhibitions, educational events, and community programs, plus over 90,000 people view the museum's satellite gallery and exhibitions.



JMC

Writing Contest

Childhood Vacation

First Place

Childhood Vacation

Tonya McQuade

Typically, our summer car trips to Illinois were long, monotonous treks along Interstate 80, looking out car windows at deserts, corn stalks, and wheat fields; playing “I-Spy” and competing at word games; poking each other in the back seat; or escaping into books, trying to drown out other sounds as we headed east to visit my mother’s family. That summer after sixth grade was different: my parents decided to take the “scenic route” further north. It landed us at a KOA Ranch Camp in Montana that produced my best “childhood vacation” memories by far. We set up our tent beside a rippling stream - an offshoot of the Yellowstone River - which cooled our feet in the day and sang us to sleep at night. We fished in the well-stocked trout pond - all successfully hooking and hauling in a decent-sized trout. Most amazingly, my brother and I were able to take our first horseback riding lesson, walking and trotting around the enclosure surrounded by majestic mountains and towering trees, excited not to be tethered to a pole going in circles. Fish never tasted so good as that night when we fried up our fresh catches on our camp stove! Ah, sweet memories!

Second Place (Tie)

Carlsbad, 1980

Alison Ozawa Sanders

A strip of azure rose across the dusty, bug-splattered windshield, and Mom sang from the front seat: There it is guys! We strained against the seatbelt straps, craning our necks to see the ocean sparkling in the distance, disappointed each time it was momentarily hidden behind curves in the highway, or trees, or - finally - the squat hotel. The moment the old brown van rolled to a stop, my sister and I hauled the sliding door open and leapt out, and we ran with flipflop slaps across the hot pavement, around the building and straight down

to the sand. We shed our clothes, which suddenly felt heavy and thick, and smelled of home and chores and classrooms and rules. Across the hot sand we flew, and then gasped as the foamy, wild waves embraced us. We squealed at the bracing cold against our thighs, the splashes of salt water on our lips. We raised our stick arms to the cloudless sky and pretended not to hear Mom’s voice - Sunblock first! She trailed us over the sand, gathering the discarded t-shirts and flipflops left in our wake, wearing a smile that she never had at home.

Second Place (Tie)

Camping With Kitty

Betty Auchard

One day I asked Mom and Dad why we never went camping. Dad said we didn’t have a tent and Mom said we’d have to take Kitty Kat with us. I said, “We could borrow a tent and we could find someone to take care of Kitty.” They still didn’t take it seriously but I wanted to go camping so badly that I begged my parents until they finally gave in. We borrowed a tent, took our cat with us and off we went to the nearest campground that was extremely woodsy. We slept in the trunk of Dad’s pickup truck and Kitty stayed in the driver’s side with her toilet of dirt on the floor. One morning I took breakfast to Kitty, shocked to see her jumping all over the inside of the cab, bashing and throwing herself against the windows and ceiling.

I yelled “Daddy, Kitty is having some kinda fit.” Dad opened the driver’s door with great caution but Kitty flew past him and inside of the woodsy forest where no one ever camped. Dad was stunned. I couldn’t stop crying and Mom said “Let’s just go home and find ourselves a dog.”

Third Place

Bringing Back More Memories

Una Day

At six and a half, memories of my first trip to Ireland are likely overlaid with recountings from older relatives. The Statue of Liberty loomed large as we sailed out of sunny NY Harbor to cross the Atlantic. Saltwater pool, afternoon tea, and best of all, waiters in bow ties, were exotic fare but Uncle Phil's farm with pigs, cows, and chickens stand out fifty years later. The ghost stories my cousins told

at bedtime made sleeping four to a bed desirable. Big Una, my older cousin by a decade, was always there to make me smile. After I tripped and fell in the pig run, she cleaned me up and stopped my tears with a mouth-watering salted tomato. Leaving was sad but we discovered a wee bit of Ireland came back home when my sister and I needed haircuts to remove head lice.

1971 Road Trip Equation

Loureen Murphy

1 Station wagon
2 Parents
5 Kids (including me)
15 States of the Union
Dad-knows-how-many Miles
2 Suitcases flying off the luggage rack, bouncing on a Nevada highway
0 Stops at fast food places
1 Late May snowstorm, New Mexico
2 Tornado warnings
1 Crowded house
72 Fish caught in an Ohio farm pond
13 Kid cousins cleaning and gutting
1 Funeral for fish guts
1 Headstone with epitaph "May These Fish Guts Rest in Pieces"
3 Aunts
2 Great-Aunts
1 Grandmother
1 \$5 bet on an impossible billiards shot (yet unpaid)
1 Bottle shampoo-conditioner left in motel, Liberal, Kansas
1 Pair clip-on sunglasses left in dressing room, Cheyenne, Wyoming
1 Back Seat Driver's License purchased
1 Dinner in Dalhart, Texas, at "Headquarters" (the red neon "H" burned out)
1 Visit to Buffalo Bill Cody's grave, Lookout Mountain near Denver
Umpteen matchbooks, sugar packets, roadmaps, and postcards—my souvenirs
1 Letter to Reader's Digest Books to correct their assertion that Cody was buried in Cody, Wyoming
1 Letter from above book publisher, my first and last name misspelled, thanking me for my "bright eyes" and promising correction in a later edition
= Countless memories

Childhood Vacation

Shipra Shukla

There is no more glorious vacation than the one spent at your grandmother's home. And if that home is lazily slumbering in a farm adjoining an orchard, two wells, a hayrick, a stream at the far end, several cows that give fresh milk, a dog, and

many aunts, uncles, cousins, farmhands and their families, it is as perfect as any paradise you can imagine.

These are the golden years and when you look back through your old photographs, they reflect the gold through the nostalgic prism of time in sepia tones, faded and distant, but still with the power to tug your heartstrings; you do not mind then the tolling bells of a peaceful rest because they could,

hopefully, be the sound of a new life when you could start afresh and begin your childhood once again.

Old Mexico

Michael Shipp

It was 1964 and I was ten when my dad drove the family down to Old Mexico. Five kids, ages two to fourteen, in a '58 Rambler station wagon – my mom was less than thrilled. My sister, Michelle, the teenager, was a pain in the butt all the way there and back.

We were Irish Catholic and the miracle that my parents' marriage survived the trip from hell was only further proof that my mom was a saint.

The car broke down in Hermosillo and my dad exploded like a pent-up volcano. He vented hot curse words I had never heard. That night in the motel the floor started moving and when I turned on a light a herd of huge cockroaches stampeded. Michelle tried to kill them with hairspray but I think they liked it. The saving grace was the restaurant had the best chicken tostadas in the world.

The first day in Mazatlán I spent in the pool while the bell hop flirted with Michelle. He was going to play soccer for the national team when the Olympics came to Mexico City. I knew he was full of beans but my sister ate it up. That night my sunburnt shoulders erupted in blisters as hot as sunspots.

The last stop was Guadalajara where I bought a sombrero as big as a flying saucer. My dad was none too happy until he discovered a hidden restaurant in a tiny alley. He boast:

'Look, Mom... this is the Real Deal! Authentic Mexico... They don't even have forks or spoons. You have to use tortillas.'

It was a good thing there were no knives or she might have stabbed him. She didn't say much on the way home. The exit sign to John Street in Salinas was a welcome sight.

The Crowded Journey

Chris Weilert

My parents, along with my brother and sister, took off in the family's Plymouth Fury station wagon en

route to Spokane, Washington, to visit my brother Mark. The following day, my brother Jim and I would leave in his Jeep to meet up with everybody in Spokane. Our family would be reunited. Only three hours into the trip, the old Fury blew out the rear axle. A tow truck brought all four home along with the car. The reunion plans were over, leaving us disappointed.

My brother Jim, the optimistic one in the family, wasn't having any part of this sadness. He told us to get in his Jeep because we were still going. After some apprehension, all six of us, including our luggage, left for Washington. I sat on an ice chest for 2400 miles round trip as part of our family effort to be together.

My First Vacation

Edie Matthews

We had never been on a vacation but my younger brother coaxed my dad until he said, "Okay, we're going camping this weekend." On Saturday morning there was a flurry of activity as we decided what to pack. We didn't own any camping equipment, just a colorful beach umbrella and lots of blankets and pillows and an inflatable raft we used at the beach.

Our family of six loaded into dad's 1950 mint-green Ford. Before we started the 78 miles to Lake Arrowhead, I made sure to stake out the front seat between my parents.

I was too excited to let the curious stares from people with fancy tents and kerosene stoves bother me. I perched the umbrella upright and used clothespins to hang an odd assortment of blankets: red plaid, a pastel quilt, army surplus khaki and green ones.

It was the first time I'd ever used an outhouse. I set a record holding my breath. We didn't BBQ since we never had at home. We ate sandwiches that my mother made. I slept on the raft, which was flat the next morning. Swimming in the lake was icy—colder than the water at Santa Monica Beach. I think we only stayed one night. But I remember feeling a sense of pride telling friends that we went on vacation—camping at Lake Arrowhead.

A Visit to Yakima

Colin Seymour

My summer internship
In the Nixon Administration
Begot a two-day trip
To an Indian reservation.

I was there to push the value
Of the federal boarding school.
For that they plainly let me know
I was a toadie, playin' the fool.

(Though my research had skewed fifty-fifty,
I knew I was on the wrong side.
But I'd be returning to school soon enough.
I was mostly along for the ride.)

So just what was the outcome
Of their callous diatribe
Against a mere 19-year-old
Who was only a lowly scribe?

Whatever it was they thought they proved,
Whatever they tried to teach,
It had almost no impact
When I wrote my boss's speech.

Young workers today, we often lament,
Are far too detached from the rat race.
But it just might be they already know
That we're all still just running in place.

Water Moccasin, Anyone?

Brigitte Doss-Johnson

Thank goodness for photos! Looking at the scenic pictures of our vacation in Thailand, wondrous temples and our smiling faces conjure an experience of delight and wonder. Not so. We had reserved a cute white house on stilts on a lake, but when we were warned to keep the doors closed while the water was high so that the water moccasins wouldn't come in, Mother refused to stay there. We also had to take salt pills and horse pills, aka quinine malaria pills. Have you seen the size of those horse pills? At the time, attempts to swallow pills brought on a gagging reflex. Oh, the

tears I shed. Not just the quinine gave me grief, so did the tiny salt ones that dissolved too fast. Having tried every trick on my revolting tongue and being at her wit's end with my tantrums, my mom declared I could make up my own mind regarding the pills. And if I got malaria, they would leave me there. I had seen people affected by malaria, shaking and unable to work, but I took the risk. Back to the pictures: Thailand is a beautiful place!

1954

Joan Cabral

A family vacation for our brood was camping. The road trip meant piling into the backseat of our 1949 powder blue Packard. Because kids get car sick, we never made it without someone hanging their head out the rear window. When we pulled up to camp registration, black seeds covered the side of the Packard in sticky sweet watermelon juice. What had been lunch before hitting the Santa Cruz mountain roads was now on full display for all to see, the reality of traveling with little kids. Sometimes our mother would stay at home if a fresh newborn had recently arrived. One night Dad dropped us off at the little movie theater in Boulder Creek. The theater was showing an adult movie, something about men fighting in Alaska and an avalanche killing everyone, not the best choice for kids 4, 6, 7, and 9-year old. The 4-year-old was a screamer. She was bored and wanted candy. The candy bars were 5 cents. We didn't have 5 cents. She just kept screaming, pointing to the glass case in the lobby. The cashier finally gave her a candy bar just to shut her up. My older sister was getting that familiar look of panic on her face. She couldn't handle the candy monster and led us out into the night to find our way back to the cabin on the river. Dad wasn't there.

The Sixteenth Birthday

Audry Lynch

Our summers were spent on Cape Cod and they were predictably the same until I turned sixteen. After my birthday on July 18, everything in my life

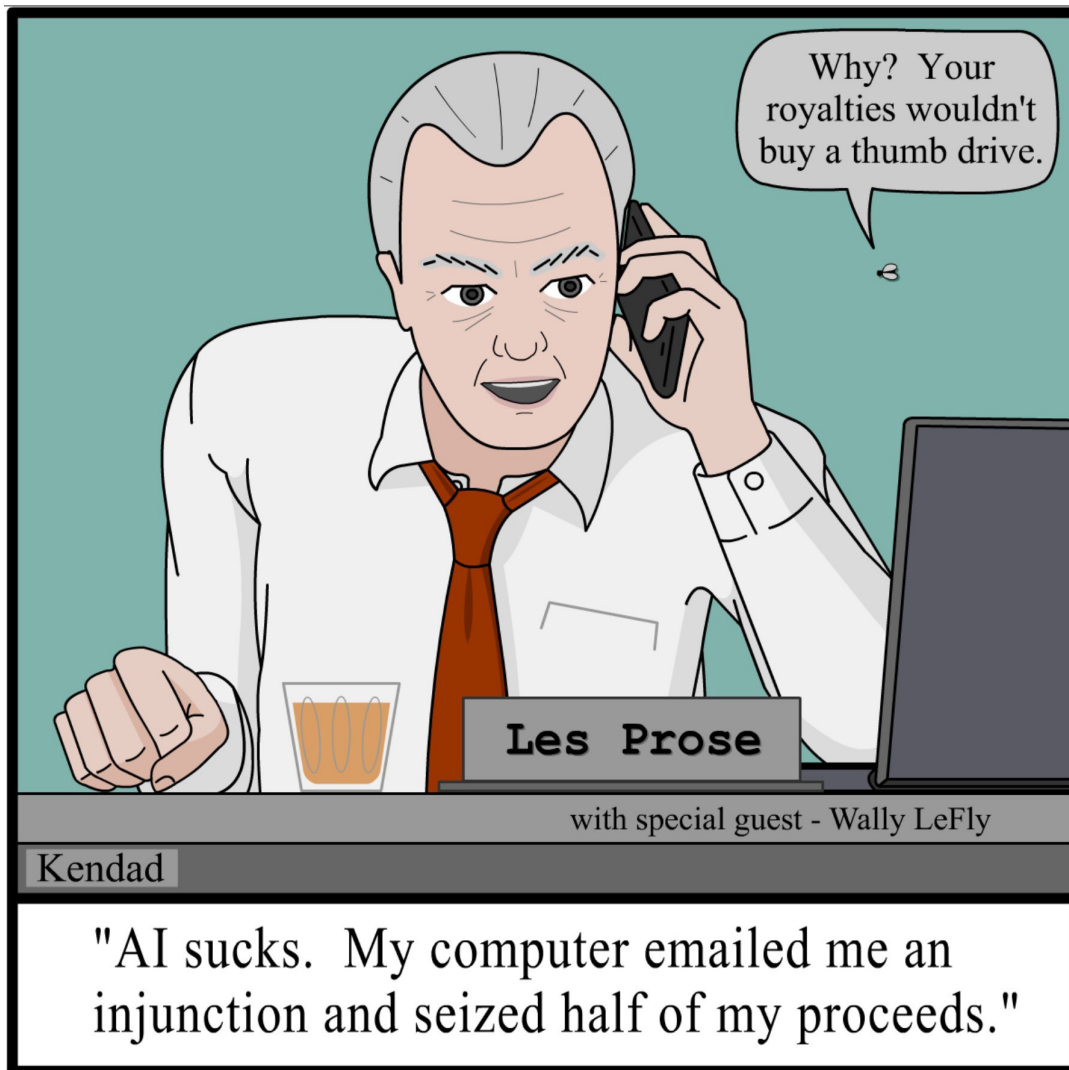
began to change. The first surprise was my body. Instead of my former flat skinny body I suddenly had a voluptuous one complete with breasts. I celebrated by buying a white two-piece bathing suit which sent a lot of stares my way.

Next, I found out about the world of work when I was hired as a waitress. Sometimes the lessons were harsh. Once, an irate customer pulled my arm as I served him and he muttered, "No more mustard, sister." I found that trying to please customers often

placed me on rough terrain.

On a happier level, I discovered boys. They appeared at my house, on the lawn, and next to me on the beach. That new discovery reached its peak on my birthday. Three birthday presents arrived that day and each one contained a pearl necklace. In future years, when the family reminisced about my sixteenth birthday, they always called it "The summer of the great pearls."

Les Prose by Kendad



Gotta remember to email Edie!
pres@southbaywriters.com
BBQ Sunday, July 16, 3-6PM

Member News

Marjorie Johnson

News from Dave LaRoche



Just out – *Ordinary Times*, my new novel of selected life in the San Fernando Valley during the late fifties. Nuclear war threatened; life was cheap; and carelessness pervaded most behavior. Several young men, two young women, and a movie producer converge, each with intention to capture some sort of success. It's a romp with poignant moments, a look into needs and behavior fueled in part by the rampage of youth and part by a doubtful future—an honest reflection of the careless behavior accorded good folks who may become nuclear dust tomorrow. Look for it on Amazon under the nom de plume, D.L. LaRoche, and thanks for your literary consideration.



July Writing Prompt: July Fourth Foodie

Horseradish Pickles

Marjorie Johnson

Fourth of July meant watermelon, corn on the cob from Dad's garden, potato salad, hot dogs with mustard, and, of course, horseradish pickles. The pickles were my Welsh grandmother's special recipe. My father grew the needed two-inch cucumbers and the horseradish, a member of the mustard family.

The horseradish plant looks like a weed with long, spear-shaped, ribbed green leaves. If you scrunch them, you'll get a strong wiff of horseradish, but it's the stringy roots you need. You need to peel off the skin and cut the tough inner-root into three-inch strips, two or three for each quart jar. The cucumbers are soaked in brine, then rinsed and brought just to a boil in a vinegar and water solution. The vinegar prevents bitterness. The immature cucumbers turn into pickles after about three weeks in the jar.

In Wales, I found horseradish pickles as bar snacks.

Culinary Patriotism

Brigitte Doss-Johnson

Feelings of patriotism run high on military bases. I loved every ounce of that feeling while growing up. To make the Fourth of July impactful for my kids, I continued the same picnic faire from our first campout on Central Park to see the fireworks. Now that my kids have their own families, they've continued the feast of our special occasion foods: fried chicken, chips with sour cream/green onion dip, root beer or orange floats, and cherry pie. The salads and fruit changed each year: corn on the cob, watermelon, bean salad, coleslaw, baked beans. The past two years, my daughter has returned to bake me a cherry pie from scratch, pitting the Bing cherries with a straw and a bottle. Add my looping playlist of the Sousa marches and anthems from all the armed forces, and presto, feelings of patriotism again swell for Independence Day.

Contests and Markets

Carolyn Donnell



The writing contests and markets listed serve as information. South Bay Writers neither vets nor endorses any listings. Please practice safe handling of your stories and information.

WRITERS BEWARE

Warnings about contests, submissions, etc. <https://www.sfwriters.org/other-resources/for-authors/writer-beware/>

LOCAL (PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS) AND OTHER CWC BRANCH RESOURCES: See branches at <https://calwriters.org/cwcbranches/> Some allow all CWC members, other – dual members.

NAME	DEAD LINE	URL	COMMENTS
Redwood Writers SF/Peninsula Branch.		https://www.redwoodwriters.org/ https://www.cwc-sfpeninsula.org/writers-resources/writing-contests	Lists other resources
Fremont Area Writers		https://cwc-fremontareawriters.org/resources-writers/	See Writers Resources tab
North State Writers		www.northstatewriters.com/nsw-anthologies.html	Planning a new anthology soon
Red Wheelbarrow Poetry Prize	July 31	https://www.deanza.edu/english/creative-writing/red-wheelbarrow.html	co-sponsored with Poetry Center San José
The Literary Nest			Send visual art to theliterarynest@gmail.com
Catamaran Literary Reader		www.catamaranliteraryreader.com/	West Coast quarterly literary/visual arts journal

OTHER CONTESTS AND SUBMISSIONS (including sites that list contests.)

NAME	DEAD LINE	URL	COMMENTS
Zoetrope Short Story	Opens July 1	https://www.zoetrope.com/contests/stories-2022/	Short Fiction
Zoetrope Cinema	Sept 5	https://www.zoetrope.com/contests/screenplays-2023/	Early-bird deadline July 17
Authors Publish Winning Writers Funds for Writers		www.authorspublish.com https://winningwriters.com/ https://fundsforwriters.com/contests/	Lists contests, etc. free newsletter Subscribe to newsletter hope@chopeclark.com
Chicken Soup For The Soul		https://www.chickensoup.com/story-submissions/submit-your-story/	
Trish Hopkinson Something or Other Publishing (SOOP) Freedom With Writing Sequestum	July 31	https://trishhopkinson.com/ https://sooplpc.com/annual-short-story-contest/ https://www.freedomwithwriting.com https://www.sequestum.org/	blog Win by getting 50 votes
Writer's Digest		https://www.writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions	Themed and general submissions Contests year round. Also has classes, webinars and more

POETRY CONTESTS, SUBMISSIONS, AND RESOURCES

NAME	DEAD LINE	URL	COMMENTS
West Trade Review	Aug. 31	https://westtradereview.com/ecobloomspacespoetryofplace.html	
Ecobloom Spaces			
2023 Rattle Poetry Prize	July 15	https://www.rattle.com/prize/about/	poems may have been self-published to personal blogs or social media.
Academy of American Poets		https://poets.org/academy-american-poets/american-poets-prizes	Lists contests/ submissions
Writing Matters		www.randalssanctuary.wordpress.com/2020/08/11/publishers-of-poetry-books-chapbooks/	30 Publishers of Poetry Books & Chapbooks
Up the Staircase Quarterly		http://www.upthestaircase.org/	
Poets & Writers		https://www.pw.org/grants	
Poetry Society of America		https://poetrysocietyofamerica.submittable.com/submit	
The Thimble Magazine		http://www.thimblelitmag.com/submissions/	quarterly online journal.
Poetry Foundation		www.poetryfoundation.org	
Poetry Pacific		http://www.poetrypacific.blogspot.com/	Published and unpublished.
Everywriter		www.everywritersresource.com/best-poetry-prizes/	
Reedsy		https://blog.reedsy.com/guide/chapbook/how-to-make/	lists reputable chapbook contests
Gyroscope		https://www.gyroscopereview.com/welcome/guidelines	4 issues a year
Poetry Soup		https://www.poetrysoup.com/poetry/contests/	

FACEBOOK PAGES/GROUPS (Our Facebook group for members is South Bay Writers Club)

Poetry Center San Jose-PCSJ

Poetry Lounge

Willow Glen Poetry Project

Cupertino Poet Laureate

Santa Clara County Poet Laureate

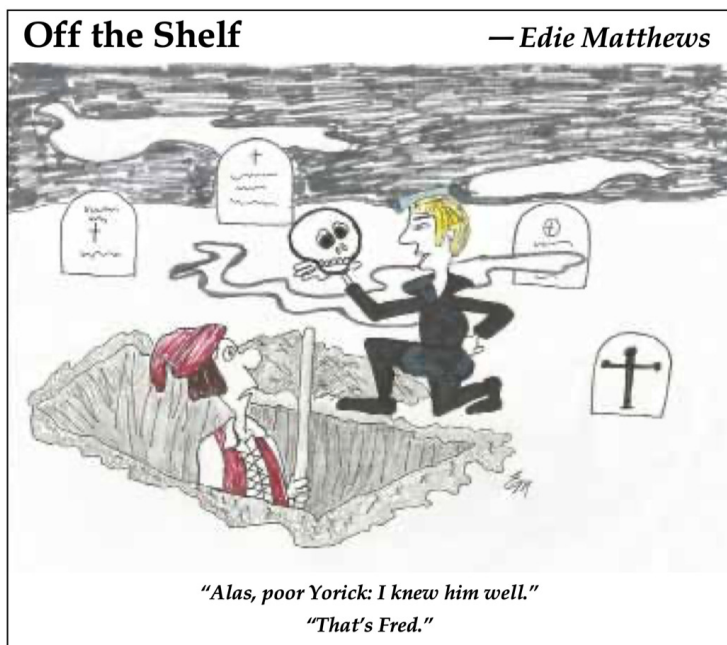
Los Gatos Poet Laureate

National Poetry Month-write a poem a day challenge

California Poets

Rattle

No Fee Calls for Poems



EditorTalk

Brigitte Doss-Johnson



Unlikely Places

The *Costco Connection* often goes straight into the recycle bin, but May's issue had "Storyteller" right on front next to a woman sitting on a trunk. In smaller print, the cover read "Danielle Steel ... literary royalty." That was compelling enough to open the magazine. I'm not that familiar with Steel's works, but I always love to read about authors. I loved the tidbits in the article from her writing lifestyle quirks to her research.

When the June *Costco Connection* came, I wondered if there were another author entry. Nothing on the cover indicated there would be. In the table of contents, in the lifestyle section, and in the subsection for entertainment, I saw

a buyer's pick that looked interesting but still no obvious author interview. The entry had italics as if it were a book title so I thought it might be a book review. Under that, was another title in italics with an author name I recognized. I turned to those pages and saw an interview of Lisa See and Erin Hilderbrand. I was so excited.

The writers of those articles are Costco's book buyer and assistant book buyer. What an occupation. I didn't stop to think there'd be buyers specific for books. I would love that job. From now on, I'll be checking the pages of the *Costco Connection* every time it comes.

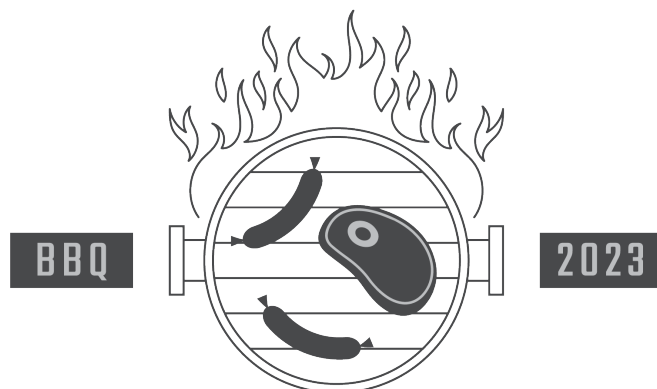
Rotating Editing Team:

Marjorie Johnson, Ken Roberge, Carolyn Donnell, Dave LaRoche, Marty Sorensen, Edie Matthews, Bill Baldwin.

If you are interested in being a part of the editing team, please email newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Submit writing to WritersTalk using this form:

<https://tinyurl.com/writerstalk>



GRILLIN' & CHILLIN'

Let's ketchup! Join us for our Annual Summer Potluck BBQ.

SUNDAY, July 16, 2023, 3-6 PM

Enjoy tantalizing food and good company—both provided by you! Relax, network, chat with old friends, and make new ones.

POTLUCK

Last names bring:

A-K Main Dish or Side Dish

L-R Salad, Appetizer, or Dessert

S-Z Appetizer or Dessert

The club provides BBQ Chicken and beverages!

No charge to members.

DON'T FORGET—Jim & Edie have moved. RSVP and receive the new address in Santa Clara (near the University). pres@southbaywriters.com.

California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
www.southbaywriters.com

Executive Committee

President Edie Matthews.....pres@southbaywriters.com
Vice President Jamal Khan.....vp@southbaywriters.com
Secretary Chris Weilert.....secretary@southbaywriters.com
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Web Editor

Tatyana Grinenko.....webeditor@southbaywriters.com

Web Master TBD

SBW Mission

Educate 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. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. Dual membership: \$25. Contact Membership Chair, Inga Silva, or sign up online at southbaywriters.com. Or, send a check to CWC-South Bay Writers, P. O. Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055
Note: California Writers Club uses a fiscal year that runs from July 1 through June 30 each year.

Contribute to WritersTalk

Members of the South Bay Writers Club are encouraged to submit their creative works for publication in WritersTalk. Submissions are now being accepted on this form:

<https://tinyurl.com/writerstalk>

Submission deadline is the 15th of the month.

Inclusion of graphics are by the discretion of the editor.

Short Fiction (1000 words)

Memoir (1000 words)

Poetry (300 words)

Essay (1000 words)

Send information about your news or achievements to membernews@southbaywriters.com.

Information should be of interest and value to writers that does not provide direct economic benefit to its originator and is published free of charge.

Advertising of workshops, conferences, and events is accepted from other Branches of California Writers Club. The 501(c)3 nonprofit corporation status of California Writers Club, prohibits WritersTalk from accepting advertising of events or services that benefit an individual, or of politics.

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Circulation: 150

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



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

www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**Summer
Potluck BBQ**
Sunday
July 16, 3-6PM

RSVP for address

pres@southbaywriters.com

A-K Main Dish or Side Dish

L-R Salad, Appetizer, or Dessert

S-Z Appetizer or Dessert

August Writing Prompt: Tongue Twister

Write an original tongue twister 50 words or less. Think of two similar consonants that can get confused, like vocalized and non-vocalized ones. (Z vs. S; B vs. P) Or syllables where the vowels are different or the syllables where the ending is different. Gather up your words and smith away. This should be fun!

Call open only to members of South Bay Writers (or dual member).

Submission deadline: July 15

Send submissions and optional images through this form:

<https://tinyurl.com/writerstalk>