



# WritersTalk

A South Bay  
Writers Club Monthly

Volume 15, Issue 6, June 2007

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## WHOSE STORY IS IT ANYWAY? ...BY DIANA RICHOMME



Diana Richomme  
VP & Programs

Like many writers, Jana McBurney-Lin attempted to plot out her stories. That is, until her characters took over. "I used to be very strict about orchestrating these discussions. I wanted A to talk to B or to both B and C all as I moved the plot towards my intended outcome," she said.

"What surprised me was when one day I heard M talking—and I hadn't planned for her to even have a speaking part."

Jana eventually gave in. "When I sat down and listened to what she (M) had to say and what she could contribute to the story," Jana explained, "(Madame Paper Cutter) became a major character."

"M" asserting herself turned out to be a good thing. The story became Jana's first novel, "My Half of the Sky." It was chosen as the August Booksense Pick, went on to win several nominations and awards including the Byline Magazine's Short Fiction Award for a first chapter excerpt. Jean Naggarr, credited with agenting the "Clan of the Cave Bear" series, met Jana at the East of Eden Conference, requested a copy of "My Half of the Sky" and has recently offered to represent Jana's next book.



Jana McBurney-Lin

"Step back and allow the characters in their stories to speak out and be heard," Jana advises. "I have always wanted to be in

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## Member Profiles

By Anne Darling



Anne Darling

Contributing Editor

## Say Hello to Jack Hasling

With seven books under his belt, Jack Hasling, Professor Emeritus from Foothill College, recently received a California South Bay Writer's Club award for his essay on the art of fearless public speaking. His books: *The Audience, the Message, the Speaker; Fundamentals of Radio Broadcasting; Group Discussion and Decision Making; The Little Rock and Other Stories; Hillview; Welcome to the Dunes, Salamander the Great*, and his most recent, *Footprints on my Tongue*, a book of verse, has truly garnered Hasling the title of "jack of all trades!" He also has his own website [www.jacksverse.com](http://www.jacksverse.com), where he publishes the *Occasional Verse of the Month*, a collection of seasonal verses.



Jack Hasling

His textbooks on speech communication, radio broadcasting and group decision making,

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### A Look Ahead:

June	Open Mic—see p19 for details.
June 6	Board of Directors Mtg.—Carrow's 6:30
June 13	South Bay Dinner Mtg.—6:00p, Elections
June 22	Editors Mtg.—Orchard Valley Coffee, 10:00a
TBD	July Board of Directors Mtg.
July 15	Branch BBQ—See Announcements, p19

### In this Issue:

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## ELECTIONS IN JUNE

# Our Slate of Candidates

The following are the candidates to date, to be voted for at our June dinner meeting. You must be in attendance to vote. In addition to the forward looking types below, others may be nominated from the floor on that night or added to the slate at any time up the point of election by contacting the nominating chair, Dave LaRoche, at dalaroche@comcast.net or 408 729-3941.

### FOR PRESIDENT



**Bill Baldwin (Incumbent)**

I am running for re-election although I have already served for some time. I considered retiring, but decided not to for several reasons:

- ♦ Our other officers are all stepping down.
- ♦ I would like some continuity on the board.
- ♦ I wasn't sure who else would come forward to serve.
- ♦ I have done a good job as president.

The president must not only lead, s/he must keep the board working as a team. I have.



**Jill Pipkin**

As president of the California Writer's Club, my goal will be to encourage members to WRITE AND PUBLISH! I will actively encourage authors and publishers and booksellers to help us achieve our writing goals and dreams. I will seek ways to move our monthly meetings along a little faster in order to hear as much as possible from our invited speakers. I will present these ideas to our membership at my first presiding meeting or at a board meeting, per request.



**Dave LaRoche**

As your president, I will invite access and influence into Club planning and promote accountable execution. I will encourage outreach to our youth, to our schools and to our public at large. I favor: more workshops, networking opportunities and a greater exposure to resources including directories for critique groups, genre interests and expertise donors. I support a broader line-up of speakers, perhaps adding magazine and travel writing, short fiction and political essay.

### FOR VICE PRESIDENT



**Alexander Leon**

Though initially a professional musician, life's meanderings eventually led me to electrical engineering. I currently work for Hewlett-Packard in global manufacturing support. South Bay Writers gave me the insight needed to publish my work. If elected Vice-President, I intend to expand our speakers' sharing of know-how, experiences and understanding of the publishing industry. I also will bring non-fiction authors who may inspire us about content and lead us to create richer and more powerful fiction and non-fiction work..

**Anne Darling**

Withdrawn

**FOR SECRETARY**

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

(CANDIDATES FROM PAGE 2)



**Jeannine Vegh**

As a candidate for Secretary, I pledge integrity, commitment, and hard work. Community Service has enriched my life and helped me to grow as a person. I hope to help expand the South Bay Writer's Club by bringing in younger members, who will teach and inspire us. Young and old, we can work together to create a very powerful network. I welcome your support in assisting me with this role. Thank you,



**Suzy Paluzzi**

A newcomer to CWC, I offer a fresh outlook. My goal as secretary is to assist the board. One idea I have is to see if there is another place we can meet. The consensus is it is time to try elsewhere. While I can see why the current venue was chosen, I hope to be receptive to the majority's needs .

**FOR TREASURER**



**Jeremy Osborne**

On February 16 of 2007, I quit my normal 8-6 job to follow my dream of writing. As a side benefit of doing the right thing, my quality of life positively altered. As the Treasurer for the South Bay Branch of CWC, I will provide that same positive improvement to the operations of our group. Feel free to come to me about things that go beyond my the standard Treasurer job description. I'm at your service.

(RICHOMME FROM PAGE 1)

control of my story. I knew how I wanted it to end and pretty much how I would get there. When a minor character began asserting herself, I was scared. It helped me to have my critique group members and editor encourage the presence and growth of this character," she explained.

Jana McBurney-Lin will be talking at our next monthly meeting about uninvited characters who pop into novels . In the past 23 years she has spent most of her time in Japan and Singapore, and has written non-fiction for the media in seven countries, including National Public Radio, Writer's Digest, Hemispheres (United Airlines), Islands Magazine, Singapore Straits Times, Japan Times, Saigon Times and dozens of others. Her novel was published last July.

Please join us June 13 to hear about Jana McBurney-Lin's adventures in getting to know her characters and telling their story. DR

**LIFE IN A BOOK**

By Sally A. Milnor

To Select a Great Book and Live in its Pages,  
To Experience the Joys, the Sorrows, the Rages,  
To Discover the Secrets and Wisdom of Sages.

While Glory Still Gleams, to Cling like a Lover,  
In Desolate Limbo, to Never Need Hover,  
When the Story is Over, to Just Close the Cover.

**Club BBQ in  
July**

See page 19 for Details

## President's Prowling —Bill Baldwin



Bill Baldwin  
President, South Bay Branch

### Our Upcoming Election

This month we are going to vote on who will be our officers for the upcoming year, 2007-8. And I believe we are preparing to do something quite unusual for a (relatively) small club: we are going to choose from multiple candidates for most of our offices, rather than simply approve a single slate of proposed officers.

I remember a discussion that occurred several years ago, when I was secretary of the CWC Central bBoard: Was the Nominating Committee to present a "slate" of one candidate for each available office, or was it to present multiple candidates for each office?

It speaks volumes for South Bay Writers that several people are coming forward to run for each of the offices. This is exactly what we need: People who are willing to help move the club forward. I urge each of you to consider helping us progress. Of course, you have joined us because you want to learn more about writing and the business of writing. But if you feel you are able to serve as an officer on a committee – or even if you simply are willing to give us your suggestions for improvement – we can build a better club that can better serve your needs.

So examine the list of elected officers: President, Vice-President (who is also Program Director), Secretary, and Treasurer. Who do you think can contribute well in those positions? Come to our June meeting and vote! Or even run yourself!

What are you looking for from the California Writers Club as a whole? What kind of person would you like to have representing us on the Central Board of the CWC?

Are you interested in the work of any of our committees? Let us know! We can always use your ideas and assistance.

It is because we have so many capable members contributing their good ideas to us, that we have such a great club. I hope we will continue to improve. I look forward to another year of great speakers and workshops – and the 2008 East of Eden Conference! **BB**

### A note for Woody Horn

Woody,

We hear you are recovering from an affliction of the heart, one of the more serious variety—though they all carry a weight—and we want you to know that our thoughts and good wishes are with you and we hope for your speedy recovery.

It's no fun... lying fallow, aches and pains, others hovering, when you would rather be up and about, on your way to adventure... perhaps open mic. Well... take good care writer-friend, and good things will happen.



### California Writers Club South Bay Branch

#### Execs

**President**—Bill Baldwin  
408 730-9622, pres@...  
**Vice President**—Diana Richomme  
vp@...  
**Secretary**—Cathy Bauer  
secretary@...  
**Treasurer**—Vicki Burlew  
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#### Central Board Rep

Bob Garfinkle  
ragarf@earthlink.com

#### Chairs

**Programs**—Diana Richomme  
vp@...  
**Publicity**—Edie Matthews  
408 985-0819, Publicity@...  
**Membership**—Marjorie Johnson  
membership@...  
**Raffle**—Cathy Bauer  
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**EoE Conference**—Edie Matthews  
and Kelly Harrison, co-chairs  
eastofeden@...  
**Open Mic**—Bill Baldwin  
408 730 -9622  
**Webmaster**—Ro Davis  
webmaster@...

Unless otherwise noted above, our email  
address is  
...@southbaywriters.com

#### Join 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  
Marjorie Johnson



Dave LaRoche

Managing Editor

## Editor's Itch

### Education— That's What We're About

Of course we like who we are as a club—who we've been. I talk to a few... they tell me we have energy and enthusiasm and are motivated and now that we've grown to this new robust size, it may be time to add to our agenda.

At our workshops we're presented with fresh ideas; new slants on technique, renewed energy and an opportunity to improve on our skills. We network and tell of our achievement and problems and, financially, we do better than "break even." Let's have more workshops.

We want to reach out. Yes, we're all loaded up with personal challenges that consume our resources, but we also have some left to give. We're reminded, when reading our governing docs, that "teaching" is part of our Club's declaration. Some members, I've listened to, want to support creative writing among local youth, perhaps an adjunct club that we foster by underwriting financially and with personal effort.

We like our monthly programs, let's expand them with writers who have a political bent, the nonfiction guys with a "view," or writers who publish in travel, outdoors and sports magazines. We may have interest in advertising copy, newspaper reporting, business writing. There may be more to us than poetry and memoir. Shall we ask ourselves?

At our last meeting, we asked leaders of critique groups to stand, presumably to indicate that we spawned a few. As with Open Mic, critique groups offer exceptional value and, with scant investment, one reaps big. Let's have a "Chair" dealing with critique groups, that fosters, advises and tracks with a directory. A chair person that knows who has openings and who is organizing so that those interested needn't wait for that occasional announcement.

These are a few notions I've heard informally and through all there is the common thread—education. Our non-profit tax status is based upon the educational theme. Yes, we do the EoE Conference and it's big and we're proud of it, but ought we not take a look at the time between those events, as that's where our membership resides?

I do like the conference. Why? In the main, I learn about writing. DLR

Education may provide us  
a look at the life we may  
then be capable of  
seeking.

...stilllookin



## WritersTalk

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*Almost Anything Goes* ≤400 wds

#### Repeat Columns

to Una Daly

#### News Items ≤400 wds

Ltrs to Ed—*In My Opinion* ≤300 wds  
to Andrea Galvacs

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Essay ≤900 wds

#### Announcements and Advertisement

to Dave LaRoche

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16th of the month preceding publication.  
to

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or directly to

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

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## MEETING RECAP

# HER MAJESTY, OUR QUEEN EMILY JIANG, EXPOUNDS ON CONTESTS AND WINNING

...Dave LaRoche



QUEEN EM

Ah Emily. She arrived in full regalia: queenly emerald, royal proclamations, a full complement of august credentials *and were thossilver slippers under that gown?* Though she did forget her crown, she held forth with sovereign authority and, as loyal subjects, we listened intently to learn just how to go about winning. No, not the throne; that's hers, but rather

*newsletter!* (Well, I think I heard that.)

Then she said, "Be competitive. Enter the contests and expect to lose." (Again, I am uncertain, her voice is so soft.) Make rejections your goal, make it lofty, make it thirty rejections a year, "Writing is full of rejections and they won't kill us and, if nothing else, they will get us to submitting and, of course, one has to write to submit." And, with the expected regal wisdom, she proclaimed: *remember choosing a winner is a very subjective process and if you don't win, it's the judges.*

She told us there are benefits to submitting and, as it turns out, there was a suitcase full. There was money, plaques, certificates and trips. There were free conferences and professional editing, celebrity and interviews by the stars, and most of all there was confidence and pride... well, a little pride as it goes a long way. And... there was *publicity*—it too is free. All of these can be

ours for thirty rejections a year.

And, finally, she said, there is *strategy* (I believe we need Queen Em in DC). The first part of *her* strategy is research. Qualify the contests and throw out the scams (There's that DC connection again). We want le-

gitimate contests with low fees, known editors, upright institutions. We want minimal competition, small niches

with limiting parameters, thus few contestants—the fewer, the better. Think of it, if mine is the only entry, I'm bound to win (and likely that'd have to be the case). She

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

myriad contests that confront us.

First she told us to be young... at least at heart (and even "at heart" may be a stretch for some of us). She said to be excited about life, be enthusiastic. Talk to your friends a lot and often—network. Do a little every day. Use the Club, she loves the Club, and damned if she didn't give *WritersTalk* a plug. (We editors thank you Queen Emily. We love you. And we love your energy and optimism.)

But it is true, what she said. It takes a few more but small steps get you along down the path as well as the big ones. *Submit to your*





(RECAP FROM PAGE 6)

scours the internet, reads journals and newsletters, pours over the “Writer’s Market”, lolls around bookstores to the chagrin of her friends, who’d rather party, joins writers clubs and attends meetings—submits and submits. The Queen is busy.

She recommends entering local contests, *club* contests with fewer writers and, what the heck, winning is winning. Each time she enters she looks again at her work and she polishes. She cajoles her trusted readers, repeatedly and without relenting, to counsel her—to tell her if she’s waved her scepter appropriately. She passes her work off to critique groups and she listens. She injects tighter tension and wilder conflict in the first pages—“very important to judges.” She writes and she rewrites and she wins. She works hard but, back to number one, wins the day and the awards with *enthusiasm*.

Our Queen is a worker—deserving of her suitcase—long live the Queen! Thank you, Emily for a new look at writing, the *WT* plug, and that unusual perspective that allows us all to happily look forward to rejection. DLR



All but one gone and he was a guest... (and then he was a member! Welcome Jerry Mulenberg—that Ro is a charmer)



Is she an agent? We didn't know.



Contemplating the proclamations?



You lost one Pat



Is that Alex back there campaigning?

(DARLING FROM PAGE 1)

two mysteries, several children's stories and a book of verse can be found on [www.Amazon.com](http://www.Amazon.com).

Hasling joined the United States army in 1946, volunteering as a parachute jumper. While stationed in New Jersey, he edited the post newspaper, *Cannoneer*. After completing his tour of duty, Hasling, born in San Mateo, California, returned to his native state and attended U.C. Berkeley, majoring in journalism. He dropped out during his second year and became a radio disc jockey.

"Why radio?" I questioned.

Laughing he said, "I like to talk and couldn't spell." Hasling then moved to Ukiah, a small town north of Santa Rosa, where he broadcast the news and Little League baseball games for several years. Adopting the moniker, "Cousin Spud," he spun stories over the airwaves. "I loved the flavor of small town living," he said.

Next he moved to Sacramento and worked for radio station KCR. He re-enrolled in college, Sacramento State, earning both a B.A. and Master's degree. After graduation, he joined the faculty where he taught speech and debate, and introduced and taught a radio class.

In 1966, he moved to Cupertino where he taught speech communication at Foothill College for the next 27 years. Hasling also served as faculty adviser for the college radio station KFJC. In 1970, Hasling wrote a textbook, *The Audience, the Message, the Speaker* which was published by McGraw Hill. The book, now in its seventh edition, is still considered a major source on speech communication. Hasling continues to collect royalties as well as free trips to New York whenever

a new edition comes out, a nice perk.

Married and the father of three children, Hasling is also a grandfather. He admits that he loves kids and can't stress enough the importance of reading to children when they're young.

His first children's book, *The Little Rock and Other Stories*, was inspired by a trip through the Sierras which he took with his daughter Paige when she was about ten-years-old. "I told her a little rock story then wrote the book 35 years later. After the book was written, Paige continued to remind me about details I'd accidentally left out of the story," he said laughing.

Hasling's passion for public speaking has led to tours of third and fourth grade classes where he reads and discusses his *Little Rock* book. He makes it a point to talk to teachers in advance so they are able to prep the class on the materials he'll be covering. "Kids love this book," he grins, looking like a little kid himself.

His mysteries, *Hillview* and *Welcome to the Dunes*, were sparked by social issues. The former book takes place during the turbulent 1960's. The latter book is about the Sandinistas and Contras. He begins *Welcome to the Dunes* with a murder occurring at a writer's conference, which, interestingly, came to him after attending an East of Eden Writer's conference.

Although Hasling isn't a member of any formal critique groups, he feels his membership with CWC, since 2001, has proved very beneficial. "Every time I attend meetings, I hear something useful that gives me insight into writing I want to do. I've made some great contacts," he added. Hasling is a

frequent reader at the monthly CWC Open Mic series, and enjoys entertaining the audience with his poignant and often humorous "verses of the month."

When asked if he follows a particular writing schedule, he pauses, then leans back. "I write when the spirit moves me, but once a story idea takes hold, I usually write non-stop. It took me about two years—start to publication to produce, *Hillview*, my first mystery fiction."

When Hasling isn't on a lecture circuit, he does volunteer work for the Sunnyvale Presbyterian Church and states, "I enjoy the sense of community that church provides." He also bicycles 20 miles with the "Over the Hill and Dale Gang" on Thursdays. Tuesdays find him walking four to five miles with former Foothill colleagues, and somehow he manages to fit in a round of golf once a week.

Asked to describe himself, Hasling says he's a social activist. It's hard to imagine where he manages to fit all of it in but he does it with style, imagination and a sense of humor. AD

**Terse Verse**  
—by Pat Bustamante

"June-Oh!"

Juno: she liked marriages & brides.  
She liked warm houses, and the hearth besides.  
I wonder if she ever had to choose:  
"Should I have a career,  
Or marry you,  
Dear Jupiter or Zeus?"





John Howsden

## COP TALK

John  
Howsden

### ~Jargon~

Between penal codes, radio codes, and codes of the west, cop speak can challenge the best of writers. These are quick and dirty definitions describing cop behavior that ranges from routine to unethical, if not downright illegal.

Old Man:	Chief of Police
Called on the Carpet:	Called before the Old Man for a chewing out
John Wayne:	Taking unnecessary risks.
Cowboy:	Taking excessive action, careless.
Hot Dogging:	Showing off.
Crash:	What you're called when you wreck a police car.
Creative	
Report Writing:	Writing a police report that's biased or misleading.
Attitude Adjustment:	Inflicting pain on an obnoxious suspect.
Pulling the Pin:	Retiring (a popular topic of conversation when being investigated for committing attitude adjustment.)
HorsePower:	Identifying information of a person (age, sex, address, etc.
Interview:	Questioning a witness or victim. (One way of getting someone's horsepower.)
Interrogation:	Questioning a suspect.
Assault:	An attempt to use force on someone.
Battery:	The actual use of force on someone. (Spitting qualifies) There is no such thing as assault and battery. It's one or the other. This misunderstanding marks you as an outsider.
Profiling:	Focusing on people based on a certain set of traits.
Blue Flu:	Cops calling in sick as a work action.
Blue Canary:	What firemen call cops who walk into buildings filled with hazardous material without a breathing apparatus.
Scratching a Tag:	Issuing a traffic ticket.
Hog Leg/Heater:	Pistol.
Riot Gun:	Twelve gauge shotgun with a shortened barrel.
Skate:	Not doing your share of the work.

Should you ever overhear two cops talking and one of them grumbles, "The old man called me on the carpet for adjusting the attitude of a guy that I scratched a tag to." You can reply, "Don't worry about it. Some day you can pull the pin and skate."

## Do You Have EXPERTISE?

*Do you have a specialty that you will share, that might be of help to a writer looking for authenticity in a scene? Do as Susan Mueller, Betty Auchard, John Howsden, Arlyne Diamond, Dottie Sieve and Maureen Griswold —let us know. We will publish your offer and add you name to our directory.*

### Directory of Experts

#### Police Procedures:

John Howsden  
jwhowsden@comcast.net (article in Sep 2006 Issue)

**Profile Writing:** Susan Mueller  
samueller@worldnet.att.net  
(article in Oct 2006 issue)

#### Character Development:

ArLyne Diamond Ph.D.,  
ArLyne@DiamondAssociates.net  
(article in Jan 2007 issue)

#### Doctors' Office Environment, OB-GYN:

Dottie Sieve,  
pdrsieve@yahoo.com (article in Feb 2007 issue)

#### Teaching and the Arts:

Betty Auchard.  
Btauchard@aol.com (article in April 2007 issue)

#### Hospital and Nursing environment:

Maureen Griswold, maureengriswold@sbcglobal.net (article in May 2007 issue)

I haven't failed, I've found  
10,000 ways that don't work.  
T. Edison



Pat Decker Nipper  
**Columnist**

## NIPPER'S NITS

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

### Lesson 27. Who/Whom

These two words are so tricky that some grammarians are trying to eliminate "whom" altogether. In formal writing, however, we need to know the difference: mainly, "who" acts while "whom" is acted upon.

"Who" is the word used most often, especially when someone or something is the subject of a sentence, phrase, or clause: "The woman who had her VCR stolen hadn't locked her door." "Who called the police?"

"Whom" is used as the object of a verb or a preposition. In the following example, the preposition "from" is followed by whom: "The woman from whom the VCR was stolen hadn't locked her door." In the following example, "with" is the preposition: "Whom do you want to speak with?" One easy substitution is to replace "who" with he, she, or they. "Replace "whom" with him, her, or them. If you can use one of these pronouns in the place of "who" or "whom," you should be able to hear the correct word.

When sentences are complicated, and either "who" or "whom" seem correct, use "who." For example, In the sentence "Marvin stole the VCR from her, (who/whom) stole it from the store," "who" is correct.

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



Jackie Mutz  
**Contributing Editor**

## Accolades

—Jackie Mutz

Once in a while I don't make it to the CWC meeting and so am not up on members' writing accomplishments, in which case I am left to digress on the meaning of the term accolade itself.

The word "accolade" has different meanings for each of us. As children writing our first book report copied verbatim out of the Encyclopedia Britannica (I did this), it is the pleased expression on the teacher's face because our cursive writing was so neat on the page (never mind the plagiarism). For me, it is the look of accomplishment on my daughter's face the day she dressed herself for the first time. It is the "yes!" moment I climbed to the top of Vernal Falls in Yosemite, though I am terrified of heights. It is the taste of Rocky Road Ice Cream after riding our bikes uptown to Shaw's Ice Cream Parlor on a particularly hot day and the chocolate chilled my hot sweaty face. It is seeing something I wrote in print for the first time. It is people saying they like my poetry. It is being ecstatic when a fellow writer has worked long and hard and finally published that poetry, book, short story, labor of love. It is that moment when either we or someone we care about takes the time to acknowledge we have done something well, whatever that may be.

So an accolade can be that sense of accomplishment, praise and another's acknowledgment that we have done a good job, something we feel good about, such as our own Una Daly publishing an article on the art of storytelling in the Bay Area Parent magazine. Congratulations Una! Feels good doesn't it to see your work published? There is nothing quite like it.

Send me your good news at [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com), as I say in every column. Keep writing, keep creating and keep believing you will succeed. That accolade is right around the corner.

~jam



Suzy Paluzzi

Contributing Editor

## THE BUSINESS OF WRITING

By Suzy Paluzzi

### Investigation

After a writer is inspired to go into business, it is wise to obtain advice from others already successful in the field. This particular step will be covered in both this issue of *WritersTalk* and the next one.

Soliciting feedback from others in any profession is often recommended.

I asked some questions as follows:

- ♦ Do you have any general advice for writers?
- ♦ Do you think writers can make a living by writing?
- ♦ If not, do you make additional income with writing related employment?

Marilyn Zembo Day is based in my home state, New York. She is the editor and writer of *WomanWords*, a very useful newsletter. Marilyn has been submitting her work for almost a decade, and has been successfully published. Her resume is very impressive and includes facilitating workshops like the International Women's Writing Guild summer conference at Skidmore College.

Yet, Marilyn does not make a living by writing. She read years ago that "the average income for a writer in this country was \$5000 per year—and that included the little guy who was getting paid in copies and maybe a check for \$10, all the way to the Stephen King/Alice Walker/Jackie Collins level of income." She adds, "Maybe the \$5000 is up to \$7500 by now."

Besides returning to work part-time in a state agency job for the extra money, Marilyn does augment her income designing poetry chapbooks for poets so they can be self-published. And the workshops Marilyn leads and organizes are affordable to women writers she seeks to encourage, therefore; they do not bring in much. Creative employment opportunities seem to be the name of the game, although Marilyn is very well respected for her generosity and knowledge. She has made many appearances in the media, and is a fine writer.

Marilyn's advice is to "...keep writing. Find a good writing group that is supportive. If you can't find such a writing group, create one yourself." (Marilyn has materials on this: her e-mail address is [wmnwords@nycap.rr.com](mailto:wmnwords@nycap.rr.com)).

"Attend a conference or workshop or two, where you: come in contact with other writers, learn about getting published, get inspired, and begin to create your own circle of writer-friends," advises Marilyn. I can testify to the benefit of that myself, having gained from the "camaraderie of writers", as CWC's Bill Baldwin calls it,

at the CWC Open Mics and meetings.

Finally, Marilyn adds: "READ other writers, ones who are writing the kinds of things you hope to write... and learn from the reading." "Do write what you know but also write what you want to know too!" "Be ready to research and learn more to make your writing clearer, more intense, authentic..." are all good suggestions that Marilyn offers and might even make one's writing more marketable.

Sally Ashton, San Jose State University and Bennington College alum, teacher and poet, agrees:

"My advice to any kind of writer is to read as much as you can, write as much as you can, love what you're doing, FIND A MENTOR OR PARTNER in crime if possible, and share your work with other writers for encouragement and critique in whatever milieu available to you."

A University of California at Santa Cruz extension course in the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute was offered in Cupertino this past fall with Martha Alderson instructing how to start a writer's group. That is one local opportunity to learn how to start a critique group.

More comments from Sally Ashton, Martha Alderson, and others addressing the issue of working writers and general advice to writers will be continued in the next *WritersTalk* issue. ♪

*Beautiful Dreamer* written spring 1999  
To the one who didn't make it.  
Carolyn Donnell

*Beautiful Dreamer, asleep in the sea.*  
*One of life's great mysteries.*

*Your eyes could not see.*  
*Your hands could not hold.*  
*Still you stole our hearts.*

*Didn't even have a name.*  
*But we loved you just the same.*  
*You left us before you even came.*

*If heaven is then you are there.*  
*Most innocent one*  
*Care for those left here.*  
*Alone*

## Upcoming Events From Una Daly

### Contests

#### Summer Writing Contests with Deadlines in June & July

As summer descends, many poetry and short story contest deadlines approach. We've compiled a list of contests with deadlines in June and July from various publications so polish up those literary gems but do check the websites or email for format and entry fee requirements before submission. And don't forget about our own South Bay *WritersTalk* contest which runs year round with \$\$\$ awards announced in September and March. Any work submitted to WritersTalk is automatically entered.



Una Daly

Contributing Editor

**Alehouse Press, Happy Hour Poetry Award** A prize of \$1,500 and publication in *Alehouse* will be given annually for a single poem. Submit up to three poems of no more than 40 lines each with a \$15 entry fee, which includes a one-year subscription to *Alehouse*, by July 1. (415) 824-4769. Jay Rubin, Editor. [editor@alehousepress.com](mailto:editor@alehousepress.com) [www.alehousepress.com](http://www.alehousepress.com)

**Bitter Oleander Press, Frances Locke Memorial Poetry Award** A prize of \$1,000 and publication in *Bitter Oleander* is given annually for a single poem. Submit up to five poems of no more than two pages each with a \$10 entry fee (\$2 for each additional poem) by June 15. Paul Roth, Publisher. [info@bitteroleander.com](mailto:info@bitteroleander.com) [www.bitteroleander.com](http://www.bitteroleander.com)

**Byline Magazine** Prizes range from \$40 to \$10 for short stories, inspirational pieces, spooky stories, narrative and other poems. Submission fee is \$3 per entry. Deadlines vary by genre. [www.bylinemag.com/contests.asp](http://www.bylinemag.com/contests.asp)

**Comstock Review, Muriel Craft Bailey Award** A prize of \$1,000 and publication in *Comstock Review* is given annually for a single poem. Carolyn Forché will judge. Submit a poem of no more than 40 lines with a \$4 entry fee by July 1. John Bellinger, Managing Editor. [www.comstockreview.org](http://www.comstockreview.org)

**Fly Rod & Reel, Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Writing Award** A prize of \$2,500 and publication in *Fly Rod & Reel* is given annually for a short story or essay that embodies an implicit love of fly-fishing and a respect for the natural world. Submit a story or essay of no more than 3,500 words by June 15. There is no entry fee. Jim Reilly, Assistant Editor. [jreilly@flyrodreel.com](mailto:jreilly@flyrodreel.com) or [www.flyrodreel.com](http://www.flyrodreel.com)

**Glimmer Train Press, Fiction Open** A prize of \$2,000 and publication in *Glimmer Train Stories* is given twice yearly for a short story. A second prize of \$1,000 is also awarded. Submit a story of any length and theme with a \$20 entry fee by July 15. Susan Burmeister-Brown and Linda Swanson-Davies, Coeditors. [www.glimmertrain.com/fictionopen.html](http://www.glimmertrain.com/fictionopen.html)

**Hidden River Arts, William Van Wert Fiction Award** A prize of \$1,000 and publication in *Hidden River Anthology* is given annually for a short story or novel excerpt. Send a manuscript of no more than 25 pages with a \$15 entry fee, which includes a copy of the anthology, by June 20. [info@hiddenriverarts.org](mailto:info@hiddenriverarts.org) or [www.hiddenriverarts.org](http://www.hiddenriverarts.org)

**Literal Latté, Poetry Award** A prize of \$1,000 and publication in *Literal Latté* is given annually for a single poem. Submit up to six poems of no more than 2,000 words each with a \$10 entry fee by July 15. [www.literal-latte.com/](http://www.literal-latte.com/)

**New Millennium Writings, New Millennium Awards** Four prizes of \$1,000 each and publication in the 2007 issue of *New Millennium Writings* and on the website are given for a poem, a short story, a short short story, and a work of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)

(CONTESTS FROM PAGE 12)

creative nonfiction that have not appeared in a publication with a circulation above 5,000. Prizes are given twice yearly, in the spring and the fall. Submit three poems of no more than five pages total or up to 6,000 words of prose (or 1,000 words for a short short story) with a \$17 entry fee by June 17. Don Williams, Editor. [www.newmillenniumwritings.com](http://www.newmillenniumwritings.com)

**Nuclear Age Peace Foundation, Barbara Mandigo Kelly Peace Poetry Award** A prize of \$1,000 and publication on the Web site [wagingpeace.org](http://wagingpeace.org) is given annually for a single poem. Submit two copies of up to three poems of no more than 30 lines each with a \$15 entry fee by July 1. [www.wagingpeace.org/menu/programs/awards-&-contests/bmk-contest](http://www.wagingpeace.org/menu/programs/awards-&-contests/bmk-contest)

**Opium Magazine, Writing Contest** A prize of \$1,000 and publication in *Opium Magazine* will be given biennially for a work of prose. This year's prize will be given for an autobiographical essay of less than 500 words. Submit a manuscript of between 50 and 500 words with a \$10 entry fee by July 11. Todd Zuniga, Editor. [todd.dfw@gmail.com](mailto:todd.dfw@gmail.com) [www.opiummagazine.com](http://www.opiummagazine.com)

**Red Hen Press, Short Fiction Award** A prize of \$1,000 and publication in the *Los Angeles Review* is given annually for a short story. Frank Soos will judge. Submit up to two of stories of no more than 25 pages each with a \$20 entry fee, which includes a one-year subscription to *Los Angeles Review*, by June 30. Kate Gale, Managing Editor. [www.redhen.org](http://www.redhen.org)

**Southern Poetry Review, Guy Owen Prize** A prize of \$1,000 and publication in *Southern Poetry Review* is given annually for a single poem. Submit three to five poems of no more than 10 pages total with a \$15 entry fee, which includes a one-year subscription to *Southern Poetry Review*, by June 15. James Smith, Associate Editor. [www.spr.armstrong.edu](http://www.spr.armstrong.edu)

**Teachers & Writers Collaborative, Bechtel Prize** A prize of \$3,500 and publication in *Teachers & Writers* magazine is given annually for an essay that relates to creative writing education, literary studies, or the profession of writing. Submit an essay of no more than 5,000 words by June 29. There is no entry fee. [editors@twc.org](mailto:editors@twc.org) or [www.twc.org](http://www.twc.org)

**Writers Digest** A prize of \$100 and publication in an upcoming issue of *Writer's Digest* is given every other month for stories based a short, open-ended prompt. Submit a short story of 750 words or fewer based on that prompt. You can be funny, poignant, witty since it is your story. [www.writersdigest.com](http://www.writersdigest.com)

**OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS at Foothill College—Suzy Paluzzi**

The word is that the Foothill Writers Conference is the best value this summer. This event lasts five days, July 6-10, and costs a total of only \$53.50 for California residents. The Foothill College Campus at 12345 El Monte Road, Los Altos Hills is the conference site.

I found that I needed to apply to Foothill College first before I could register. If you do that now, you are one step ahead. Go to the URL <http://www.foothill.edu/la/conference/background.php>

Click on "register" and follow instructions. The conference is offered as a 1 unit course, so those attending, if not already classified as continuing students, must apply to the college first before registering. After completing the application, the enrollee receives a registration date to complete the process and must then register for the conference.

It is wise to register afterward as soon as possible. Continuing students can do so online or by phone June 4 through July 1. New or former students can register online or by phone June 11 through July 1. To register by phone, call (650) 917-0509 or (408) 777-9394. The beauty of this conference is that writers of all ability levels and varying genres can participate. The focus is on poems and prose, fiction and non-fiction; and contributors present can read, write and workshop with professional authors and other conference attendees. Hope to see you there! \$P



## WritersTalk Challenge

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

### Genres:

Memoirs <1200 wds  
Short Fiction <1800 wds  
Poetry <300 wds  
Essays <900 wds  
Articles <900 wds

### Awards:

Twice yearly, Mar 15 and Sep15

**First Prize - \$60**

**Second - \$40**

**Third - \$25**

**Honorable Mentions**

### Entrance:

All work in the genres above, published in *WT* during the periods Aug 15 through Feb 15 and Feb 15 through Aug 15, is entered. (*WT* editors are excluded from participation)

### Judging:

Is to be done by genre-related Club members selected by the editors.

### Judging approach:

Ten points are available for each piece, to be allocated over several categories of grading in each genre. The allocations 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**

*Terrific response to our FF spotlight! We at WritersTalk, and our readers, thank you, submitters, for great entertainment*

## FLASH FICTION BEGINS HERE

### Crying —Meredy Amyx

Whenever Katrina was bored, she liked to cry.

She enjoyed crying. It energized her body and gave her a sense of bright purpose. Afterward she felt relaxed, purged, cleansed.

Katrina's life was idyllic, free of stress, trauma, and want; nothing external disturbed her peace.

That was exactly what bored her. What wasn't soft was smooth. What wasn't white was pink. What wasn't hers did not exist. Queen of her realm, and yet a prisoner of her lot, she lived a life without contour, challenge, or the refreshment of deep distress.

And so she wept with all the frustration of power confined and communication thwarted. She wept with loneliness. Most of all, she wept because there was nothing else to do.

And when she wept, soft hands would come. Soft voices would soothe. Soft lights would pour over her like milk. Soft, smooth, sweet. Grrr! She was bored. She longed for color, spice, cold, heat, for things rough and coarse and dirty. She desired not spheres and ellipses but corners and points. She craved something hard to push against so she would know her strength. She wanted Noise!

Noise she could make.

When she learned to talk, she would tell them.

### BILL —Alexander Leon

Bill Pundit hated truth... and anyone who sang, wrote, told or brought it on... so much that he'd kill – especially if they sang, "I'm not ready to make nice" to the Bills' chorus screaming, "Shut up and sing or your life will be over."

What's truth anyway? "My beliefs," Bill once held. And beliefs he had had – about fairness and balance... freedom, democracy, race, terror, sex, torture, wars, liberals and God – until all faded as illusion in the morning of reality.

Opportunist Bill Spin's turncoat lies... once turned days into nights. But a fortnight from calling "impolite" and "rude rhetoric" the impassionate words of Mike Candidate – to peacefully change the broken world order –, the truth... that began as a clean water trickle through levies of hardened stone hearts... is gushing.

Bill Con slays neither "give peace a chance," love nor reason. Buddhist words melt Bill Vicious... "You *are* what you are *now*... not what you believe."

Weighing truths uncontained by faith jailing fact... an inner war blazes. Betrayed by his mind, ornate blindfolds lift. Truth exegeses be damned, fear and rage crowd his senses, Bill Unbending points in mirror, gripped to squeeze the gun gripped.

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*FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH*

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**Herkimer's Tale** —Marjorie Johnson

Herkimer lived beneath the window in my mother's bedroom. The antique machine folded out of a polished dark cabinet when the lid was lifted, black enamel with gold lettering, its chrome wheel attached by belt to a wrought iron treadle. Mother made my dresses; she shortened or lengthened, took in or let out, and saved zippers and scraps. The buttons went into the button drawer—hundreds of them.

When I was twelve, the sewing machine made an even stitch for Mother but took more coordination than I could muster. Smooth footwork was rewarded by even stitches; any back-motion broke the thread. As Mom put it, Herkimer could be persnickety. Every project required a button search. In frustration, I sorted them all, stringing matching white ones on thread strengthened by pulling through bees' wax, leaving out-dated buttons under the useful ones. I loved the tacketa-tacketa sound and the smooth feel of the wheel.

When my daughter Jan was twelve, she helped her grandmother with the mending to see the hidden treasures—handcrafted brass, abalone, ivory, ceramic, wood buttons, even shoe buttons. Now Herkimer rests in Jan's living room, a refinished ghost of its former self, never a tacketa. The button drawer is empty.

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**Dennis** —Chuck Peradotto

Dennis was short and stocky with a thick but not particularly fat body. His jowls were splotchy and ruddy from too much drink, too often.

His intoxication with baseball, baseball cards and trivia was phenomenal and he could recall obscure player's names and statistics from any era.

He knew everyone, the players, owners, managers and umpires. He knew everything, the names, locations of the stadiums and how many fans they held, the standings, the batting averages current and past of all the players, the pitchers, and all the errors ever made. No fact was too insignificant to remember.

Dennis could instantaneously quote details of any game of significance in any decade from the vast catalog of knowledge in his head.

The house he lived in was a maze of cabinets, files and cases storing over sixty thousand baseball cards accumulated over four decades of his life. Pictures of players and memorabilia were everywhere.

He never missed a chance to watch or listen to a game and attending one drove him to ecstasy.

Everything existed to support his real passion. Baseball.

When the house burned to the ground Dennis walked through it one time, got back in his car and headed for the nearest sports memorabilia shop.

---

**¡Feminista!** —Jeannine Vegh

Day after day, Anjelica would stand at the bus stop with her middle finger high in the air. Driving by were the Blacks and Latinos, making vulgar comments about her physiology.

"Sup Bitch?"

"Gimme a lil sumpin, sumpin."

"Shake it baby!"

'Just the life of an Oakland girl in her struggle for work, and to put food on the table. She did not dress to impress; jeans and a t-shirt over which she would add a greasy smock in about an hour.

Today is Tuesday, and Lil T, who is low on the pimp ladder of success, has just left home in a rush to get out of town. Left behind is his mother, on the floor with her head wedged between the sofa and the coffee table, and blood trickling down onto her new Berber carpet. "Fuck man, I can never get a break," he thought squealing onto International Blvd. from 28<sup>th</sup>.

On the corner at 30<sup>th</sup> he sees an indignant girl thinking she knows too much. Reaching down into his sweat pants he pulls out his .45 Glock, and sends two silver streaks toward her head. "Damn, Ho', who you think you are?"

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**Bandit** —Donna Poppenhagen

I make my way down the dark hall to the kitchen, drag out the coffee pot and fill it. Bandit would be here by now, mewing at the door, waiting to get in. A Maine Coon, big as a dog but my own sweet boy. Strong young cat, I found him dead yesterday. Came out just like this morning and there he was, all stretched out like he was sleeping. But I knew right away. I knew who did it.

Mama told me he was bad but I wouldn't listen, let him move in here.

Now I cry all the time. I hide my swelling belly, the bruises, the scars but I can't hide the tears.

I hear him come in, get a cup. The coffee boils, he looks at me. "Still moonin' over that damn cat?" He grunts, like a laugh, pours his coffee.

I feel my belly, close my eyes, see Bandit on the floor. My sweet boy. I grip the sink.

"Git out," I say, shaking.

I look down, hear his footsteps. The knife is right there.

"Don't touch me," I warn. His hand is on my shoulder, hard. I close my eyes and reach.

---

**First Time** —Marcela Dickerson

He slipped out, black clothes on, holding his gear and flashlight, blending smoothly into the night. He was ready!

No farewells. They all knew where he was going. It was his first time. He was scared, but Eddy would meet him.

Darkness swallowed him; even without streetlights he would prove he could do it. He shivered goose pimples all over while approaching the cemetery. *Would he cut across or go around?* Time was of the essence; so he decided to cut across.

He stumbled on a mound of dirt just missing an open grave and he turned on the flashlight. Decisively he kept on walking; the objective was near.

On exiting he overheard scurrying feet. Fear gnawed in his stomach; then he remembered: *It had to be Eddy.*

He raised the flashlight.

"Get that light off my face and let's go do it!"

The intensity of the order surprised him but he obeyed and followed Eddy.

They walked towards the large brick house and both knocked without hesitation.

As the door opened he saw Grandma Brown.

Before her silver head had a chance to peek out they yelled together:

"Trick or treat!"

---

**From Beyond** —by P. L. Bustamante

My name is KeekSeeAmah.

I am watching you.

I was named for the Crow people who fly over you every day. When I was alive the air was important. This valley where I was born was called Water-Rushes-In. The biggest of waters and the least are sacred to my people, the Tamien.

An oak tree has just fallen across what you call Saratoga Creek; now my bones see the sky. You do not see trees fall. You do not respect the air or the sky. I cannot understand what it is that is more important to you? My bones and my children's bones are not of interest. I understand that. But why are you so blind to trees that lived for two hundred of your years here--I walked this earth as they sprouted--and so uncaring of the sky that was given to us all to share? Even the least of the crows knows how important these things are. When you taste your last drop of water I will be watching you.

Tell me what is important then.

FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH

**The Shoe-shiner** —by Swann Li

It's dark. A delicate woman and a sweaty shoe-shiner are waiting for the last bus 104. Finally they get on. Then three men get on. The middle person looks sick with a hat covering his face. At the first stop, the shoe-shiner suddenly grabs the woman.

"Took me whole day to make twenty yuan," he shouts, "and you have heart to steal from a poor shoe-shiner."

"Nonsense," the young woman cries, "have I offended you before?"

"Take your fight off the bus," the driver's lazy voice comes through the speakers.

The shoe-shiner drags her off. The bus farts and pulls away.

"Why?" She stares at the soiled shoe-shiner.

"Stop yelling, child." He says, "I just saved you."

"Ha," she says, "like I needed it!"

"I'm a shoe-shiner. I see people's shoes first. First thing I notice of those three is the middle person wasn't walking, not even dragging his feet. They were up in the air. So I know he's dead. So I fight with you to get us off the bus."

The next day, the woman reads in the newspaper that bus 104 was found deserted in the wilderness with the bodies of the driver and the conductor.

**New Love** —Donna Poppenhagen

The day we met the sky was pearly gray, a soft mist falling like a cloud around us. I hoped the water sparkled on my hair like you see in the movies but I knew it didn't. Life isn't like that. Instead, the air smelled of gasoline and oily rags.

"My car stalls out at stop lights. It's not that old, it shouldn't do that," I told him, using my newly acquired *charms*.

"Well, now," he'd said with that sweet smile. And then he fixed it, just like that. Later, we talked over coffee, his eyes never leaving mine.

Long walks, candlelit dinners, dancing to the radio, watching an old movie starring Hepburn and Tracy. We did it all and I fell in love. After all this time, I fell in love. We talked of marriage, having kids. I laughed, lied, said, "of course."

He moved in. He's thirty-two. I looked last night while he slept.

It was only a few nips and tucks at first but then it became an obsession. Now here I am, a newly sculpted fifty-year-old and in love. I'll have to tell him. Some day. But right now...my engine's running real good.

**Mega Dose of Self Esteem** —By Jan Becker

I was not yet four years old when my baby brother was born. I did not know that I was going to have to share my parents with another little person.

The day of his birth, I was at my grandmother's house. It was early afternoon, and grandma was doing laundry. She was busy transferring clothes from the washing machine to two tubs of water through a contraption called a wringer. It all seemed rather strange to me, but grandma said she had to do this to get the soap out of the clothes.

My dad arrived while we were doing this. He found us in the basement. He gave grandma some information and then he turned to me. He looked at me. He gently got down on his knee and looked me in the eye. He said, "You have a baby brother and he is very little. He is about the size of your doll. Then he asked me a very special question. He said, 'What would you like to name your baby brother?' I don't remember that I had an answer but I remember feeling so special and very, very important.

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**Over-qualified** —ArLyne Diamond, Ph.D.

“You are over-qualified” the HR interviewer at Ma Bell told sixteen year old Lyne, who was interviewing for her first full time job.

“How can I be over-qualified when the only other job I ever had was a part time job at Woolworth’s?”

Lyne was dismissed without being answered.

When Lyne went for another interview, she again took their entry-level tests and again she was rejected as “over-qualified.”

Puzzled, and scared that she would never get a job she talked with her father.

“Exactly what happened?” he asked.

“In the first one, the lady told me she was giving me a Wonderlic IQ test and that it was a speed test and not to worry because no one ever finished it. When I finished it and came out of the testing room she seemed annoyed as well as surprised. It was after she graded the test that she told me I was over-qualified.”

“And at the second interview?”

They also gave me some tests and after seeing the results told me the same thing.”

Laughing, he said, “Next time go to small companies that don’t test you and play dumb.”

Lyne did and got a job the next day.

---

**The Chinaman** —Chuck Peradotto

The ancient wisp of a Chinaman sat alone on the grimy tile steps leading to a dimly lit doorway at the end of the filthy alley. Foul smelling water flowed down the garbage-clogged gutter. The dank oppressive, hours after midnight, fog drifted in broad swirls faintly illuminated by the distant yellow streetlight.

His loose clothes hung like rags over his thin frail body gathering in folds and touching the ground. The long braided queue wound from under his skullcap lay over his shoulder and hung to his waist.

He sat with his twisted back resting against the thick door that had once been a dark maroon paint, now faded and flaking off in long curling strips.

Sitting there on the stoop his head bobbed gently lost in unimaginable thought. The long handled grimy clay pipe lay at his feet. Where did his mind live? What primeval mysteries lay hidden behind those leaden eyes tonight?

As he floated silently in and out of the misty shadows he sometimes seemed to fade into fragments of a man.

Was he real or just an illusion?

---

**Spontaneous Kisses** —ArLyne Diamond, Ph.D.

I didn’t realize, as he scooped me up and kissed me, that one day I could say I was kissed by the President of the United States.

Other famous people had kissed me spontaneously – particularly some of the more famous players of the Yankees baseball team, including Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford and others whose names I no longer recall. Years later in San Francisco the actor Robert Clary also scooped me up outside of a restaurant and gave me a big kiss.

But, to be kissed by Ronald Reagan was indeed heady stuff. Especially since I was so young and impressionable when it happened – and shared with him a moment of excitement during the Barry Goldwater campaign.

We all smoked in those days, and both President Reagan and I were standing in the back of the room, when something Senator Goldwater said sent the crowd into an eruption of excited applause. I don’t remember what was said, what I do remember and will always remember, is that Ronald Reagan, a very tall and good looking man, scooped me up exuberantly and gave me a great big kiss.

You might ask, how come I was so lucky? Red hair and freckles.

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**The Untold Story** —by Meredy Amyx

When the call came in bringing him the biggest case of his career, private eye Nick Drew was parked on the can, so he decided to let the answering machine get it.

The caller hung up and dialed another detective agency.



*Announcements Announcements Announcements*

**South Bay Writers  
DOTLUCK  
BARBECUE**

**SUNDAY,  
July 15, 2007, 3 PM**

Fire up the grill!  
It's time for our annual BBQ.  
Come! Enjoy the garden ambi-  
ance of dappled sun and sweet  
scents in the Matthews' backyard  
and chat with old friends and new  
contacts, Savor good food and  
delight in good company.

It's always  
magnificent fun.

**DOTLUCK**

Last names beginning with:

- ♦ A-K —Salad
- ♦ L-R —Appetizer or Dessert
- ♦ S-Z —Main Dish or Side Dish

(The club hosts meat and drinks)

**There is no charge!**

**Location**

Edie Matthews'  
917 Perreira Dr., Santa Clara.

**RSVP**

(408) 985-0819 or  
edie3333@aol.com

**GOOD NEWS FROM YOUR  
MEMBERSHIP CHAIR**

Join today and save, June free or  
renew today and receive a small  
gift and a raffle ticket on some-  
thing nice at the June meeting.

**Benefits of membership:**

- ♦ Savings at regular meetings
- ♦ Savings on conferences/  
seminars
- ♦ Networking and fellowship
- ♦ Posting on SBW web site
- ♦ Newsletter submittals

**Renewals:** The 2006-2007 CWC  
South Bay membership year ends  
June 30. Renewal dues of \$45  
keep you a member in good stand-  
ing through June 30, 2008. Save  
\$20 by not letting your member-  
ship lapse.

**New members and lapsed mem-  
bers:** Get June free. Send a check  
for \$65 with application form  
tucked in this issue of *WritersTalk*.

Mail your check to  
**CWC South Bay, P. O. Box 3254,  
Santa Clara, CA 95055  
Attn: Marjorie.**

**Suzy Paluzzi**

Freelance Writer

PO Box 2244  
Cupertino, CA 95015

408 568-8283  
sypaluzzi@mac.com



**South  
Bay  
Writers  
Open Mic**

**First Friday each Month**

7:30 — 9:30 p

**Barnes & Noble  
Almaden Plaza, San Jose**

**Second Friday 7:30 — 9:30 p**

**Borders Books  
Santana Row, San Jose**

**Third Friday 7:30 — 9:30 p**

**Barnes and Noble  
Pruneyard in Campbell**

**Fourth Wednesday 7:30 — 9:30 p**

**Borders in Sunnyvale**

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

AT 8:00 O'CLOCK, FOR SIX BUCKS,  
TAKE YOUR VERSE TO THE SAN  
JOSE POETRY SLAM (EST 1998)

**EVERY:**

First Tuesday: Open Mic with mu-  
sic by Rebelskamp

Second and Fourth Tuesdays: Po-  
etry Slam with music by Jay Rush

Third Tuesday: Head-to-Head Po-  
etry Bouts with special guests.

**At The Britannia Arms**

**173 W Santa Clara**

**Downtown San Jose.**

**www.sanjosepoetryslam.com**

Why does the Air Force need  
expensive new bombers? Have  
the people we've been bombing  
over the years been complain-  
ing?

POETRY CENTER SAN JOSÉ ANNOUNCES THE POETRY LOUNGE at  
THE BLUE MONKEY —Poetry readings and discussion most Tuesdays  
Co-sponsored by the Creative Writing Department at San José State University  
ADMISSION IS FREE

**The Blue Monkey Bar and Taquería  
1 East San Fernando Street  
San José, CA 95113 www.pcsj.org**



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 Meet  
Jun 6, 6:30pm Carrows

General Meeting (Dinner):  
Jun 13, Elections and  
Jana Courtney-Lin

Open Mic:  
Jun 1, 7:30p  
B&N, Almaden Plaza  
Jun 8, 7:30.p  
Borders, Santana Row  
Jun 15, 7:30  
B&N in the Pruneyard  
Jun 20, 7:30  
Borders, Sunnyvale

WritersTalk Inputs:  
Jun 16 (non-proofed)  
Jun 23 (proofed)

Editors Pow-Wow:  
Jun 22, 10:00am  
Orchard Valley Coffee

**General Dinner Meet — June 13, 6:00pm**

**LookOut Inn (aka Bar & Grill)  
605 Macara Ave., Sunnyvale  
(Sunnyvale Golfcourse)**

*See Map Below*

