LIKE MINDS IN ACTION

CRITIQUE GROUPS AND WRITING

We have three active critique groups at present. They were formed by people interested in having their work improved and/or listened to by knowledgeable individuals. All of them have been active for several years or more and have kept their members interest and enthusiasm.

I am a member of two groups who meet twice monthly. These writers include fiction, non-fiction and poetry selections. I am the only member of both. The third group works with longer material and is advised by Di Johnson.

What I enjoy the most, aside from the camaraderie, is the diversity of material and styles of writing. Our guidelines help us to critique the writing, not the writer. Also different people notice different things when listening to the pieces. In addition, seeing other people’s work is motivating to all of us.

-Lillian Rodich

(check out Paul’s website at www.paultowens.com for book jackets and other information.)

WORD TO THE WISE:
Come prepared to take notes. Owens will share a great deal of information for writers who want to market their work.)
The first speaker of the new year for the West Valley Branch of the California Writers Club was MPTF resident Bob Banner. He delighted the CWC audience with stories and antidotes about his long illustrious career in the entertainment business.

Bob Banner started his producer career in the late forties. He helped to produce Perry Como Shows in cities all over the world. He related to our members one timely story about a Perry Como Christmas Special in the Holy Land. With help from the Mayor of Jerusalem, three camels, two flocks of sheep and a donkey, filming on a warm starry night progressed without a hitch. Perry Como wanted to end his seasonal show with a nativity scene in Bethlehem with a real baby as the infant Jesus. The hired baby thespian started crying at the wrong moment and would not be consoled. Banner and his film crew replaced the crier with a smiling, gregarious baby Jesus drafted from a crowd of onlookers. As the filming progressed, the parents tried to tell Banner something important. "Tell me after we finish the scene," he told them several times. Finally, the scene in the camera, he listened to the parents. The father said, "We're Muslims." OH. The Baby Jesus was a Muslim, but no one cared, and the show went on the air with no complaints.

Another story came from the days Banner produced the Dinah Shore Show. Shore was known for her endorsements of Chevrolet at the end of her variety show: "See the USA, in a Chevrolet!" she warbled and she threw a big kiss at the camera. One week Shore wanted the well known entertainer Tennessee Ernie Ford as a guest. The Chevrolet sponsors protested because of Tennessee Ford’s last name. Dinah Shore had a wry sense of humor. She got around this sponsor’s objection by introducing her guest thusly, “Please welcome Tennessee Ernie CHEVROLET!”

Bob Banner received a doctorate at Northwestern University. After graduation one of his first jobs was on the popular puppet show Kukla, Fran, and Ollie. Fred Waring noted his production skills on this show and asked Banner to direct his show in New York. Just shy of his doctorate in music, he decided to move to New York and take the job with Fred Waring.

The popular producer went on to produce many shows, movies, and specials. Some of them included Omnibus with Alistaire Cook, in the first years of public television - the Gary Moore Show, Candid Camera, the Carol Burnett Show, Solid Gold and Show Time at the Apollo. Specials featuring Peggy Fleming, Julie Andrews and Frank Sinatra were also memorable parts of his career.

Bob Banner won nine Oscars, eight Christopher Awards, five Peabody Awards, five awards of Excellence and an International Golden Rose. In addition to his work in Entertainment, he found the time to finish his PhD in music, teach three years on weekends at Northwestern University and seventeen years at Southern Methodist.

Banner confided to the MPTF audience that production starts with the script. If a producer or director has trouble selling a story, it is usually not the story idea that’s at fault, but the way the story is written. Excellent advice for a writer’s club! MPTF members learned from an experienced producer that writing—or a good script—is the foundation of any top quality production. Our thanks to Bob Banner and wife Alice for visiting our January CWC/WV meeting and sharing his experiences.

- Lenora Smalley
To Publish or Not to Publish ... My View

Ray Malus

If you’re looking for information on how to find a ‘Publisher’, skip this piece.

I don’t know anything about that subject. What I want to discuss is ‘publishing’ – the simple act of making your work available to others – making it ‘public’.

Not everybody who writes does this. (For example, I suspect that Anne Frank would be embarrassed and chagrined to learn that her diary has been so widely read.) We have no way of telling how many journals, diaries, letters, poems, stories, etc are written and never made public. Probably far more than are.

Consider! You are presenting your thoughts, feelings, perceptions - your SELF - to total strangers, to be examined and judged. There is no courtship, no preliminary ‘coffee date,’ no establishing of trust – just instant vulnerability. Why would one do this? (My therapist says it’s ‘neurotic.’)

For me, there are lots of reasons. I want you to know me. I want you to like me. I want your approval. But all these are a bit petty (I mean you’re not ALL going to tape my story to your refrigerator doors).

The main reason is that we are all so alone, so isolated. We are each like a person in a cotton-lined room, shouting out, hoping for an echo that never comes. The sound dies as it leaves our lips. That terrible silence is unbearable. So we write notes, and slip them under the door, praying that some unknown person will find, and read them - and, perhaps, respond. That’s the potential pay-off!! A reaction!!

And what kind of reaction am I hoping for?

Well, I may provoke you to think. For some writers, that’s the goal. It’s not mine.

My goal is to make you ‘feel.’ If I can cause laughter, tears, wonder, surprise, pleasure, outrage, comfort – any emotional reaction, I’ve done my job. And the depth of that reaction is the measure of how well I’ve done it.

All the above, implies two things.

First: I will be truthful. My lying would void the whole process. This does not imply that I will not write fiction. But it DOES imply that the fiction I write will be true to my perception of humanity – it’s nature, behavior, sensibilities.

Second: I will perceive your reaction. An echo that isn’t heard is not an echo. Notice that it is an emotional reaction that I seek. ‘Critique’ is a necessary part of learning and growth. But critique is an intellectual response – not an emotional one. That’s not the goal.

This doesn’t mean that the emotional response needs to be a positive one. Just that it needs to be ‘from the gut’ – and expressed.

I read a lot -more on that another time. I regularly write to authors I’ve read. Most of them seem pleased to get reaction. The others do not respond. I have never gotten a negative reply to my letters or emails.

I encourage you to do the same.

Most of all I encourage you to share your work – to publish!
LOVE for a favorite person, place ... or thing.

We Make A Pair

Today I am so happy, I can sigh,
thinking of the good things we have,
my lady and I.

So many thoughts I can itemize,
about our wonderful life together,
my lady and I.

So many good feelings I can specify,
about our relationship together,
my lady and I.

My lady-fair is the apple of my eye.
She is my lady. I am her guy.

Together we are partners.
Collectively we make a pair.
And a pair we are.
This viewpoint we both share.

I am blessed to have my lady
as a friend and as a wife.
She has given a lot to me,
adding so much to my life.

- Norman Molesko

DRIFT AWAY

Cloudy weather, falling rain
Absent lover causes pain
Hiding stars and missing moon
Indicate it won't be soon
'Til my darling's home to stay
And the clouds will drift away.

Long the hours waiting here
Constant showers never clear
Yearning heart and misty eyes
Vainly plead in anguished cries
For my darling home to stay
Then the clouds will drift away.

By the window staring out
When I see her I will shout
Waiting arms and burning lips
Shall protest all future trips
When my darling home to stay
Then the clouds will drift away.

-Ken Wilkins

My Secret Love

Amniotic Ark.
Warm welcoming water womb.
Beloved bathtub.

-Ray Malus
Travel is what comes to my mind as a favorite thing to do. The mere thought of planning to go somewhere creates a wonderful feeling of excitement and anticipation of planning for me to do. It involves an activity that is not connected to the regular daily schedule and its routine and that is fun for me. I love the idea of selecting a destination, and then methodically putting together all the details of planning the trip. I even created a booklet which outlines how to prepare for a trip, which I follow. It turns out to be a very helpful device, especially because the planning phase lowers the stress and anxiety to a minimum.

Once the trip is underway, my favorite activity is to be as calm, spontaneous, and positive as can be. It has always worked for me in the past whether it was a trip to Palm Springs, California or the Around The World trip of 1990. Being spontaneous, curious and flexible enables me to see the world for its beauty, its diverse groups of people, their ways of life, culture and traditions. The memories of the many trips are eternalized in the many photographs that I have and which I can watch as often as I wish.

Such is a simple but rewarding love I have for the world of travel.

- Marganit Lish

“If so many men, so many minds, certainly so many hearts, so many kinds of love.”
* Leo Tolstoy

A 2009 Valentine Thought

Her thoughts rippled into consciousness…

Only a toy,
a toy in a glass hutch,
incongruous among china cups and tarnished, lusterless silver and dusty crystal, chipped china plates in the background like friendly smiles behind the clutter.
Just a little red truck, easily resting in the palm of her hand.
Shiny metal with black wheels and doors that opened on miniature hinges.
Her tears were an ache behind her eyes as she remembered, forty years later, a stormy April evening, windshield wipers clicking an accompaniment to Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered.
Sitting close to him in his big red truck when his words crept out, I can’t think of any reason why we shouldn’t get married…. so, how about it?
And then on their first anniversary, there in clouds of pink tissue, the toy truck.

- Lillian Rodich
Episode one - 1970

On a typical sunny day in southern California, my friend Sy asks, "Would you like to go for a walk?" He's just my nice neighbor... just my friend.

We are strolling along at a leisurely pace making light conversation as we cross Sunset Boulevard and begin to climb the Hollywood hills. Suddenly, the sky decides to change her dress from powder blue to a heathery gray and the sun that has warmed our path is no longer showing his face.

We'd better head back, I'm thinking, at the same time that Sy remarks, "It looks like maybe we'd better head back." With little warning streaks of jagged lightning, followed by the sound of thunder, illuminate the now charcoal sky. Then, much to our surprise, Niagara Falls comes down upon us.

In an instant we are drenched from head to toe. Rain is streaming down our faces. We can hardly keep our eyes open. At first we laugh so hard that I think I peed. But you can't tell the pee from the rain so it doesn't really matter.

We look at each other again and this time we do not laugh at all. He puts one arm around me, lifts my chin with his free hand, and...we kiss. It is our first kiss... a tender kiss... and a very wet kiss. That is the day we fell in love.

Episode Two - 1980, Something.... The Tenor Sax

We are slow dancing close, hardly moving as we sway...his chest pressing firmly against my breast. The sweet sound of the tenor sax is blowing the blues. Barefooted, dressed only in our swim suits, I have never felt so free. He kisses my cheek.

The sky is our ceiling, the sea our front lawn. As if this moment isn't enough, the sky lights up as a tropical storm invades this island. The warm rain washes our tanned skin as we make a run for cover. We take refuge under the thatched roof of the open bar facing the ocean.

Our bodies are wet, the margaritas are wet... our kisses are wet. We toast each other as we watch the rolling dancing waves. They too seem to be swaying to the tenor sax, blowing the blues.

All I need is a gray sky and a few drops of rain to awaken some tender recollections.

-Leslie Kaplan

Plague of Love

Loneliness is around no more,
Hope gains ground.
I know what I have found
As my heart once again will soar.

Happiness creeps into shriveled veins,
Black hearts turn to gold,
I know what I have been told;
Love was meant for those insane-

It plagues until it makes you numb;
No magic could ever play this game.
And if it is all the same,
Love was never said to be dumb.

Glorious stars high above-
Forever more show me love!
All of time through eternity
Beyond the lives of you and me.

Beneath the darkness of the night,
Foreseeing bright, heavenly light.
With such fervent passion;
Not just something currently in fashion.

Never supercilious in nature,
No need for nomenclature.
Beyond the eternities of time,
And through this forsaken rhyme,
Love will plague all.

- Samantha Berley
"You're sure I don't need a tie?" asked Harold as he hung up his towel. "A retirement dinner for a principal usually means a dress shirt, suit and tie. Isn't that the usual look for men guests?"

"Trust me, sweetie, this farewell dinner will be different," Lydia told him as she picked up a gold hoop ear ring. Harold turned and gave his wife's outfit a once over.

"Wow! You're wearing that sexy dress? Didn't you wear that one on our last Caribbean cruise?"

"Oh, you remember this dress? So you must remember the ship’s Tropical Nights Party. Best dancing you ever did... in my memory. After a couple of rum drinks, right? Aced the Limbo contest too - how low you did go!"

Harold chuckled, put his hands on her hips, and squeezed behind her satiny tush to get back to their bedroom. He focused on a bright shirt laid out on their bed.

"What’s this? You want me to wear the yellow shirt I bought in Jamaica? No way. I'd stand out like a wannabe Harry Belafonte."

"It'll be fine, trust me. Principal Gutierrez teaches Latin dances at a local studio on weekends. He and his wife love to dance. He plans to enjoy his retirement party in his own way. He chose a nightclub with a terrific Latin band and told his teachers to come dressed appropriately."

"The other guys are going to dress up Latin style? No dark ties and sensible shoes?"

"Nope. And we're taking a cab to the club and back home afterward - so we both can try the fancy drinks. I called for a taxi while you were in the shower."

"You've given this retirement dinner a lot of thought. I'm impressed, honey. But... you didn't really expect me to samba tonight? Can't remember the moves anymore. I'll wear the shirt but don't expect me to dance."

Lydia finished putting on her jewelry, checked her make-up, sprayed on perfume and strode quickly to her closet. She slipped on red high heels as Harold zipped up his black slacks. Then she stepped in front of him, cupped his face in her hands and gave him a light kiss.

"You can do it, sweetie. You'll remember the steps. I know we'll have fun. And when we get home you'll get a reward."

"What kind of reward?" His arms circled her waist.

"We'll do our own dance back here - with variations."

Harold returned the kiss, and put on the shirt. The couple did an impromptu cha-cha out the door.

- Kathy Highcove
The Lyrical Life of Erica Stux

Erica Stux grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio where her love for science and music developed. Erica earned an MS degree in chemistry at the University of Cincinnati and worked in the local industries.

Erica and her love of music never entirely parted as she played in high school, college and community orchestras throughout her life.

In 1988, Erica realized a myriad of her written songs worked nicely into a loose plot and with the help of friends and her local community, Erica’s twenty songs became a musical. The impressive feat of creating and orchestrating her own musicals has been repeated several times since then.

Erica began to write poetry and prose when her three children were young as well as short non-fiction and light verse for adults. Erica’s published books include four biographies for young people; Landlady, an adult novel; Sequins and Sorrow, a memoir of Erica’s co-author; Who? Me? Paranoid?, a collection of humor pieces; and two chapbooks of poetry. Erica’s poetry has also appeared in several magazines of all interests including children, adult and online magazines.

Although Erica said she has not done children’s articles for a while, she “may get back to doing some” eventually and continues to send old articles from her files out.

Erica has been active in the Greater Akron (Ohio) Manuscript Club from 1963 until 1999, then the CWC San Fernando Valley after she moved to California in 1999, and presently is a member of the CWC West Valley.

After forty years of writing experience, Erica developed her own way of approaching publishers. Erica said, “I keep anywhere from 5 to 15 query letters out at any one time.”

Although she is prepared with her work and query letters in hand, she’s “turned to subsidy publishers” when she had “exhausted my list of possible publishers.”

Erica’s greatest writing accomplishments are her two biographies geared towards a younger age group. “They’ve done particularly well,” she says.

The West Valley Branch of the California Writers Club is greatly enriched by the membership of published poet and author Erica Stux.

- Samantha Berley

These poems are part of a juvenile poetry collection I’ve written dealing with an insect species”- Erica Stux

PRAYING MANTIS

Green plants are a hunting ground
When praying mantis is around.
We are clever cunning killers
Of small bugs or caterpillars,
Beetles, ticks, or young grasshopper,
For our appetite’s a whopper.

Where else would a mantis hide
While he plans insecticide?

TERMITES

We termites chew our way through wood;
We'd bring the house down if we could.
We bite and chomp and crunch and chew,
Munching thick beams through and through.

“Chomp!” we cheer on each other on.
“One wall is already gone!
Only three more walls to go!
Chew them faster, not so slow!”

All that chewing chomping sound
Means that termites are around.

© by Erica Stux

Erica challenges us to this online spelling test. Here’s the site for those who want to give it a try:

http://www.businesswriting.com/tests/commonmisspelled.html
As most of you know, our new website cwcwestvalley.org is up and running. The new site contains member bios/profiles and other information. Please submit information you'd like featured in your member area.

Specifically, we are looking for biographical or profile information, headshot photos, and website links.

Guidelines for submissions are as follows:

**Bio/profile information** should be no more than 300 words, if possible. (We may need to edit your information for excessive length, typographical or other errors. (We’ll ask for your approval before using the edited version.)

**Headshot photos** can be any photo you prefer to use. Send one photo only to be placed alongside your biographical information. If you have a personal website or blog, include the web address with your other information. We’ll put a link to your website alongside your name in the Member List.

**Forward your information** via email to my email address: dlburr@msn.com. If your information is not available electronically, contact me at (805) 479-4126 to make other arrangements.

- David Burr
dlburr@msn.com

Visit our members bios, blogs and websites at: cwccwestvalley.org
Critique groups: Friendship,

My last critique group (sadly) disbanded a couple of years ago. I did so enjoy all the years of meeting twice monthly. We all benefited from the comments. Our group always sent our manuscripts ahead of time so they could be critiqued in earnest at the leisure of the reader. I know for a fact that these writers helped and encouraged my success of having 23 books published. I am still writing and email my stuff out for critique by other children's writers (and) looking for a group of experienced, serious, and published writers in the children’s field.

__Judy Presnail

My critique group started in about 1993. While not officially formed by CWC, over the years the group has been comprised of CWC members. It is limited to 3 – 5 people, all working on novel length fiction or memoirs. We meet every other week during the day. Each member brings copies of 6 – 8 pages they have been working on for each member. The author reads the material out loud while the rest of us make marks on our copies. Discussion after the reading concerns everything, i.e. “Does this dialogue sound like that character?” “Is there a better way to state this?” “Should there be a comma here?” Half the group reads and has their material discussed, then we break for water, etc. and finish with those remaining. This works well because we focus on constructive suggestions, not personal criticism. We limit ‘visiting’ and stay focused on the work at hand. We genuinely want each of us to successfully write something of value.

__Di Johnson

I was in a critique group which met every other week at a member’s home. At one time we had Max Schwartz, David Wetterberg, Mar V. Puatu, with us….We wound up with Mary Ann Holstrom, Shelia Moss, Elaine Shevin, Claude Baxter and, after Dave dropped out, me, (we went from 6 to 5 ). It was great fun, although every week had to come up with a story, I learned a lot, (enough to get two books, and a novel published by Lulu press (Lulu.com) )

__Art Yuwiler

I’ve been in two critique groups in my many years of writing. The first group was for writing adult fiction. Heading that critique group was F.A. Rockwell, charter member CWCSF, author of “How to Write Plots that Sell”, and “Modern Fiction Techniques.” Of course there was a small fee but this group went on for years and was extremely beneficial. When I decided to write for children I took a class at UCLA and from that class a critique group was formed and went on for five years. The only reason it broke up was people moved away. My experience says, having a common interest is most important.

__Gloria Kositchek

Critique group of published authors in children’s literature : Yolanda Fintor, Bonnie Lukes, Ruthie Collier, Judy Presnail

The right group has the right chemistry!

“YOLANDA HAS PUBLISHED TWO COOKBOOKS. BONNIE HAS PUBLISHED SEVERAL MIDDLE GRADE/YA NONFICTION BOOKS. RUTH HAS ALSO PUBLISHED A COUPLE OF MIDDLE GRADE NONFICTION BOOKS. AND I’VE HAD 23 MIDDLE GRADE/YA BOOKS PUBLISHED.” -Judy Presnail

Ah yes, ...the Saturday Morning Critique Group...Fellowship and diversity among members, keen and honest evaluations of one’s writings by others, graciousness and respect for differing points of view, these constitute the blend found at our bi-monthly meetings. I am fortunate to be a member of this inspiring group of writers.

-Norman Molesko
I look forward to our twice monthly critique group meetings with our members: Claude Baxter, Lillian Rodich, Leslie Kaplan, Ed Rasky, Lenora Smalley, David Wetterberg and me, Helen Katzman.

Our meetings are more than just a critique group; we are an extended family. This sociability is enriched with the serving of refreshments and participating in general conversation prior to the actual purpose of this meeting-critiquing our writings. To enhance our ability to write with clarity, the critiques are supportive, constructive and meaningful.

_Helen S. Katzman_

And free refreshments!

I enjoy my critique group very much. They are all lovely people, and they’ve given me some good feedback on my writing. We meet every other Saturday, 10 to 12, but sometimes we run over the 2 hours. Why do I stay with the group? I guess it’s to get their reaction to my writing, and their comments. I can do open mike readings elsewhere, but don’t get any feedback there.

_Erica Stux_

Lillian Rodich adds: “I would be happy to help get a new group organized if enough people are interested. We would need at least four to start.”

Email Lillian: lrodich@yahoo.com

March Issue Theme for Submissions

Winter rains are doing their work and new tender grasses carpet the West Valley hills once more. The days lengthen and warmer months are fast approaching. We feel fortunate to see the new leaves, note blossoms forming and to feel the fresh breezes of Spring 2009. Pleasant times lie ahead, we feel sure, breathing in the cool spring air.

InFocus welcomes submissions from our membership. The theme of the March issue will be—no surprise for leprechaun month,—your brush with good fortune. Share your short tale with your fellows in the CWC/WV. We want to hear your story.

_Kathy Highcove, Editor_

Words of the Month (Serious Scrabble Players Take Note)

paradigmatic (adj.) “1. of or pertaining to a paradigm. 2. Ling. pertaining to a relationship among linguistic elements that can substitute for each other in a given context, as the relationship of sun in The sun is shining to other nouns, as moon, star, or light, that could substitute for it in that sentence, or of is shining to was shining, shone, will shine, etc.” Cf. syntagmatic

enkindle (v.t, v.i, -dled, -dling.) “to kindle into flame, ardor, activity, etc.”

enjambment or enjambement (n.) “the running on of the thought from one line, couplet, or stanza to the next without a syntactical break.”


_Samantha Berley_
There’s an old English-teacher joke about how Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address would receive a C minus with “needless repetition” written in the margin had it been handed in as an essay assignment. The joke, of course, is that the teacher’s grammatical nearsightedness completely misses the power of repetition and parallel structure. In the same comic spirit, The Sermon on the Mount would have received the same grade with all its blessed are the poor, and blessed are the meek, much less God’s Ten Commandments with all the Thou shalt and Thou shalt nots. Okay, that’s stretching it a bit.

Parallel lines, Parallel words

In a series of words or word groups, each word or word group should be parallel; that is, on the same grammatical level as the others in the group. This principle is easy to see in sentences like My girl friend likes swimming, hiking, and cuddling where the enjoyments all end in –ing. Had the sentence been My girl friend likes to swim, to hike, and cuddling, on the other hand, the sentence would have lacked parallelism. And When I relax, I like an interesting book, a good hammock, and I like some soft music too would be better parallel: When I relax, I like reading an interesting book, lying in a nice hammock, and listening to soft music.

Some words in one part of a series should be included in all parts of the series: Everyone thought that Jason was the witty one, that Georgia was the wise one, and that Howard was the crazy one. In the same way, if a word or words are missing from one part, they should be missing from the other parts: Everyone thought Jason witty, Georgia wise, and Howard crazy.

The articles a, an, and the should appear either 1) before the first word only: He liked the French, Italians, and Portuguese best, or 2) before every parallel word: He liked the French, the Italians, and the Portuguese best. The same applies to prepositional phrases – one, or all, with no mister in-between: Mike looked in the encyclopedia, in the card catalog, and in the Sears catalog. It’s not necessary to use the same preposition each time, however. Remember …of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Correlatives

A correlative is two or several words used in a rhetorical partnership:

both, and not only, but also either, or first, second, third

Correlatives are always followed by parallel forms.

Both typing well and writing shorthand are the major requirements of this job.

She was not only pretty, but also fluent in five languages.

He had to either control his temper or suffer a divorce.

My objections to the proposal are first, the ambiguity of the language, and second, the impossibility of the requirements.

-Dave Wetterberg
From the 101 Freeway exit on Mulholland Drive. Travel south on Mulholland and turn right at Steven Spielberg Drive. Then turn left and follow the route to the large parking lot on the left for Villa Katzenberg. If you are stopped by the MPTF Security, tell the official that you are attending a CWC meeting.

MEETINGS

The California Writers Club meets the first Saturday of the month at the Motion Picture and Television Fund complex:

Villa Katzenberg
23388 Mulholland
Woodland Hills, CA 91364-2733

NEXT MEETING
Saturday, February 7th, 2009 at 1:30 p.m.

MAILING ADDRESS

c/o Dave Wetterberg, 23809 Friar Street
Woodland Hills, CA 91367-1235

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InFocus Columnists.... Ray Malus,
Lenora Smalley, Dave Wetterberg, Leslie Kaplan, Samantha Berley and Geri Jabara

Submission Guidelines

1. Submit a work two weeks in advance of publication.

2. Keep prose short, between 200 and 300 words. Contact editor if work is longer.

3. Poems also should be short, approximately three to four stanzas.

4. The editor reserves the right to accept or reject any work submitted. Space might be limited and the omission based on editing difficulties.

5. Works not used may be stored and used in a future issue of InFocus.
THE 2009 SANDY WRITING CONTEST

Less than a month to polish up your entry for The Sandy Writing Contest for unpublished writers! Sponsored by the Crested Butte Writers. Fantastic Editor/Agent Final Judges and cash prizes. Take advantage of this fantastic opportunity to impress one of these final judges! Tell your critique partners and all your writing friends! The deadline is Feb. 17th, 2009.

Eligibility and Rules can be found at www.thesandy.com

Categories & Final Round Judges
Romance — Adam Wilson, Assistant Editor, MIRA
Mainstream Adult Fiction — Katherine Nintzel, Editor, William Morrow/Harper Collins
Suspense/Thriller — Alex Logan, Editor, Grand Central
Fantasy/Science Fiction — Cameron McClure, Agent, Donald Maass Agency
Children’s YA — Kaylan Adair, Associate Editor, Candlewick

PERMISSION TO FORWARD GRANTED AND VERY MUCH APPRECIATED

Theresa Rizzo
www.theresarizzo.com
The Sandy Writing Contest Coordinator

“You will find true success in those efforts that captivate your heart and soul. Belief fuels passion, and passion rarely fails.”

InFocus Newsletter