



WRITERSTALK

Volume 21
Number 7
July 2013

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

SBW July Barbeque – Y'all come, now

South Bay Writers

Summer

Potluck

Barbeque



Fire up the grill—it's time for our annual Potluck BBQ! The table is ready for lots of delicious dishes prepared by members and guests—the club will provide the BBQ chicken and beverages. Come and enjoy good food and good company. Chat with old friends and make new friends and contacts.

When: Sunday, July 14, 2013 at 2 pm

Where: Edie Matthews' home
Email for address

Bring: A dish to share:

If your last name begins with:	Please bring a:
A - H	Salad or Side Dish
I - R	Appetizer or Dessert
S - Z	Main Dish
The club will provide the meat and drinks.	

*There is no charge for this event.
There is no regular meeting in July.*

Please RSVP to Edie Matthews at RSVP@southbaywriters.com for location or call 408 985-0819

No regular July meeting.

The next SBW dinner meeting: Wednesday, August 14, at Harry's Hofbrau in San Jose, features Nancy Curteman, a mystery writer.

JUNE RECAP

Grab a Publisher

by Kelly Gomez

Our South Bay Writers' speaker for June, LeeAnne Krusemark, began her talk with an activity to involve all members of the group. She told everyone to write one sentence that included the word "summer." After about a minute, she called on a few people to read their responses, explaining that each and every person's sentence was unique, even though they all had the same prompt. She said, "Writing doesn't have to conform."



Speaker LeeAnne Krusemark
Photo by Dick Amyx

Krusemark suggested writing about what interests you. By finding your passion, you will make it more interesting for people to read. She told us that the first trick in writing is to "grab the publisher's attention." Every editor or agent has a limited amount of time, so the first page must be the most "concise, clear writing of the entire piece."

She continued her talk with ways one could become a published writer and increase credibility. This included entering writing competitions, exploring

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President's Challenge

by Bill Baldwin
Past President, South Bay Writers

Backwards and Forwards



I type this title and wonder, "Oh Lord; will this reignite that discussion about *onwards* vs. *onward*? Is this the main thing I've learned from all these years as a member of South Bay Writers—that writers will quibble over the smallest grammatical question?" I wrote a poem along these lines recently, but I can tell you that this is not by any means the main memory I have of our group.

When I first attended a South Bay Writers meeting, I'd already been writing for many years; but I'd never associated with other writers until a year or two earlier, when I joined a small writing group that met for a few months at a woman's home in San Jose. Then I noticed an ad in the *Mercury News* for the California Writers Club. You never know where something will lead. I began attending meetings, but didn't really get to know anyone in the group.

Then I was profiled in the newsletter as a new member, leading to work on an election, leading to my becoming branch President. Whether I've learned more about writing or about facilitating meetings, I'm not sure. No matter: the social interaction with fellow writers has certainly improved my writing and marketing skills (I still claim to be an introvert). I've heard who knows how many dinner talks about writing, editing, and publishing. I've met writers like Jane Smiley via the East of Eden Conference and earlier Asilomar conferences.

How much confidence I've gained in public speaking—and in my own writing—via the dinner meetings and our open mics! How much I've learned about agents and publishers!

I remember my first Asilomar CWC conference. I attended a round table with agents where I was too timid to ask a single question! I'd never met a real live agent before! I only worked up the nerve to ask questions at the second conference.

There is much to learn from this club—and I hope you will take advantage of what you have here. I hope our newly elected officers will lead us forward with great monthly speakers, workshops, retreats, critique groups, and conferences. And meanwhile, I hope to use my new bundle of time to apply the writing and social lessons I have learned in my many years with South Bay Writers. Thank you all for this continuing adventure.

And remember: "Sail on! Sail on!" — WT

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Join 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, Sally Milnor, or sign up online southbaywriters.com.



WritersTalk

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

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Submissions

Members of the South Bay Writers Club are encouraged to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. All submissions will be copyedited to uphold our publication standards. The Managing Editor decides which submissions to publish.

Submission deadline is the 15th of the month.

Suggested word limits are not absolute; query the editor. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Anything Goes—Almost (300 words)

News Items (400 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Creative Works

Short Fiction (1500 words)

Memoir (1200 words)

Poetry (300 words)

Essay (900 words)

Accolades

accolades@southbaywriters.com

Announcements and Advertisements

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

An announcement is information of interest and value to writers that does not provide direct economic benefit to its originator and is published free of charge.

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by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson

Editor

The Plague and I



In the 1940s and early 1950s, July and August were months of fear. Polio paralyzed or killed over half a million people worldwide every year. Today, many parents have never seen a child with a withered limb and are too young to remember the polio epidemics of the 1940s; I will never forget. In 1943, when I was five, I contracted polio.

My head hurt, more than when I had the measles; it hurt enough that I still remember it after seventy years. Bright lights made my head ache even more, and I wanted only to sleep. Because I had a high fever, my mother took me to see the doctor. He said I needed to go to the hospital immediately and that I probably had polio. I fell asleep, wondering what that meant.

Somewhat later, I felt brightness and the warmth of the sun on my face. Someone who wheeled me on a gurney asked if I could hear her, but I didn't have the energy to respond. I awoke briefly when I tried to turn over because the needles in my arms and my knees hurt me if I moved. My head and neck ached; my whole body ached. Nothing was familiar except my teddy bear—just out of reach.

When I returned to consciousness after three days in a coma, I learned that I indeed had polio; many other children with the same illness were in the same hospital—we filled a whole wing. I was a quiet child and shy with strangers; I didn't want to stay there but I had no choice. I had a dreaded disease, and no visitors were allowed, not even my parents.

Hospital routine ruled my life: bed pans, temperatures taken, sponge baths, and breakfast—hot chocolate, cooled with a “skin” over it, which I never drank. At least twice every day, nurses' aides hauled a hand-powered wringer washing machine through the ward, wrung out hot towels, and spread them over prescribed parts of the patients' bodies. I needed them on my lower back and my legs, where I had muscle spasms and pains. If the towels were too hot, the nurse would shake them in the air for a few seconds but as soon as they cooled, they were replaced with hotter ones—part of the Kenny treatment to keep muscles pliable so that they could be retrained. I had to learn to walk again.

We had snacks in the afternoon, part of a campaign to encourage us to eat. The crackers were buttered; I once got butter on my teddy bear by accident, and the nurse threatened to take her away. “No!” I screamed, holding my stuffed toy in a death grip. After that, I napped with Priscilla under me so the nurse couldn't get her.

Evenings after supper, we listened to the radio. That was when I missed my mother most because she read books to me before I went to sleep. I missed my father and the stories he always made up for me. I missed my own bed. But I didn't cry. Instead, I told stories to Priscilla because I had no one else.

When my case of polio was no longer contagious, the doctor sent me home. I had been in the hospital for nine weeks, away from everyone I knew, allowed no visitors. But I was one of the lucky ones. Some children died, some needed steel braces to walk, and some were forever encased in iron lungs—machines that breathed for them. Priscilla, processed by the hospital's steam apparatus, had lost her eyes. I was still weak, my legs as skinny as kindling sticks; I couldn't walk far. When I tired, I dragged one foot. I had to take lots of naps—like a baby. I hated naps.

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WT needs more short fiction and articles on the craft of writing—written by YOU.

SBW Picnic

Our South Bay Writers annual picnic is scheduled for Sunday July 14 in Edie Matthews' park-like backyard. Mark your calendars.

View from the Board

by S. Halloran

Nine of us – President Bill Baldwin, Vice President Rita Beach, Treasurer Mike Freda, Secretary Sylvia Halloran, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Networking Chairperson Eléna Martina, Central Board Rep Dave LaRoche, interim Member-at-Large Nader Khaghani, and Member-at-Large Dick Amyx – met in Santa Clara Tuesday night, June 4, 2013.

- We are delighted to welcome Nader to the board.
- Due to low registration numbers, the June 15 workshop has been cancelled.
Moved: (LaRoche) to affirm Edie's cancellation of the workshop. Failed.
Moved: (LaRoche) to affirm workshop chair's cancellation of June 15 workshop. Passed.
- The ramifications for failure to achieve a full slate of officers for election were considered.
- We look forward to the picnics on July 14 (SBW) and July 20 (CWC).

Much effort and time has gone into the decisions we have made throughout the year. The Board thanks you for the opportunity to serve in the leadership of the club. – WT



June Accolades go to Donna Fujimoto, Carolyn Donnell, Rita Beach, Marjorie Johnson, Bill Baldwin, and Colin Seymour.
photo by Dick Amyx

July Accolades

Ghost-written for Andrea Galvacs

Several SBW members participated in the Literary Division of the San Mateo County Fair. Their stories and poems appear in *Carry the Light: Volume I*. **Bill Baldwin** had three stories and two poems published. **Rita Beach's** story, "The Killin' on Hollow Creek Road," was awarded a first prize.

Carolyn Donnell won second place awards for the poem, "Silenced," and the story, "Night of the Silver Moon," and a third for the story "The Art Lesson." **Karen Hartley's** story, "Graveside Angel," was published. **Marjorie Johnson** took a first with her story, "The Moaning Place." **Jamie Miller** won a second place for his memoir, "Of Uncles and Heroes."

We're in this together

by Colin Seymour, President-elect

There were rumblings three years ago that the Club's leadership was a clique that cast a pall on the very seating arrangements at our monthly dinner meetings. At the outset of a membership decline brought on largely by our sagging economy, this was not good.

We want all members to believe the Club values them, for input as well as output.

We shouldn't have to struggle to fill the many roles that make the Club vibrant and valuable. Even the presidency goes wanting. After my two decades at the *San Jose Mercury News*, where overly abundant talent fought like jackals over seemingly low-impact job titles, the passiveness common at SBW has taken some getting used to.

So it's good to see we have three new faces on the SBW board of directors. That's a very encouraging sign that the Club is making newcomers and long-time members alike feel welcome.

I have worked particularly hard at welcoming and believe that sociability, more than my writing dossier, has led to my presidency of the Club.

I want to spearhead improvement in our core competency and push more of us toward publication success, but more than anything else, I want to upgrade participation in the workings of the Club.

Like writing itself, South Bay Writers shouldn't be a passive experience. Let's interact better in 2013-14. – WT

One of **Colin Seymour's** sports headlines was part of the *San Francisco Chronicle* Headline Award, second in US circulation category, at the National Copy Editors Convention in May 2013. Colin's sports headline, "Enough to get bye," appeared after the 49ers enhanced their playoff status despite poor play and against a bad team.

Donna Fujimoto's e-book, *9 Slightly Strange Stories with an Uplifting Edge*, was released on Amazon on June 12. She said, "I was inspired to do this by a CWC speaker and my critique group." – WT

Networking Log

by Eléna Martina

Going Somewhere?

Joining a writers club, a writing group, a literary association, or a poetry reading is a sure way to connect locally with other writers, but if you haven't tried it yet, another way to link with writers in other areas in the country is through MeetUp Groups, www.meetup.com, an established social network that specializes in putting people together toward a common goal. Type "writers" or "writing" and a diverse group will appear to choose from. But you might be wondering, "Why should I connect with writers in other cities, states or countries?"

Because it might benefit you every time you travel. Joining and attending out of state "meetups" while vacationing or during business trips will bring you speaking opportunities.

I often travel to North Carolina where my family lives so connecting with writers over there is essential to my platform. My strategy is to join a group before I go, contact the administrator beforehand, and ask him or her to be invited to speak. Case in point, in anticipation of my East coast trip last month I linked with a MeetUp group in Raleigh, N.C. and was invited to speak by a critique group! Prior to attending, I sent the group leader my short bio and a photograph to be used as introduction. Their meeting was held at a Barnes & Noble Bookstore where I was cordially welcomed and introduced to eleven writers present. I then spoke about publishing for 40 minutes.

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New Members

by Sally A. Milnor

South Bay Writers' two newest members both joined our Club at the June meeting. I am happy to introduce them.

Parminder Moroak found us online. She is a student at West Valley College and is just beginning her writing career. She is interested in children's fiction.

Diana L. Daugharty Ide also found us online. She moved from Florida to the South Bay Area three years ago, and she is now able to pursue her writing and editing career full time. She has won poetry awards, and she has had several



SBW officers 2013-14, left to right:

President Colin Seymour, Vice President Dave LaRoche, Secretary Sylvia Halloran, Treasurer Pamela Oliver-Lyons, Member-at-Large Nader Khaghani. Camera shy: Member-at-Large Eléna Martina.

Photo by Carolyn Donnell

New South Bay Writers Board Elected

by Meredy Amyx, 2013 Election Committee Chair

On July 1st, in accordance with the bylaws of South Bay Writers, a new Board takes office. The election of officers took place at the June 12th general meeting of SBW. The incoming Board is as follows:

President	Colin Seymour
Vice President	Dave LaRoche
Secretary	Sylvia Halloran
Treasurer	Pamela Oliver-Lyons
Members-at-Large	Nader Khaghani, Eléna Martina

Bill Baldwin and Dave LaRoche were both nominated for vice president and seconded from the floor; the outcome was decided by written ballot. All other candidates were unopposed and were declared elected.

On behalf of the members of SBW, I'd like to thank the outgoing Board for their service to the Club: Bill Baldwin, Rita Beach, Mike Freda, and Dick Amyx. Sylvia Halloran and Nader Khaghani are continuing in office, Nader having completed Andrea Galvacs's term as member-at-large.

Let's welcome the new Board and wish them a successful, productive term. —WT

pieces published in a major newspaper. Her first book is in the final draft stage, and she hopes to have it published by the end of this year. Diana also offers editing, proofreading, and critiquing services. She is interested in non-fiction and memoir writing. On her New Member Questionnaire, Diana said she is thrilled to join this organization in the hope of learning from successful and inspiring writers.

To our new members: We wish a warm welcome to each and every one of you, and we hope your membership

brings you inspiration and enjoyment.

A Special Note of Thanks to our many members who have renewed their memberships for the 2013-2014 fiscal year: Thank you so much for your continuing presence and support.

To those members who have not yet renewed: By the time of this publication, you will have received a reminder notification. Please renew as soon as you can and help us keep our Club flourishing. Thank you!

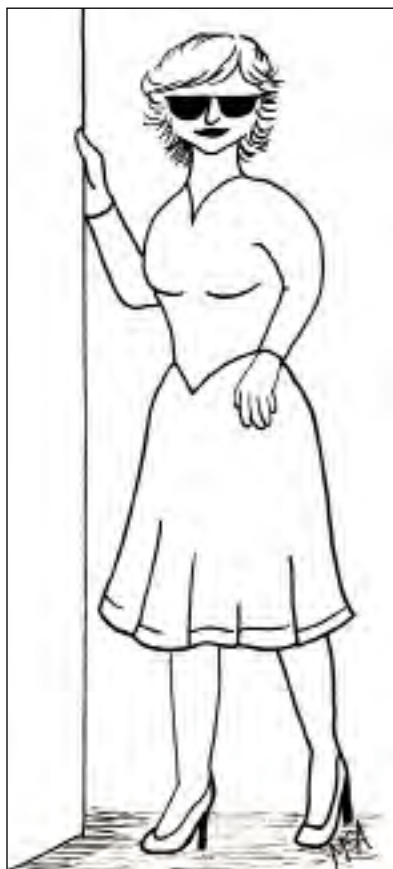
See you next time! —WT

Potluck by Writing Genre

by Maddie McEwen-Asker

Menu

Romance — French Cut Beans
Spiritual — Heavenly Beans
Ghost writer — Reconstituted Beans
Southern Fict. — Red Beans and Rice
Travel writer — Navy Beans
Horror — Fava Beans with Chianti
Whodunnit — Strung/Chopped Beans
Sci-Fi — Frozen Cryonic Beans
Fantasy — Magic Beans
Children's Fict. — Pureed Beans
Erotica — 50-Shades Exotic Beans
Comedy Improv — Edie-Human Bean



Grab a Publisher

Continued from Page 1

the greeting card market, and sending letters to the editor in newspapers. Recent editions of *Writer's Market* list valid writing contests as well as where to submit greeting card ideas. Be sure to investigate the filler market. Fillers are short pieces that "fill the blank places" on pages of newspapers and magazines. You get paid as you go when writing fillers or greeting cards.

Don't overlook in-house publications at work or newsletters like *WritersTalk*. You don't have to get paid to use a publication credit. One last thing to remember is that if you do any formal writing for your job, you may call yourself a professional writer!

You can contact LeeAnne Krusemark at LeeAnneLA@aol.com — WT

Jack London Award

The prestigious Jack London Awards will be given on July 21 at the meeting of the California Writers Club Central Board in Oakland.

California Writers Club

Picnic & LitCake!



Saturday, July 20

1:00 — 4:00 p.m.

Joaquin Miller Park,
Oakland

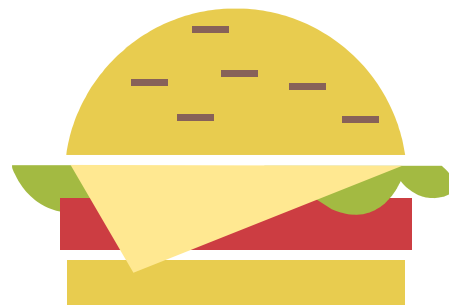


Food 'n' Fun

Open Mic

Literary Cake-
Decorating Contest

Details & Directions:
www.calwriters.org



Networking Log

Continued from Page 5

I was later asked pertinent questions and sold copies of my book *Clinging to Deceit*, and you know what? My effort took one and a half hours away from my family vacation. Not bad, eh?

And never go in with high expectations. Every MeetUp group may not act the same or go as smoothly. For example, I travel to Canada at least twice a year and the two meetups I connected with didn't pan out as I was unable to engage with my Canadian counterparts during my last trip. This doesn't discourage me at all since there will be a next time, and perhaps another meetup writing group may be willing to invite me as a speaker. Ah, and remember to take a few books with you to sell, especially when you've been confirmed to speak. You may wish to sell them at a discounted price so as to not bring them back with you!

At any rate, don't miss this brand new opportunity to speak and sell books while on vacation. Track down your expenses such as mileage to and from the meeting place and the coffee you may have purchased. It all can be used as a tax deduction.

If you have a networking question, contact Eléna Martina at networking@southbaywriters.com — WT



Bragging Rights

by Donna McCrohan Rosenthal

CWC PR Director

pr@calwriters.org

Successful PR has a lot to do with persuading people that you have what they want, whether knowledge, skills, contacts or free food. But recently, I've heard this explained from a different angle.

"Here's what people really want," said the speaker. "Bragging rights." Now ask yourself why. Clearly, some folks enjoy boasting. Some like to make friends and family proud. In the right context, recognition leads to a raise or promotion. Yet to a writer or publicist — and the

The Shot Heard Round the Creative World

By Stephen C. Wetlesen

*When someone like Sarah Palin can make it as far as she has, it can mean only one thing and it's not a particularly good sign. We are living in a culture that has been custom-tailored for idiots. When a person who can barely put two coherent sentences together without the aid of a teleprompter becomes one of the best-selling non-fiction authors of the decade, that's usually a pretty good indicator that society is spiraling downward at a fairly decent clip. Fasten your seat belts, kiddies! — Tom Degan, national political commentary blogger, *The Rant*, 10 January 2010.*

Fellow members of the CWC/South Bay Writers Club, there's something I've needed to get off my chest for a long time now, and I ask you to please forgive my emotional outburst.

Sarah Palin's first book, on the history of her 2008 Vice Presidential run, garnered an advance of a cool million dollars. Insiders who had ranked high on her 2008 campaign staff openly declared her volume, and I quote them verbatim, to be, "Crap" — their language, not mine.

Now Palin is said to have been granted another new book where she will drivel on concerning the "family values" of Christmas, as though nobody else ever penned such deep, cosmological and earth shattering thoughts as she. Yes, my nose is growing rather long.

Among Palin's profound (I jest) revelations in this much anticipated opus are her observations that [wait for it here, roll of many drums and trumpet fanfare] Christmas is "too commercial" — a notion that was first expressed right after the U.S. Civil War when department stores commenced to celebrate December 25. (Antebellum people both North and South had largely ignored that Yule date in the decades prior to the Great Carnage, as most people had previously just stayed at work on Christmas Day, treating it just like any ordinary business day.

It is not known how much of an advance, if any, Palin will receive for her profound and original (not) Yuletide revelation.

How many writing seminars and conferences at places like the (now suspended) East of Eden do you imagine Sarah Palin attended? How many courses did she take to hone her craft? How many speeches did she have to sit through at clubs nationwide just like ours? What did Palin ever do to pay her proverbial dues? How many rejection letters did she ever endure, like the ones we've all known?

The number, I suspect, is one that you don't have to major in math to comprehend on its deepest level at MIT, Stanford or Berkeley. Zero (0).

Everything, including that advance, was handed Palin on a gold platter — 24-carat solid gold, that is. The reason is simple: Palin, unlike most CWC members, is bankable.

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two don't always differ much — another advantage also looms large: the opportunity to leverage.

Let's randomly pull ideas out of thin air, say the Jack London Award and Lit Cake. We hold the award ceremony on Sunday, July 21, in Oakland at the Holiday Inn Express. If your branch has a JLA winner, trumpet the news to local media in a way that sheds light on your branch activities and the CWC. If a member wins the all-in-fun Lit Cake competition at our Saturday, July 20 picnic in Joaquin Miller Park, Oakland,

tell that story too. The rules? Decorate any dessert with a literary theme.

This approach applies to your own work as well. For instance, cite an honor in a query letter to underscore your credentials. For something else to leverage, consider volunteering to do your branch PR when the new fiscal year appointments come up. You get to hone your skills, see your writing published, and acquire media contacts that can prove useful to other aspects of your career.

Good luck and sail on!

The Stranger and the Preacher

By Betty Auchard

In 1949, my husband and I were newlyweds living and working on a church college campus. Alcoholic beverages weren't allowed there and because they weren't allowed, we were even more tempted to buy some and try it out. We thought wine would be a good way to start so we could taste it and maybe even cook with it. We didn't dare purchase wine locally because someone might see us. An opportunity presented itself at an out-of-town football game where the only place to park was right in front of a liquor store. Before the game started we wandered around inside the store, not knowing the differences from one bottle to another. We finally purchased a bottle of Manischewitz because of the pretty color and the beautiful container. We hid it in the car while attending the game and at home we hid it behind the milk in the refrigerator.

While trying to find out how to use it, we began to feel more uneasy with each passing day. Finally, my husband poured the beautiful red liquid into a Mason jar and labeled it "beet juice."

With that done, he said, "Betty, we're visiting my parents this weekend and before we get there, I need to remind you of a few things that'll make the weekend go smoother."

"Okay."

"You're chatty, so you'll have to be especially careful what you say while we're there."

"Like what?"

"If it's Sunday, never suggest we go to the movies."

"But, Sunday's usually movie day."

"Not in my family."

"I understand."

"And, don't *ever* bring up the subject of liquor."

"Okay, but I forgot why."

"Doncha remember that story I told you?"

"Oh yeah ... *that* story."

That story happened when my husband was ten-years-old and his father was a country preacher. In the congregation one Sunday sat a stranger no one had seen before. He enjoyed the singing and listening to folks sharing their joys and sorrows, and when the offering plate was passed someone said later that the man put a \$10 bill in the plate, an exorbitant amount. Then, Reverend Auchard's rousing sermon must've taken the stranger over the edge. During the altar call when people were singing "Just As I Am Without One Plea," he wept. While wiping his eyes with a handkerchief, several decided to go forward to the altar and he joined them. At the altar they kneeled and cried and prayed and got saved. "Getting saved" meant giving up a lot of sinful stuff, like making and drinking booze. The stranger was the county bootlegger. The bootlegger's salvation turned into a victory for churchgoers and a disaster for drinkers. The man invited Reverend Auchard to his home where he pressed a button that opened



a secret storage vault. The walls were lined with shelves laden with jugs of booze.

He said, "Reverend, I'd like your help in destroying all of this."

Back and forth they went, hauling endless bottles outside where they dropped everything on the ground. When the shelves were empty, they smashed the jugs with hammers until the ground oozed with fermented dirt. The convert beamed with joy at the feeling of being born again and assured Denny's father that he would clean up the glass. Reverend Auchard couldn't wait to get home to share the news with the family.

Both men thought that was it, but it wasn't.

Thirsty folks in the county wanted to know who was responsible for such a "terrible thing" happening. In no time at all, word spread over the rural party lines that Reverend Auchard's sermon had turned the man around, causing their only bootlegger to become an anti-liquor kind of guy. Unfortunately, the angry drinkers in the county sought revenge. Things got scary for the Auchard family when gunshots broke their windows and a rattlesnake took up residence in their mailbox. Denny remembered riding in the back seat of their old car while reading a *Big Little Book* when shots came through the car windows causing Reverend Auchard to veer off the road and into a ditch. Denny and his father sustained a few bruises but the crash had caused Denny to accidentally rip his *Big Little Book* in half.

"That story" was the reason Denny did not want me bringing up the subject of cooking with wine while at his parents' home. He feared that any talk of alcohol might revive bad memories for his parents.

In case you're wondering what happened to the Manischewitz Denny had disguised as beet juice, I'll tell about that in my next story.

— WT

Channeling Truman Capote

by Luanne Oleas

People often ask where I get ideas for my books. Well, not often enough, but occasionally. In truth, the ideas tend to hunt me down and continually annoy me until I can't take it anymore. I throw something on paper and hope the harassment stops.

No story has ever bothered me more than the one that started on April 15, 2013, "Patriot's Day," the day of the Boston Marathon bombings. Three days later, the annoyance was exacerbated by a manhunt of the bombing suspects through the streets of Watertown, MA. I was awake and riveted, watching the shootout in real time on cable TV half the night. I've been in research mode ever since.

The more I ignored this book idea, the more spellbound I became. The story wrote itself in the headlines of the daily newspapers. Every spare moment, I was googling "Tsarnaev" (the last name of the suspected bombers), telling myself at the same time that I was the worst person to write the story. I am a very slow writer. I am not well connected, unlike many journalists. I live on the West Coast. How inconvenient.

What I had in mind was a book in the style of *In Cold Blood: A True Account of a Multiple Murder and Its Consequences* by Truman Capote. This epic chronicles the murder of a Kansas farm family and the criminals from before the crime through the prosecution.



When ignoring the crazy book idea didn't work, I did two things to prove that there was no way I could write it. I bought Capote's book and I booked a flight to Boston. From the moment I flipped the switch on my Kindle, it was as if I was channeling Truman Capote. And trust me, if you have to channel a literary great, try Steinbeck

or Hemingway, not a squeaky-voiced, lawn gnome.

For a month after the bombings, the story was still unraveling like *War and Peace* except there were more than 500 characters and it wasn't set in the Napoleonic era. It started in Boston proper, moved to the suburbs, and then led to Chechnya and Dagestan in Russia, up to Canada, and down to Florida. Victims were from all over the world. And those 500+ characters, they couldn't have been any better if they were fictional.

The suspects were two brothers with names so hard to pronounce, they made newscasters cringe. Tamerlan and Dzhokhar Tsarnaev. Then there was their shop-lifting fanatic of a mother, an uncle well-connected in the CIA, a sick father who left Massachusetts — the RomneyCare state with the nation's best free health care — to move back to Russia for "health reasons." Who does that?

Once I landed in Boston, I visited the hot spots. Laurel Street in Watertown, MA where the brothers lobbed bombs made from pressure cookers at the small town police force. And five blocks over, on Franklin Street, where the younger brother hid in a boat after running over his brother with a hi-jacked Mercedes.



I visited Boylston Street, the final mile of the Boston Marathon, where the two bombings occurred within a block of one another near the finish line. Now, the sidewalk has been resurfaced, most of the windows have been fixed, and any flowers left on the sites of the explosions are moved by police to the "official" memorial in Copley Square. Thousands of running shoes, Boston Red Sox caps, and posters with various forms of "Boston Strong" slogan populate the square in front of the church across from the Boston Public library.



Asked what it was like to write *In Cold Blood*, Capote answered: "It was very lonely. And difficult." It took years of hard investigative journalism. Some critics consider it the original non-fiction novel. But one fact speaks volumes: Capote never finished another novel after *In Cold Blood*. He said: "No one will ever know what *In Cold Blood* took out of me. It scraped me right down to the marrow of my bones. It nearly killed me. I think, in a way, it did kill me."

I am positive I am not up to that kind of effort.

Leaving Boston, I took a cab to the airport. The driver was a native who had driven a cab in Boston more than 15 years. He was the chatty sort, so I asked if he was working the day of the Marathon. His story gushed out, just like the stories I heard from others, when I asked where they were when the bombs went off.

My daughter had one friend who had been standing halfway between the two bombs that day. When the first device exploded, she ran away, heading down Boylston Street.

Continued on Page 10

To Lie or to Lay: That's the Question

by Carolyn Donnell

Take this quiz to check your knowledge of grammar. Is the usage of "lie" or "lay" correct or incorrect?

1. *As I Lay Dying* — William Faulkner title (a.k.a. Sally Dang)
2. "As I lie dying" — from a Bayne MacGregor poem
3. *Lay, Lady, Lay* — Bob Dylan song
4. *Lay Down Your Weary Tune* — Bob Dylan song
5. *Lay Down, Little Doggies* — Woody Guthrie song
6. *When I Lay My Burden Down* — Mississippi Fred McDowell
7. "Come and lay down by my side" — Kris Kristofferson from *Help Me Make It Through The Night*
8. "Lay it soft against my skin" — Kris Kristofferson from *Help Me Make It Through The Night*
9. *Lay down, Sally* — Eric Clapton song
10. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep" — a child's prayer

Links: Grammar Girl has many pages of tips, including another Lie or Lay quiz. See grammar.quickanddirtytips.com/lay-versus-lie.aspx — WT

Answers to quiz appear on page 14.

Channeling Truman Capote

Continued from Page 9

The second explosion occurred in front of her. Then, she didn't know which way to run. Another young woman, who lives half a block from the finish line, described her encounter with the police officer who evacuated her apartment building.

"You've got to leave," the officer insisted.

"But I live here," she said. She was new to Boston, recently transplanted from the South. "Where should I go?"

"This is all new to me too," he answered. "We're making it up as we go along."

She ended up with a huge crowd of frightened evacuees in the Boston Commons. Eventually, she walked miles and miles to a suburb of Boston to spend the night with the friend of a friend. When she told me her story of the bombing and the subsequent lockdown of the city, she couldn't stop talking. Just like the cabbie.

"Of course I was working Marathon Monday," the cab driver said. "I work every Marathon Monday. People gotta get around. There's nowhere to park. The T is packed. You gotta take a cab.

"I was picking up a fare on Commonwealth Avenue, two blocks from the finish line. It was a man and a wife, going to the airport. He was standing at the curb with suitcases. The back door of the cab was open. He was telling his wife to hurry.

"We heard the first explosion. I remember saying to the guy, 'I hope it's not another transformer' since that had been happening lately. When we heard the second explosion, we knew it was something more. All the spectators were running away from the noise. All the cops were running toward it, guns drawn."

He told me much more about the next three days, including what it was like to drive his cab in the city during the lockdown and how close he came to a pipe bomb. His stories sounded like those little vignettes from *In Cold Blood*. I could hear Truman Capote whispering in my ear. "You got to remember this. This is great stuff." That moment reminded me of an F. Scott Fitzgerald quote. If you are a writer, a real writer, this will be embarrassingly true. "I mean at the very moment when you are going through the worst of it, some little cold spot in your brain is reminding you to describe it in case you ever need it for a story." The cabbie kept talking, and that cold spot in my brain was doing its writer thing.

"Three people died. One was a little boy. His little sister lost her leg. Over 180 were injured. Those bombings shot a hole in the heart of all Bostonia. This is where America started. If it had started in New York City, America would be a different place. But it didn't. It started here. And what happened to us here that day shouldn't happen to anyone."

I only hope I can live long enough to write this story, but I doubt it. But I believe I could die trying. — WT

Save the Apostrophe

In March 2013, Henry Chu of the *Los Angeles Times* reported, "To grammarians' delight, officials in southwest England who had considered expunging apostrophes from street signs threw out the idea." Just the idea of omitting little squiggly marks on signs reading "Kings Crescent" or "St Pauls Square" ignited a grammatical tempest in a teapot.

However, such a policy would avoid mistakes such as sales on "Tomato's." To sum up, if you want some dinner you can eat your son's; without the apostrophe it's cannibalism. — WT

A Plan for the Improvement of English Spelling

by Mark Twain (1835 - 1910)

For example, in Year 1 that useless letter "c" would be dropped to be replased either by "k" or "s", and likewise "x" would no longer be part of the alphabet. The only kase in which "c" would be retained would be the "ch" formation, which will be dealt with later. Year 2 might reform "w" spelling, so that "which" and "one" would take the same konsonant, wile Year 3 might well abolish "y" replasing it with "i" and Iear 4 might fiks the "g/j" anomali wonse and for all. Jenerally, then, the improvement would kontinue iear bai iear with Iear 5 doing awai with useless double konsonants, and Iears 6-12 or so modifaiing vowlz and the rimeining voist and unvoist konsonants. Bai Iear 15 or sou, it wud fainali bi posibl tu meik ius ov thi ridandant letez "c", "y" and "x" -- bai now jast a memori in the maindz ov ould doderez -- tu riplais "ch", "sh", and "th" rispektivli. Fainali, xen, aafte sam 20 iers ov orxogrefkl riform, wi wud hev a lojikl, kohirnt speling in ius xrewawt xe Ingliyspiking werld. — WT

July Terse on Verse

By Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante

July Jewels

The 4th of July brings sky-bursting color.
When you face an audience, nothing duller
Than words that fail to shine.
So polish and rewrite, refine;
Read aloud to friends
They may kindly hint mends
Till you've got word-explosions divine!

— Pat Bustamante

PRECIOUS IDEAS suddenly appear, needing to be noted down before they vanish. So exhilarating, to be on the move with the project! But sometimes it just happens; the subject and the words are thrilling to you, but your audience might be slow to get it. We do not just write for ourselves! (That would be a personal journal.) You can take advice with a spoon full of sugar and you may not want to change your precious words, but carefully watch the reaction of any audience when you read.

If you don't get 100% attention, it could just be one of those days, but if attention flags on your next reading to an audience, take the hint. Some of your choices are "I don't care what they think, this is a beautiful story/poem/essay." Or, "maybe I could pep this up a bit like 'The Surprise Symphony' which wakes up everybody with a bang." Your most serious word-treasures (indeed you will want them taken seriously) might not lose anything with a little contrast, a little extra color. Another way to measure how important your words are to others — have somebody else read them to the audience. This idea came up at an open mic reading and was unanimously acclaimed as a good way to assess the author's powers.

The idea of reading at an open mic session, in any case, is one of the best ways to assess the success of your words. I'm not saying you have to accept all the criticisms (in case your point was missed) but that the "energy" of your creation becomes visible on a scale between lackluster and "this is hypnotic!" You have made your point for yourself, but you are not creating for yourself alone. Also, if you change your words around: you still own the original "aha! version." I have rewritten poems numerous times, same subject, different words: different audience. Somebody out there is going to like one of the versions.

Yes, not all readers will get it but an appreciative audience sends a vibe that is ALMOST as inspiring as the moment you created those golden words. Overcome shyness-with-audience, if that is your problem, by telling yourself you are sharing something that you yourself believe is wonderful! You are doing a good deed for this old world! At least, I hope your intentions as a writer are good intentions. This counts even if you are trying to scare up heebie-jeebies, or gross-out with evil delineated; it's all part of literature. Enjoy your life; enjoy your sharing. Maybe I will get to be in your audience!

— WT

Dear Friends of the Verse

Some are new and some are old
but summer is the time, I'm told
to write a verse, and you can bet
I'll put it on the Internet.

You needn't even buy a book
unless, of course, you'd like to look
at other verses old and new —
a click below is all you do.

<http://jacksverse.com>

— Jack Hasling

Re-read!

A second look at
a previously read
Book

Is an opportunity for
new insight
new adventure

— Karen Hartley

Tastes

An exotic, foreign recipe —
I'd cut it out last year —
Four hours in the making:
"It tastes like cardboard, dear."

Beef made by gourmet methods,
Six pans to fry and bake,
A masterpiece in sauces:
"It must be cardboard steak."

When he said my pizza topping
Was just like cardboard cheese,
I thought out my reply:
"Be more specific, please."

"You mean the stringy texture
Of a piece between new socks?
Or the corrugated mouthful
Of a heavy packing box?"

"Perhaps a gluey stickiness,
A paper plate's best parts?
Or the sweet and sweaty flavor
Of an ancient eight of hearts?"

Tonight I'm going to fix him:
To know just what he means
He'll get all shapes and sizes
Of assorted cardboard beans.

— Mary Vantamelen

Haiku for the High Sierras

Let swimming rainbows
continue their bright glitter
in granite stream beds.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

Wrinkles, wrinkles, wrinkles

Each crease, furrow and wrinkle
Every nook and cranny
Has a story to tell
Of bright colors turned to blahs

Lines of intense yellows, and blues
Red masses, loaded with green lights
All faint shades of yesteryears
Whispering in the dark the mystery to
come

The sunny yellows to earthy ocher
By gone hopes to hazy greens
Love's flaming reds to pale crimsons
Deep blues sinkholes for salty tears

Wrinkles, wrinkles, wrinkles
My crease, furrows, folds on my face
Tell me honesty: was life good?

Hey, everyday you live is nothing but
good

— Nader Khaghani

The Plague and I

Continued from Page 3

My mother and sister had been quarantined “in,” but my father, needed for the war effort, was quarantined “out.” My mother sterilized everything; what she couldn’t boil or scrub with disinfectant, she left in the sun for three days. Consequently, I lost Hazel, my beautiful doll whose eyes could open and close; after those days in the sun, her painted face cracked and peeled off.

After my long illness, my face was pale, my cheeks hollowed, my eyes sunken with black shadows under them. When relatives came to visit, they would exclaim over my little sister’s rosy cheeks and curly red hair, “What a cute baby,” while I stood there, hoping for a hug. Often when they turned to me, after an awkward silence, they said, “What lovely long eyelashes you have.” So I cut off my eyelashes with my mother’s sewing scissors to find out if anyone would still like me.

By second grade, I had regained my strength but one leg was weaker than

the other. Even now, one foot doesn’t always lift high enough, and I stumble and fall—not good for a grandmother with osteoporosis.

I cheered when the Salk vaccine for poliomyelitis became available in 1955; its universal administration was the largest medical experiment in history. My children would never suffer as I had; parents need never fear summer epidemics again. Polio was conquered!

Now, when I hear that people refuse immunizations for their children, I cringe. In Ashland, Oregon, for example, one-fourth of the children have not had immunizations for “religious reasons.” Dreaded diseases—polio, diphtheria, or smallpox, to name three—have been eradicated in the US but could come back. OK, one cannot argue with religion. I cannot offer personal experience with other dreaded diseases, but when parents have a choice, why would they let their children risk serious diseases?

The answer is fear. Not fear of polio, but fear that vaccines will cause autism.

According to the Center for Disease Control and Prevention, the number of children in the United States with autism has risen to 1 out of every 88 children; before 1980, the rate was 1 out of 10,000. To me, those are shocking numbers.

However, despite much anecdotal evidence from parents, researchers at the Mayo Clinic and Stanford Autism Center do not connect vaccines and autism. The causes of autism are still mysteries. I do not claim to know any answers. While I do not agree with withholding immunizations, I can empathize with those parents who have a new fear.

Note to writers: Looking for something worthwhile to write about? Vaccines vs. autism is a hot topic. Another subject worth investigating is how the pharmaceutical giants get FDA approval, how they market their drugs, and how side effects are reported (or not). Interesting reading: *Bad Pharma: How Drug Companies Mislead Doctors and Harm Patients* by Ben Goldacre, MD. —WT

Shot Heard Around World

Continued from Page 7

Which tells me something else, only in my humble opinion. The entire publishing and communications industries, and all those who serve it (parasites, in my view) are all just one gigantic cosmic thing.

A Scam.

No? You angrily denounce me? You feel outraged by my cynicism? I’ll prove my truth. I’ll show you.

Some kindhearted people profess to enjoy my haiku as sometimes seen in *Writers Talk*. If I collected all such artworks and tried to publish a book called *Wetlesen’s 500 Greatest Haiku*, it would be met with a galactic yawn and snore. No agents would hover near me nor pound my door. Now, take these exact same said 500 haiku, verbatim unchanged, and assign them a new title—*500 Kardashian Sisters Haiku*. It would be an instant bestseller, generating millions, maybe more, for the great profit driven Money Machine.

Please let me simplify everything here, as Einstein urged us to do. You see, it’s all a Mammoth Game. Nothing but

hype and hucksters. And pure profit.

Now, I’m not entirely sure what, if anything, we can do about this staggering reality. Yet we can all start by seeing and recognizing this common sense truth. Even people who may not like me should perceive that I am correct.

Stop pretending we don’t comprehend the above lack of artistic depth. We can start by giving the lackeys of the Money Machine the eternal contempt that, frankly, most (not all) of them richly deserve. At the very least, we might all stop sucking up to such venal people.

We can publicly state what we feel – and know. In media releases. We, and all the other CWC branches, and all other clubs nationwide. That, in itself, would be a Revolution as transformative as 1776. The shot heard round the creative world.

Who’s with me?

—WT



Corpse plant blooms



The corpse plant, as seen by Marjorie’s iPhone. It smells like a corpse.

The *Amorphophallus Titanum*, from Sumatra, blooms every three years. It was 66 inches tall on June 19 at California State University Chico. —WT

Contests

More Writing Contests

Poets & Writers lists more writing contests than any other source, and all of the contests listed in their database at pw.org/grants have been carefully reviewed and benefit writers.

While you're perusing the listings, please take a look at the entry for *Tusculum Review's* annual literary prizes, which offer \$1,000 and publication to winners in poetry and fiction.

An extensive list of contests appears on preditorsandeditors.com and on writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions. — WT

To win, you first must enter.

Foster City Writing Contest

The 36th Foster City International Writers Contest, sponsored by the City of Foster City Parks and Recreation Department, is open to all writers. Prizes \$250 first, \$100 second, will be awarded in each of three categories: fiction, not to exceed 3000 words; personal essay, not to exceed 3000 words; and poetry, not to exceed 500 words or two double-spaced pages using a 12 point font. Contest fee: \$10 per entry. Deadline: September 13.

Entry forms and manuscript preparation guidelines are available at www.fcwriterscontest.org — WT

Dream Quest One Contest

www.dreamquestone.com

The Dream Quest One Poetry & Writing Contest is open to anyone who loves expressing innermost thoughts and feelings poetry or writing a short story worth the telling. **Deadline: July 31.**

Details: Go to website above or see June *WritersTalk* on southbaywriters.com

Call for Entries: Fault Zone

Fault Zone: Shift, fourth in the anthology series edited by the SF/Peninsula Branch of California Writers, will be published later in 2013. Nonmembers are eligible to enter the *Fault Zone* short story contest. First Prize, \$300 and publication in anthology; Second, \$100; Third, \$50. **Deadline:** July 31. **Fee:** \$15. Go to www.cwc-peninsula.org. — WT

Inland Empire CWC

Contest

Short Story, Poetry, Nonfiction

Theme: The Truest Wisdom

Open to all writers

Submission requirements: Your short story, poem or nonfiction must touch on the theme "The truest wisdom." Previously unpublished; short story and nonfiction entries not to exceed 2,500 words; use Times New Roman, 12-point font, double-spaced, one side of letter-sized paper. Poetry may be single-spaced, not to exceed 100 lines. **Do not put your name on manuscript.**

Submit your entry by email to iecwritersclub@gmail.com with your manuscript as an attachment in MS-Word. Include a cover sheet with your name, address, phone number, email address and category (poetry, fiction, or nonfiction).

Entry fee: \$15 per submission, paid by check payable to IECWC, mailed to IECWC, 1141 E. Highland Ct., Ontario, CA 91764. Deadline: August 15.

Prizes: 1st, 2nd and 3rd place prizes of \$125, \$75, \$50 in each category. First place entries will also be published in the online journal *Fresh Ink*.

WRITERSTALK

Challenge

What is it?

Twice a year, in February and August, 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, 500 – 1500 words

Memoir, 500 – 1200 words

Essay/Nonfiction, 500 – 1200 words

Poetry

Judging Periods

January 16 through July 15

July 16 through January 15

Prizes

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

Judging

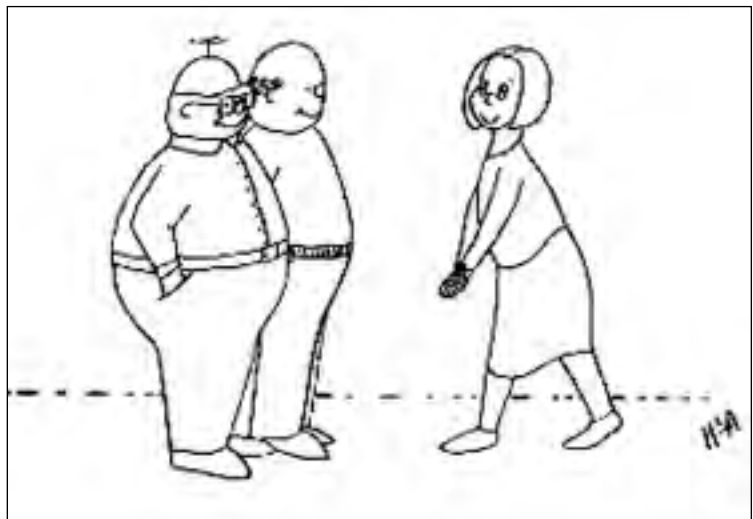
Judging will be done by *WritersTalk* contributing editors and other Club members whom the contributing editors may ask to assist.

* Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club. — WT

Meet the Author Twins

by Madeline McEwen-Asker

with Jerry Mulenburg



Which book did you write? *Engineering for Beginners* or *Eat Yourself Slim*?

Directory of Experts

Do you have specialized knowledge that might help a writer bring authentic detail to a scene? Send a message to newsletter@southbaywriters.com and we will add your listing to our directory of experts.

Astronomy, History of Astronomy

Bob Garfinkle ragarf@earthlink.net

Banking

Pam Oliver-Lyons polpap@prodigy.net

Character Development

ArLyne Diamond, Ph.D.

ArLyne@DiamondAssociates.net

Counseling/John Steinbeck

Dr. Audry L. Lynch

glynch0001@comcast.net

Engineering: Mechanical, Aerospace

Jerry Mullenburg

geraldmullenburg@sbcglobal.net

Growing Great Characters from the Ground Up

Martha Engber martha@engber.com

Internal Medicine/Addiction

Disorder/Psychology

Dave Breithaupt dlbmlb@comcast.net

Marketing and Management

Suzy Paluzzi, MBA jomarch06@yahoo.com

Mathematics/Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson marjohnson@mac.com

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard Btauchard@aol.com

Telecommunications Technology

Allan Cobb allancobb@computer.org

Television Production

Woody Horn 408-266-7040

CWC Around the Bay

These are published meeting locations and times for other 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: 1:30 third Sundays, Oakland Public Library Main Branch. cwc-berkeley.com

Central Coast: 5:30 third Tuesdays, Bay Park Hotel, 1425 Munras Avenue, Monterey. centralcoastwriters.org

Fremont: 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University, 6600 Dumbarton Circle, Room 204, Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

Marin: 2:00 fourth Sundays, Book Passage in Corte Madera. cwcmarinwriters.com

Mount Diablo: 11:30 second Saturdays, Hungry Hunter, 3201 Mount Diablo Boulevard, Lafayette. mtdiablowriters.org

Napa: 6:30 second Wednesdays, Napa River Inn. napavalleywriters.net

Redwood: 3:00 first Sundays at Copperfield's Books, 2316 Montgomery Dr., Santa Rosa. redwoodwriters.org

Sacramento: 11:00 third Saturdays, Cattleman's Restaurant, 12409 Folsom Blvd., Rancho Cordova. cwcsacramentowriters.org

San Francisco/Peninsula: 10:00 third Saturdays, Belmont Library, 1110 Alameda De Las Pulgas, Belmont. sfpeninsulawriters.com

Tri-Valley: 11:30 third Saturdays, Oasis Grille, 780 Main, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.com

Ongoing Critique Groups

Our Voices

Meets at Pruneyard in Campbell every other Sunday 11 am. Genres: Fiction, nontechnical nonfiction, memoir. Contact: Dave LaRoche – dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers

Meets at Valley Village Retirement Center in Santa Clara, Mondays 2:00 to 4:00 pm. Contact: Marjorie Johnson at marjoriej358@comcast.net

Emperor's Mystery Circle

Meets at Emperor Norton's, 7508 Santa Teresa Blvd, San Jose, 1:30 pm., first Mondays. Mystery genre. Contact Pam Oliver-Lyons, polpap@prodigy.net

Karen's Critique Group

Meets at The Hick'ry Pit, Campbell, 10am to Noon, second and fourth Tuesdays. Fiction, non-fiction or memoir only. Contact Karen, Sew1Machin@aol.com

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Workshops

California State University Monterey Bay: Workshops

July 1-14: The Triple-Threat Writer:
TV, Play, Screenplay

July 15-28: Memoir Writing:
From Personal to Cultural

July 15-28: Writing Fantasy:
For Children and Teens

See csusummerarts.org

Children's Books

Oregon Coast Children's Book Writers Workshop will take place July 15-19 at Oceanside, OR. The instructors are at the top of their game. For information visit: www.occbww.com

Ongoing Writing and Reading Groups

Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time

Meets every Monday, 9 a.m. to noon, Barnes & Noble, 5353 Almaden Expy. Contact us at networking@southbaywriters.com

Reading/Book Group:

Several people have expressed an interest verbally. You could form one. Same contact as above.

Writing for Life Workshop

Writing intensives with

- Davis Bunn, Sept. 14-15
- Michael Hauge, Oct. 19-20

www.writingforlifeworkshops.com

Quiz answers from page 10

Only 3, 5, 7 and 9 are incorrect.

Want More?

Listings for contests, conferences and workshops commonly appear in *Writers Digest* and *The Writer*. Check their websites and also the websites of other CWC Branches listed above. Please send conference/workshop information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	<div>1</div> <div>9 to noon: Writing a Chapter at a Time Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose</div>	<div>2</div>	<div>3</div>	<div>4</div>	<div>5</div> <div>7:30p Open mic Barnes & Noble Almaden, San Jose</div>	<div>6</div>
<div>7</div>	<div>8</div> <div>9 to noon: Writing a Chapter at a Time B&N, Almaden</div>	<div>9</div>	<div>10</div>	<div>11</div>	<div>12</div>	<div>13</div> <div>WT Editors Powwow 10:30a</div>
<div>14</div> <div>Annual SBW BBQ Edie Matthews</div>	<div>15</div> <div>9 to noon: Writing a Chapter at a Time B&N, Almaden</div>	<div>16</div> <div>Deadline for <i>WritersTalk</i> was yesterday</div>	<div>17</div>	<div>18</div>	<div>19</div> <div>7:30p Open mic Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave</div>	<div>20</div> <div>CWC picnic at Joaquin Miller Park Oakland</div>
<div>21</div> <div>CWC Central Board Jack London Award</div>	<div>22</div> <div>9 to noon: Writing a Chapter at a Time B&N, Almaden</div>	<div>23</div>	<div>24</div>	<div>25</div>	<div>26</div>	<div>27</div>
<div>28</div>	<div>29</div> <div>9 to noon: Writing a Chapter at a Time B&N, Almaden</div>	<div>30</div>	<div>31</div>	<div>July 2013</div>		
<div>Future Flashes</div>						
<div>Open mics Fridays August 2 and 16</div>	<div>SBW Board meeting August 6</div>	<div>Dinner meeting SBW August 14 Nancy Curteman</div>	<div>Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time Every Monday 9a</div>			

South Bay Writers Open Mic

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

Note third Friday location: Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave, San Jose

Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

Note: Come to a South Bay Writers dinner meeting to look for others who may want to form a critique group. Contact Networking Chair Elena Martina at networking@southbaywriters.org.

CWC bags: Only \$10 each



Offered during our monthly meetings. Collect yours before supplies run out!

Your ad could go here

\$7 per column inch for SBW members

\$10 per inch for nonmembers

Members Books

Go to southbaywriters.com to see the members' gallery and members books. Add your book to our website.

South Bay Writers Anthology



\$10

At the meeting or on amazon.com

Poetry Readings

Poets@Play

Second Sundays: Check for times Markham House History Park 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose

Poetry Center San Jose

Willow Glen Library
3rd Thursdays, 7:00 p.m.
1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose

Free and open to the public. For more information, contact Dennis Noren at norcamp@sbcglobal.net or go to www.poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar.html



Stay Informed

Read the Constant Contact notices in your email to receive meeting and event announcements. If you are not receiving those announcements, send your name and email address to webmaster@southbaywriters.com



California Writers Club

South Bay Branch

P.O. Box 3254

Santa Clara, CA 95055

www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
No Regular Monthly Meeting
in July**

**Coming in August
Nancy Curteman
Mystery Writer**

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are
second Wednesdays 6 – 9 pm



Harry's Hofbrau

From Highway 280, take Saratoga Avenue North.
Harry's is on your right near Stevens Creek Blvd.