



# WRITERSTALK

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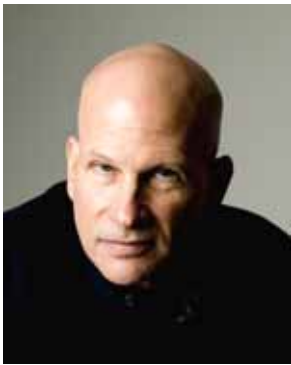
Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club

## It's a January Workshop

### Mold Vivid, Undeniable Characters with David Corbett

by Dave LaRoche

It's a new year! We are energized! Writing is on top of our list. To get us started, we bring in David Corbett, a prodigious instructor and successful author who will make our January extraordinary and memorable. Mark the 25<sup>th</sup> on your calendar.



David Corbett

In this workshop, we will learn how to breathe vibrant life and dimension into the portrayals we imagine to populate our story. David will teach us to mold our ideas into influential characters speaking rich and persuasive dialog—characters that will draw readers into our narratives by steering the scenes that they occupy.

Through building dynamic biographies, we will learn to generate scenes that dramatize the emotional

core that makes a character compelling. We will analyze several types of character arcs and how they interact with the three-act structure. We will learn how to advance our protagonist's movement from unconscious reaction to the "crisis of insight" and ultimately the climactic decision—change or die.

Characters are the story—think Ahab in *Moby Dick* or Briony of *Atonement*—and dialog and action define them. Crucial to that depiction is the expression of ideas inherent to the character. We want them to sound like the people they are intended to be. Corbett is a master with dialog, and here we will learn how to create the exchanges that belong with the roles we imagine.

Strong characters carry us through the tale, providing the message or moral. They will get into jams, resolve to get out, solve puzzles, find love, die heroic deaths, and find super consciousness—or not. Colorful and charming, devilish and conniving: develop convincing characters and give them full rein—they'll write your book while you vacation in Zurich.

David Corbett is an expert, and the foregoing leads straight to his expertise. He knows the relationships of character to scene, to story, and to dialog and will pass on this knowledge

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## January Speaker

### Norman Solomon

### The Writer and Memory: Personal and Political

by Bill Baldwin

Our January speaker, Norman Solomon, is a nationally syndicated columnist on media and politics. He has been writing the weekly "Media Beat" column since 1992. His latest book is *Made Love, Got War: Close Encounters with America's Warfare State* (October 2007).

Norman Solomon grew up in a nation of dazzling progress and ominous shadows. Behind the upbeat TV shows and glib optimism there lurked private anguish and the specter of nuclear holocaust. Young people confronted a divisive war in Vietnam and distress in their own lives. Now, several decades later, Americans face similar divisions and a potentially endless "war on terror."

Solomon is the author of twelve books, including *War Made Easy: How Presidents and Pundits Keep Spinning Us to Death*. His articles have appeared in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and many other newspapers. He was featured in Bill Moyers' recent PBS documentary *Buying the War*. He is a recipient of the George Orwell Award for Distinguished Contribution to Honesty and Clarity in Public Language.



Norman Solomon

Solomon's op-ed articles have appeared in a range of newspapers, including the *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, and *New York Times*. His articles have also appeared in the *International Herald Tribune*, the *Toronto Star*, and the *Jordan Times*.

In 2003, he appeared on CNN more than a dozen times. In the U.S., he was a guest on MSNBC, Fox, C-SPAN, and NPR. Internationally, he appeared on the BBC, the CBC, Voice of America, Al-Jazeera, Australia's ABC and SBS; and in Ireland and South Africa.

He is a long-time associate of the media watch group FAIR (Fairness & Accuracy In Reporting). He is also senior advisor

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# President's Prowling

by *Dave LaRoche*  
*President, South Bay Writers*

## Looking Back a Bit

I was pondering the start of my new prowling year when it occurred to me that you who pay dues might like a review of our previous year. I'll begin with an observation that leads me to congratulate you. A commendation for your vitality and energy, enthusiasm and creativity, and your interest and dedication to our craft and its adjuncts like critique groups, workshops, continuing education, and open mics. You are the heart of this club, and your pulse tells me we are healthy and strong.



At last count we've reached 200 members, up from the 150 closing out our fiscal 2007—in itself, a measure of success. In calendar 2008 we hosted, by most measures, the most robust, often praised, East of Eden conference ever—a big thanks to Edie Matthews and Kelly Harrison. But clearly it was you who assisted and attended that gave it the patina.

Bill Baldwin led us to the Book Group Expo this past year where many of our members displayed and sold books. All attending enjoyed hearing and meeting authors in panels and greeting folks (in supporting roles) who served wines, sweet cakes, and a lip-smackin' fudge that often came around on a platter.

I count two workshops in 2008. Martha Alderson drafted a jagged upward line and told us about hurdles and climaxes, disappointments and success, and how suspense needs to build whether "doing" a victim or the week's laundry—and we spent the day learning significant elements of plot. East of Eden in sight, Ro Davis prepared us for conferences: how to select from the myriad options in classwork and instructor, with a high-beam emphasis on how to pitch your book.

For the first time in our branch history, we are publishing an anthology of members' work—an 'überifically' absorbing undertaking. Dick Amyx encourages and motivates the team: Meredy Amyx and her editors, and Ro Davis and her whiz-bang computers. While Meredy's group wrestled with niggling and nuance until their eyeballs went flat, Ro composed and tweaked until the book *Who Are Our Friends and Other Works by South Bay Writers* became. I've seen it. You will. It brings pride.

We launched the annual Matthews-Baldwin Award in 2008 to recognize service—the first to Cathy Bauer for her dedication and work as officer and chair through the last several years.

Our speakers, a make-or-break effort and above par in my view, are due to the insight and scheduling of Alex Leon and now Bill Baldwin. God knows, the menu has improved (thank Nicole Cam of the Lookout). Richard Burns, our guardian of gold, reports the club is financially healthy with an economic reserve to see us into and out of most reasonable endeavors.

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— 0 —

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### Join With Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. Contact the Membership Chair, Marjorie Johnson.



## WRITERSTALK

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

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Members of the South Bay Writers Club are encouraged to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. Suggested word limits are not absolute; query the editor. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com); or mail double-spaced, typewritten copy to

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### Guest Columns

*Almost Anything Goes* (400 words)

### News Items

 (400 words)

### Letters to the Editor

 (300 words)

to Andrea Galvacs  
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### Creative Works

Short Fiction (1800 words)  
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### Announcements and Advertisements

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# Editor's Perspective

by Dick Amyx  
Editor

## Six File Drawers Labeled Miscellaneous



I wish I'd keep a writer's notebook. I wish I'd kept a writer's notebook. I wish I'd been keeping a writer's notebook for years. People have been telling me, virtually since the day in 1965 that I announced my intention to become a writer, that I should keep a writer's notebook. I've read any number of things that writers have said about their notebooks, from the one who scratched notes on cocktail napkins and the backs of envelopes and stuffed them in a shoebox to the one who always carried a small notepad in his back pocket like a wallet and would stop dead in the middle of a sidewalk to jot something down to the one who walked away from a fight with his wife so he could write it down while it was hot (because fights are so hard to write right), but I've never kept one myself.

When I was a student at San Jose State, I attended a talk by a writer who'd just had his first novel published, and one of the things he said was that you have to "dump the garbage." You just sit at the typewriter and write whatever comes into your mind until you're rid of all the junk, and then you can begin to write your novel.

Fifteen or more years ago, when a few demons were plaguing me distractingly, a friend suggested that I could ease the pressure by writing about it. In that particular instance, I accepted the advice and wrote. And wrote and wrote and wrote. For the better part of a year, I spent several hours a day hammering on my keyboard, and when all the jots and tittles finally settled down, I found a stack of six hundred single-spaced pages, about 360,000 words—enough for two or three novels. Those words, unfortunately, were destined only for the incinerator. I've gone back and taken a couple of peeks, but what I found, no matter how compelling it may have seemed in the creation, was terribly boring in the rereading. I think this may have been the garbage that writer talked about dumping. I did feel better after I'd dumped it, but there doesn't seem to have been a novel yet.

Still, some images remain from observations made years ago, and I still think there should be a story there. The grey-bearded man standing barefoot at the corner of Second and San Fernando with a pair of boots whose laces were tied together hanging around his neck. The cast of downtown denizens I came to recognize while living in a seriously funky apartment at the corner of Fourth and San Carlos during my undergraduate days. I didn't exactly keep a writer's notebook, but I did capture three of them in a testosterone-fueled poem of sorts, written with all the fervor of youthful *now* (and no capital letters or punctuation):

one day in the 88-cent  
store the little  
mute woman who binds her  
breasts came up to me  
and said mmm mmm  
pointing at her palm  
i'm sorry i said i  
haven't any money  
like a snake striking  
little pincer fingers  
grabbed the change  
outlined in my tight  
pocket and a dime of flesh too  
mmm mmm she smiled

*Continued on page 14*

# First Communion

by Vicki Wynne

I remember feeling quite pretty in my poofy white dress and lacy veil. I was seven years old, and today was the day my second-grade class at Precious Blood Elementary School in Los Angeles was making its first Communion. Everyone was dressed up and ready. We all knew the songs. And I was stepping into a tradition that no one in my family even knew about.

I also knew this was something that my parents really did not want me to do. My Buddhist Nisei (Japanese-American) parents sent me to Catholic school during the week and Episcopal church on Sundays. I don't know if this was intentional on their part to make me a well-rounded citizen of the world, or if it was just what life presented to them as they tried to assimilate into society after being interned in the relocation camps during the war.

My father worked with a Chinese man whose daughter went to Precious Blood. He told my Dad the school was looking for more Oriental kids. Oriental. That's what they called Asian kids in the 1960s. Because my parents valued education, they pulled me out of the local public school and sent me off to this new school with nuns, priests, and daily mass.

After completing first grade and moving into second, I saw clearly that a strong force was also moving me to become Catholic. Even though I wasn't yet Catholic, I attended mass in Latin every day because my father dropped me off at school early on his way to work. My mother bought me a missal to follow along with the mass. To mark the pages, I collected gold-edged holy cards with pictures of saints.

*Dominus vobiscum.  
Et cum spiritu tuo.*

I liked the sacredness of the mass, the rhythm of the Latin, and the ritual with prayer. It was soothing.

In second grade, we started to prepare for first Confession and first Communion. Religion was a big part of the curriculum, and I learned about the sacraments. Most of my class was Catholic and had already been baptized as babies, receiving the first sacrament.

Now they were going for the second sacrament, penance, which was Confession, and also the third sacrament, Holy Communion.

Sheesh! I was behind. I hadn't received any sacraments yet. I begged my parents to let me become Catholic so I could catch up with my class and feel I belonged. Since I was older, I learned that if and when I got baptized, the sins would be washed from my soul. Therefore I didn't need to do sacrament number two, confession, and could go straight to Holy Communion. That sounded good to me. My classmates meanwhile had six or seven years of sin on their souls, and that's why they had to go to confession and receive sacrament number two.

The only Catholic people my family knew were my dad's boss and his wife, Ted and Marian Witkowski. They graciously agreed to be my godparents, and we made all the arrangements with the priest for me to be baptized. Meanwhile, I was getting ready to make my first Communion with my class. I learned all the prayers, the songs, and the ritual for the service. My mother and I shopped for my dress and Communion veil.

I'm not sure what exactly happened next, but I knew my parents didn't really want me to become Catholic. As an only child and the first grandchild, I can guess that my parents wanted to give me what I wanted and yet felt very uncomfortable about the unknown. Was it because they had come out of the internment camps and their trust of others who were different was still not solid? Was it because they were Buddhist, even though they didn't practice, and did not really know many other Catholic people? At the last minute I changed my mind and told my parents I didn't want to be baptized.

No one seemed upset about my decision not to become Catholic. And no one seemed to mind that I was still going to participate with my friends on First Holy Communion Day.

My parents dropped me off at the church for this special day.

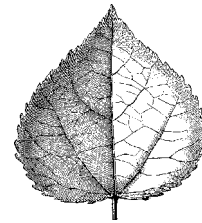
There I was, in my white dress, lacy white veil, white shoes, and white gloves. Smiling. Happy. I was singing all the beautiful songs about receiving

Jesus in my heart. I was walking with my class and enjoying my classmates making their first Communion. I was still feeling like it was my first Communion Day and feeling a part of it all. I was wondering how those nuns really felt about me not making my Communion. I never felt any disapproval. At the end of the service, a parent walked up to me and said, "Vicki, your class is gathering for the picture." I looked at her and replied, "Oh, but I didn't make my Communion." She was surprised at my response, like she was looking at an imposter.

I continued to attend mass until the sixth grade. I read in my prayer book about taking Spiritual Communion if you didn't take the real Communion, and that's what I always did. I think I loved going to mass more than my Catholic friends did. I really loved the whole spirituality of Catholic school and life.

And maybe that's what first Communion is all about. Feeling at one with your own divine nature and the divine nature in others and all things. That actually sounds a bit Buddhist—like my parents.

My girlfriends say I just wanted the dress. WT



## Happy New Networking

by Cathy Bauer

What's your resolution? Gonna finish that novel? That's my plan and, as your new networking coordinator, I want to work to get several new groups up and running. My first focus will be on critique groups. I've been a member of a critique group for over four years and know the importance of having others review your work.

Several people have expressed an interest in a group meeting in Santa Clara. If you are interested in forming/joining a group, please email me at [networking@southbaywriters.com](mailto:networking@southbaywriters.com). WT

# Instant Relatives

by Mary Miller Chiao

My favorite store in Half Moon Bay is Half to Have It on the corner of Main Street and Miramontes. The yard fronting the store is a wrought iron labyrinth of gates and swings, fountains and birdbaths, statues and chairs. Sweet-smelling flowered vines and plants in colorful ceramic pots add to the décor. Under foot, colored crushed glass blends with white pebbles and gray pea stones. Sounds of Eddie Fisher singing “Oh My Papa” drift from inside the store.

At the front door, life-size cardboard images of Marilyn Monroe and Mickey Mantle greet me, and I pass through time into grandma’s attic. One area is filled with yesterday’s kitchen. Dated cookbooks sit on shelves next to checked aprons on hooks. Pyrex plates sit on top of a hutch with 1950s dishtowels underneath. A dining room table is set with mother’s good china and old silverware. Another room has bedroom furniture and bedding. A brown plaid suitcase with straps stands open on the bed, ready to be packed and placed in the back of the Model T. Period paintings adorn the walls, and display cases house vintage jewelry. Small tricycles and wind-up toys lie against cribs filled with dolls.

Old photos dating from the 1920s through the 1970s are spread on a table. There are many family pictures, including weddings, picnics, birthday parties, and babies. Professionally posed men, women, and children stare up at me alongside prom shots of girls in Cinderella dresses and boys in tuxedos. There’s even an album of a family’s trip to Yosemite.

A sign on the wall suggests that the people in these photos can be your “Instant Relatives.” A clever businessman has filled a niche. If someone doesn’t have a family, or didn’t take any pictures with him when he left home, or his family just didn’t do pictures, these will be perfect. For just a small amount, I can buy several pictures, frame them, and hang them on my wall. Then I can introduce my visitors to my family. I can pick my mother, father, and siblings. I can even pick the family dog. If I’m really clever in my choices, my

visitors may say, “You look like your mother.”

Do I want to hint at royalty? I could hang my picture between a store-bought Prince Charles lookalike with jug ears and a 1950s prom queen with a tiara. I could frame an old picture of one of the royal families and hint at being the grand offspring of a love child spawned under the royal sheets.

I saw one picture of a 1940s lady with her poodle. “That’s mom with Tiffany,” I could say. “Poor Tiffany, she was hit by a Knudsen Milk truck back in 1952.”

Who are the people in these photographs? Why are they here? Did their families die out leaving no one to care for them? Did remaining family members take them to Goodwill because they didn’t want them? These pictures represent important times in people’s lives. How could they end up discarded on a table in Half Moon Bay to be picked at by strangers? Is that where my picture will end up? Will someone look at my photo and say, “Who is this woman?” Will someone pick me out of all the pictures on the table to be their new mother or grandmother? What will they say about me? “There’s Mom. She smelled of roses and made the best brownies!”

I don’t have to purchase an instant family of unknown persons because I already have an instant family of unknown persons sitting in boxes in my garage. They must be my relatives or good friends of relatives. Why couldn’t someone in my family have taken the time to jot something down on the back of the photo—the name and relationship and perhaps a little something about the individual and the occasion? Well, I guess I can’t put all the blame on other family members because I could get out a pencil and write the names of those people I remember.

I don’t want the pictures in my garage to end up in the memorabilia section of a store, but I’m sure the people whom I’ve viewed on the table at Half to Have It didn’t want that to happen either.

It’s time for me to write the family story and see if I can figure out who the people in my garage are. I’m going to start by writing my name on the back of my own picture. If my photo ends up on a table at Half to Have It in Half

Moon Bay, at least someone who purchases me as an Instant Relative can turn my picture around and say, “This was my mom. Her name was Mary.”  
WT

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## **Corbett, continued from page 1**

to you and me. Those of us writing stories and attending this workshop will depart that afternoon with an exciting and stimulating new approach to character development, beating a hasty retreat direct to our studios.

Join us for this 6-hour workshop, including continental breakfast and lunch.

- 8:30am–3:30pm (instruction begins at 9:15)
- Lookout Restaurant (above the Sunnyvale Municipal Golf Course Pro shop), 605 Macara Avenue, Sunnyvale
- Non-CWC members \$65, early bird \$55
- Members \$55, early bird \$45
- Students \$35 (must show student ID to qualify)

Early bird registration ends Jan. 6 at midnight (mail-in checks must be postmarked not later than the 6<sup>th</sup>).

Send check payable to South Bay Writers to

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PO Box 3254  
Santa Clara CA 95055

Please include an email address or telephone number for further notifications.

Or use PayPal on our website at [southbaywriters.com](http://southbaywriters.com).

Payment must be received by Jan. 23; early birds not later than Jan. 6.

Cancellation requests to Dave LaRoche [dalaroche@comcast.net](mailto:dalaroche@comcast.net). Refund will be full payment less \$5. No refunds after Jan 16 (exceptions only on an individual basis). WT

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## **Solomon, continued from page 1**

to the National Radio Project. He anchored live national radio coverage of the Democratic and Republican national conventions in 1992, 1996, and 2000.

We are excited to welcome Norman Solomon to our January dinner meeting, and we look forward to an inspiring and educational evening! WT

# A Gift from Beyond

by June Smith

The night my husband Jim died, I went through the motions of preparing myself for bed, certain that I would not sleep a wink. I approached the empty bed, but for some reason, was drawn to sleep on *his* side of the bed. To my surprise, I sensed his presence, and a blanket of unmistakable calm came over me. I did sleep that night and after that it became a comfort to go to bed, as if Jim were waiting there for me. And why wouldn't he be? He had been there for 46 years.

This is not to say that I did not go through the normal emotions of grief. In a church support group, our facilitator reminded us often that we had to experience our grief before we could begin to heal. She suggested setting aside quiet time in a peaceful place to allow these feelings to flow freely.

I was doing just that one Sunday afternoon, taking in the healing expanse of the ocean through my living room window. As I gave in to some quiet tears, our little terrier Bella, who had been asleep at the other end of the house, bounded into the room, jumped onto my lap and began licking my face. I don't know how she could have heard me, but I took it as a sign that Jim had sent her to cheer me.

I began to notice other signs of his presence. I saw his likeness in the profile of my precious two-and-a-half-year-old grandson Phoenix, and I felt him there, too.

Once, as I read an old love letter from Jim to my daughter, my voice began to crack. Phoenix, busy with a toy on the far side of the room, suddenly called out, "I love you, Grandma!" Now, years later, my grandson is still showing me this special affection. When he stays overnight, he strokes my face while I read him a bedtime story. If I close my eyes, I can almost feel the touch of my husband.

I believe that one needs only to trust one's intuition in order to take in these experiences. Sue D. of Santa Cruz says her house seemed so empty after her husband died. She was thankful that they had previously put two living room lights on a timer so she never had

# Yes, We Can!

by Michelle Gabriel

My writing journey began more than thirty years ago with one person, Carol Amen, the facilitator for a writers workshop I had been invited to attend by a friend and future fellow writer.

At the time, I had been looking for something to do with the "rest of my life," since the youngest of my three children was entering kindergarten. I was a credentialed teacher and had

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to come home to a dark house. On the night of his service she slept very soundly. In the morning she discovered the living room lamps were still lit but found nothing wrong with the timer. She says, "Then I got it. It had been overridden by my husband, who was remembering and honoring me by letting me know he was OK; a perfect gift from the beyond."

Betty W., a widow from Rhode Island, says that even after her husband died she felt his presence in making household decisions, a chore they had shared as partners. "I needed to sell our house because of some impending law regarding older homes, which would have adversely affected me if I remained. This had been an ongoing problem and now it was mine alone. One night, I awakened from sleep and standing at the bottom of my bed was my husband . . . for only a second or so. When I blinked, he was gone. Shortly after this, the house sold without a problem. After I saw him, I knew it would. The bonds of love do not break with death; they continue but in a different dimension."

Not long ago, my husband's sister Beth called from Wisconsin to tell me that she had had a comforting dream about him. She had been praying about a family crisis and Jim appeared in her dreams. He hugged her for such a long time that she could still feel his warmth when she woke up.

Could it be that we not only remember our departed loved ones, but they too remember us?

Although I will always miss my husband's physical presence, I now believe the spirit of those you love can stay with you forever. WT

worked occasionally as a substitute teacher, and although I enjoyed that, I found that I craved something other than the classroom. Several women I knew at the time were returning to school to study law, so I tried a beginning law class at West Valley College. That proved to be interesting but frustrating (there's little justice in the justice system). Next I tried an art class. That too proved frustrating (I had no talent!). Then my friend suggested I go with her to the writing class she had been attending.

From the moment I entered the room, which was filled with mostly women and a sprinkling of men, the proverbial light bulb went off in my head. I had found my niche.

I learned much from Carol's gentle, right-on approach to writing. "Write what you know," she advised, and I did. A year later a book of children's plays I had written was published. "Know your markets when sending out query letters." I took that to heart and ultimately began a long association with several national and local publications as a contributing writer. "Be open to new writing experiences" was another point well taken as I mustered my courage to interview for and ultimately get the job as feature writer/reporter for a local community newspaper.

Carol encouraged us all to write and then read our work in class. She offered suggestions and advice and often shared her own writings with us as well.

Sadly, Carol died in 1987, four years after one of her stories made it to the "big time."

Although published in the eighties, Carol's story was first written in the sixties. She had had a vivid dream about nuclear war in the United States and awoke in the middle of the night, in a sweat, from her dream. After she explained to her husband what she had envisioned, he encouraged her to write it down immediately, which she did. Later, she reworked her story and sent it out. Apparently no one wanted to face that particular elephant in the room during the sixties, and Carol had a difficult time getting any positive responses from her queries. Deciding to

*Continued on page 10*

# Recreative Cognition

by Jack Hasling

I have come to the age when I like to think about the past. In fact, I do that more than I think about the future, because there is more of it. The trouble is I don't always like what I remember. It's for that reason that I developed my theory of *recreative cognition*. That has made all the difference in the world for me. Now when I review my life I can make it anything I want it to be. No more do I feel embarrassed about things I did in my inexperienced youth. I'm able to change it to make it more compatible with the image I want to have of myself. After all, the past doesn't exist anywhere except in our own minds. History is made by the people who write it. If I want to fictionalize my early years, I can do that. Who's going to know? The people who were there? Heck, they're all my age and they're all doing the same thing.

Let me explain what I mean by *recreative cognition*. It's not quite the same thing as positive thinking. The Norman Vincent Peale method was to focus on the events in your life that gave you joy and

minimize those that gave you pain. Well, I tried that, but the latter kept popping into my head more than the former. *Recreative cognition* means doing a make-over of your memories. It's painting a picture in your mind rather than taking a photograph. In other words it stems from the belief that memories are not realistic, they're impressionistic—they're more like Monet than Ansel Adams. When you apply this theory, you are not distorting the content of the memory. You are just enhancing it a bit. The colors in the scene don't need to be bland; they can be as vibrant as you want to make them. And you can do this any time you want. Even the good experiences you have had can always use a little favorable tweaking.

For me, *recreative cognition* usually takes the form of rephrasing the words that I used in conversations I have had. You know how that goes—reflecting on the perfect comeback you should have made to an insult, but you didn't think of it until the moment had passed. Or comforting a friend by saying just the right thing instead of what you did say. In my mind I have absolutely devas-

tated my opponents in political arguments. And I have saved people from the depths of despair by my insightful and encouraging observations.

Now, you might say that's self-deception. Well, maybe so, but there is also a truth that is not apparent to those who cling to reality. The truth is that I have learned something from the experience. I have acknowledged that I did not say the right thing, and I have corrected it. Isn't that better than wallowing in senseless guilt?

"But," I hear you say, "it's rationalizing." No, it's not. Rationalizing is pretending that what you said was really not so bad after all. *Recreative cognition* corrects the error and improves the quality of the experience in the memory. It's no more dishonest than what editors do when they correct your manuscript. I know, general semantics tells us that oral communication is irreversible; once a thing is said it can't be unsaid. Well, that rule doesn't apply anymore. The concept of *recreative cognition* is consistent with the ethics of today's society. Have you ever heard of *virtual reality*? Well, this is the same thing. WT

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A ZEN STORY

## Tuna Fish

by Meredy Amyx

Suzie was in the kitchen making tuna fish salad for sandwiches and getting all sad.

She shredded the canned tuna, tossed in some salt and pepper, lemon juice, and a little mustard, and started mincing onion. By that time she was all choked up.

One of these days, she was going to make tuna fish for the last time. She might not even realize it was the last time. She might just be gone. When we do a thing for the last time, usually we don't even know it. Who knows when they're taking their last turn on a swing, or rocking their baby for the last time, or seeing a certain friend for lunch? Suddenly it's over. They're gone or you're gone, or the chapter ends, and that part of your life is history.

Tears welling, Suzie added the onion and began chopping green pepper.

Her mother had had a heart attack in the kitchen and died while she was making tuna fish salad. That was six years ago. The last time Suzie had seen her, she was wearing purple sweats and walking barefoot through a security gate at San Jose International Airport. Who knew that was Suzie's last glimpse?

All those losses, so many losses, they all came home to Suzie while she was stirring in the green pepper.

Scott came into the kitchen and found Suzie weeping over the lite mayonnaise.

"What's the matter, Mama?"

Suzie brushed the tears from her cheek and stared forlornly down into the bowl. "How do I know when I'm making tuna fish if I'll ever see you again?"

"It's Grandma again, isn't it?"

Suzie nodded.

Scott hugged his mother. "Mama, what do you think about when you're making chicken salad?"

Suzie gave the bowl of tuna salad a long, thoughtful look.

"Nothing," said Suzie. "I don't think about anything at all. Just the chicken salad."

Scott handed her the loaf of bread.

"I'll get the lettuce," he said. WT

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HAIKU

## Saratoga Creek

Gentle small stream, trees,  
rope swing where schoolboys escape.  
Lost there to concrete.

—Jamie Miller

# Holiday Bash 2008



Lotta people in Betty's kitchen.



At the groaning board: Karen LaRoche, Marge Johnson, Dave LaRoche, the top of Bill Belew's head, Eric and Betty Watje. *Photo: Carolyn Donnell*



Carol Van Horne, Edie Matthews, Deanna McCusker, Jackie Mutz. *Photo: Carolyn Donnell*



Cathy Bauer invokes the powers of the Creativity Egg she received in the gift exchange.



The Christmas pixie and gracious host of the Bash: Betty Auchard.



Under the tree, a generous collection of packages for the gift exchange.

December 9 found the SBW crowd gathered at the home of Betty Auchard for the annual Holiday Bash. As these pictures indicate, there was plenty of good food, good fellowship, good fun, and maybe not so good singing. But we sang with enthusiasm and enjoyed the night, sharing the meal and the laughter that make SBW more than just a group of writers.





**Overflow from the kitchen and the living room moved into the den: Suzette Gamero, Dick Amyx, Michael Johnson, Victoria Johnson, Valerie Wong, Jeanne Carbone Lewis, Bonnie Vaughan, Gisela Zebroski, Meredy Amyx, Kathy Garfinkle. Photo: Carolyn Donnell**



**Two maids a-milking: Lisa Eckstein and Suzette Gamero put some action into their part in "The Twelve Days of Christmas."**



**Backup sofa crew: Marilyn Priel, Jana McBurney-Lin.**



**And in this corner, Dina Olsen, Paul Oleas, Luanne Oleas; standing, Samantha Belew. Photo: Carolyn Donnell**



**In the living room: Kathy Garfinkle, Rich Burns, Molly Westmoreland, Bob Garfinkle, Woody Horn.**



## Great Egret

Elongated  
 needle-beaked  
 marshland aristocrats,  
 bringers of regal presence  
 to the noble  
 swampy mudflats,  
 transforming nesting straw  
 to arc patterned palaces,  
 their preternatural  
 white plumage  
 calling to mind  
 an unearthly  
 stark  
 angelic purity,  
 complementing  
 extended  
 sinuous  
 serpentine necks  
 derived from  
 unspeakably ancient  
 reptilian  
 ancestors,  
 elevated to  
 majestic  
 aerial  
 royalty.

They manifest  
 elegance of form  
 in every moist  
 composition,  
 each nondescript  
 shallow pond.

Flying abstract crowns transmogrify  
 the airy space of the wetlands.

—Stephen C. Wetlesen

### *Prowling, continued from page 2*

And what now? We have plans and they're unfolding. With your continued involvement, we will grow. Our reservoir of knowledge will deepen. Our enthusiasm will heighten. Our publishing opportunities will multiply. Our experience with South Bay Writers will take on greater value—congratulations, your club is doing fine in this January, 2009. WT

### *Yes, We Can, continued from page 6*

focus on other writing projects, including poetry, which she enjoyed writing, Carol placed her manuscript in a drawer and moved on.

Almost two decades later, Carol decided to dust off the manuscript and try again. This was a different decade, she must have thought, so why not give it another try? It didn't take long before her manuscript was picked up by a national publication. Carol was quite pleased. It turned out others were as well. Very soon after the story was published, Carol received a call from someone at PBS television, and while she was negotiating with them, a Hollywood director called to inform her that Hollywood was very interested in turning her story into a movie.

Sound too good to be true? Maybe, but after working out the details, the rest—and I don't mean to sound corny here—became history.

The movie *Testament* is based on Carol's story. It was released in theaters in 1983, later in VCR, and now in DVD. If you look closely at the small print on the outer cover of either video, you'll see her name: Carol Amen, my teacher, my friend.

From Carol, I received help, guidance, and support, and from her story, wonderful inspiration. For those of us who wonder if it really is possible to achieve success with our writing, Carol Amen's achievement enables us not only to believe it is, but also to be able to say, as President-elect Obama's campaign slogan stated, "Yes, we can!" WT

## Sacramento Branch 2009 Flash Fiction Contest

Deadline: March 31, 2009

Open to All Writers.

Theme: Open

Prizes: \$100 first place, \$50 second place, and \$25 third place

Word Count: 500 words maximum

Entry Format: Submit three copies. All entries must be typed, double spaced, using black 12-point Times New Roman font on one side of 8-1/2" x 11" white paper. For additional pages, put title on upper left hand corner and page number on upper right hand corner.

Cover Page: Type your name, address, telephone number, e-mail address and word count. Include separate cover page for each entry and paperclip to entry.

Entry Fee: \$10 for each submission. Enclose a check made payable to CWC, Sacramento Branch.

Deadline: Must be postmarked by March 31, 2009.

Winners: Winners will be announced in the June 2009 branch newsletter and honored at the June 20, 2009, Sacramento Branch meeting, 11:00 a.m. at Luau Garden Chinese Buffet, 1890 Arden Way, Sacramento, CA. Winners need not be present to receive their prizes. Winning entries will be published in the branch newsletter, *write on!*

Entries must be unpublished. Entries will not be returned, and authors retain all rights.

Submit to:

Evelyn Luscher  
 CWC, Sacramento Branch Writing  
 Contest  
 P.O. Box 1157  
 Citrus Heights, CA 95611-1157

For more information contact Evelyn Luscher at [eluscher@sbcglobal.net](mailto:eluscher@sbcglobal.net).



# View from the Board

by Dave LaRoche

Your board of directors met December 11 at President Dave's house with all present sans Rita who was home with the sniffles and preferred not to share. The resulting composition left Bill Baldwin to pen minutes and we all know, despite contemporary equalitarian thinking, that taking notes is not a natural male province. So . . . this view will be significantly brief and perhaps miss substance.

Sara Aurich resigned her networking role, which Cathy Bauer picked up. Cathy's role is now "Hospitality and Networking"; she can be contacted at [hospitality@southbaywriters.com](mailto:hospitality@southbaywriters.com).

The Central Board will meet in Anaheim on January 25; Marilyn Fahey will stand in for Dave. The upcoming centennial year will be the focus for this meeting. The High Desert Branch has been put on membership probation with a reported count of 14 members. The vote was 8-4-2 abstain with 3 absent, via the Board's web-voting process. (There is currently no stipulation regarding minimum membership in the Club's governing documents.)

Marilyn Fahey and Jamie Miller presented their report on a plan for a Young Writers Workshop to be held in May. Approximately 80 students will sequence through four classes of 20 each lasting about 75 minutes. The classes will deal with plot and scene, character development, verse and lyric, and persuasive essay. Instructors are needed although some have already come forward. The plan was adopted and \$400 allocated for budget although the workshop is seen as financially neutral to profitable.

The anthology *Who are Our Friends and Other Works by South Bay Writers* will begin shipping in late January. Discounted pricing will cease on December 31. Current sales are at 54.

The Dave Corbett workshop, January 25 at the Lookout (continental breakfast and lunch), is on track. Needs publicity push at this point.

The Holiday Bash went exceptionally well with 58 attending, one chorus of Silent Night from Hi-Dong and somewhat less "gift stealing"—well, it was

close to Christmas and crime levels were expected to decline. Again, we thank Betty Auchard for her gracious and loving hosting.

The meeting adjourned at 9:10pm. WT

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## WritersTalk Challenge Rules Modified

by Dick Amyx

For some time, the judging portion of the Challenge rules has read

Judging will be done by *WritersTalk* contributing editors and other club members whom the contributing editors may ask to assist.

Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club; judges may not participate in the competition.

The judges—in the main, the *WritersTalk* contributing editors, but also anyone else the Challenge Mistress could dragoon into service—removed themselves from the competition because they thought it might look suspicious if they were awarding themselves prizes.

After literally months of discussion at the editors' powwows, we decided to modify the eligibility rules to read

Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club; judges may not judge in any category in which they have an entry.

This change permits the judges to enter the competition as long as they don't judge their own work.

There are two reasons for the change. First, the contributing editors, who put a lot of work into *WritersTalk*, were unhappy with being perpetually out of the running for a Challenge award. If it came down to a person's choice of either being able to enter into the Challenge or giving service to the branch as a contributing editor, well, creating *WritersTalk* would be virtually impossible without the contributing editors.

But second, and what really forced the issue, was a near crisis of judges between June and September of 2008, when both editors and judges were needed for East of Eden contests, selecting and editing material for the anthology, and the Challenge. The people who are willing to volunteer as judges tend to be the more prolific writers and contributors in the club, and we came very close to running out of people.

And so the change.

Thus, if a *WritersTalk* contributing editor does win a Challenge award, you can be sure that that editor did not judge his or her own work, and we all felt that it was important to tell you about the change in the rules.

In the meanwhile, if you would like to offer your services as a contest judge, just let Andrea Galvacs, me, Dave LaRoche, or Cathy Bauer know. You can be confident that your name will be added to the list. WT

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## A Literary Question

In a hundred years, who will be the better known author? Which will be assigned as required reading in American Literature 202? Joseph Heller, Herman Wouk, Saul Bellow, Ernest Hemingway, or John Hersey?



## Jan., You Whine

The real deal, new year ends in "nine." Will this be the year that contract is signed?

We beg you, dear Editors, look hard at our stuff:

It's either superb, or perhaps "good enough!"

—Pat Bustamante

## Being a Man Is Better

Being a man is better. Better? Better than what?  
Better than being a woman, of course.  
We don't have to bear children,  
We simply begin the process.  
With a bone and a groan and a "that was good, now, leave  
me alone."

Being a man is better.  
I don't have to call a bunch of ladies my age to gossip about  
hair style.  
Oh, how glad that makes me. I smile inside.  
Instead, I focus in on one lady my age. (Well, that's just me.)  
But the phone call, men, I don't have to tell you, can be a  
minefield,  
Even if it's one of the few tickets in life to a slow-blooming  
secret sort of bliss.  
Psst. Don't ever mention that your herpes is acting up again.  
Don't name *intercourse* by its Anglo-Saxon equivalent.

Being a man is better.  
We don't have to share diet books or "Christian books"  
Or cooking books or looking-good books  
With others. It would be, in fact, weird if we did.  
Hey, but I can read any good dime novel I like.  
*Evelyn* springs to mind. Oh, some of those pages are so worn,  
of course:  
Like seventeen through nineteen; like steamy twenty-six and  
filthy fifty-three  
Don't miss two hundred seventeen and onward for five  
whole pages.  
They remain without peer. And what about *Autobiography of a  
Flea*?  
(Anonymous is such a polished author!)  
Dip into these novels on alternate nights. You won't have to  
read long.  
Women don't seem to enjoy this literature far as I can tell.  
They can read their fluff for hours and never reread the same  
page ever again.  
Something was missing when Eve got pulled from Adam's  
rib cage.

Being a man is better.  
I can play golf with any foursome I choose (or that chooses  
me).  
A threesome works well, too, as can a twosome if that's all  
that's available.  
I can even play with myself.  
Women don't like games with balls and shafts in the way that  
I do.  
Or, perhaps, I just have no luck at meeting them that do.  
I try to open myself to that possibility, anyway,  
Of getting inspected, of getting rejected.  
That's the difference between us and them. We *want* to be an  
object.  
Oh, use me, consume me, anytime.  
It's part of the game we signed on to play,  
The league of intrigue with the opposite sex.

Funny thing. You get the ring at the start of the season.  
You don't have to win the pennant first.

Being a man is better.  
Men drive cars; they fly planes; they sail boats and yachts  
lots.  
Women drive cars and fly planes, too.  
But they do it for a different reason.  
They do it to get from one place to another.  
A peculiar brand of human these beings are.  
Being a man is better.  
Men can snore when they sleep; we can really let go.  
(Women who snore insist on sleeping in another room.)  
Men can have two slices of lemon pie for dessert.  
Women dream of dessert but they can't have any.  
They do, though, get to nibble all day long,  
A guilty pleasure, their M&Ms and their Hershey bars  
Hidden in that hide-away drawer.  
Men, you know where that drawer is, don't you?

Men have that drawer, too, but it never has Hershey bars.  
It might have a flask of Jim Beam or a deck of cards, a pack of  
Camels,  
A pack of condoms, a bottle of Scope, a Blackberry charger,  
Or the printed directions to their remote controls, so neatly  
alphabetized.  
Almost forgot, toward the bottom find those bare-thigh'd  
pictures of ladies,  
Skin-and-bone ladies that fail not to bring on a lonely yearn-  
ing deep inside.  
Any of these unclad models is young enough to be your  
daughter.

Being a man is better. It's in the Bible.  
Women have a different reason for going to church than men  
do.  
The ladies do it, but mainly to conform; to belong to a club;  
The church's sole reason to exist: to house people who  
conform  
To others who, for the same reason, conform.  
Okay, a club of crazies, but it is a club.  
They never speak of God or good, except when led to it  
By the sermon or in Bible study. But the high point is  
refreshments.  
Men don't go to church for this reason.  
They go because the old lady told them to.  
A five-iron wrapped around one's neck just isn't attractive.  
Besides, it hinders putting on one's shirt.  
But the main reason being a man is better is  
We don't have to kiss someone with a barbed-wire beard.  
Women have their own poem like this.  
It would kill a man to read it.  
So go on, guys, stand up at the john.  
Keep it up and keep believing:  
Being a man is better.

—Richard A. Burns

## Redwood Writers Announces Keynote Speaker for 2009 Conference

DATELINE Sonoma County, California, October 7, 2008. Redwood Writers, the Redwood branch of the California Writers Club, is pleased to announce Steve Hockensmith as one of two keynote speakers for the October 24, 2009, Conference at Santa Rosa's Flamingo Hotel and Resort. Steve will take the afternoon speaking spot in what will be an exciting and humorous talk about getting published, "Anything I Can Do, You Can Do Better: Getting Published Made Easy(ish)." Cost for the all-day conference will be published in the near future. Mark your calendar now.

About Redwood Writers 2009 Conference:

The Redwood Writers 2009 Conference takes place on October 24, 2009, from 7:30 am 5:00pm (including registration from 7:30-8:30am), at the Flamingo Hotel and Resort in Santa Rosa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa, CA 95405, (707) 545-8530. This one-day conference, part of CWC Centennial activities statewide, will feature agents, editors, and writers from all genres. They will offer their insights and experiences in the craft of writing at beginning through advanced levels, as well as the encouragement of fellow writers in a relaxed and friendly wine-country setting.

About Steve Hockensmith:

Steve Hockensmith is the author of the popular "Holmes on the Range" mysteries about Sherlock Holmes-worshipping cowboy brothers Big Red and Old Red Amlingmeyer. The first book in the series was nominated for the prestigious Edgar, Shamus, Dilys and Anthony awards in 2006, and since then St. Martin's Minotaur has released two sequels. (The latest, *The Black Dove*, is set in 1890s San Francisco.) A fourth novel about the crime-busting cowpokes, *The Crack in the Lens*, will be out next summer.

Before turning to fiction, Hockensmith was an entertainment journalist, covering pop culture and the film industry

## Speakers Needed for 2009 GWP Series on Vogler's *The Writer's Journey*

I am looking for authors to discuss mythic structure in story development for a Gilroy Writing Project three-part series featuring Chris Vogler's book, *The Writer's Journey: Mythic Structure for Writers*. The GWP has met monthly at Gilroy Library for the last five years as a free, adult library program.

I have divided Vogler's book into three sections, read over three months, hoping to find one or two (or more) authors to talk on story development for each program. We have a limited number of copies that participants can check out at the library.

Program 1 (January 17, 2009):

Preface through page 77

Program 2 (February 21, 2009):

pages 78 through 159

Program 3 (March 21, 2009):

pages 160 through 237

More information:

[santaclaracountylib.org/gilroy/GIwriting.html](http://santaclaracountylib.org/gilroy/GIwriting.html)

Contact: Catherine D. Alexander

(408) 842-8207 ext. 3413

[calexand@library.sccgov.org](mailto:calexand@library.sccgov.org)

for *The Hollywood Reporter*, *The Chicago Tribune*, *Newsday*, *Total Movie*, and other publications. He spent a year as editor of *The X-Files Official Magazine* and three years at the helm of *Cinescape*, a sci-fi/action movie magazine. He also covered mystery TV shows and films as a columnist for *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*. His first published crime story, "Erie's Last Day," won the Short Mystery Fiction Society's Derringer Award and appeared in *Best American Mystery Stories 2001*. (A short film based on the story is currently in production.) Since then, Hockensmith has become a regular contributor to mystery magazines and anthologies, and his short fiction has been nominated for almost every major award in the field. A native of the Midwest, Hockensmith moved to Northern California in 2000. He currently lives in Alameda with his wife and two young children.

More information: [redwoodwriters.org](http://redwoodwriters.org)

## WRITERSTALK Challenge

### What Is It?

Twice a year, in March and September, awards are given to contributors to *WritersTalk*. You need take no special steps to enter this competition; if your piece in one of the designated genres is published in *WritersTalk*, you are a contestant in the Challenge.\*

### Genres

Fiction  
Memoir  
Essay  
Poetry

### Judging Periods

February 16 through August 15

August 16 through February 15

### Prizes

One winner will be selected from each of the eligible genres. Each winner will be awarded a cash prize of \$40.

### Judging

Judging will be done by *WritersTalk* contributing editors and other Club members whom the contributing editors may ask to assist.

\* Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club; judges may not judge in any category in which they have an entry.

Words, as is well  
known, are the great  
foes of reality.

—Joseph Conrad

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**408.723.0968**

# Directory of Experts

*Do you have specialized knowledge that might help a writer bring authentic detail to a scene? If you are willing to share your expertise, send a message to [networking@southbaywriters.com](mailto:networking@southbaywriters.com) or to the club post office box. We will add your listing to our directory of experts.*

## Asia, Japan, China, Russia

Bill Belew  
[belew@panasianbiz.com](mailto:belew@panasianbiz.com)

## Astrology, Singing

Sara Aurich  
[saraaurich@comcast.net](mailto:saraaurich@comcast.net)

## Astronomy, History of Astronomy

Bob Garfinkle  
[ragarf@earthlink.net](mailto:ragarf@earthlink.net)

## Character Development

ArLyne Diamond, Ph.D.  
[ArLyne@DiamondAssociates.net](mailto:ArLyne@DiamondAssociates.net)

## Character Traits

Jeannine Vegh, M.A. M.F.T.I.  
[ladyjatbay@sbcglobal.net](mailto:ladyjatbay@sbcglobal.net)

## Computer Dingus and Full-Time Nerd

Jeremy Osborne  
[jeremy\\_w\\_osborne@yahoo.com](mailto:jeremy_w_osborne@yahoo.com)

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## Editorial, continued from page 3

and wouldn't let go until  
i said ok  
i sometimes wonder if  
she's friends with  
the woman who wears  
a green corduroy mackinaw  
and black leather  
gloves even at noon  
in summer and who  
talks to herself as she walks  
and who must exist  
on a diet of  
jackinthebox hamburgers  
lately i've been thinking  
they should get together  
and visit the man  
who argues with parking meters

What may be even more amazing than those words themselves is that they've persisted for forty or so years now, and that I knew exactly where to look for them.

I long ago learned not to take new year's resolutions too seriously, but if I were going to make a resolution for this year . . . . WT

## Counseling

Dr. Audry L. Lynch  
[GLYNCH7003@sbcglobal.net](mailto:GLYNCH7003@sbcglobal.net)

## Death Care

Rick Brost  
[rickpatrickb@sbcglobal.net](mailto:rickpatrickb@sbcglobal.net)

## Engineering: Mechanical, Aero, Aerospace

Jerry Mulenburg  
[geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net](mailto:geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net)

## Growing Great Characters From the Ground Up

Martha Engber  
[marthaengber.com](mailto:marthaengber.com)  
[marthaengber.blogspot.com](http://marthaengber.blogspot.com)

## Hospital and Nursing Environment

Maureen Griswold  
[maureengriswold@sbcglobal.net](mailto:maureengriswold@sbcglobal.net)

## Internal Medicine/Addiction Disorder/Psychology

Dave Breithaupt  
[dlbmlb@comcast.net](mailto:dlbmlb@comcast.net)

## Library Science

Molly Westmoreland  
[mulcarend@hotmail.com](mailto:mulcarend@hotmail.com)

## Mathematics: Teaching and History; Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson  
[Marjohnson89@earthlink.net](mailto:Marjohnson89@earthlink.net)

## Police Procedures

John Howsden  
[jwhowsden961@yahoo.com](mailto:jwhowsden961@yahoo.com)

## Profile Writing

Susan Mueller  
[susan\\_mueller@yahoo.com](mailto:susan_mueller@yahoo.com)

## Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard  
[Btauchard@aol.com](mailto:Btauchard@aol.com)

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# CWC

## Around the Bay

These are the published meeting times and locations for the CWC branches in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. If you're thinking about attending one of their meetings, be sure to check the website first for details.

**Berkeley:** Meetings are held from 10 a.m. to noon on the third Saturday of each month, except for July and August. Unless otherwise noted, our meetings are held at Barnes & Noble bookstore, in Jack London Square, Event Loft, Oakland.  
[berkeleywritersclub.org](http://berkeleywritersclub.org)

**San Francisco/Peninsula:** Meets on the third Saturday of each month from 10 a.m. to noon at the Belmont Library, 1110 Alameda De Las Pulgas, Belmont.  
[sfpeninsulawriters.com](http://sfpeninsulawriters.com)

**Central Coast:** Meets on the third Tuesday of each month except December at the Casa Munras Hotel, 700 Munras Avenue, Monterey. The dinner hour begins at 5:30 p.m. and the program begins at 7 p.m.  
[centralcoastwriters.org](http://centralcoastwriters.org)


**Mount Diablo:** Meets the second Saturday of each month, except July and August, at 11:30 a.m. at the Hungry Hunter Restaurant, 3201 Mount Diablo Boulevard, Lafayette (corner of Pleasant Hill Road and Highway 24).  
[mtdiablowriters.org](http://mtdiablowriters.org)

**Tri-Valley:** Meets the third Saturday of each month, except July and August, at 11:30 a.m. at the Oasis Grille, 780 Main Street, Pleasanton.  
[trivalleywriters.com](http://trivalleywriters.com)

**Sacramento:** Meets at 11:00 a.m. the third Saturday of every month, except July and August, at Luau Garden Chinese Buffet, 1890 Arden Way, Sacramento 95815.  
[sacramento-writers.org](http://sacramento-writers.org)

**Marin:** Meets on the fourth Sunday of every month at 2 p.m. at Book Passage in Corte Madera.  
[cwcmarinwriters.com](http://cwcmarinwriters.com)

**Redwood:** Meetings are held on the first Sunday of the month (except for holiday weekends), from 3-5 p.m. at the Star Restaurant, 8501 Gravenstein Hwy, corner of Old Redwood Hwy and Hwy 116, in Cotati. [redwoodwriters.org](http://redwoodwriters.org)

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<h1>January 2009</h1>				1	2 7:30p Open Mic Barnes & Noble Almaden Plaza, San Jose	3
4	5	6	7	8	9 7:30p Open Mic Borders Books Santana Row, San Jose	10 3p Editors' Powwow
11	12 6p Monthly Dinner Meeting Lookout Inn, Sunnyvale Norman Solomon	13	14	15 7p Open Mic Barnes & Noble 3900 Mowry, Fremont	16 <b>WritersTalk deadline</b> 7:30p Open Mic Barnes & Noble Pruneyard, Campbell	17
18	19 	20 <i>Inauguration Day!</i>	21	22	23 7:30p Open Mic Borders Books Sunnyvale	24
25 8:30A Workshop with David Corbett Lookout Inn	26	27	28	29	30	31
						<b>Future Flashes</b>

## Stay Informed!

Sign up for the SBW Email List to receive meeting and event announcements.

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

## South Bay Writers Open Mic

Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. See calendar for schedule.

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

For Fremont Open Mic contact  
Jeannine Vegh  
[ladyjatbay@sbcglobal.net](mailto:ladyjatbay@sbcglobal.net)

or

Bob Garfinkle  
[ragarf@earthlink.net](mailto:ragarf@earthlink.net)

## SBW Poets

The San Jose Poetry Center is turning its eyes toward SBW with an interest in showcasing our poets at its monthly readings. PCSJ's host and member of South Bay Writers Linda Lappin is making a personal request. Are you a poet? Would you like to read your work? If your answer is yes, contact Linda by email at [captainlappin@netzero.net](mailto:captainlappin@netzero.net) and have a look at PCSJ's website, [www.pcsj.org](http://www.pcsj.org)

## SBW Writers' Forum

Events  
Conferences  
Contests  
Networking  
Resources  
SBW Author Events  
and News at

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

## San Jose Poetry Slam (Est. 1998)

8:00 p.m., \$6.00

First Tuesday: Open Mic with music by Rebelskamp

Second and Fourth Tuesdays: Poetry Slam with music by Jay Rush

Third Tuesday: Head-to-Head Poetry Bouts with special guests.

At The Britannia Arms  
173 W Santa Clara  
Downtown San Jose  
[www.sanjosepoetryslam.com](http://www.sanjosepoetryslam.com)

## Poetry Center San Jose Readings

First Gallery downtown  
Willow Glen Books

Cosponsored by the  
Creative Writing Department at  
San José State University

Free admission.

See [www.pcsj.org](http://www.pcsj.org) for featured guests and details.



**California Writers Club**  
South Bay Branch  
P.O. Box 3254  
Santa Clara, CA 95055  
[www.southbaywriters.com](http://www.southbaywriters.com)

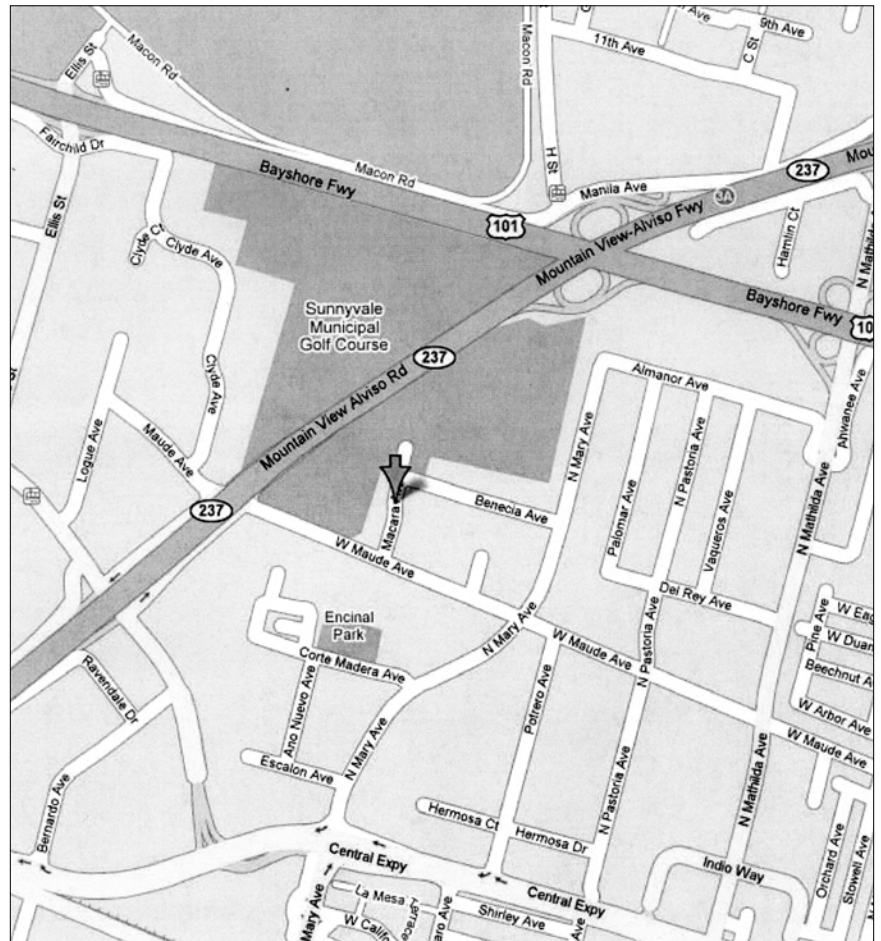
## MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**Next Monthly Meeting**  
**Tuesday, January 13, 6:00 p.m.**

Lookout Inn  
605 Macara Avenue, Sunnyvale  
At the Sunnyvale Golf Course

**Norman Solomon**  
**"The Writer and Memory:  
Personal and Political"**  
See front cover for details.



**January 25**

Workshop with  
**David Corbett**  
**Develop Vivid Characters**

See front cover for details.