



The Write News

March, 2024

A Monthly Newsletter
Denis Hoye, Editor

Mt. Diablo Branch

What Authors Can Learn from Actors and Directors

A 3-Hour Workshop with Amanda McTigue

THE MAZE AND THE SUBMARINE BRINGING STORIES TO LIFE



All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts...
As You Like It, William Shakespeare

Amanda McTigue has spent her life writing for the page and the stage. Her debut novel *Going to Solace* was named a Best Read by public radio KRCB. Since then, her published short stories have earned her a Pushcart Prize nomination and a semi-finalist nod from the American Literary Review.

Amanda's written works for the stage have been produced at Carnegie Hall, the Minnesota Opera, and Sonoma County's Green Music Center. In previous lives, she was an actor-singer in New York City, a concept writer for Disney Entertainment, and a director/producer for Paramount Entertainment.

Since moving to Petaluma in 2000, she's been staging operas and musicals at Sonoma State University. She also coaches, helping singers act and actors sing. She's hard at work finishing her second novel, "The Cautionary Tales." Meanwhile, a commission for a new opera libretto, "The Museum of..." has just landed on her desk.

Location

Zio Fraedo's Restaurant
611 Gregory Lane
Pleasant Hill, CA

Schedule

10:45 Check-in and Network

- 11:30 Writers Table: Craft Discussions
- 12:00 Buffet Lunch
- 1:00 Our Feature Presentation

When we love what we're reading, it feels alive on the page. Whether fantastical, or uniquely ordinary, characters and worlds that ring true make us care. Even in a poem, or a how-to manual, we keep reading for the life that breathes through the author's voice. How can we coax such life into our words? How do we lift our pages from the imitation of life into lives all their own?

Shakespeare has a suggestion: we must play many parts, not only through the characters we create, but also as writers at our desks. In this workshop (for all genres), we'll turn to the experts: actors and directors. It turns out they take radically different approaches when crafting stories for performance. Through written exercises, we'll import these tactics into what we write for readers, trading analysis for discovery, complicating plots with improvisation, and widening the circumstances we're imagining to animate the stories they inspire.

As is true in any good rehearsal, the vibe will be more playground than workshop. No actual song-and-dance will be required but come prepared to explore. Bring any ideas or short texts you've been messing with, or nothing at all, just a blank page or screen. We'll practice collaborating with our "many parts" until we've written ourselves off the page, and our work can step out on its own.

Register Online at:

<https://cwcmtdiablo.org/meetings-and-workshops/>

Deadline to register: Noon on March 6th.

CWC Members: Save \$5.00 with *Early Bird Registration!*

Cost increases to \$50 for members who register after the deadline.

Prices do not increase for guests.

Meeting Cost: \$45 Members (Early Bird) and \$50 Non-Members

Pay at the door or online with PayPal when you register. You do not need a PayPal account.

Mt. Diablo Branch President's Message

Recently, I thought I had finished consolidating a number of small stories into a novella. It read well to me. But I knew I needed someone else's eyes to review it. A colleague did so and gave me their high level thoughts, which were very interesting.

One particular comment stopped me. I was using too much telling where showing would be better. This I found to be wonderfully ironic, and when I reread my piece, it was true. In the January Writers Table session, I had led a table discussion on Showing and Telling. It was a shame I didn't listen when I may have said something of value. In my piece, the dreaded word "was" was all too prevalent – nice example of a parody.

So I attacked my piece and, in doing so, created a new verb within the domain of editing. I wiwaated my piece. To wiwaat is the action of eradicating as many "was", "is", "were", "are", and "that"s from a piece.

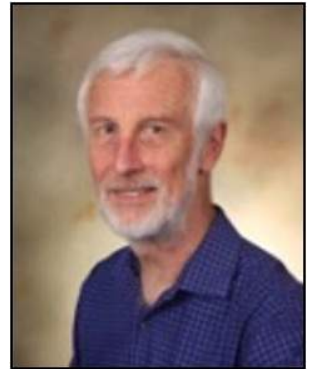
I successfully removed all occurrences of "was" and "were". The only "is" and "are", which remained in the piece, lay within quoted dialogue. And "that" was much less frequent.

As a result of wiwaating my piece, it engaged me at a deeper level, and I didn't lose interest as I had previously. That was a successful edit.

Wiwaating is not a magic pill that will clean up everyone's writing. It will help. Remember the old adage: a writer should never consider a piece edited, if they did it themselves.

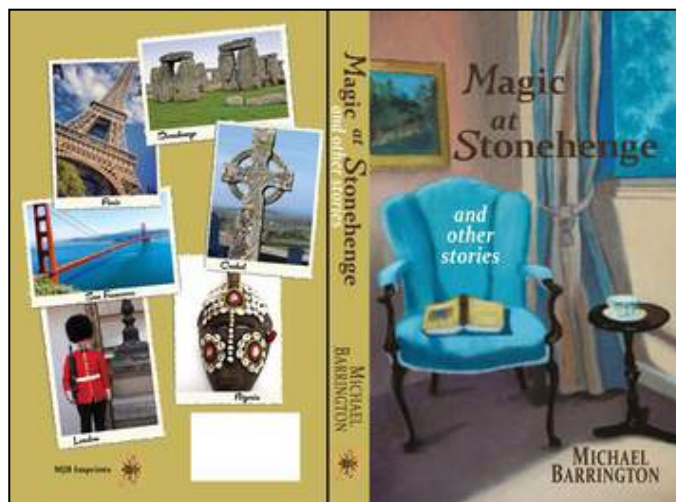
Good luck and keep writing.

Barry



Michael Barrington has recently made two book presentations, to the Rotary Club of Concord and AAUW Pleasant Hill. His latest book, published this month, 42 short stories is now available on Amazon, *Magic at Stonehege*.

His idea was to produce stories that could easily be read over a cup of coffee or at the end of a busy day with a cocktail. "None will take more than ten minutes to read, he commented." He also submitted a collection of twenty stories with English and Irish themes that has been optioned by a British publisher. Look forward to hearing more in the coming months.



Holiday Competition: Winning Submission from a New Member — LaVonne Taft

This poem was accidentally mislabeled in the February Issue of the CWC Mt. Diablo Branch Write News by Denis Hoye, the Newsletter Editor. Being new on the job does not excuse this mistake. I wish to apologize to Ms. LaVonne Taft.

Life's a Banquet

A New Poem

Sent: August 26 11:08 AM

Sharon Baker <Shabake@ael.com>
To: Sean Baker

Hi Sean,

When I lived in Burbank there was a beautiful fuchsia bush on the side of our house. As a little girl I used to pluck the fuchsias, pull out all but two of the stamens of each one, hold them up and let the breeze catch them, and pretend they were ballerinas.

That memory is the inspiration for this new poem and I'd like to share it with you. And no, I haven't heard back from the doctor. I'm not procrastinating, I just think it's a cold. I'll call Dr. Flores again if I don't hear anything.

Love you,
Mom

fuchsias

**magenta tutus
a chorus line of petals
bright yellow toe shoes
dance in a gentle breeze
on an invisible stage**



A New Poem

Sent: August 27 10:02 PM

Sean Baker <Seabake@gmailer.com>
To: Sharon Baker

That's beautiful. Very descriptive Mom. Call the doc today.

Video Appointment today

Sent: August 29 2:10 PM

Sharon Baker <Shabake@ael.com>
To: Sean Baker

Ok, I spoke to the doctor today via a video appointment and he wants me to have a chest X-ray. He thinks I have pneumonia and has already sent me a prescription for a mega-antibiotic. I'm going now to get the X-ray and prescription. So, we'll see. Dad is coming with me because I'm feeling pretty weak.

Love you,
Mom

Video Appointment today

Sent: August 29 4:22 PM

Sean Baker <Seabake@gmailer.com>
To: Sharon Baker

Hey mom, glad you're getting the tests and meds you need.
Hope you are getting lots of rest.

Holiday Competition: Winning Submission from a New Member — LaVonne Taft

Life's a Banquet (Cont'd)

Video Appointment todaySharon Baker <Shabake@ael.com>

To: Sean Baker

Sent: August 29 6:02 PM

Well, the X-ray shows I have severe pneumonia. You can call dad for details. I'm going to bed. Love you.

Update and a new outlookSharon Baker <Shabake@ael.com>

To: Sean Baker

Sent: September 4 12:17 PM

Hi,

That antibiotic is very strong and it's also prescribed for TB, Anthrax and Plague! That'll cure what ails me and then some. This illness brings home to me how tenuous life is and it increases my conviction to do the things I can do now. Remember when we went to your cousin's funeral in LA? She's buried in Serenity Palms Cemetery. Sounds boring, doesn't it? How about a cemetery with the name; *Jazz in the Morning*, *Wind Beneath my Wings*, or *Garden of Earthly Delights*. At least it sounds like you're not just stuck in the ground and are able to get out once in a while! I've thought about death but it's at the bottom of the list. Really, it is.

Love you.

Update and a new outlookSean Baker <Seabake@gmail.com>

To: Sharon Baker

Sent: September 4 12:20 PM

Mom! You Ok?

Update and a new outlookSharon Baker <Shabake@ael.com>

To: Sean Baker

Sent: September 4 3:08 PM

Of course, I'm in recovery, don't worry about me. I'm just sharing my new outlook on life. I'm probably in the last quarter of my life but everything is like a shiny new present to be unwrapped. I found two acronyms on-line that might explain to you how I feel. *YOLO*, *You Only Live Once*. That motivates me, gets me moving. Then there's *FOMO*. You know, *Fear of Missing Out*. I don't want to miss out on life experiences, so I wonder, am I a FOMO-ite? I found a FOMO checklist online and BINGO, we have a winner! I'm in the obsessive-compulsive category. I guess I'm a FOMO-ite. Love you!

Update and a new outlookSean Baker <Seabake@gmail.com>

To: Sharon Baker

Sent: September 4 6:10 PM

Mom, I don't think you're obsessive compulsive. You should question that checklist. I'm worried about you. How are you feeling?

Update and a new outlookSharon Baker <Shabake@ael.com>

To: Sean Baker

Sent: September 5 1:08 PM

No reason to worry, I'm just sharing how I feel, and I don't think I'm obsessive-compulsive either. I'm sure that FOMO isn't a neurosis but a *lust for life*. We love "Auntie Mame," with Rosalind Russell and her famous line, *Life is a banquet and most poor suckers are starving to death!* Well, I'm creating my own *banquet* for life. I'm living free now, all the encumbrances of youth are gone, the lack of self-confidence and fear of failure have less power. I could care less about what others think, and my self-expression seems to have no boundaries. Love you.

Update and a new outlookSean Baker <Seabake@gmail.com>

To: Sharon Baker

Sent: September 5 5:02 PM

Maybe I'm getting this a little better.

Holiday Competition: Winning Submission from a New Member — LaVonne Taft Life's a Banquet (Cont'd)

Update and a new outlookSharon Baker <Shabake@ael.com>

To: Sean Baker

Sent: September 6 2:28 PM

Hi,

I'm on a roll now, trying to get this all out. Remember when you asked about the tap shoes I bought? They were for the flamenco dance lessons I took too late in life because my feet just couldn't move that fast, or my fingers either. Those castanets were murder too. I do Blues Dancing instead and maybe I'll try drumming next! I've eaten raw sea urchin in a Japanese fish market, free dived to a shipwreck, and dune buggy racing through cornfields in Walnut Grove. All this means is that now my two mantras are, *I'll never be any younger than I am today* and *If not now, when?* Sure, there are limitations; money, health, and time but I am less worried about them, there is so much fun to be had!

Love you.

Update and a new outlookSean Baker <Seabake@gmail.com>

To: Sharon Baker

Sent: September 6 6:55 PM

Love you mom. I'm working on a poem to share too.

Resources for Writers

12 Magazines Paying \$50 to \$700 for Short Stories<https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/uncategorized/12-magazines-paying-50-to-700-for-short-stories/>**22 Calls for Pitches Directly from Editors (Up to \$1 Per Word)**<https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/uncategorized/22-calls-for-pitches-directly-from-editors-up-to-1-per-word-2/>**26 Literary Journals Open to Publishing Reprints**<https://authorspublish.com/26-literary-journals-open-to-publishing-reprints/>**Flame Tree Publishing: Accepting Submissions for Three Anthologies**<https://authorspublish.com/flame-tree-publishing-accepting-submissions-for-three-anthologies/>

Upcoming Events

- CWC Writer's Workshop with Amanda McTigue: *What Writers Can Learn from Directors*, Saturday, March 8th @ 11 a.m. Zio Fraedo's, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill, CA
- CWC Writer's Panel: Write What You Know, Monday, March 11th @ 6:30 p.m. Pleasant Hill Library
- Open Mic Night On Zoom: Wednesday, March 13th, 7 p.m. to 8:30 p. m. PDT
- CWC Mt. Diablo Writer's Connection: March 31, 12-2 pm @ ChickenPie Shop in Walnut Creek, CA
- CWC Writer's Workshop: Writing Fantasy — Eric Elfman, Saturday, April 13th @ 11 a.m.
- CWC Writer's Workshop: Novels, Novella's or Short Stories — Crystal Graves, Saturday, May 11th a.m.
- Joint Book Venture: A Panel Discussion on Conjointly Writing a Mystery Novel — *Passage to Murder*, Saturday, June 8th @ 11 a.m. at Zio Fraedo's, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill, CA

In Memorium
Phyllis Houseman

“If you live long enough, you can do anything.”

Member of the California Writers Club — Mt. Diablo Branch

Passed away January 12, 2024



Phyllis was born in Detroit, MI., earned a B.S. in Biology and Physical Sciences at the University of Michigan, and following two years in Ecuador as a Peace Corps Volunteer, completed a Master’s in Science Education at Wayne State University.

She married Jack (whom she met when they were both eight), had a daughter and son, and taught for many years in Detroit and California schools. After adding a concentration in Computer Science to her resume, Phyllis went to work in the computer industry. She has also written several contemporary novels.

Books:

Somewhere in the Silence — A tale of 1960s South America.

Extended Edition-Honorable Mention in the 2018 National League of American Pen Women–Soul-Making Keats Literary Competition: Novel Excerpt category.

The Verdict is Love — Jury duty means all sorts of problems for commercial artist, Kiri.

Call Back Our Yesterdays — Peace Corps training for a project in Ecuador.

To Catch a Lorelei — She's not just a pretty face; neither is Adam.

There Is a Season — Romance Writers of America Golden Heart Finalist.

Another New Year's Eve -- A true second chance at love.

Short Stories and Anthologies:

Insight, Hindsight & Flights of Fancy

Anthology Contributor — “Tuffy, Don Juan, and the Runaway Knight”

Curious Things: A Compilation of Curiously Disturbing & Sometimes Horrifying Stories

Anthology Contributor — Tuffy

Colossus: Home Anthology: Contributor-Tuffy's Home

CA Writer's Author Panel: Write What You Know

Monday, March 11 | 6:30 p.m.

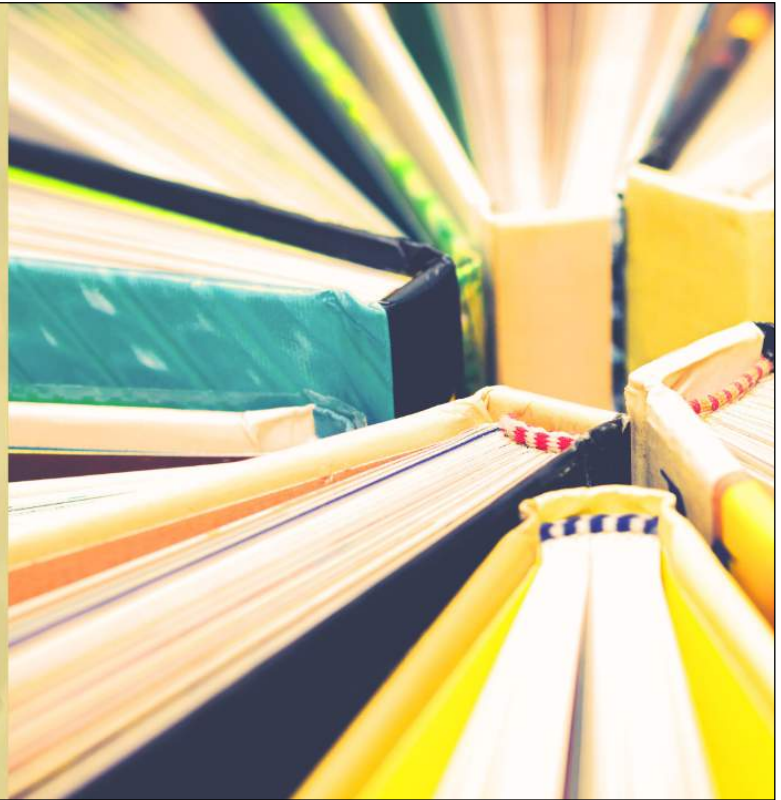
Join four local authors from the California Writer's Club who will talk about turning your real life experience into a novel that can be published. These independent authors will discuss how their professional experience helps create memorable characters and how yours can too.

No registration required, this program is free to attend.



Pleasant Hill Library
2 Monticello Ave
925.349.0883

For special accommodations, please contact the Library with 72 hours notice.



Ekphrastic Book Project

It is important to note that our Branch of CWC is sponsoring both a local project as well as the State project. In the second phase of the Vision and Verse Ekphrastic book project, for 2024, we have opened the submissions page for poetry and prose designed to be paired with the selected artwork. Ekphrastic writing is a literary reaction to a selected artwork. It is a way of using artwork as a writing prompt that is designed to inspire and ignite imagination.

Here are the guidelines for submissions:

- Choose up to three selections and write a poem or a prose in response to a selection.
- Submission period February 1st-March 7th.
- Times New Roman, 12-point font.
- Format as a Microsoft Word Document.
- Place the artwork number and title at the right top of the poem or prose.
- Your name is not to appear on the page or the file.
- Prose submissions must be under 300 words.
- Each submission must have its own title and file.
- Enter the title(s) for your poem or prose (up to three) in the title submission box.
- Enter (drag) each file into the file submission box.
- The file name must include the artwork number and title and whether the submission is a poem or prose. For example: CWC ekphrastic submission poem for artwork # 1 Welcome.
- Please include an under 50 words biography written in 3rd person.
- There is a \$10 fee for a submission.
- You can submit three files in the same submission form for the \$10 fee.

Here is a link to the Book and Submission Guidelines page on the CWC website:

[Vision and Verse Ekphrastic Book Submissions](#)

For questions, contact Les Bernstein lessieb13@yahoo.com

Member's Work Flash Fiction (500 Words)

The Pie Weights Flash Fiction (500 Words) by: Robert Poirier

Cathy Bench was aroused from her reverie when she heard Karen moan. She moved the six-inch chef's knife away from Karen's reach.

"You've broken your hip, Karen," Cathy said quietly. "You shouldn't move. The police will be here in a few minutes, and they will call the EMTs."

"This is all a mistake, Cathy," Karen pleaded. "I was just returning your knife."

"Right," Cathy scoffed. "At two o'clock in the morning. This is all because of that damn fence. I told you I couldn't afford \$4,500 for that piece-of-crap fence."

Karen sulked, moaning softly from the pain.

The fence started the issues between them, but Karen kept pushing the boundaries. Finally, one of the neighbors snapped a cell phone picture of Karen peering into one of the bedroom windows.

The police arrested her on a misdemeanor charge of "peeking while loitering" Penal Code 647(i). She was fined \$2,500 and assigned 100 hours of community service. Because of the arrest, she was removed from her positions on the hospital and art gallery boards.

Although Karen was required to stay 150 feet from Cathy and her children, she would stand on the boundary and hurl insults. This went on for several weeks until Cathy decided to put a stop to it.

She arranged for a locksmith to change the front door locks. When the locksmith put away his tools, she said in a loud voice, "We can leave the door unlocked until tomorrow morning. It's a safe neighborhood."

Cathy baked a pie that evening and put the pie on the shelf next to the front door to cool. She also put a plate of pie weights, pea-sized ceramic balls, beside the cooling pie. If the front door were opened, the pie and pie weights would tip and spill everything on the floor inside the door.

She dozed a few feet from the front door with her cell phone on her lap.

When the front door opened at one-forty-five, Cathy started the video using natural light. When the pie plate and the plate with the weights tipped and spilled the contents, Cathy turned the flash on at maximum brightness and continued to film. Karen took two steps into the house. Her feet went out from under her, and she sat down fast and hard. Cathy heard the coccyx crack and Karen scream. She called 911.

When Cathy heard the sirens stop, she nudged the knife closer to Karen, who quickly grasped it. Two police officers entered the house to see Karen crawling toward Cathy, screaming incoherently with the words "kill you" interspersed with gibberish. One of the officers wrested the knife away from Karen.

When the EMTs arrived and sedated Karen, Cathy gave them Karen's son's name and phone number. The son placed Karen in a memory care residential facility and sold Karen's house to help pay for the managed care.

A new family moved in with three young children and a beautiful Rhodesian Ridgeback dog. The new neighbors did not care about fences.

CWC Mt. Diablo Writers Connection

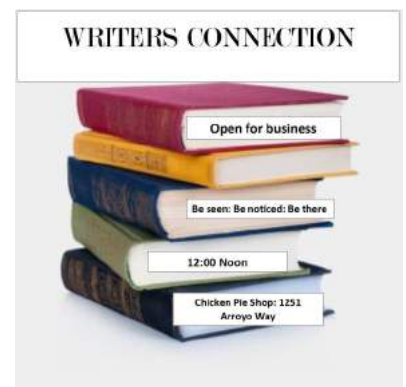
Writers Connection is a social place where like-minded people, hapless authors and creative geniuses can come together and chat about the one thing they all have in common: the compulsion to write. It is open to any CWC member, published or not, interested in a freewheeling, nonjudgmental, welcoming, and relaxed environment. Content will include a potpourri of writing or associated topic: news items, agents, publishers, bouquets & brickbats. Membership is open ended, limited only by space, and people may come and go as they please. Short readings are welcome.

Join us on the last Wednesday of each month.

March 31st, 12:00 pm–2:00 pm

Chicken Pie Shop
1251 Arroyo Way
Walnut Creek, CA

To Register: <https://cwcmtdiablo.org/register-for-writers-connection/>



Short Story by: John Blanchard

On Writers Block

Some writers get it, some don't. If you do, it's a puzzle and an annoyance.

"Why can't I write today? Why can't I finish that novel or short story?" One stares at the page and nothing comes. No words get down on paper. The novel stubbornly refuses to budge. One's head feels like cement. One sinks into a depression.

It isn't right. It isn't fair.

I get writer's block. When I first began writing seriously, I took it as a personal affront—as if the universe were giving me the shaft. It shouldn't be this way, I told myself. The underlying assumption was that I'm a writer. I should be able to write when I sit down to it. Call it the naive view of writing.

Since then, I've learned to see "writer's block" as an integral part of writing—fiction writing, at least. I've come to see that if I'm blocked, if the words won't come, there's probably a reason; and something is trying to tell me so.

In other words, maybe there's a not entirely unfriendly thing involved. Maybe even an ally. Call it "the other factor." The other factor is a voice that wants to be heard; it's another personality that wants to be acknowledged. And it has the power to throw a monkey wrench into the entire process, if it's unhappy and neglected. Ego, take a back seat.

But learning to acknowledge that there is another factor is one thing. Learning to listen to it is another. The first thing required is letting go. Ego doesn't like to let go. Writer's block is humiliating to the ego. It says to the ego, "You can't always have everything your own way."

Hearing this, some people will just bully their way through a manuscript; others will go into business or finance or become writing teachers and write manuals. To wit (from a book): "These clever, thought-provoking, imaginative prompts will help you blast through writer's block in an instant."

But if the writer is willing to suffer a deflation of the ego, then something truly creative might begin to happen. The words might begin to come again but from a different place. The "other factor" will drag us down willy-nilly into the depths, through rage and despair and humiliation—through a sort of ego death.

Paradoxically, the way through comes after we give up, maybe in despair at first, then hopefully in wisdom. What happens when we "give up?" We don't really give up. It's more like putting the work on the back burner while our consciousness dims.

We take a walk. We sleep on it. We do some gardening. In the meantime, the "other factor," namely the Unconscious, continues to work on the problem. We wake up at night. Suddenly the solution is there if we are open to it. It might require us to abandon the outline we have become so attached to. Attachment was part of the problem. While we adhered doggedly to our plot outline, a new character wanted to come in and threatened to blow up the story. Instead of letting her in, we barred the door, unconsciously. The story began to wither and die. Hopefully, we have the wisdom now to walk away from it, from the old version, to "give up."

What we gave up was a little of our ego, not the whole show.

"Leila," let's call her, finally gets through the door and shakes things up. She has a torrid affair with "Derek," let's call him. Nobody can predict what will happen next, not the author, not the reader. Life has re-entered the story.

Until the next writer's block!

John Blanchard is a published short story writer. His story *Cinéma Vérité* appears in the Anthology *Best of the West* 2010. He is currently at work on a historical murder mystery set in Los Angeles in 1914.

He graduated with a B.A. in Philosophy (minor in English Literature) from Pomona College, class of 1971. He was a park ranger with the East Bay Regional Park District before retiring.

He has two children, Daniel, and Rebecca, who both live in the East Bay. His wife, Janice, passed away in 2018 after a long illness.

He lives in Oakland and part-time in Borrego Springs, California, where he writes and sometimes pursues an interest in photography.



Short Story by: HJ Brennan

What a Long, Strange Trip

Four in the morning, bathrobe, slippers and make coffee. Butt in the chair and write until eight. Squeeze into spandex, road shoes and point the road bike into a thirty-mile trajectory. Shower, food and head to the bike shop for the eight-hour shift. Five days a week.

Camille Minichino's workshops had catapulted me to getting serious about writing. About putting in the work. And, she advised me to move on (I still assume she meant that positively.). Stanford's two-year OWC program needed attention. They said my commitment would be ten hours a week. It was more.

Reading Donna Tartt, Toni Morrison, Edward P. Jones and numerous craft books. Submitting weekly written scenes, critiques and kept total busy with OWC instructors. First draft of first novel done at eight in the morning, I sat back, took a breath and, "Wow!" Robe, coffee and slippers, I went outside to wait for the parade . . . Nothing. I went out closer to the road in case folks passing couldn't see that I had just written my first novel. Chest puffed, I leaned on the mailbox, grinning. Moms and their kids in Euro SUVs flashed past. Not a glance at the frumpy guy in his bathrobe.

As an emerging writer, I'd heard, "Be careful what you wish for." Hah! No way. I yearned. I kneeled at the agents' and publishers' doors. I sent prayers and Hershey's kisses and personalized each cover letter. I told them how I was a perfect fit because I, too, was a bull rider, a fireman, a spelunker. It took months, years. OWC had a workshop regarding publishing. We students groveled at the words of the facilitator who had been published. Really! How'd that happen? She must have been embarrassed by our fawning.

I was lucky early on with my first novel, *Fathers' Day*. I had queried Judith Shepard at Permanent Press. She is one of few publishers who still requires printed submissions. I printed the MS, boxed it and sent it off to NY. I got a hand-written note months later. "Like the writing, but a bit too sprawling for me." Really? Sprawling? Like, what? Too many Popes? Voltaire? The bike messengers? The tall, lesbian Chinese stripper?

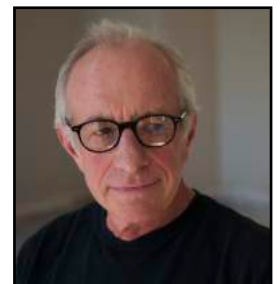
I took her message to heart, reduced, rewrote and self-published *Fathers' Day*. It picked up a few awards. Second MS, *This Then Is What Counts*, I sent to Ms. Shepard. Again, a hand-written note. "You had me to page 150. Then I lost the tension." I believed in her. So I went back to page 150 and reduced, retuned, trimmed and rewrote. I got it to where I thought it might work. Anyway, after rendering the fat out of the MS and my fading breath, Running Wild Press sent a contract. "We love it and we want to publish it." I sat on that news for a few days before telling my wife. It was a lot to process. "*This Then Is What Counts*" by HJ Brennan came out in January, 2024. You can reach me by email at: hjbrennam.com.

"No sir." HJ (Jim) Brennan grew up along a river in the Pennsylvania Rustbelt. Small high school, he got to try his hand at multiple sports, band and celibacy. He and his pals formed a combo (Think Bill Black) when they were twelve and stayed together until graduation. Scholarship to art school, he joined another band that played throughout southeastern PA. His graduation from art school set him up perfectly for the draft and he spent the next three years in the Marines. Having completed his enlistment, The Captain said, "Brennan, what will it take to get you to stay? What if I were to offer you \$4500?"

"Brennan, that's one half of a new Pontiac Trans AM!"

"Which half, sir?"

Following his service Jim gained his Bachelor's in education, taught inner-city public school, designed theater sets in Philadelphia and pursued his MFA at Temple. He somehow got swept into the corporate world and designed early user-interfaces for the internet and online media ads for national accounts. And somewhere previous in that mix, he subsidized himself as a hospital orderly (the art school years), tended bar, built barns and did a short stint jockeying on the back of a garbage truck. Jim lives in Walnut Creek with his artist wife and in close proximity to their two daughters and grandson.



Writers Helping Writers Fundraising

Sponsored by:
The California Writers Club
Mount Diablo Branch

Please consider joining one of the following donor clubs to benefit our programs in support of practical assistance to writers. Your tax-deductible gift will appear in the Mount Diablo CWC newsletter every month in the year you donate. You may remain anonymous if you prefer!

DONATIONS as of March 2023:

J.K.ROWLINGS STAIRCASE CIRCLE (\$1000 +)

Lilly Gwilliam

GEORGE ORWELL'S FUTURE FORUM (\$750 - \$999)

ROBERT HEINLEIN'S UNIVERSE (\$500 - \$749)

HARPER LEE'S SYMBOLS (\$250 - \$499)

TONI MORRISON'S MEMORIES BAND (\$100 - \$249)

DEAN KOONTZ THRILLER TEAM (\$50 - \$99)

Bob Poirier

MARK TWAIN'S ADVENTURES PARTY (\$25 - \$49)

Sandra Hall, Sherida Bush, June Gatewood, Dita Basu

RICHARD WRIGHT'S UNDERGROUND SUPPORTERS (up to \$24)

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S MYSTERIOUS ANONYMOUS SQUAD (any amount)

Squad Member One (\$765)

All program expenses are supported by individual donations to date.

Check our branch website for details: https://cwcmtdiablo.org/writers-helping-writers/

Please list my membership in the following donor club: _____

Name: _____ Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____ Phone: _____

E-mail Amount enclosed: \$ _____

My donation is in honor/memory of: _____

To pay via PayPal click "buy now" on the Mt. Diablo website:

https://cwcmtdiablo.org/writers-helping-writers/

Or make a check payable to: CWC Mt. Diablo Branch. And mail to:

CWC Mt. Diablo Branch
P.O. Box 606,
Alamo, CA 94507
Attention: Writers Helping Writers

This month we received a donation of \$100 for the Young Writers Contest from Joni Treadwell.

THANK YOU TO ALL WHO SUPPORT THIS IMPORTANT FUND!

Young Writer’s Contest Fundraising

Sponsored by:
The California Writers Club,
Mt. Diablo Branch



Please consider joining one of the following donor clubs to benefit our program in support of young writers. Your tax-deductible gift will appear in the contest program in May, and in the newsletter every month in the year you donate. Or remain anonymous if you prefer! Contra Costa County middle school students who enter the Young Writers Contest are eligible for cash prizes in short story, poetry, essay/personal narrative, and humor. Contest submissions are free. Check our branch website for details:

<https://cwcmtdiablo.org/young-writers/>

The Mt. Diablo Branch hosts an awards luncheon in May, depending on Covid 19 and its offshoots: Delta & Lambda.

All program expenses are supported by individual donations. Thank you for considering membership in one of the above donor clubs.

Please list my membership in the following donor club:

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____ E-mail: _____

Amount enclosed: \$ _____

Acknowledge my gift in honor/memory of (optional): _____

To pay via PayPal click “buy now” on the Mt. Diablo website: <https://cwcmtdiablo.org/young-writers/>

Or make a check payable to: CWC Mt. Diablo Branch. And mail to:

CWC Mt. Diablo Branch
P.O. Box 606, Alamo, CA 94507
Attention: Young Writers Contest

THANK YOU TO ALL WHO SUPPORT THIS ANNUAL CONTEST