



WRITERSTALK

Volume 20
Number 12
December 2012

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™



California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
HOLIDAY BASH
Wednesday, Dec. 5, 2012
6-9 PM

POTLUCK

Please bring a dish according to your last name:

- A - H Salad or Side dish
- I - R Dessert or Appetizer
- S - Z Main dish

The Club will provide beverages.

GIFT EXCHANGE

Please bring a gift for the exchange in the \$10 range.

PARTY PLACE

Gisela Zebroski Residence
RSVP workshops@southbaywriters.com

If you need more information, identify yourself to verify your
SBW membership and inquire by email at

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Wishing everyone Happy Holidays

FLASH: Blockbuster Plots Workshop

See Page 9

NOVEMBER FLASH RECAP

Flashify your writing When less is more

by Carolyn Donnell

Last month, *WritersTalk* promised us a look at flash fiction; at our November 7 meeting, Peg Alford Pursell delivered the complete picture – when less is more. She broke her talk into categories: what is flash fiction; what are the elements; how to write it; and why all writers should practice this form.

Flash fiction, or “postcard fiction,” has been around for a long time. In Japan it is a “Palm of the Hand” story; in China, a “Smoke Long.” The *Smoke Long Quarterly*, at smokelong.com, features stories that “relish the sights and sounds of an entire make-believe world in the time one can finish a delicious cigarette.”

Today attention spans are decreasing, but we still need stories. Flash stories can be read quickly. Humans are hard-wired for story according to Lisa Cron in *Wired For Story*. Stories are critical to evolution, even more than opposable thumbs. They’re what make us human.

What is flash fiction? A flash must be a complete story with plot, characters, and conflict, all the elements of a novel. Something has to happen; a flash is not a vignette or a gimmick. Flash fiction can be up to 1000 words but guidelines vary with publisher or website.

Elements include brevity and implication. According to Pursell, “Every word is optional until proved essential.” In flash fiction, eliminate non-essential words; aim for low word count and short sentences. Implication – subtext to imply a larger story off stage – reduces word count. Even the title must add significantly to the story.

Pursell gave a list of strategies for writing flash fiction. Here are three:

Continued on Page 6

President's Challenge

by Bill Baldwin
President, South Bay Writers

Challenging



Since the Presidential contribution in *Writers Talk* is called "President's Challenge," it occurred to me that once in a while I should actually issue a challenge to you. But *that* sounds awfully *draconian*, doesn't it?

When I first joined South Bay Writers, back in what now seems to me Ancient History, the "President's Challenge" was a writing contest. If you won, you got a reward. I must have gotten a gift card or something, I don't remember anymore. What I do remember is getting interviewed for a newsletter profile, followed by appointment to the Election Committee, followed by eventually being elected president. So one challenge led to another and another and another, and not all the challenges directly involved *writing*.

Seems like I could dream up all sorts of challenges! "Bring us a first-edition Hemingway for our Holiday Gift Exchange!" (Yeah. Right).

However, I just challenge you to bring us the best writing you can, as much as you can. Overcome whatever writing/reading/submitting blocks you have, and show us the results. Help us overcome our *own* blocks. Stir the pot of enthusiasm and creativity, and bring us your recipes! Share what works, tell us what to avoid.

And challenge *us*. Challenge us to read more, write more, submit more, and publicize more.

What have I been up to? My own writing-related passions: NaNoWriMo (personally refashioned into Personal-For-Heavens-Sake-Just-Write-Something-Down-Dammit-Month); descent upon additional local libraries, enabling me to check out more audiobooks and printed books – and actually *reading* some of them. Commitment to PeFoHeSaJuWriSoDoDaMo means to *write something every day*, whether it's fiction, non-fiction, memoir, poem, reviews, or general babbling; to *pay more attention to what I hear and see* about writers, books, movies, TV, and newspapers; and to *look for submission and performance opportunities* like journals, magazines, open mics; and to *open up this club to new possibilities*.

So there's my challenge to you: *Energize*. And, I know – writers are like everyone else, introverts, extroverts, more social or less, and have different personalities. I started life as a fairly withdrawn individual, and now I've gone ballistic on Facebook. Not everyone can follow that same arc.

But, be the great writer you *can* be. *Be yourself* – and, while you're at it, *write it down!* That's my challenge, for now.

Sail on! – WT

Inside:

View from Board, New Members	4	F. Johnson: Encounter with Rooster	10
Donnell: Facebook/Yahoo Groups	4	Terse on Verse	11
LaRoche: NorCal Group News	5	Donnell: Silenced	11
M. Johnson: We Support Authors	5	Hartley: Shackles	11
Chai: <i>Blossoms and Bayonets</i>	6	Wetlesen: Gone With the Wind	11
Peradotto: Magic of Memories	7	Seith: The Mouse Wedding	11
Accolades	7	Hartley: Full of Grace	12
Freda: The Bus	8	Matthews & Auchard: Off the Shelf	12
Alderson: Plot Workshop	9	Contests, Conferences, Workshops	14

California Writers Club South Bay Branch

— o —

Executive Committee

President—Bill Baldwin
pres@southbaywriters.com
408 730-9622

Vice President—Rita Beach
vp@southbaywriters.com

Secretary—Sylvia Halloran
secretary@southbaywriters.com

Treasurer—Michael Freda
treasurer@southbaywriters.com

Members-at-Large—Andrea Galvacs,
accolades@southbaywriters.com
Dick Amyx, dick@amyx.org

Central Board Rep, Norcal Rep—Dave La Roche
dalaroche@comcast.net

Directors

Programs—Rita Beach
vp@southbaywriters.com

Publicity and Public Relations—Edie Matthews
publicity@southbaywriters.com
408 985-0819

Membership—Sally Milnor
membership@southbaywriters.com

Networking—Elena Martina
networking@southbaywriters.com

Open Mic—Bill Baldwin, WABaldwin@aol.com

Publishing Mentors—
Nina Amir, cpywrtcom@aol.com
David Breithaupt, dlbrmlb@comcast.net
positions available

Webmaster—Rik Scott
webmaster@southbaywriters.com

Workshops—Edie Matthews
workshops@southbaywriters.com

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.



by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson

Editor



December 21, 2012 Is it the end of time?

We all know the world is going to end in December 2012 because a giant solar eruption will swallow the Earth. Or is it because of the reversal of the global poles as we pass through the “navel” of the Milky Way when the sun aligns with the plane of the Galaxy for the first time in 26,000 years? Maybe we don’t care how the Earth will end if we are doomed anyway. Or so say the doomsayers. Google produced 35,100,000 hits in 4 seconds in a search for December 21, 2012, the end of the Mayan calendar.

The 2012 Armageddon myth dates back to the Maya, yet they never actually predicted the end of the Earth. The Mayan calendar functions on a series of cycles, some short and some quite long. Their current “long count” cycle ends in 2012, so the fact of the matter is that the Mayan calendar does not end in 2012. Just a cycle of it does. And in the manner of cycles, the calendar starts over again, just as our calendar begins again on January 1, and as the odometers in our automobiles reset to zero after each hundred thousand miles.

On September 30 at the San Jose Tech Museum, I viewed the documentary film, *2012: The Beginning*, in which we traveled the world to examine what the sacred Maya texts actually say about December 21, 2012. The journey was guided by noted archaeologists, scholars, and the living Maya, who took us into the field – to the very origins of the Maya Long Count calendar – and into their lives and sacred ceremonies. Among modern Maya interviewed were a “day counter” and a shaman, who agreed that the Maya would have celebrated a time of spiritual renewal. They had no concept of the end of time nor did they fear a doomsday event.

So, what should we fear about the possibility of The End coming in 2012? Don’t look to the heavens; look to the people you see on the street. Notions of apocalypse bring out the crazies. Please, do not drink the Kool-Aid.

I will spend December 21 at ground zero, the Uxmal Maya ruin in Yucatán, attending an archaeological seminar led by Anthony Aveni, author of *The End of Time: The Maya Mystery of 2012*. Dr. Aveni is an archaeoastronomer with a special interest in the Maya and Mesoamerica. He also has written *Stairways to the Stars: Skywatching in Three Great Ancient Cultures*, in which he discusses Stonehenge and the astronomy of the Maya and the Inca. He precedes each presentation of all the cultural material with a lesson in simple naked-eye skywatching. As an aside, Dr. Aveni’s books are among the best for presenting science to the layman; he writes clearly and engages the reader from page one.

I invite you to come along with me to Uxmal through Dr. Aveni’s books.

But before you leave, please, send your submissions to *WritersTalk*. It’s your creative works that make this newsletter the best around. – WT

WritersTalk

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

Managing Editor

Marjorie Johnson
newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Contributing Editors

Pat Bustamante
Carolyn Donnell
Andrea Galvacs
Victoria M. Johnson
Karen Llewellyn
Sally Milnor
Grace Tam (Intern Editor)

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 10th 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.

Advertising is accepted on the basis of its interest and value to writers. Because California Writers Club is a 501 (c) 3 nonprofit corporation, *WritersTalk* cannot accept political advertising of any kind. Advertising rates for Club members, \$7 per column inch; non-members, \$10 per column inch. We will assist with layout.

Authors retain all rights to their works; *WritersTalk* gratefully acknowledges the authors’ permission to publish their works here. Contact individual authors for permission to reprint.

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

Subscriptions: Nonmember subscriptions are \$20/year. Send a check payable to South Bay Writers, P. O. Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055, Attn: Membership.

Circulation: 200

Copyright © 2012 California Writers Club South Bay Branch.

Be sure to catch the Early Bird!
Sign up for the January workshop today. See Page 9.

View from the Board

by S. Halloran

Eleven of us met in San Jose Tuesday night, October 30, 2012: President Bill Baldwin, Vice President Rita Beach, Treasurer Mike Freda, Secretary Sylvia Halloran, Membership Secretary Sally Milnor, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Networking Chair Eléna Martina, Members-at-Large Dick Amyx and Andrea Galvacs, Central Board Liaison Dave La Roche, and Webmaster Rik Scott.

The following motions were made and passed:

- Moved (Johnson) to accept Edie Matthews as Workshop Chair through June 30, 2013. Passed, unanimous.
- Moved (Beach) to sponsor a SBW Workshop on Sunday, January 27 with speaker Martha Alderson receiving a fee of \$1500 or half of net profit. Passed, six yeas, three nays.
- Moved (LaRoche) to accept the Hofbrau's new meeting options in the following order of preference: (1) second Wednesday of the month; (2) first Wednesday of the month; (3) second Tuesday of the month; (4) first Tuesday of the month. Passed, one nay.
- Moved (Freda) to sign up with BM2 Hosting for website for the next two years at a total cost of \$114.91. Passed, one nay.

The following business items were discussed:

- The Matthews-Baldwin Award will be given to a board member who has displayed exceptional service to the club. If you have anyone in mind for this award, please let someone on the board nominate that person.
- The club is seeking possible future meeting venues. If you have an idea, please let us know.

If you read something of interest here that you'd like to have a say in, please contact any board member for further information. It's YOUR club! — WT

New Members

by Sally A. Milnor



It is a pleasure to announce that South Bay Writers has three more new members this month.

Edith Harris came to us through an article

by Sal Pizarro in *San Jose Mercury News*. In addition to her writing, Edith's wide range of interests includes metaphysics, music, ceramics, interior decorating, tailoring, oil painting, and genealogy. Edith's poetry has appeared in *Pennington Pedigrees*, a genealogical publication.

Shelly King is a professional writer whose interest is in novels. She has been published in the *GW Review*, *Slow Trains*, *Dos Passos Review*, *Epiphany*, and *Coe Review*. She is a winner of the Palo Alto Short Story Contest and *The Writer Magazine* Short Story Contest. Some of Shelly's work may be read on her website at shellyking.com.

Pratibha is a voracious reader and, in addition to her writing, she enjoys hiking and live theater. Pratibha's academic essays appear in three different anthologies published by Greenwood Publishing. She has written several book reviews for *Blue Ear*, a pioneering online periodical of global journalism founded in 1999 by Ethan Casey. Her poetry appears in *Sugar Mule*, a literary journal. She has published twitter fiction in several *ezines*, including *7X20*, *Picfic*, and *One Forty Fiction*. Her twitter story is published in *140 And Counting*, an anthology of twitter fiction published by Upper Rubber Boot. One of Pratibha's flash fiction pieces was a runner-up in the *1000Words* Flash Fiction Contest.

New member **Karen Hartley** has a memoir in this issue of *WritersTalk*; we apologize because her name was misspelled last month.

We wish a warm welcome to each and every new member and hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. — WT

SBW Yahoo and Facebook Groups

by Carolyn Donnell

South Bay Writers Club has two user groups, one at Facebook and the other on Yahoo. If you belong to Facebook, you can find that group by searching for South Bay Writers Club or go to facebook.com/groups/5486894361/ and ask to join at the group site. Be sure it says Group, as SBW also has an official Facebook page, www.facebook.com/CaliforniaWritersClubSouthBay

For the Yahoo Group, go to groups.yahoo.com/group/southbay_writers_exchange/ If you aren't already a member, click on the JOIN THIS GROUP button, or the moderator can send you an invitation to join. If you are already a member of South Bay Writers' Yahoo group, not only can you communicate by email with other members but also you can add files, photos, and databases. Currently, information in the File section includes contests, member benefits, open mic, and writing resources. In the past, the database included writing and publishing research and grammar tips. Questions about the Yahoo group? Contact the moderator at SouthBay_Writers_Exchange-owner@yahoo.com

Members are welcome to suggest uses for either of the groups. — WT

Sylvia Recommends ...

by Sylvia Halloran

Martha Alderson presents the most inspiring workshops I have ever attended! At her last one for the club, she brought her inspired plot structuring to us, and by the end of the day, I had worked out the novel outline for a long-dreamed-of project. I left the workshop floating on air, excited and ready to plunge into my writing.

I am recommending her workshop on January 27 to ALL of my writing students, my critique group, and all of you, too. Her methods are proven and true, and that languishing writing project of yours will be given new life!

Be sure and register early, to catch the discount and to squeeze in. Don't miss Martha's workshop! — WT

NorCal Group News

by Dave LaRoche

The NorCal Group met Oct 6, 2012 in Oakland. Joyce Krieg, from the Central Coast Branch, now leads the group and chaired this meeting.

The Bellevue Club where we met is preserved in its original condition—an old building in the classic style on the shores of Lake Merritt. It boasts high ceilings, carpeted floors, and trim of carved wood; marvelous chandeliers adorn every pale-painted room. It was once an exclusive women's club of grandiose and elegant attendance—only the “well-to-do” of fair skin needed apply. Still, it rests on some of those same standards, though depleted of “upper crust,” and more generally available—occasionally tolerating the likes of us. And, sometime along their way to today, they added men's rooms.

All branches were represented although Mendocino Coast, Peninsula, and Marin provided apologies. Attendance has fallen off somewhat recently though enthusiasm never waivers. Around the table, announcements were made.

Central Coast now meets at Point Pinos Grill at the golf course in Pacific Grove. Martha Alderson did a workshop on plot in October, and Frances Caballo in

November, social media/marketing.

Tri-Valley produced a Martha Engber workshop in October (Building Characters). Their Winterfest is planned for January and will feature artists amongst its writers. They have hired Linda Lee as their webmaster.

Berkeley hosted Judith Marshall to speak on Publishing Pathways in October.

Redwood will publish poetry chapbooks in addition to their annual anthology. They have begun work on a 2014 Writers Conference, a two-day extravaganza. Their November speaker was Bonnie Lee on taxes and deductions for writers.

Fremont will do a Self-Publishing Conference on December 8; see page 13. The FAW October speaker was Lara Perkins from Andrea Brown Agency.

Mt. Diablo reports 83% renewal rate. They have added discussion-specific tables to meetings, e.g., publishing, craft, editing, agents, etc.

South Bay, that's us, reported tentative plans for a workshop in the spring, our Holiday Party, and upcoming speakers.

The **San Francisco Writers Conference** (Feb 14-17, 2013—see page 13) will host vendor tables in the grand lobby of the Mark Hopkins. NorCal will attend and

promote the CWC with an emphasis on gaining membership. Contributing branches will man the table and those manning will have access to part of the conference. Redwood, Tri-Valley, Central Coast, Berkeley, South Bay, and Fremont have agreed to make contributions of \$50 each, and the CB, \$200. Paula Chinick from Tri-Valley is coordinating the effort.

A plan to reenergize the **Publishing Pathways** program will be drawn up by Redwood's president, Elaine Webster, who is also interested in directing the effort. This program is having some difficulty growing, absent the leadership of Ms. Nancy Curteman, who, after two years at its helm through “challenging uncharted waters,” has decided on a well-deserved, fully supported, shore leave.

Any member of CWC is welcome at these meetings. The NorCal Group's intention is to explore and develop relationships and programs that enhance and promote the operations and interconnections of Northern California branches. It has produced a leadership conference, two retreats, and the aforementioned Pathways program. Our next meeting will be December 1 at the Bellevue Club in Oakland. Should you be interested, contact me at dalaroche@comcast.net. —WT

SBW Supports Authors

by Marjorie Johnson

Recently, letters to the editor have generated discussion about how South Bay Writers supports authors. Currently, we provide many benefits.

- Members' poetry, fiction and articles are published in *WritersTalk*, and members have had work published in a SBW anthology;
- The *WritersTalk* Challenge Contest provides recognition and prizes twice a year;
- Members' book announcements with an image of each book are published in *WritersTalk*;
- Members can sell their books at SBW meetings;
- Members report successes at meetings and in “Accolades” in *WT*;
- Members books appear on our website and on our Facebook page.

- We have held workshops on building platform, self-publishing, and marketing books.

Please note that these benefits are not automatic with publication of a book. The author has to send information to *WritersTalk* and to the webmaster.

Our CWC Central Board Liaison Dave LaRoche makes regular reports on activities sponsored by other branches. *WT* publishes news on their workshops, conferences, and contests; for all of these, SBW members receive a discount.

How else should SBW support our published authors? We could have a “book expo” event where writers could sell their books or another workshop on ways to promote our books. However, we need someone to spearhead the effort.

Please send your ideas to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. —WT

Bylaws Committee

by Meredy Amyx

An appointed committee of three SBW members has undertaken a review of the bylaws of the South Bay Branch for the purpose of proposing amendments. David Breithaupt, Sally Milnor, and Meredy Amyx (chair) are looking at such issues as clarity of language, consistency, and the rectifying of omissions.

The version of the bylaws currently in effect is revision 1, adopted by vote of the members at the general meeting of June 8, 2010. Prior to adoption, this version was published in the May 2010 special edition of *WritersTalk*. See the SBW website for links to back issues.

Any SBW member who wishes to comment on the existing bylaws or suggest revisions is invited to contact Meredy at Meredy@amyx.org. Members' input will be given all due consideration by the committee. —WT



Above: Members Books for sale
 – Photo by Networking Chair
 Eléna Martina



Scenes from SBW November 7

Carolyn Donnell has posted pictures on our website, southbaywriters.com. Go to the home page, click on events, then event photo gallery.

Left:
 Victoria M. Johnson holds her newly published book, *The Doctor's Dilemma*.
 – Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Flashify
Continued from Page 1

- Just write it out; then go back and chop, chop, chop.
- Focus on one powerful image, such as a girl's hair going up in flame.
- Allude to a famous story – sinking of the Titanic, for instance.

She suggested we pick an old story and see how many words we can remove and still have the story. Her reading assignment: *Several Short Sentences about Writing* by Verlyn Klinkenborg.

Why is flash fiction useful for all writers? Flash methods can spark our creativity, break old habits while we explore new ideas, and help us tighten our writing for maximum effect.

Besides, “The genre is hot right now. You could be published!” Pursell mentioned Duotrope.com, a searchable site where we can look for markets; *Brevity* magazine; and *Prick of the Spindle*, where she is an editor. Her website is pegalfordpursell.com. – WT



Peg Alford Pursell:
 How to flashify your fiction
 – Photo by Carolyn Donnell

***Blossoms and Bayonets* is published**

by Hi-Dong Chai

In October, *Blossoms and Bayonets*, the novel that Jana McBurney-Lin and I worked on for the last six years, was e-published and became available from Amazon-Kindle, Barnes & Noble, and Smashwords.

In *Blossoms and Bayonets*, Hi-Dong Chai and Jana McBurney-Lin, award-winning author of *My Half of the Sky*, turn their hands to a remarkable story of a family and country torn apart by outside forces.



The time is 1942, the place, Japanese-occupied Seoul, Korea. Fifteen-year-old He-Seung is full of fire, ready to take on the Japanese – if only he could convince his father, a Christian minister who is more concerned about saving his flock in a time when Emperor-worship has become mandatory. Since occupation, the Japanese have eradicated the Korean language, names, even the country's flower. Now they are seeking Korean boys as volunteers for their army. However, when the Japanese arrest his father, He-Seung must swallow his hatred of the enemy. Even harder, he must leave his mother and

baby brother He-Dong to fend for themselves.

Based on a true story, *Blossoms & Bayonets* is suffused with the tense atmosphere of the period and lends an eyewitness perspective to events as they unfold. – WT

**How NOT to flashify:
 Techwriter's Nursery Rhyme**

A research team proceeded toward the apex of a natural geologic protuberance, the purpose of their expedition being the procurement of a sample of fluid hydride of oxygen in a large vessel. One member precipitously descended, sustaining severe fractural damage to the upper cranial portion of his anatomical structure. Subsequently, the second performed a self-rotational translation oriented in the direction taken by the first member. – WT

December Accolades

by Andrea Galvacs



Please submit an account of your successes to Andrea Galvacs at a meeting or by email to accolades@southbaywriters.com

Betty Auchard's award-winning memoir, *The Home for the Friendless*, is now available as an audio book narrated by the author. See Amazon, Audible.com, and iTunes.

Bill Baldwin read his poem "I could say" for five local poets laureate at the Barnes & Noble on Stevens Creek last month.

Also last month, Bill started www.grailandwand.blogspot.com, a blog with sexuality, spirituality and everything in between, with frequent film and book reviews.

Victoria M. Johnson's book *The Doctor's Dilemma* is now an ebook from Amazon Publishing and available at amazon.com

Susanne Lakin went into business. She will have three "Writing for Life" workshops in 2013 at the Newark Courtyard Marriott. Contact her for details at CSLakin@gmail.com. Her new novel *The Crystal Scepter* has been released.

In December, *Steinbeck Review* will publish **Audry Lynch's** article on the great man.

Eléna Martina will be a contributing writer at *Silicon Valley Latino* magazine.

Michael W. Murray's short story "Monte Rio" appeared in November's *WritersTalk*.

Bonnie Vaughan's novel *Spaceborn* has been accepted for publication by Black Opal Books. — WT

On Blockbuster Plots

by Dave LaRoche

A story can be as flat and cold as yesterday's pancake or demanding, delicious and hot—all depending upon how it is told. Create the latter with help from Martha Alderson. Give your story a nuanced and absorbing plot that demands your readers' engagement, holds them in the world of your making, and won't let them go. Discover, enhance, and polish your plot with this expert in plot development (this opportunity with Martha is about the cheapest you will find). Join us on January 27 for a day with the renowned Ms. Alderson as she guides you and me through that discovery. It'll be a big step up in our writing and we'll wonder why we hesitated.

Join us! I'm coming to her workshop on January 27. It's a bargain, this one, the whole enchilada (or roast beef au jus) at Harry's Hofbrau. See the flyer on Page 9 for more. — WT

The Magic of Memories

by Chuck Peradotto

When I was a child I couldn't wait to bolt from the table after holiday family dinners and play with my cousins. The adults sat and sipped coffee, wine or grappa, talking for hours.

As I grew older I became a little more interested in those tales often repeated around the dinner table after a family meal. I began to actually listen. Sometimes they involved relatives rarely seen—grandparents, uncles, aunts, distant cousins, and old friends. These stories sometimes told of a time long ago and often far away and at other times of events that took place right where we were sitting. Stories of times when our elders were young'uns themselves. Often many different versions and views of the same situation were unveiled. That could result in squinty eyes, shaking heads, and at times heated debate. They told of vacations and trips. School life full of fun, frolic, and frustration. Of wars and strife. Relationships, grudges and feuds. Of jobs worked, the pride in accomplishments, sports triumphs, and pranks pulled. Hard times, good times or just surviving times. Real, perceived, and at times enhanced adventures.

Stories of times of people long dead and memories of days forgotten except in the minds of those whose eyes have a faraway glaze. Sometimes accompanied with a smile, others a frown and occasionally a tear.

But all this is my history, my family, my legacy.

Then there were other occasions, such as long car rides through boring miles of roads that loosened memories and tongues and the stories flowed to wile away the hours. Once in a while, when I helped my mother with a tedious task, her mind would wander back and she would tell me stories of years past.

I began to pay even more attention, to become more interested and finally to ask questions and that interest brought out even more stories and elaborations.

I realized when these wonderful people storing my heritage were gone the loss really would be like a library that was burned. Gone would be those life stories forever.

Everyone in the family in some way went into making up who I am now and who my children are and all the countless generations to follow. I would love to know what daily life was like and hear those special stories that my

Italian and Scottish great-grandparents, their parents, and even more distant relatives could tell.

I began to keep notes and then to write the lengthy recollections down. Like any project it grew and expanded. I accumulated family photos old and new and made copies of other family members' photographs. Then I added documents, certificates and letters. I photographed family heirlooms, and took photos of family houses, other important structures and locations.

The archives grew rapidly and quickly went from folders to a shoebox, then a bankers box and finally to a file cabinet. I organized the information by family and by person in chronological order.

I was enticed to learn new computer skills and photo reproducing. Then I learned writing skills and how to edit and rewrite a piece to obtain a finished story. I read memoir writing books, took classes, attended workshops, and joined a memoir writing group which I ended up co-teaching/facilitating.

Continued on Page 13

**Blockbuster Plots
Workshop**
Sunday, January 27, 2013
See Page 9

The Bus

by Mike Freda,

writing as C. Arthur Michaels

"I don't understand you, please speak up!" He was irritated, as usual. They were walking along Washington Street, a boulevard that previously contained the houses of the well to do, houses now converted into attorneys' offices, psychological concerns, even a teeth straightening clinic. Oh, it was pleasant enough. The morning was cool, the sky a deep shade of blue, devoid of any clouds whatsoever. What did he expect? It was the same conversation they had every morning since her son, Arnold, had decamped to Alamogordo, claiming he needed to find himself.

"Maybe we should have the Woolseys over, we haven't seen them for over six months," she said. It was true. Had she forgotten why? The last time they came over, Helen got drunk and made a complete ass out of herself. Her husband Bill tried to ease her out of the apartment, unfortunately not before she threw up all over Ann's favorite rug, the coffee table, and her cat Seymour.

"Don't you remember the last time we had them over?" he said. Ann's memory was getting worse and worse. Richard pulled his jacket so that it covered more of his neck. To do so he had to pull slightly away from Ann's side.

"You don't love me anymore." This he could hear clearly.

"Yes, I do. I love you just as much as I always have. Even more." It was true. He couldn't imagine living without her. She made him feel . . . more of a man. Well, yes, it was that, but even more of a person. They had this connectedness, a symbiotic relationship, feeding off each other's character defects.

He guided her into their coffee shop and sat her down at the corner table. They had been going there since their previous choice burned down three months ago. Taped to the inside of that glass door was a faded piece of paper, which read "Temporarily Closed due to the fire. Look for our re-opening soon." Walking by, anyone peering in discovered it looked exactly the same as the day after the fire.

"You need something to eat. How about the pumpkin muffin?"

She stared at him. A look devoid of any feeling at all. The waitress Julie, a pert early 20's college student with a nose ring, approached and said, "Would you like the pumpkin muffin, dear?" Ann didn't respond or give any indication that Julie was even there.

"Yes, she'll have the muffin. I'll have a plain bagel with the salmon spread. And two coffees. Thank you."

"I can order for myself, you know." She almost never did. It was too much of an effort. She didn't really care what she ate. She was comforted by the fact that Richard did know what to order for her. He was her only real friend. Everyone else was a friend of Richard.

That had been true of her second husband as well. She adored Kirk. He ran off with their twenty-three year old nanny but she didn't blame him. She never understood why he married her in the first place. They were happy enough, at least Ann was happy enough, or thought she was. That was back when women were supposed to have the kids and stay home. She did that. First Benjamin, then Alice, then Arnold. The kids didn't seem to care when Kirk left. They just went on like nothing at all had happened. Kirk left them plenty of money. Enough that Ann didn't have to work. Oh, she took a few odd jobs here and there. Nothing serious. Just something to keep her occupied.

Ann reached over and squeezed his hand. Richard smiled and looked into her face. He knew every crease, every indentation, every shadowy space. He often stared at her face after she had fallen asleep. If he were an artist he would be able to create an exact likeness of that face. Well, he was an artist—a sometime screenwriter and playwright. He had even sold a few of his offerings. Even won a few awards. He supposed he could do it again, if they needed the money, which they didn't. After Kirk died, Ann had come into a modest inheritance. The nanny was incensed to learn that he had left most of his estate to Ann. Probably because of guilt. No matter; the nanny found another older gentleman to take Kirk's place and had long since departed Ann's life.

"Let's go to Paris," Richard said. They had talked about it for years. He knew

they weren't going to go anywhere. The vacation he took there with his third wife had been the most memorable experience of his life. It was partly an attempt to re-kindle the love they had early in their relationship. That lasted about a year before things started to finally spin out of control. He had always wanted to return there, but doubted if he ever would. He was contented and felt no need to do much of anything but take walks and be around Ann. She was a tortured soul, but she filled that place in his heart that somehow hadn't been filled by anyone else.

"You look chipper this morning," Julie said as she placed their order on the table. She was talking to Richard, though looking at Ann.

"Thank you," said Richard, still staring at Ann. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of pills of differing colors. He selected two red ones, set them in front of Ann, set two green ones on his napkin and replaced the others into his pocket and said, "These will help." Ann didn't respond. "Come on, sweetheart, drink up." He took the green pills with a sip of coffee and motioned for Ann to do the same.

She glanced out the window and saw a young Asian couple getting onto the bus at the curb. She wondered why they weren't driving but lost that thought as the bus pulled away. She turned away from the window and was surprised to see a muffin sitting before her. She removed a bite-sized piece and placed it into her mouth. She chewed it slowly then took a drink of coffee.

Richard was in no hurry. He never was. There was no reason. They came here nearly every day. The last time they missed was the day of Benjamin's funeral. The weather was cold, cloudy, unsettled. The service was nice enough. The mourners were friendly and supportive. Ann never understood the need for funerals. People are born to die. It's inevitable. Why make such a big deal? She would have rather taken their morning walk.

Richard touched the two red pills and pushed them ever so slightly toward Alice. She glanced at his fingers. Long, full, manly; those fingers knew every nook and cranny of her body.

Continued on Page 10



CWC South Bay Writers Presents

Martha Alderson, The Plot Guru

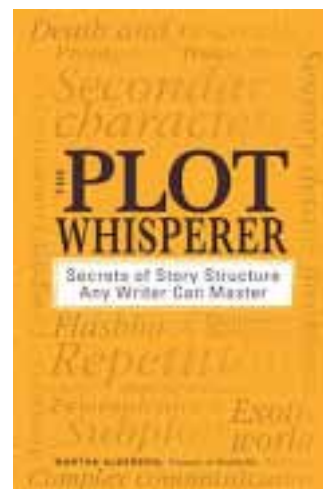
Author of *Blockbuster Plots* and *The Plot Whisperer*

Blockbuster Plots Workshop

Sunday, January 27, 2013

9:30 a.m. – 3 p.m.

A great plot can turn your stories into reality.



What does it take to go from a story to a novel?
From a computer screen to a movie?

Martha Alderson, M.A., is a writer of historical fiction, a writers' coach, and a plot consultant. Learn plot-planning intensives: techniques of story structure including character development and dramatic action.

Workshop includes lunch and morning snack

Location: Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

Registration: Member \$55; Nonmember \$65

Early bird registration Member \$50, Nonmember \$60 thru December 31

Register and pay by credit card (PayPal) at www.southbaywriters.com

If you want to pay by check, please use the form below.

Mail this portion to: SBW Workshops, P O Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

Check payable to South Bay Writers.

Name: _____ CWC Branch _____

Address: _____ City, State, Zip: _____

Phone # _____ Email _____ Amount Paid _____

Encounter with a Rooster

by Frank E. Johnson

When I was quite young, I lived in New Monterey on a corner lot just off David Avenue. I could see the arc of Monterey Bay from the second story front bedroom. My father fenced the yard and constructed an enclosure for white leghorn chickens so that we had eggs for our meals and occasionally meat for our dinners.

My folks bought baby chicks and raised them with an incubator, and my mother let me hold them to experience these little yellow fuzz-balls. However, these little chicks became pullets and eventually white egg-laying hens, and one or two cocks with their bright red combs and strutting walk. One cock was territorial and would attack unprovoked.

One day I was playing in the backyard, and my mother let one of the cocks out to roam around and forage. I had imagined that I was a submarine commander and so I had to have a submarine. There were several pieces of wood in 1 x 4 and 2 x 4 pieces from which I formed the outline of a boat, if you looked from above. Also I had procured four tires that had been thrown by the wayside on David Avenue. These tires became the conning tower of the sub. I

was very pleased with myself for this naval masterpiece.

I got into the conning tower and imagined myself at sea, controlling the sub, when the rooster came up behind me and pecked a hole in the back of my neck. I let out a howl and ran into the house where my mother calmed me down and attended the wound – which scar I bear to this day.

A couple of weeks later, when I was in the backyard with my younger sister, the same rooster made threatening gestures – head low, wings spread out – he scared us. I picked up part of the gunnel of my sub and I hit him as hard as I could in the neck, whereupon he started flopping up and down in a convulsive manner and then lay immobile. I had killed him! I ran into the house with my sister and told my mom that the rooster was hopping up and down and we didn't know what happened to him.

She came outside to investigate, examined him, and said he must have been sick and put him in the garbage.

Years later, when I was a teenager, I confessed. She replied, "I wish you had told me what really happened. We could have had him for dinner." – WT

The Bus

Continued from Page 8

Had Richard been blind, he could have identified her in an instant with one touch. After a few reflective moments, she placed the pills in her mouth and swallowed them.

"I'm going to the bathroom," Ann said. She slid out of the booth and stood. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Julie refilled their coffee cups. Richard stared at her and wondered where the years had gone. He was annoyed that he never had reconciled his purpose on the earth. He recalled being mystified while he was sitting on the great lawn at the University during his graduation ceremony nearly fifty years ago. What was he supposed to do with his life? He had no idea. Julie didn't appear concerned about anything, but who knew? Maybe she felt the same way he had. There were only two other people in the coffee shop, both sitting quietly at the counter. Richard patted his shirt pocket,

feeling the vial inside, still not sure.

When Ann returned, she looked somewhat refreshed. "I think those pills are taking effect. I feel better now." Better being a relative state with Ann. "I love you," said Richard. "I know sweetheart. You always have. I was lucky to find you." She never told Richard that she loved him. It didn't matter. They both knew it was true. In fact, no one had ever told Richard they loved him, save for that one time in high school, with Candy. She probably told that to everyone she had sex with, which according to common rumor, was pretty much everyone in his class. With Ann, it didn't matter in the least to him.

As Richard reached the other side of the street, the bus had just pulled up. He got in, walked to the second row and sat by the window. From there, he could see Julie gently shaking Ann, now slumped onto the table. As the bus began to move, Richard opened his *Wall Street Journal* and started to read. – WT

Brain Study

From *The Inkslinger*, Newsletter of CWC High Desert Branch

If you can read this, you have a strong mind and can forget about Alzheimer's.

7H15 M3554G3

53RV35 7O PR0V3

H0W 0UR M1ND5 C4N

D0 4M4Z1NG 7H1NG5!

1MPR3551V3 7H1NG5!

1N 7H3 B3G1NN1NG

17 WA5 H4RD BU7

N0W, 0N 7H15 LIN3

Y0UR M1ND 1S

R34D1NG 17

4U70M471C4LLY

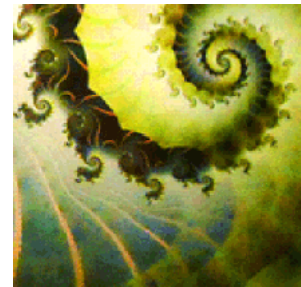
W17H 0U7 3V3N

7H1NK1NG 4B0U7 17,

B3 PROUD! 0NLY

C3R741N P30PL3 C4N

R3AD 7H15.



Ten Grammar Rules

1. In letters essays and reports use commas to separate items in series.
2. Don't use commas, which are not necessary.
3. Parenthetical words however should be enclosed in commas.
4. Don't abbrev.
5. Join clauses good like a conjunction should.
6. Consult the dictionary to avoid misspellings.
7. Its important to use apostrophes right in everybodys writing.
8. Being bad grammar, a writer should not use dangling modifiers.
9. Don't use no double negatives.
10. Make sure each pronoun agrees with their antecedent.

Terse On Verse for December

by Pat Bustamante



December Desktop

Santa, I'm sorry I broke them all!
Back to the typewriter. As I recall
You can say: what a thudding luddite!
Since I can't keep computers alive despite
Our electronic age, which is heightening.
(I'd rather be struck by lightning!)

— Pat Bustamante

I am computer NON-savvy: this is a handicap. One of my heroes in the literary world is Thomas Wolfe, of *You Can't Go Home Again*, who was quite a tall man and wrote his manuscripts (HAND written!) using the flat top of a refrigerator for a desk. Everybody else either typed or dictated theirs. Wolfe was evidently special enough that he could turn in handwritten manuscripts to the publisher and that was okay. How handy that would be today!

These words you read were originally written in ink on the back of an old manuscript of mine—scrawled, nearly illegible. I'd have to be special to attract a publisher to any of my first drafts. The libraries now accommodate computer-confused people like me. Tech advisors are ever so gentle and kind there. What a mercy.

Will I ever move into the "tech age" like my granddaughter, who at age two could boot up my new laptop when I could not? And who now texts in a new language that I have yet to learn, loves gadgets, and has a 9-month-old son who will probably know everything about computers and cell phones before I do.

You say, "Life is fair"? I know I must persevere to get anybody interested in marketing my output: I cannot convince publishers that my name is Thomas Wolfe, although somebody else already has taken that anyway. I love science fiction, I love looks into the future of mankind. Why cannot I adapt to the science we have now in front of our noses? (And hurting our eyes!)

Well, next month is another day—I mean, year—sorry, Scarlett. And the author who dreamed up Scarlett O'Hara also wrote on a typewriter to get a publisher's attention. I hope I can find a backup for my five dead computers—a typewriter would be nice; but clerks in the stores where I search are so young they're not sure what a manual typewriter is! At Fry's, I was sent to look at "Olympia Label Machines" but those are NOT typewriters even though Olympia-the-name brings nostalgia to me.

I hope all you writers have a great Holiday season and (bad of me?) receive lots of electronic gadgets. I am just hoping for a MANUAL typewriter. — WT

Gone With the Wind

All men love Scarlett.
"Yahoo! It's war!" Rhett won't fight.
"I don't give a damn."
— Stephen C. Wetlesen



The Mouse Wedding

There was mouse wedding in Peru,
That soon turned into a match of
Kung-fu.
It was the moment of I do,
When came the cat named Sue
And all the rats began to scream
boo boo.
Sue soon began to rue
And wondered what she should do.
Larry the groom squatted and jumped
As Sue watched, stumped,
And wished she had never come to
Peru.

— Anuja Seith



Silenced

It seems
this arm
has lost
its strength
to lift the
heavy
wood,
where
hand
can reach the
proper place, where
strings meet with ebony to
form melodic lines of grace.
Bow no longer strokes
the strings to flow
vibrations
to my ears
and back into my
heart. My viola's silenced
now, no more to merge, to
coalesce with others' notes and
beats and breaths. They create
the music now and I cannot
participate in making
sweet symphonic
sound

— Carolyn Donnell



Shackles

It was only
ten days
Words spoken
Promises broken
Paid for in
anguished ways
He was everything
To me
But
Free

— Karen Hartley

Full of Grace

by Karen Hartley

I always thought Claire was beautiful, glamorous, warm, and gracious. She wore exquisite clothes and had beautiful blonde hair; lovely, yellow-gold waves framed her porcelain doll-like face. Walking into a room, a lingering wave of her chic perfume, "Intoxication," filled the air with a citron, mandarin, and jasmine scent long after she passed through. Claire wore magnificent jewels – Cartier earrings, necklaces, rings, diamonds – all most fitting for this woman, who was so much more than one actually saw or knew. Even though she had been stricken with polio as a child, I never noticed the limp the illness had left her with. And although she may have been conscious of it, she always moved with grace.

Claire often spoke of the parties she attended with her husband John. She told about being at some of those parties with actor Robert Mitchum. "He is so 'down to earth'," she had said. Because of John's work as a Hollywood promoter in the fifties, they knew many people who were celebrities.

Often mixed with the wonderful scent of Claire's perfume was the lingering scent of liquor. I always believed Claire was a movie actress; so glamorous in her furs, beautiful clothes and jewelry, of course, she had to be. All movie actresses dressed like that in the fifties, had lots of jewels, and drank a lot. I was truly mesmerized by her.

Sunday dinners in the grand old house on Palm Street were always peppered with raucous laughter and all the Italian uncles' cigar smoke. Every inch of the long dining table, covered with a crocheted lace cloth, was filled with food in Sicilian *abundanza*. Nothing else held my attention like Claire did. She never minded me looking at her. She had no children, and I think she welcomed my star-struck admiration.

When Claire and John arrived at Palm Street, for the hours they were there, the front curb of the house was adorned with his black Lincoln Continental. What a car! Another fascination for me was the "Continental Kit" on the back; the spare tire cover was so unique that it was soon used to make any car look as cool as the Lincoln Continental. It



was not easy to talk to John, so I just stared at the car from the parlor window and imagined riding in it.

After dinner, Claire would gather the young cousins and organize skits or lead us in song, and we would gleefully participate. I imagined myself an actress like I believed Claire was. Too soon, it was time for them to go. I could hardly wait for the next time Claire would be there in the old house on Palm Street. They only came a few times a year, since they lived in Beverly Hills.

One Christmas was very special. Claire gave me a wonderful gift: a beautiful music box. It had a pearlized blue base and a pretty ballerina on a velvet stage. When I wound it, she twirled around to the "Skaters Waltz." The music box had a clear domed cover to protect the dancer and the velvet. How I cherished that gift!

Today, somewhere in a box of things put away, is another gift I got from Claire. We were again at one of those wonderful dinners in the big house, and it was my birthday. Claire gave me a ring with my aquamarine birthstone. The ring was gold, and the stone was in a heart shaped setting. I wore it every day for years until it no longer fit. Whenever I looked at it, I remembered Claire's joy when she gave it to me.

Her hug, her laughter, her warm love; all of it, as usual, punctuated with the mixed scents of her perfume and her last drink. So glamorous, wavy blonde hair, her jewels, bright red lipstick and flamboyant personality, gave me no doubt she was an actress.

I saw Claire several more times after that birthday, most often in the big, old family home. A few times when that super cool Lincoln Continental was parked in my parent's driveway, all the neighbors saw it, which made me feel real special. Nobody I knew had anyone like Claire in the family.

Time passed. The day came when the Palm Street house was empty of the laughter, cigar smoke, and liquor. John died, and Claire continued living in Beverly Hills. Nothing ever dampened her enthusiasm for games with the kids, or her desire to be impeccably dressed. She was never without her signature "Intoxication" scent, and I continually looked to her with admiration and the unquenchable desire to someday echo her glamour.

After a few more years, Claire became ill, and shortly after that, passed away, and I still miss her. Claire was beautiful, warm, and loving, and she was full of grace. Claire was my aunt. — WT

Conferences, Workshops and Contests

More Contests on next page

Some websites with ongoing lists of writing competitions include *Poets and Writers* at pw.org/grants; and *Writers Digest* at writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions — WT

They want your work

by Carolyn Donnell

Poets & Writers lists 250 small presses looking for manuscripts. Visit their site pw.org/small_presses.

Two other interesting-looking sites are wow-womenonwriting.com/contest.php, with a quarterly flash fiction contest, and flashfictiononline.com/

A January 2012 blog, "Friday Find: Where to Publish Flash Nonfiction and Micro-Essays," appears at www.erikadreifus.com/2012/01/friday-find-where-to-publish-flash-nonfiction-micro-essays/

Peruse them with care, as you do with any unfamiliar website. — WT

Lose the Spaces

by Marjorie Johnson

Many writers, aware of their past educational triumphs in typing classes, automatically type two spaces after each sentence and throw the carriage return at the end of each line. In the good old days, those spaces had to do with hot type to cold type characteristics and helped adjust the lines of type to some degree, and the carriage returns made the lines have similar lengths on the page.

Today, we work in modern digital and updated software that adjusts spacing for the editors and for us; in fact, an extra space between sentences causes the printed line to have a "ragged" look and has to be removed before printing. So, we don't type two spaces wherever one will do.

In fact, you may have your submission dumped or returned to you with a standard form letter telling you to retype the manuscript, especially if you also use colored ink or fancy fonts or unusual formatting.

If the extra space between sentences is your only problem, you can fix it without retyping. Just open your project in MS Word and select "Find and Replace." In the Find line, type two spaces; in the Replace line, type one space. Then click on "Replace all" and let the computer do its work. If that is unsuccessful, then you have to go through the entire manuscript, line by line.

What about those carriage returns? They cause the printed version of your manuscript to show each line as a separate paragraph—OK for poetry, but a real mess for prose. Unfortunately, you must remove the returns one at a time. Choose the markup option in your word processing program, or ask someone to show you how the computer marks all those carriage returns. You have to delete them, one at a time—but not all of them: leave those marking the end of a paragraph. — WT

San Francisco Writers Conference February 2013

Major names in publishing attend the SFWC and take interest in your projects. Featured speakers include R.L. Stine, Barbara Taylor Bradford, Robert Dugoni, Meg Waite Clayton, David Corbett, Ellen Sussman and literary agents and editors from major publishing houses.

It all happens February 14-17, 2013 at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco. Visit www.SFWriters.org — WT

CWC Fremont Area Writers Self-Publishing Conference

December 8, 2012: Still Available 9:00 a.m. – 4:30 p.m., Hyatt Place, 3101 West Warren Ave., Fremont, CA 94538 Speakers include Mark Coker, Founder, Smashwords; Alan Rinzler, Editor; Joel Frieland; Jennifer Basye Sander; Susanne Lakin; Nina Amir; Carla King and Laurie McLean; Marcus Araiza; and Diana Silva. Contact Geraldine Solon : gsolon082007@gmail.com — WT

The Magic of Memories

Continued from Page 7

This led me into genealogy and charts and then to more research on family and local history. Genealogy is like following a map. Each branch leads to its own destination. All the while I continued to write the unique and personal stories of my family to capture them forever.

Fortunately, I started this journey while my father was still alive. He helped me immensely in completing his biography and his father's biography. I expanded and am now writing about my mother's parents and my wife's family.

I realized how fragile these stories were and began to write my own autobiography and quickly found that recollections of events that you thought you would never forget rapidly fade with time. That prompted me to begin my own personal daily journal.

I have found that this process is like a giant jigsaw puzzle, sometimes frustrating when dead ends appear, but when the pieces connect it is extremely rewarding.

What I have done is to create a legacy, perhaps for descendants not yet conceived. It may be of no interest to anyone else now, the next generation or even the one following but somewhere in the future someone will have an eureka moment and be ecstatic to discover their own family history and read with interest what went into making them who they are and how life was lived in times past. — WT

Two Internet Resources

Want to see what your story looks like? You can create a **word cloud**, a new way to see your story captured in one cloud of words. The service is free through wordle.net Download your written piece. Words you have used frequently become more prominent in your cloud, custom designed with different colors, shapes, and fonts.

Want your fictional setting to be factually accurate? An incredible resource is the **Internet Public Library** (IPL). If you have a question, IPL probably has the answer or can find it for you. For more information, visit ipl.org — WT

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,

Aero, Aerospace

Jerry Mulenburg
geraldmulenburg@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: Teaching and History/Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson
marjohnson89@earthlink.net

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard Btauchard@aol.com

Telecommunications Technology

Allan Cobb allancobb@computer.org

Television Production

Woody Horn 408-266-7040

Thanatologist: Counseling for Death, Dying, and Bereavement

Susan Salluce susansalluce@yahoo.com

Your ad could go here

\$7 per column inch for SBW members

\$10 per inch for nonmembers

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. mtdiablownwriters.org

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

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

Sacramento: 11:00 third Saturdays, Tokyo Buffet, 7217 Greenback Lane, Citrus Heights. cwcsacramentowriters.org

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

Contests and Conferences

Please send announcements of contests and conferences to newsletter@southbaywriters.com.

Times A-Changing Call for Submission

Where were you in the 60s and 70s? We are seeking women with telltale stories of that extraordinary era for a unique anthology: *Times They Were A-Changing: Women Remember the 60s and 70s*. Prizes will be awarded to the top three works, though all entries are eligible for publication. **Deadline: January 15, 2013.** Entry fees apply. For guidelines and to enter, go to timestheywerechanging.com – WT

Dream Quest One Poetry and Writing Contest

Deadline, January 13; entry fees, cash prizes. Website: dreamquestone.com
"And remember, in whatever you do, it's okay to dream, for dreams do come true." – Dream Quest One

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; judges may not judge in any category in which they have an entry. – WT

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
December 2012						1
2	3	4	5 Holiday Bash 6:00 p	6	7 7:30p Open mic Barnes & Noble Almaden, San Jose	8
9 Deadline <i>WritersTalk</i>	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21 Maya Calendar ends December 21, 2012	
Early bird pricing—see Page 9. Renew your enthusiasm for writing. Sign up for Martha Alderson’s Workshop on Plot by December 31.						

Future Flashes: 2013

Tuesday, January 2: SBW Board, 7:30 pm
 Wednesday, January 9: Regular meeting
 Sunday, January 27: Workshop on Plot

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

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 the website.
southbaywriters.com
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



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



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

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

January Regular Monthly Meeting **6 p.m. Wednesday, January 9**

Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue
San Jose
Dinner and program \$15

SPEAKER: TBA

No regular meeting in December
Holiday Bash December 5
See Page 1

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 10th of the month.

January Regular Meeting is
Wednesday, January 9.



Harry's Hofbrau

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