

# WritersTalk

A South Bay Branch  
Writers Club Monthly

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Page 1

## From Susan Shillinglaw, PhD comes— A Journey into Steinbeck's California



Edie Matthews

Programs Chair

AN INTRODUCTION BY EDIE MATTHEWS

"John Steinbeck was endlessly interesting," said Professor Susan Shillinglaw, former director of the Center for Steinbeck Studies at San Jose State University. "I like his stance on the world. He was empathetic, funny, witty, wise. He had

this intellectual curiosity and was interested in science and philosophy. He had the determination to carry through with his writing." It took Steinbeck 14 years to get his first book, "Cup of Gold," published in 1929.

Professor Shillinglaw teaches English at SJSU and is scholar-in-residence for the National Steinbeck Center in Salinas. She was interviewed for *The Oprah Winfrey Show* when the novel, *East of Eden*, brought back Oprah's Book Club. She has been consulted by numerous TV mediae, such as *Good Morning America*, the *Discovery Channel*, and *A&E*.

Her experiences have provided a wealth of information to draw from for her new book, *A Journey into Steinbeck's California*. It is described as: "part art book, part biography, and part travel guide offering insight into how landscapes and townscapes influenced John Steinbeck's creative process and how, in turn, his legacy has influenced modern California."



Professor Susan Shillinglaw

## WT Profiles Pat Decker Nipper

—By Una Daly

Meet  
Member Pat  
Decker Nipper



Una Daly

Contributing Editor

Being too stubborn to quit keeps me going," reports Pat Decker Nipper about the single most important thing that makes her a successful writer. "Persistence is about all we can do for ourselves in this age of mega-conglomerate publishers and very tight markets." Specializing in Western literature, she is the published author of two books for adults, one for children, and numerous articles including a monthly grammar column for the South Bay CWC newsletter.



Pat Decker Nipper

Pat's most recent book *Love on the Lewis and Clark Trail* was self-published to assure its

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### WIN AWARDS AND RECOGNITION WITH YOUR SHORT FICTION, POETRY, MEMOIR, ESSAY.

\*\*\* See insert on p 12 for "WritersTalk Challenge" and our masthead for submittal information \*\*\*

#### A Look Ahead:

Apr 7&21 Open Mic, see p15  
Apr 6 Board of Directors Meeting—Mueller's  
Apr 12 Gen meeting/Shillinglaw—Lookout Bar & Grill  
Apr 17 Editors Mtg, Orchard Valley Coffee, 7:30 pm  
Jul ?? Potluck BBQ  
Sep 8-10 East of Eden Conference—Salinas

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## President's Prowling —Bill Baldwin



Bill Baldwin  
President, South Bay Branch

### LWYDWP and WWYDWP!!!

Two phrases come to me more and more – as I write, as I read, as I watch films and listen to music: LWYDWP and WWYDWP (“Luie-DOOP” and “WeWeeDOOP!”) Yes – the pronunciation is pseudo-Welsh). These phrases summon us to artistic courage (yeah!)

LWYDWP: “Like What You D\_\_\_ Well Please.” Find the stuff you like and throw yourself into it. You can be open to other stuff as well; but you might as well luxuriate in the thing things you love. You can stop loving them later, and switch to something else; but for now – *enjoy* being in love!

So what if people belittle what you like? So what if people tell you that you “ought” to like something else? No one can force you to like \_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank: Hard rock; classical music; Barney; Jackson Pollack, Eugene O’Neill, modern jazz, Angelina Jolie...)

The corollary: WWYDWP (“Write What You D\_\_\_ Well Please”).

It’s true: If you want to sell your writing and become popular, you have to tailor your writing to others’ taste. But – you can write *for yourself* sometimes: Like those bop musicians who would play for the crowds in the clubs for a living, then cut loose freely in their private jam sessions. Be sure to have your own private sessions; to write and read what you love – and enjoy it!

Forget, now and then, what anyone else likes – and do something for *yourself*.

**LWYDWP and WWYDWP!!! WB**

(SHILLINGLAW FROM PAGE 1)

Professor Shillinglaw found this project a joy to write. The format allowed her to include interests separate from the central theme yet connected to the area and Steinbeck. So throughout the book there is additional boxed information like the history of abalone, facts on sea otters, and Steinbeck’s knowledge of Robinson Jeffers, a poet who spent most of his life in Carmel.

Little did she realize the impact on her life when in 1987, the chairman of the English Department asked her to take over as director of the Center for Steinbeck Studies, which she accepted. That year she started a newsletter, which later became *Steinbeck Studies*. In 1989 she organized a conference celebrating the 50th anniversary of *The Grapes of Wrath*. She began writing grants and was instrumental in gathering many of Steinbeck’s books and artifacts, including items donated from his widow, Elaine Steinbeck. In fact, after the author’s death, Professor Shillinglaw spent two days with Elaine in the couple’s New York apartment, sorting through Steinbeck’s works and mementos.

In 2003 the Center for Steinbeck Studies moved to the fifth floor of

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## California Writers Club South Bay Branch

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### Join in With Us

We have a membership category that fits you, dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee.

Contact our Membership Chair  
Diana Richomme

(SHILLINGLAW FROM PAGE 2)

San Jose's new Martin Luther King Jr. Library. Today the collection has 40,000 items including letters, manuscripts, first editions, films, memorabilia, original art, and secondary works.

Professor Shillinglaw was born in Iowa and raised in Colorado. Her parents read to her as a child, and she was very keen on animal stories. She laughs and admits, "I still see the world through *Winnie the Pooh*, a lot of Eeyores and Tiggers." She became an avid reader and as an adolescent devoured books by authors like Jane Austin, Charles Dickens and John Fowles.

In high school she loved writing. "It was easy for me," said Shillinglaw. "I had heard words and the rhythm of prose and enjoyed the process of writing."

She attended Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, where she received her BA in Art and English. She continued her education at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where she received an MA and Ph.D. in American literature.

Join us for an invigorating evening at the next CWC meeting when Professor Susan Shillinglaw takes us on a thrilling and inspiring journey into John Steinbeck's California. *EM*

**Lookout Bar & Grill**  
605 Macara Ave., Sunnyvale  
(Sunnyvale Golf Course)  
6 PM, Wed., April 12  
Members \$15, Guests \$20  
(includes Dinner)



Dave LaRoche  
Managing Editor

## Editors Itch

I yell out with the editing staff and we cheer a big "thanks" for making our newsletter the best in the State (it's my personal opinion). It has become robust, with your work, and I frequently receive, now pass on to you, compliments from fellow-editors of other Branch newsletters.

Since January, 2005, we have published 56 creative pieces: 28 poems, six short fictions, 17 essays and five memoirs. And, as you know, the best of these pieces were honored at our last meeting with awards to their authors for excellence.

We will continue this direction—filling *WT* pages with your work—and we encourage *you* to continue submitting.

Our "*WritersTalk* Challenge" will also continue, as every six months we honor writers who are published in the newsletter. The deadline dates are August 15 and February 15 with awards given during the following general meetings. During our August meeting, an East of Eden Scholarship, worth several hundred dollars, will be awarded for the most unique presentation among those published during the period January 2005 thru July 15, 2006.

*WritersTalk* is your newsletter. You not only read it, you write in it: air an opinion, tell a story, publish a poem... and if you have questions regarding a submittal—not sure if it's appropriate or the right length—give us a holler—we listen for it.

I often write sketches that may lead to a comprehensive work or, more often, simply go into a stack in the corner. My disappointment is: though they may be good examples of my writing, perhaps cleverly done (wink wink), they will never see daylight. Should you have these bits and pieces, I suggest: *WritersTalk* is a great place to send them, as we can get them out of your stack in the corner and in front of a couple hundred readers. *DLR*

## WritersTalk

is a monthly newsletter published by the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club.

### WritersTalk Staff

#### Managing Editor

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#### Contributing Editors

Una Daly  
Jackie Mutz  
Andrea Galvac  
Bill Brisko

### Submittals are invited:

#### Guest Columns

*Almost Anything Goes* ≤300 wds

#### Regular Columns

to Una Daly

#### News Items ≤400 wds

*Ltrs to Ed—In My Opinion* ≤200 wds  
to Andrea

#### Literary Work :

*Short Fiction* ≤1500 wds

*Memoir* ≤1000 wds

*Poetry* ≤300 wds

*Essay* ≤700 wds

**Announcements and Advertisement**  
to Dave

Submit as an attachment to email by the 16th of the month preceding publication.

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

or

[writersstalk@comcast.net](mailto:writersstalk@comcast.net)

**Announcements** are accepted on the basis of interest and value to writers, have no economic value to the originator and are published free of charge.

**Advertising** is accepted on the basis of its interest and value to writers and is charged \$7 per column-inch for members and \$10 for non members.

Contact Dave LaRoche

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## ReCap — March Meeting

—Dave LaRoche

**W**ow! What a contrast: Mattson and Myers vs. Lublin (the month before)—both very compelling, but I was struck with the difference in style. Lublin... JP Sousa's brass band leading a fully-loaded circus into town—blinding bright, colorful, magnificent! Back up and let them by.



Phyllis Mattson and Linda Myers

While the Myers-Mattson team was only a decibel or two above silence: a butterfly and a flower in the late morning sun, fanciful and delicate with a bit of subdued humor and both as sturdy as a tree. We leaned in, turned an ear, and the lovely reflections that came over the podium on March 8<sup>th</sup> were heartfelt and believable. A dysfunctional family and no family at all for two young girls from

different worlds: different languages and cultures, who spoke in unison the truth. We bent in a little farther and listened more intently.

But first, we gathered: 74 including 23 guests—our 'membership gravity' remains at .68, but it's nice to see guests, new ideas and needs (please consider a membership).

"We are the 'big fish' among the 14 branches and that gives us power," was the bald encouragement offered by Beth Proudfoot, our acting hospitality gal.

Beth updated us on the East of Eden Conference



coming in September:

- Among the speakers will be the celebrated, Jean Auel, *Clan of the Cave Bear*.
- An early-bird special will be available to SouthBay members—see enclosure
- A new feature this year will get your writing critiqued by a professional editor.
- Several writers' contests include the Basil Stevens Memorial Writing Contest, a sports-theme contest; the Dan Niemi Memorial Writing Contest, open to active or retired police officers; and a publisher (unnamed) will give a \$200 prize to the winner of the novel writing contest, moreover, will offer critiques to all entries (details on web site)
- Diana Richomme will be organizing volunteers to do the small EOE jobs—contact her if you are interested.

Cathy Bauer reported \$118 in raffle revenues for the night. (That gal is all action.)

Winners of the first *WritersTalk* Challenge were announced by Bill Brisko, the Challenge Chair:

- First place and a check for \$60 to Emily Jiang for her poem, *Ode to Children's Literature*
- Second place and a check for \$40 to Bob



Bill Brisko & Bob Garfinkle

Garfinkle for his short story, *When are you going to Cry*

- Third place and a check for \$25 to Rosalie Mangan for her poem *The Secret Love Affair* -
- Hon mention to Clarence Hammonds for his memoir *A Post-War Tragedy: 1945*
- Hon Mention to Meredy Amyx for her

essay, *Protect your work in Progress*

Congratulations to all and a big thank you to Bill for a great contest.

Edie Matthews, Programs Chair, announced upcoming dinner-meeting speakers:

- **Apr:** Susan Shillinglaw, PhD and author of *A Journey into Steinbeck's California*
- **May:** Joyce Kreig, author of mysteries and editor of *Scribbles*, Central Coast Writer's newsletter.

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(RECAP FROM PAGE 4)

- **Jun:** Tom Barbash MFA, award winning author and lecturer at Stanford University
- **Jul:** Summer potluck and BBQ
- **Aug:** Mike Cassidy, Merc News Columnist
- **Sep:** No regular meetings—see you at the EOE Conference.

And then, to a warm welcome, Linda Joy Myers, *Don't Call Me Mother*, and Phyllis Mattson, *War Orphan*



in San Francisco, began a discussion of their memoirs: the pitfalls and highlights of creating and publishing them.

As a memoirist you “write from your innards, you write your truth” explained Mattson and both had done that they assured. There is some question about truth and its efficacy in memoirs, Linda said, in deference to James Frey and his predicament. Phyllis responded with the reminder that you don’t have to tell all the “truth”; if a raw reality is unsettling, you simply omit it. She stopped her memoir at her age 20 not wishing to reveal, for posterity, her adult life. (Dare we ask)

A memoir is a book with a theme, as opposed to a biography, Linda commented. Her book was inside her, she said, and when she began writing, it was “like pulling a loose yarn and watching it unravel”. Phyllis, on the other hand, derived her book from letters she had written (and received) to her father and mother—both displaced and interned during the war.

“How do you know what your writing is true?” was a question posed by Myers’ students and she admits that her own siblings question her recollections. “Memories alloy together to form an impression that shape what we are and picking them out as they actually happened... well each person has to do that in his own way,” offered Dr. Linda. (I looked for a couch).

Mattson suggested that “memories get clouded” and she repeated a story illustrating the differences be-

tween her and a relative’s recollections of fifty years back. A cousin she adored and who was seriously helpful with language and custom when she arrived at about ten years old, spent energy defaming her later in life which devastated Phyllis, having dim recollection... until another suggested that the first cousin’s slander was essentially lies and all wrong. Memory restored, she felt better, she said, but these things she left out of her book as they may have been harmful and, more importantly, didn’t add to the story.

In Myers’ case, many relatives took umbrage in anticipating her stories, thinking the worst would be told, but after the reading the actual writing, withdrew their objections. Both agreed that memoirs as a legacy is a poor idea as most offspring are ambivalent about them at best.

The authors read from their books and told complementing stories, both poignant and humorous. *Please*

*Don't Call Me Mother* reflects a girls intentional abandonment by her mother who later, even in teen and adult visits, denied to her friends their relationship. *War Orphan...* recounts Mattson’s war-separation from her Jewish parents at ten and her life as a teen in her new home—America.

“Publishing your own book is a big job and I don’t recommend it,” says Mattson. She tried many legit publishers without avail but, “I was getting old and I wanted it published.”

“It’s a lot of work,” chimed Myers, “but you do have control.”

Mattson recommended BAIPA for consulting and other help and “It most certainly pays to have a consultant.”

Myers recommended against subsidiary publishers as a result of her experience with promises broke. “It’s relatively easy to get a manuscript into book form; the challenge is the rest of it,”

“The worst thing about self-publishing is that no one will review it,” said Mattson. (I thought immediately of Bob and the Tri-City Voice) *DLR*



Selling Raffle Tickets

## CLUB ELECTIONS Are Coming

—Dave LaRoche

The Executive Committee (Officers) and the Board of Directors (committee chairs et al) are steering our ship and, in most cases, manning the boilers as well. It is to the benefit of the club and its members that they do a good job and, it is imperative to that end that the members have a good faith understanding that a good job is their intent—and/or history.

We are blessed in recent years with the best. The ship is steady and on course and there may be no need for a change on the bridge. However. Officers wear out or move on. Others may do better—even though that being done is quite good. Some may simply want to retire.

Our elections are held each year at the June general meeting. Officers are elected by a simple majority of members attending. The slate is developed by a nominating committee which is announced at the April meeting. The job of the nominating committee is to receive nominations from CWC members (and as with Dick Cheney, they may also nominate themselves). They form a slate to be published in May (*WritersTalk* will carry it).

In our Branch, there are no accommodations for nominations from the floor – all must come through the nominating committee and no later than the May meeting.

The officers to be elected are:

- **President** (currently serving: Bill Baldwin)
- **Vice President** (currently serving: Edie Matthews)
- **Treasurer** (currently serving: Vicki Miller)
- **Secretary** (currently serving: Cathy Bauer)

The remainder of the Board; Committee Chairs, the Central Board Representative and the Newsletter Editor are appointed and serve at the pleasure of the president.

Should you want to nominate a member to an office, you must contact the nominating committee chair. Of course, the person nominated must accept the nomination to be included on the slate.

**And...** if you would like to serve on the nominating committee, send your interest to Bill Baldwin, our president. [wabaldwin@aol.com](mailto:wabaldwin@aol.com) or call him at 408 730-9622 DLR

*This column brings a series of brief grammar lessons  
by  
Pat Decker Nipper, a writer,  
a former English teacher, and a member of SouthBay  
CWC...*

### Lesson 13. More About Pronouns

**W**hether to use I or me, we or us, he or him, she or her, or they or them confuses many people. The problem occurs primarily when the pronouns are objects of verbs or prepositions.

The objective forms are me, us, him, her, and them. A pronoun used as an object of a verb can be illustrated by the sentence “I saw her.” Most people wouldn’t say “I saw she.” But they don’t hesitate to say “I caught Bob and he just in time.” Here, “him” is correct because it is the object of the verb “caught”: “I caught Bob and him...”

Other misused pronouns are objects of a preposition. A correct sentence is: “Between you and me, we can get things done,” where the object of the preposition “between” is “me.” However, many people persist in saying “Between you and I, we can get things done.” Maybe “I” just sounds more polite.

Another correct example is “Give a copy of that file to her and me.” The words “her” and “me” are objects of the preposition “to.” Incorrect sentences are “Give that folder to her and I” or “Give that folder to she and I.”

Contact Pat at [pat@patdeckernipper.com](mailto:pat@patdeckernipper.com) for comments or questions.



Pat Decker Nipper

Columnist

(NIPPER FROM PAGE 1)

availability for the bicentennial of the Discovery Corps' famed journey. It fictionalizes a relationship that actually occurred between William Clark and a Nez Perce woman. A non-fiction article *Intimacy on the Lewis and Clark Trail* was also published in the Wild West magazine. Pat is currently writing a book about three women celebrities of the Gold Rush era: Lola Montez, Lotta Crabtree, and Lillie Langtry, who were quite liberated for their time.

Growing up on a cattle ranch in north central Idaho in a third generation pioneering family exposed Pat to the western frontier and its tales, engendering a passion for the land and people that remains with her today. Her grandparents were born in 1890 before Idaho's statehood and recalled the days of Chief Joseph and his band. Winning a short story contest in fourth grade with a funny piece entitled *Why Mothers Grow Gray*, launched Pat on her writing career.

"Right now my biggest goal is to find a well-established publisher to take on my books so I don't have to self publish again," says Pat. Marketing and distribution are the biggest chores for a writer to handle. A member of CWC for the last four years, she enjoys the conferences and workshop as well as writing her monthly column.

Favorite writers include John Grisham, Michael Connelly, Leslie Glass, Nevada Barr, and Michael McGarrity in the mystery genre; Diana Gabaldone and Susan Wiggs for romance; and Elmer Kelton and A.B. Guthrie, Jr. for Western novels.

Pat has lived in California since 1972 where her four children and two grandchildren also reside. A teacher for five years including high school English, she then worked as a technical writer for 25 years most recently at Sun Microsystems, before retiring to write full-time. Pat plays the piano and enjoys hiking and folk dancing with her husband Bill. UD

## Accolades

—by Jackie Mutz



Jackie Mutz  
Contributing Editor

I am sorry to have missed our last meeting, but I was actually working at doing what I am growing to love; teaching English, and more importantly, teaching writing. Not just the art of composition to young, bored, wiggly "wet behind the ears" high school students, but people who want to write in a *Creative Writing* class...there is my accolade: being the teacher in a CW class and not the student.

### A few others:

**Bob Garfinkle** is writing book reviews for the *Tri-city Voice* and is looking for books to review--contact him. His short story, *When are you going to Cry* is to be published in the *Sand Hill Review*. Congrats, Bob!

The first two chapters of **Richard Burnes'** novel will be published in the *Sandhill Review*.

**Martha Alderson** (*Blockbuster Plots*) has been recommended by the former editor of *Ten-speed Press* as a solution to singling and focusing on plots. The recommendation is in back of his book on how to get published.

**Duncan King** has had his article, *Independence Trail part I: A Wonderful Geocaching Failure* published in the periodical, *California Explorer* Jan/Feb 2006 Vol XXVI Number 1.

**Susan Mueller** had an article in the Friday (3/24) Palo Alto Daily News concerning her good friend Lyn Saunders and her new business..

I know there are more of you with good writing news to share. It doesn't have to be that you've written the great American novel. Maybe you just wrote steadily for an hour a day, all week. Let us know your accomplishments, no matter how small. I shared my accolade; now where's yours?

[newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com) or [writerstalk@comcast.net](mailto:writerstalk@comcast.net).

## \$2000 AWAITS WINNERS OF LORIAN HEMINGWAY SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Entries are now being accepted for the 26th annual Lorian Hemingway Short Story Competition, created to recognize and encourage the efforts of writers who have not yet achieved major-market success. Stories in all genres of fiction are welcome.

Maximum length is 3,000 words, and writers retain all rights to their work. Final deadline is May 15, 2006; winners will be announced at the end of July.

For complete guidelines, visit [www.shortstorycompetition.com](http://www.shortstorycompetition.com),

Reminder



on



Becky Levine

Columnist

*Becky Levine is a writer and a freelance editor who is available for copyediting and manuscript critiques. Becky's column will give tips ways to develop and strengthen your writing style. She can be reached at [www.beckylevine.com](http://www.beckylevine.com)*

### Voice: Push Your Storyteller to Infinity...and Beyond!

Beginning writing classes usually cover the basics—plot, characterization, dialog, point of view. Most aspects of writing have some teachable elements; every tool we learn takes us closer to putting everything together inside our own books.

What about voice? Some teachers take a stab at it, others say flat-out that it can't be taught. Some writers say to wait for inspiration; others insist voice appears only after years of writing practice. One thing, though, is clear to everybody—a strong voice is critical to a good manuscript.

How do you know if the voice in your story is strong enough? Picture a party. It's casual; it's comfortable. The room is filled with narrators brought to life, manuscript storytellers in physical form. If a reader of your book walked into this party, could they pick out your narrator? Would they, after a few minutes of conversation, *recognize* the personality? If the answer is no, you probably need to strengthen your narrative voice.

The \$20,000-question is...how do you do that? Like everybody else, I've got my two-cents worth of a suggestion.

Try thinking (and writing) in extremes. Don't limit yourself; in fact, push, push, push. If you've written something funny, go for hysterical. If you're sad after re-reading a scene, make yourself cry. If you've written an argument into your dialog, turn it into a fight. Fiction is not life, where we want to be comfortable and easy with the people around us. Readers want stories, and storytellers, to be more—more charming, more disturbing, more everything!

No, of course, you don't want every bit of your writing to cross the line. You'll have editing work, as usual—scenes that are totally out of character or dialog that sounds like melodrama. If you're lucky, though, you're also going to hear the first clear ring of your narrator's voice. You'll get a glimpse of who your storyteller is and, most importantly, how they are *not* you.

This is a small, difficult step, yes, but it's an important one. At the end of this path is that party, with your storyteller holding court and every one of your readers feeling lucky they were invited. Open the door and go on in. You'll have earned it.

*Becky is happy to answer questions and chat by email.*

*Contact her through her website:*

## Santa Cruz County Book Fair

Our infamous bon vivant and author, Betty Auchard of *Dancing In My Nightgown*, encourages your participation in the "First Annual Schools Plus Santa Cruz County Book Fair" – now, that's a mouthful, especially for Santa Cruz. Should you sign up she will be at your side, which in itself is a worthy consideration. The following is a synopsis of their press release:

Since 1984, Schools Plus has raised half million dollars plus in the furtherance of grants for Santa Cruz and Santa Clara County teachers who drive creative and innovative classroom projects in public schools.

In continuation of this work, They're beginning a new fundraiser and The Schools Plus Grant Program will be holding its first annual Santa Cruz County Book Fair this May:

- When: Saturday, May 20<sup>th</sup>
- Where: Shoreline Middle School, Santa Cruz
- What: Get great deals on great books. Meet the authors. And support a worthy cause.

They are actively looking for authors, publishers, and bookstore vendors to participate in this sure-to-be-popular event. Join in and discover the wealth of literary talent, community spirit, and educational resources in and around our community.

For more information on participating authors, vendors, et al, and how to join Betty Auchard in her support of this project, visit the Santa Cruz County Book Fair web site at:

[www.schoolsplus.net/BookFair/BookFairPage1.htm](http://www.schoolsplus.net/BookFair/BookFairPage1.htm)

Or contact

Bernard "Barney" Bricmont, Schools Plus

Phone: 831/476-0504

### Terse Verse

—by Pat Bustamante

So Far: April is the Cruellest Month  
(sorry, to T.S. Eliot..)

He must have meant the Income Tax  
Or: England's Inland Revenue, which 'jacks  
One's hardearned writer's cash..  
Lilacs from dead April's earth?  
C'mon. What's some dead posies worth!  
What's REALLY CRUEL:  
My book's not yet become a Hit, a Smash!...





Clarence Hammonds  
Historian

## CWC CHRONICLE SOUTH BAY BRANCH

—Clarence Hammonds  
Historian

# THE BEGINNING CALIFORNIA WRITERS CLUB, SOUTH BAY BRANCH

This month I will concentrate on the beginning of CWC South Branch. I do so with some highlights about the beginning. Looking through the information about this branch, I came across this article from the San Jose Mercury News, dated Wednesday, January 28, 1987. By Stan Moreillon, Mercury News Staff Writer. The headline was:

### “WRITERS’ PRESIDENT HAS HER HANDS FULL”

Here is the article,

“Mary “Madge” Saksena, founding president of the new South Bay Branch of the California Writers’ Club, may be East San Jose’s Renaissance woman. Saksena is a professional writer, photographer, oil painter and teacher. Her work covers such diverse subjects as real estate, health, *how to*, manuals, romance stories, personal experience, plays and art and book reviews. She is a former newsletter editor for the San Jose Historical Museum.

She has taught romance writing, drama, research and creativity writing at high schools and colleges and in adult education program. – She will teach classes in romance writing on Feb. 21 and 28 at San Jose City College.

Madge’s husband, Gajraj Saksena is from India. He’s an actuary with his own business and he likes to keep her paintings hanging on the walls; but, she has sold many paintings. His wife was born in London. She moved to Canada 34 years ago and came to San Jose 20 years ago. She says, *“I write mostly non-fiction. I haven’t sold any books yet, but I have sold more than 300 articles to magazines. I’ve even written manuals on typing and how to keep your house clean.”*

Her interests are the new South Bay Branch of the Writers’ Club and writing romance stories for Confession magazine. “I’ve sold two romances and have nine more out,” she said, “Three came back and I’m rewriting them now.” Saksena isn’t painting right now. “I don’t have time, with my writing and Writers Club activities,” she said. *She was the principal organizer of the Branch, which began meeting last June and was chartered earlier this month. It has about 30 members. The state organization has about 1,500 members in six branches, of which the South Bay Branch is the newest.*

“Our purpose is to get writers together and share ideas,” she said. “We meet on the third Thursday of each month at a restaurant to have dinner and listen to guest speakers who are professional writers. You must be a professional, published writer to become a full member of the Club. An associate member must have had a couple things published within the past three years and several rejection slips-which we all get,” she added with a laugh. She earned a bachelor of arts degree in journalism with emphasis on radio and television, from San Jose State University (then San Jose State College) in 1968.”

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There is more to this story....

but this is how we began. CH

## Stopping —by Meredy Amyx

Daniel didn't want to look where he was going, so he looked at the sidewalk instead.

The walk from the parking lot led to a place where he didn't want to be. For a few more moments, before taking up again the sack of ordure that was his gainful employment, he could enjoy the freedom to dwell on the thoughts nearest his heart. His seventeen-year-old daughter's upcoming court appearance. His father's advancing Alzheimer's. His son's tuition and residence expenses at Stanford. His wife's layoff from her lucrative position in corporate HR. Legal fees for Brianna, home care for Dad, car for Michael, weekly therapy sessions for Wendy to help her recover from the shock to her professional identity.

For Daniel: no exit.

The job market being what it was, the merest twitch of restlessness could edge you nearer the chopping block next time senior management received new orders to cut heads.

Daniel thought nobody at San Quentin could possibly spend more time thinking about escape than he did.

Not a glance left or right: the shrubs, the ornamental borders, the feet of other captives, the occasional individual-serving-size plastic water bottle. Not a glance ahead: stark gray Building 9, one of a matched set of fifteen, filled with soul-dead automatons who sat all day moving virtual words and symbols around on screens and going to meetings where people importantly uttered the word 'important' without cracking a smile. Concrete filled his field of vision.

Across the concrete right in front of his toes trundled a little bug. It was just an ordinary standard-issue grayish-brown capsule-shaped multi-legged little bug, trucking along at steady bug speed, full of purpose and direction.

Daniel stopped.

O enviable bug. What confidence, what surety of intent. You know where you're going. Do you not? Why else would you be travel-

ing across this enormous expanse of solid gray inorganic substance when the place that you have just come from is filled with warm dark soil and plentiful greenery to delight the buggy appetite? Whatever kind of insectile decision-making process preceded this plan, whatever you must imagine is to be found on the other side, you know you're going there. The matter is settled.

I could happily be you.

Or.

Daniel fished in his pocket and produced his electronic badge. He stooped down and placed it in the bug's path. The little legs kept pumping. Gently, curious but not wanting to hurt the bug, he tipped it over on its back. The little legs kept pumping. He righted it again but set it down facing a different direction. The little legs kept pumping, and the bug was off again, marching resolutely toward an altogether different destination, far-off Building 14, which he might not reach in this lifetime or the next.

The bug of enviable freedom could not choose to stop.

Daniel smiled and was content. He stood up and raised his head. The shrubs along the sidewalk were in bloom. *MA*

### Santa Cruz Writers Roundtable

Presents: *Ellen Hart, poet*

6-7:15 PM Thursday, April 6<sup>th</sup>, 2006

At the Santa Cruz Public Library  
224 Church Street  
2<sup>nd</sup> floor meeting room  
Santa Cruz, CA 95060

*Free to the public*

**Poet Ellen Hart** will discuss her writing process, answer questions about writing and self-publishing, and read from her new chapbook *Behind the Fog*. After teaching Language Arts and Drama for twenty five years in Santa Cruz, Ellen continues to be involved with schools as a sub and has directed community teen theater. She also taught a journaling workshop as part of the outreach program for Dominican Hospital. Ellen continues to pursue her lifelong love of language through her writing. *Miles to Go*, her first chapbook was published five years ago.

## The No-Hitter

—Marty Sorensen

The bases are empty. Just me and the batter. I throw left, he swings left. Somebody up there likes me. A nice curve will have him swinging wildly. You may not believe this, but it's the bottom of the ninth, and there are two outs. One gone down swinging, one didn't even know there was a ball pitched. He needs laser treatment.

Not only are there two outs, there are two strikes. This is it for me. One more strike to a guy who can't hardly get a piece of the ball. Two foul tips, that's the best he could do. And they were straight on fastballs right down the middle chest high, screaming "Here I am, whack me."

So I know how to get this guy. All I have to do is shake off seven pitches. I only have four pitches anyway: fastball, curve, a knuckleball, and a drop. So when I shake off seven pitches they won't have any idea. They'll think I'm confused, but it's them.

To repeat my situation: one more strike, and I'm off to Vero Beach and the Dodgers. To go into spring training as a rookie off a no-hitter has never been done.

The weather has been perfect all day. Not one single cloud has dirtied the beautiful blue sky. The temperature, 70. It's their town, team and stadium. The grounds have been meticulously maintained. It's beautiful, and when you hit a home run far enough it can go into the river. Mac didn't do that when he hit our one run, but it was very graceful soaring out over the outfield and into the trees.

I put my foot out and wipe it back-and-forth to clean off the rubber. It's for the batter, just to keep him wondering. I won't make my decision on the pitch until I've done my shake offs. You never know when you are going to telegraph a pitch. The whole Boston curse was due to Babe Ruth sticking out his tongue when he was going to throw a curve causing him to get traded to you-know-where to hit instead of throw.

It's time. Finish it. I need to get on a bus to Florida.

I put my foot on the rubber, my glove on my knee, the ball behind my back so they can't see my fin-gering. I lean forward and look at Mac, who rolls his eyes. A fastball. No. Curveball, drop, knuckle no. Knuckle drop curve no. Wait, OK. Mac practically faints.

I get set and ready to rear back, one last look straight down the alley to intimidate him. Mary Lou? What the hell is she doing here? What is she doing? My God she's flashing me. Dammit! Right behind home plate. I told her I didn't ever want to see her again. She damn near ruined my life. I love her more than anything but she's bad news. She steals my heart, my money, my reputation. Well she won't get away with this.

I charge off the mound and run straight over to first base and around the fence and down the walkway towards where Mary Lou is sitting. She gets up and runs down the third-base side. I trip over somebody's damn cooler and fall flat on my face and bang my knee. I get up, but Mary Lou is far ahead of me. I run as fast as I can hobbling and I'm starting to catch up with her. She doesn't have cleats on. And she makes it over to her car and gets in. And she sits there and starts crying.

What am I supposed to do? My beautiful Mary Lou, my one and only darling. Is crying. She rolls down the window. She's on the passenger side. I stand there for a moment. Then I walk around and get in on the drivers side. I start the engine. She gives me a soft kiss. I smell her perfume. No, it's a man's fragrance. I push her away and run back out on the mound and put my foot on the rubber and rear back and throw my leg up and put my arm behind me and wrap my knuckles around the seams and throw it and he swings so hard he turns completely around and falls down. And I go get on the bus. *MS*

If you would like a conference that **GUARANTEES** a meeting with an editor or agent, then we have a conference for you: The Silicon Valley RWA chapter invites you to our 2006 **"Prepare To Pitch"** Conference at the **Crown Plaza Hotel** in Milpitas, CA **May 5 - 7 of 2006**

- **Four keynote speakers**
- **Five editors**
- **Twelve agencies**
- **Three full workshop tracks**

Kickoff Friday night with editors and agents discussing "What's HOT" and what they are accepting. Conclude the evening with an open social hour. Sunday wraps up with a brunch and book signing opportunity.

**COST:** \$225 includes all events from Friday evening to 1:00pm on Sunday. Meals included are: Saturday breakfast, lunch and dinner and Sunday brunch.  
**REGISTRATION:** from March 1 - April 30, 2006 and more information at our website: **[www.svrwa.com](http://www.svrwa.com)**

## WritersTalk Challenge

Creative Writing Awards are offered to those publishing in *WritersTalk*

### Genres:

Memoirs <1000 wds  
Short Fiction <1500 wds  
Poetry <300 wds  
Essays <700 wds  
Articles <400 wds

### Awards:

Twice yearly, Feb 15 and Aug 15

**First Prize - \$60**

**Second - \$40**

**Third - \$25**

**Honorable Mentions**

An **East of Eden Scholarship** will be awarded during the August meeting for the most unique entry received through July 15, 2006

### Entrants:

All work in the genres above, published in WT during the period Feb 15 through Aug 15, 2006 is entered. WT Editors and regular columnists are excluded from participation.

**Judging:** Is to be done by genre-related critique groups (or individuals) of Club membership.

**Judging approach:** Ten points are available for each piece, to be allocated over several categories of grading in each genre. The allotments are available from *WritersTalk* Editors

**The three pieces with the highest scores will win (regardless of genre)**

When you submit to *WritersTalk* and are published in the genres above in the word allotment indicated, you are entered. You need do nothing else.

**Note: Publishing in *WritersTalk*, excluding ads and announcements, is limited to members of the Southbay Branch of the California Writers Club**

## MEETING WITH LANA —F.SRMEK SCHOROW

It was at the Portland stop that Lana made her appearance. I was on my way home from Boston after a rather stressful meeting with my ex-wife and our lawyers. All I wanted to do before resuming my nap was to take off my tie, nibble the free cheese crackers and drink the orange juice which had been distributed by the bus driver. It would take another two and a half hours of travel up the Maine coast to get home. I spotted Lana and tried to hide my face behind my newspaper, glad that the seat next to me was already occupied.

Lana Peterson clerked in the town pharmacy and knew just about everyone's ailment. Allergy, heartburn, flatulence, incontinence, impotence -- they were all of equal interest to her and even though you might be just stopping in to pick up a paper, Lana would begin a conversation by asking in a loud voice about your particular condition,

"Peein' any better, Frank?" she once asked me, not toning down her voice a half-decibel in spite of the fact that there were more than a dozen kids just out from the middle school hanging around, sipping their smoothies, bumping into each other's back packs, and ready to snicker at any perceived foible of an adult.

I would have managed to avoid the whole situation if the woman sitting in the seat next to me hadn't spilled her carton of orange juice and gone to the restroom at the back of the bus for paper towel. Lana, spotting the empty seat, came rolling down the aisle, holding two shopping bags in one hand and clutching the backs of the passenger seats with the other.

She gave a big happy-to-see-you grin and plopped her substantial body down, packages and all, without so much as a "Is this seat taken?" or "Excuse me." I tried to explain that the seat was already occupied but just then the woman whose seat it was returned, saw Lana, and said, "Now you stay right there. There's a place at the back. I'll let you two sit together seeing as how you must be friends or neighbors."

"Of which we are neither," I mumbled. Sometimes Maine exuberance is a bit hard to take. Mainers are often thought to be a taciturn group, but I had discovered that this was one of those myths that, for some reason, out-of-staters had chosen to believe. "Been to Boston, Frank?" Lana asked and then without waiting for my answer, went on to describe her own shopping expedition in excruciating detail, all the while rearranging her shopping bags, her purse, and her ample body parts.

"I swear that Portland gets more crowded by the minute. Pretty soon it won't be any different than Boston or New York. A shame, isn't it, since that's the reason you people are moving up here -- to get away from the crowds?"

Now if there's one phrase I can't stand it's "you people," as in the way my ex-wife used to scold other drivers, who, in her opinion, erred in some way. "Why can't you people learn to drive?" she'd yell out the car window, and then speed up to pass them by in a hurry. Or the way she'd fawn over the children of our new Chinese neighbors, "You people have the most adorable babies."

"Oh,, I don't know, Lana. I think we people moved to Maine thinking we were doing you all a favor by enlarging the tax base." I was sort of pleased at my response but it went way past Lana. She was busy trying to flag down the driver who was standing at the front of the bus, giving away the last of the juice

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)

## IT'S A SMALL WORLD

—Andrea Galvacs

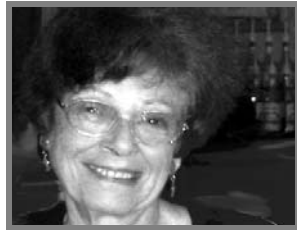
In Argentina, where I grew up, all children are required to learn a foreign language, so by the time I graduated from high school I was fluent in English as well as, of course, Spanish.

In my early twenties, I was in Buenos Aires, browsing in a jewelry store when I became aware of a woman, about my age, having difficulty conveying to the shopkeeper what she wanted. From her accent, I assumed her language was English. Making use of my knowledge of it I asked her and, indeed, she said she was an American. Since I had no problem communicating with either her or the shopkeeper, I helped her with the purchase of a silver bracelet, making both of them happy.

Afterwards, we chatted and I learned that her name was Alice; she lived in San Francisco and had come to Buenos Aires on a self-imposed intensive crash course to improve her Spanish. She was a stewardess and knowing more than one language was advantageous in her profession. I liked her spunk and determination, so I invited her to meet my family. She came for dinner and we introduced to her the typical Argentine *asado*, a barbeque consisting of several kinds of beef.

Having Alice at my house turned out to be a very good idea because my brother was smitten with her and after the meal, they made plans to go out so that she could see the real sights, not just the tourist attractions. My brother pretended that his knowledge of English was not very good, giving Alice the opportunity to accomplish the purpose of her trip. He took her all over the city and both of them had a great time. Eventually, Alice left Buenos Aires but we kept in touch writing letters to each other.

Two years later, I went to Rutgers University in New Jersey to study for my last year of nursing school. When I completed it and because I was about to return to Buenos Aires, my friends threw a lavish farewell party for me in a very fancy restaurant in Manhattan. There was background music and one of the songs that was played was *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. Somebody asked me whether I had been to that city.



Andrea Galvacs  
Contributing Editor

When I said no, I was told that I simply could not go back to Buenos Aires without having seen San Francisco.

I had heard so much about San Francisco; the idea of actually seeing it appealed to me.

I called Alice, who was delighted to hear from me and to learn that I might visit her city. By then she had quit her job as a stewardess, lived in San Carlos and was engaged to be married. I changed my ticket and flew to San Francisco.

Alice was happy to reciprocate the hospitality and introduced me to her friends. They showed me all around and I fell in love with the area. So much so, that when Alice suggested that I apply for a nurse's job in one of the local hospitals where she knew there were openings, I did. To my delight, I was hired, even though I said that I could start only a month later. I was thinking that I would go home for a month, come back to the bay area to work and earn good money for a year or so and than go back to Buenos Aires for good.

I do not remember why, but after I returned to start my job, Alice and I lost touch. A few months later I met the man who would become my husband and, to my parents' chagrin, I remained in the United States of America.

Ten years later I was living in San Jose, happily married. One day my husband came home from work and told me that the wife of one of his co-workers had been in Buenos Aires when she was still single and thanks to a local family, she had had the time of her life. Immediately I thought of Alice and wondered whether the girl of yesteryear was the woman of today. Luckily, my husband knew the name of his co-worker's wife, so I could determine right away that, indeed, the girl and the woman were the same.

The four of us got together and we hit it off so well that we, ladies, recommenced our friendship from where we had left off, and our husbands became friends as well.

Many years have gone by since then. Every once in a while Alice and I reminisce about our youth and marvel at the fact that if our husbands would have been working at different companies so long ago, we may not be friends today. What a small world! AG

(LANA FROM PAGE 12)

and crackers. “Yoo-hoo,” she called out, “I didn’t get mine” making the poor guy, who was in a hurry to get going, have to lumber down the aisle one more time, provoking an irritated response from one of the other passengers who shouted out, “I’ll bet she didn’t.”

As our bus pulled out of the depot, I was determined that Lana not spoil my plans for getting in some good nap time on the way home: “You’ll have to excuse me from any conversation, Lana. I’m dead tired and just want to enjoy the scenery, maybe get in a little snooze. Hope you can understand that.”

She replied cheerfully enough, “Don’t mind me. I’ll be as quiet as a mouse,” but I could tell she was miffed because she turned red and nervously thrust the rest of her cracker into her mouth. “Truth is I could do with a little sleep myself,” she added and quickly drank her juice, making those annoying little sucking sounds through her straw. I saw her close her eyes before I turned to look out the window at the fading sunlight spreading its shimmering yellow glow on the shabby buildings and littered streets of the city.

In just a few minutes the bus turned on to I-95 and we were speeding past Portland’s busy seaport with fishermen bringing in their catch and seagulls overhead, swooping down now and again for their evening meals. We were soon out of the city and driving through the undulating hills and small valleys of Portland’s suburban area. Fields were still green, the trees just beginning to turn color. Conversations ended as most passengers adjusted their headphones to hear the movie being shown on the monitors strategically placed above them. My eyelids grew heavy; I could feel myself being drawn -- deliciously, seductively -- into blissful sleep.

“Oh, it’s the Meg Ryan movie. I just adore her.” Lana’s voice broke through my drowsiness. “Frank, have you seen this one? You’d love it. It’s all about this bookstore owner -- that’s Meg Ryan, and she meets Tom Hanks --”

“Seen it,” I muttered, not bothering to turn my head. Wide awake again, I stared out the window, watching darkness invade the country side like the shadow of a huge bird about to devour its prey.

“It’s worth seeing more than once but if you want to sleep, well then, I certainly won’t bother you again.” Once again her voice revealed that I had hurt her feelings, but I said nothing. She fumbled in the seat pocket in front of her, let out a little squeal, and said, “Since you’re not going to watch the movie, would you mind handing me your headset? Mine seems to be covered with orange juice.”

I couldn’t suppress a groan as I found my set and handed it over to her.

“Something wrong, Frank? What’s hurtin’?” Lana asked.

“Nothing’s wrong, Lana. And you’re not in the

drugstore right now. No more questions. Watch your movie and I’m going to try to catch a nap like I told you,”

I’m not proud of my reluctance to make conversation. I suppose I am turning out to be a disagreeable old codger, a fussy curmudgeon, which is the way my ex-wife described me to our lawyers at our assets settlement meeting. I guess if that’s the worst thing she could call me after thirty years of marriage, I shouldn’t be too upset. She seemed satisfied with the final settlement. She kept the house in Cambridge, but our Maine cottage was all mine. Perfect for the quiet reclusive life I looked forward to. When we had decided that we both wanted to end a mostly unhappy marriage, I thought it was about time to retire from my job that, like our marriage, had long lost any of its original allure. I was the financial editor of a small string of weekly community papers, which had recently been sold, and was about to undergo some major changes. The buy-out offered was a decent one, and I guess I wanted to make the change in my life as total as possible.

I closed my eyes once again, shifted my body, so that I was closer to the window and as far away from Lana as I could be within the confines of our seats. I looked forward to getting home. Our -- my -- place was across the road from a tidal river, about fifteen miles from the center of town, and we had spent enough summers there that I was comfortably acquainted with the people I needed to know: the hardware store owner, the librarian, a neighbor who would plow me out in the winter. And, of course, Lana, who, in spite of all, always called when my prescription was ready and saved a copy of *The Wall Street Journal* without my ever asking her to do so. Not such a bad sort really.

I must have been asleep for quite a while, for when I next opened my eyes, the view out my window was dark except for the occasional light of a single isolated farmhouse. The interior of the bus was dimly lit; the flickering images on the monitors cast moving shadows over the rows of passengers, most of who seemed to be engrossed in the movie. I was wide awake now. The movie had reached the point where Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan were finally about to get together. I liked happy endings in movies no matter how contrived and wished that I could have heard the dialogue. I glanced over at Lana. Her eyes were closed and, although her headset was still attached, I was pretty sure she had fallen asleep. It might be possible, I thought, to remove the headset without waking her.

I reached over and as gently as I could manage, tried to slip the headset over her head. My face was close to hers. I could hear her soft snoring, smell the sourness of her breath. She opened her eyes wide in what I thought was shocked disbelief. I fumbled for an explanation while reaching for the headset, which had slipped down, but clumsily grabbed at her breasts instead. I expected her to scream out, maybe slap my face, but Lana, suddenly looking both tender and knowing, just gently smiled as she whispered, “Missing your wife already, Fran.” fss

*Announcements Announcements Announcements*

## Basil Stevens Memorial Writing Contest

**What:** previously unpublished essay, article, story, or poem, 750-word maximum, sports theme.

**Prize:** Scholarship to the East of Eden Writers Conference, September 8–10, 2006, Salinas, CA. \$500 value (includes extras).

**Entry:** No Fee! One entry per person, please. Open to all except previous first place winners are not eligible to enter.

### Submittal Form

Text on one side of numbered pages, double-spaced in 12-point type. Title in the header on all pages. No personal identification on any of the pages. Name and contact information on a separate page or index card attached to your entry with a paper clip..

**Deadline:** June 1, 2006 (postmarked). Winners announced July 1. All entrants will be notified.

**For more information:** [www.southbaywriters.com](http://www.southbaywriters.com) (California Writers Club, South Bay Branch) or Robert Garfinkle (510) 489-4779 (after Noon)

**Note:** Basil Stevens was a member of CWC, South Bay Branch. He passed away in 2004 and is sorely missed. This contest is being run with funds donated in his memory.

Send your entry to:

**Basil Stevens Memorial Writing Contest**  
California Writers Club  
C/O Robert Garfinkle  
32924 Monrovia Street  
Union City, CA 94587



Write a column—*Anything Goes (Almost)*. That's the name of the space. You may make it opinionated, informational, persuasive...Email it to Una Daly, by the 16th of the month.

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

*Steinbeck Center*

## Mark Your Calendars:

### East Of Eden Writers Conference

September 8 – 10, 2006  
in Salinas, California.

- Agents
- Editors
- Writers
- Teachers
- Contests
- Camaraderie

See our website for more information about Scholarships, Contests, Early-Bird Discounts, Accommodations, etc.  
[www.southbaywriters.com](http://www.southbaywriters.com)

*Steinbeck Center*

## GOT NEWS?

Book Reviews?  
Committee Meetings?  
Critique Groups?  
Reading Forums?  
Book-store openings?  
Signings?  
Conferences ?

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



## South Bay Writers Open Mic

**First Friday** each Month  
7:30 — 9:30 pm

**Borders Books**  
50 University Ave, Los Gatos

**Third Friday** each Month  
7:30 — 9:30 pm  
**Barnes and Noble**  
Pruneyard in Campbell

Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. Contact Bill Baldwin

(408) 730-9622 or email  
[wabaldwin@aol.com](mailto:wabaldwin@aol.com)

## GOLD RUSH WRITERS RETREAT

Stake your claim to writing success May 5, 6, 7 at the historic Leger Hotel in picturesque Mokelumne Hill where writing pros will steer you to a publishing bonanza through a series of break-out sessions, panels, specialty talks, workshop intensives, and celebrity lectures.

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

The Gold Rush Writers are a group of published authors who retreat for three days monthly in Mokelumne Hill and meet twice a month in Palo Alto.

## The BOOK TABLE at Club Meetings

hosts experienced reads and new adventures

—o—

Bring in your seasoned books—pick up new readings por nada. It's a great deal and the return policy is lenient.

—o—

Every monthly meeting, the Book Table is set.





**California Writers Club**

South Bay Branch  
PO Box 3254  
Santa Clara, CA 95055

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

Stamp(s)

**ADDRESSEE**

Address Correction Requested

***SAVE THESE DATES***

Board of Directors  
Apr 6

General Meeting  
Shillinglaw  
Apr 12

Open Mic  
Apr 7, 7:30p  
Borders, Los Gatos  
Apr 21, 7:30p  
B&N in the Pruneyard

*WritersTalk* Inputs  
Apr 16 (please)

Editors Pow Wow  
Apr 17, 7:30pm  
Orchard Valley Coffee

**General Membership Meeting—2nd Wednesday  
At**

**LookOut Restaurant  
605 Macara Ave., Sunnyvale  
(Sunnyvale Golfcourse)**

**See Map Below**

