

Essays
Poetry



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THE MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE SOUTHWEST MANUSCRIPTERS

Vol. 69 No. 1 Jan. 2020

NOTICE: THIS BELOW MEETING WAS CANCELLED DUE TO SERIOUS LIBRARY EMERGENCY!

Saturday, Jan. 4th 2020 Published Authors -
at 2pm in the Community Room, on the 3rd Floor of the Palos Verdes Library, 701 Silver Spur Road, in Rolling Hills Estates.

"LISTEN, LEARN AND GROW FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF OUR OWN PUBLISHED AUTHORS"

Instead, This cancelled meeting will be postponed until March 7, at the usual time and place. You can email for more info at: jfventures@msn.com

February's program will still be as planned, we are inviting the library's current Anthology Program's participants, not just SWM members, who weren't chosen to be one of their readers, to do so at our meeting, February 1, 2020 at 2pm, in the Community Room of the PVP Library.

More info: **Jeri Fonté, SWM Program Director:**
jfventures@msn.com

Article Contest Due in March - See Page 2 —>

The SWM Treasury is looking for your Membership renewal for 2020! - See the included form.

SWM Dates for 2020 all at 2pm
Feb 1, 2020
Mar 7, 2020 - Apr 4, 2020
May 9, 2020 - June 6, 2020
July 11, 2020 - Sept 12, 2020
Oct 3, 2020 - Nov 7, 2020
Note: Aug. and Dec. are set aside for special events.

Meeting Location

Jan. 2020 Meeting -
CANCELLED!

SATURDAY, Jan. 4, 2020 at our regular meeting location - the Community Room of the Palos Verdes Peninsula Center Library, 701 Silver Spur Road, in Rolling Hills Estates.

SWM meetings are usually on the first Saturday of each month, EXCEPT holiday weekends, so be prepared! See schedule box below.

Our official meeting will start at TWO (2pm). Come a little early for networking. **IMPORTANT!**

The Library would like to encourage participants to use either the large parking lot off of Deep Valley Drive (see map on Last Page) or the roof parking.

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Upcoming Speakers & Events

Sat., Feb. 1, 2020 - PV Anthology Readers

Sat., Mar. 7, 2020 - Redo of Cancelled SWM Readers

Edith Battles Nonfiction Article Contest

! Deadline: March 7, 2020 SWM meeting !

Contest Chair: Barbra Simpson

barbrassimpson@aol.com

(310) 376-8234

SWM Contest Rules:

1. Contest is limited to **SWM & Surfwriters members** only.
2. **Four dollars** non-refundable fee for each entry. Cash or check OK. One check can cover multiple entries. Make check payable to **Southwest Manuscripters** and bring to the meeting or send to the **SWM Contest, 872 - Fifth Street, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266**
3. **Maximum three entries** per person. In keeping with the purpose of the **SWM** to encourage writers, especially new writers, only previously unpublished material is allowed. That means not seen in any medium (book, newsletter, magazine, newspaper, internet) with circulation of more than 200 readers. **Rule of Thumb:** If a judge may already have seen your entry, it is ineligible.
4. **Print four (4) copies of your entries, one per each judge. Must be single-sided, double-spaced, with an easy-to-read typeface, and legible.** If the entry can't be read, it can't be judged. [Note: Times-Roman, Arial or Courier 12 is standard.]
5. **Note word count** on page one (**max 2,000**). Do **NOT** put personal info on the pages.
6. Entrant's name may not appear anywhere on the entry. Put **NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE and TITLE** of entry as you would like to see them on award on a 3x5 card. You may also indicate intended market (e.g., children's magazine, sci-fi magazine).
7. Although the contest has four judges, no judge is obliged to provide a written critique.
8. **Awards** will be presented at the **SWM** meeting in the month following the contest deadline. Winners of more than one top award will receive one certification for the highest scoring entry and honorable mention for any others. In case of a tie for a top award, each individual entrant will receive the same award.
9. **Members who wish** their entries to be published in **The Write Stuff**, may forward their entries, winning or not, **after** the contest, to **Southwest Manuscripters**, TWS Editor: **van42@hotmail.com**
10. **Entries that do not comply** with the above rules will be rejected and the entry fee will be forfeit.

Give entries, checks and cards to the Contest Chair or mail them to: **SWM Contest, 872 - Fifth Street, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266** or bring to the **March 7, 2020 SWM Meeting (or before)**. Do **NOT** mail entries to the Editor or to the SWM P.O. Box.

THE SOUTHWEST MANUSCRIPTERS

President, Editor JP Van Gordon
 Treasurer. Robert Reed
 Contest Chair Barbra Simpson
 Program Director Bernadette Shih
 Program Director, Membership Jeri Fonté
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THE WRITE STUFF

Chief Editor Ian Gordon
 Contributing Photographers
 Dan Lambert & All of the Members!

GUIDELINES AND GENERAL POLICY

We publish only: SWM contest winners, member articles, book reviews, poems, acceptances, SWM news, and news about writing. No copyrighted material such as cartoons. Only short news items and letters can be typewritten.

"Letters to the Editor" (under 200 words preferred) may be edited to fit page constraints. No "phone-ins!"

To preserve individual writing style, we limit the editing of submissions to errors in spelling, word misuse, punctuation, and egregiously incorrect grammar. We may copy-fit for space available.

E-Mail letters or submissions to TWS Editor: **van42@hotmail.com**

If there is a problem or an emergency getting your material in, you can call the editor at:

(310) 387-5932

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Ad rates per issue: business-card size \$15, quarter page \$25. All ads subject to review prior to acceptance.

ABOUT SOUTHWEST MANUSCRIPTERS

Founded in 1949, the group has grown to some 200 members, including novelists, screenwriters, poets, writers of children's books, mysteries, science fiction, nonfiction, life stories and journalism.

SWM's purpose: Encourage writers to network and exchange information. Speakers are well-known professionals, authors, agents, editors, and publishers. SWM also has writing contests, a summer picnic, a winter holiday party, and smaller Special Interest Groups. All who are interested in writing are welcome.

Dues: New members and renewals \$25 per year, \$35 per Spousal Couple. Additional \$1 per issue or \$10 per year is assessed if hard copy of the SWM Newsletter is desired. New members joining on or after July 1st, will be assessed \$12.50 for the remainder of the calendar year. Mail to: **P.O. Box 1438, Lawndale, CA 90260**



"Wendy, Bugs, Bears and Bees"

by Ian Gordon

It was a Saturday... Wendy aimed her bicycle through the leaves under the tree where her Dad had built her a real tree-house three years ago. He had recognized the adventurous spirit early on in his Daughter's eyes. The tree-house smelt of fantasy places and times and Wendy quickly fitted in.

No use to tell her of the danger of a tree-house. She was a brave girl who would have none of that! Danger, adventure and fantasy were her middle names and she lived up to them vigorously.



The leaves flew in the air like her dreams and imaginings as she sailed by. She could, as she had done many times, taken her books and study things up there, doing her homework while dreaming of castles and dragons. However, today was a Saturday and she felt the spirit of spring air flow through her veins.

The wooded park at the end of the block was her target. It had grown wild in the years since the town let it go to seed. Wild as the spirit which coursed through her... wild as the stream which trickled down out of the surrounding hills. She had always wanted to follow that stream, passing the trickling ends of it in her travels. "Today was the day!" she mused, peddling faster...

The trail that wandered through the old park was ancient, left perhaps by passing groups of historic natives. Old foot paths recycled as wagon trails for pioneer horses, then later as a walkway for park visitors... now returning to its riparian past, just right for Wendy's speedy vehicle.

Leaves, twigs and small pebbles made a rapid retreat in the path of Wendy, increasingly maddened in her search for adventure. The wild world of the woods had better be prepared, for she approacheth!

At some point the rocky road became way too wobbly for wheels, no matter how maddingly driven. Wendy took to foot, which had always been her best vehicle.

Slowing down, she now had time to appreciate nature.

She had never been this far into the wild area before. This was where the old park merged into the woods. This was the best time of the year to be here. School was still in session, the summer vacation hadn't yet started, but the vernal spring knew no boundaries of time.

Wendy was a rebel, she knew no boundaries of time, either. For her this was a chance to connect—connect with the wildness of nature that she just knew was a part of her soul.

Looking down she realized that she had just missed stepping on a bit of that nature. A reddish-brown crawdad was crossing the path right in front of her. She picked it up

Her sciences teacher, Mrs. Tuttle, had shown her how to pick one up just behind its front pincer legs in a way that it couldn't reach behind and pince your fingers, a painful experience that Wendy did not want to repeat. That teacher had a classroom full of wondrous delights, many kept in glass cages called terrariums. Mrs. Tuttle was a great inspiration to a young girl with an adventurous spirit.

Placing the wriggling creature on the other side of the path, Wendy watched it scuttle its way toward its goal, the widening stream that now ran alongside of the path.



Wendy, Bugs, Bears and Bees - continued:

The trickle that had been just a tiny two-foot stream was now yards wide and marshy, with a bed of reeds along the opposite side, reeds that, she was sure, was home to a wide variety of woodland creepy-crawlies—Just the kinds of creepy-crawlies that she was curious to investigate.

There were a bunch of lily-pads just next to the reeds, and more than once, she thought she glimpsed a flash of green that would have been a small frog rapidly leaping into its hiding place. Tadpoles abounded in the marshy reeds, swimming their dark, little teardrop shapes gracefully among the roots and brambles of underwater plants.

Birds, too, flourished in great varieties and numbers as she drifted uphill: the typical water birds, loons and puffins. Wendy marveled as a great egret silently swooped overhead like some kind of modern pterodactyl lost in time.



In the fields surrounding the marsh there were large varieties of flowers. Great, natural flowing waves of wildflowers grew abundantly all about.

With flowers, there were insects. Wendy liked insects, she had grown accustomed and even friendly toward the flitting bugs in her studies in Mrs. Tuttle's class.

Dragonflies were among her favorites. They came in so many colors and their sparkling wings glittered in the sun as they sought tasty mosquitoes for lunch.

"Lunch!" thought Wendy, suddenly wakened to her tummy's request. She had thought to bring along a sandwich and root beer. The problem was, while the bees didn't really care for egg salad, they loved and fought her for tasty sips of sweet, syrupy root beer. She laughed and wondered if they would leave enough for her.

The little apian flyers were abundant this time of year, having nests in nearby trees. But her fascination was stolen by a smaller group of bumblebees.

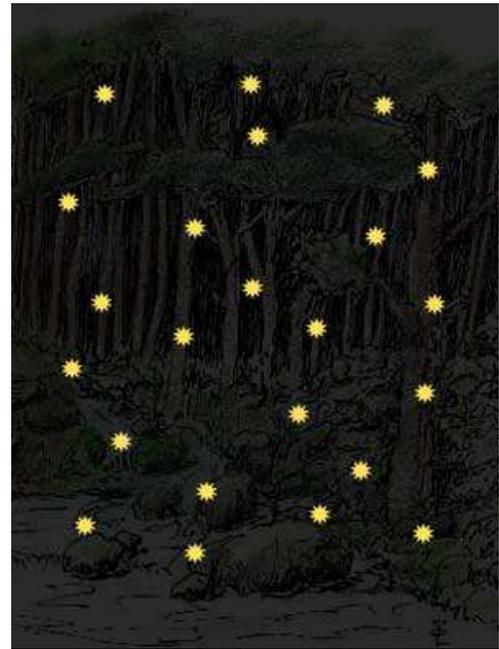


A very pretty one had bands of gold around its black body, but the most spectacular one was all gold and beautiful! She watched in wonder as it made its way among the sunflowers, which seemed to follow the sun through its daily flight across the heavens.

Wendy even thought she saw a faun in the distance—a baby deer! Maybe, if it got used to seeing her here, it might come closer someday.

She even grew so fond of following a group of hummingbirds that she tracked them for miles, ignoring her path and where she went.

The sky grew darker and soon, as she was wandering about trying to find her way back, she saw the beginnings of a swarm of lightning bugs. Their fireworks display filled her young eyes with wonder and soon she didn't care if she ever made it back. Their flashing responses to each other were a kind of language, a language she wished she could read.



It was getting colder as the sparkling flies diminished. Wendy was not afraid, she was never afraid, but she was a bit concerned that she might be a bit lost.

The cold drew her to a hollow under a gnarled tree root. It was a kind of mini-cave which she felt, at the moment, was comforting. She crawled in and felt less of the cooling breeze.

Wendy, Bugs, Bears and Bees - continued:

There seemed to be a blanket of pine needles at the back of the hollow. She nestled into the warm, furry softness of the pile as a warm, hairy arm encircled her. There was a kind of snort just before the weariness of the day's exertions and a blanket of sleep overtook her.

Dreams of bucolic splendor occupied the girl's dreams until the break of day and she woke to bright sun streaming through the mouth of her mini-cave. She thought about the dream she had of hairy arms encircling her and shook it off, although it had seemed comforting at the time.

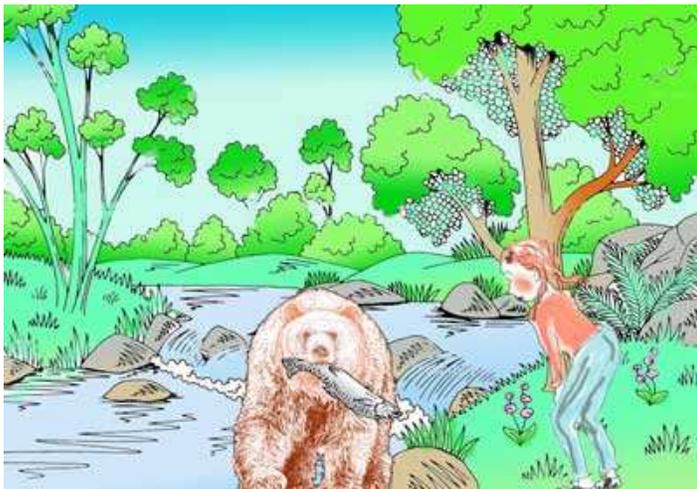
Exiting the hollow, she took stock of her condition. She tried to brush off the leaves and orb-spider's web that she had run through in the dark while trying to find her way around. However, she couldn't exactly brush off the strange odor she could smell all over her and decided that she desperately needed a bath. She meandered toward the stream, thinking perhaps she could take a dunking.

She was happy to see that the orb-spider had recovered from her clumsy assault and was busily rebuilding its web. Probably a daily chore for the creature anyway.

Nearing the stream, she could hear splashing and a familiar growling as she drew close.

There was a bear there, busy splashing the water cascading down through the rocky outgrowth jutting up from the course of the larger stream.

"Oh no!" she thought, "Was this my cave-mate for the night?" She recalled the hazy memory of hairy arms, along with the musky smell. She wasn't particularly afraid of bears, but it alarmed her that she hadn't been aware of her situation.

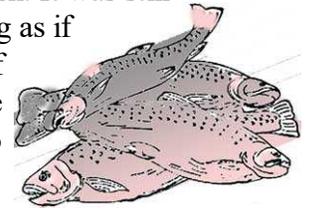


The bear snorted in her direction, slapped once more in the water and picked up something in its mouth and ambled toward her. Wendy wasn't too concerned, it didn't seem like it was attacking her, in fact it seemed like it was bringing her something.

The something turned out to be a good-sized fish, which Momma bear delicately laid at Wendy's feet.

Wendy could tell that it was a Momma bear: it was smaller and somehow different than a full-grown male bear. It was also older. Wendy guessed that its cubs had grown and left the nest some time ago. It had probably adopted her as a new baby bear.

Wendy looked down at the fish. It was still wriggling and its eye was moving as if it were trying to figure out if Wendy was going to eat it. She certainly wasn't, but what to do with it?



Momma bear went back to her duties at the stream, occasionally stopping her slapping fish out of the water long enough to actually eat one. Wendy did not feel like eating one, but what to do with this offering?

She finally picked it up, wriggling and squirming and pondered her dilemma. Momma bear probably wouldn't like it if she threw it back in the water. Might go after it again, and it was likely to die from its injuries anyway.

She finally decided to carry it, in its last throes of dying in the air, back to the mouth of the cave, where Momma bear could snack on it later.

The bear finally meandered back to the cave, where she sniffed at the offering, looked at Wendy with a kind of sad look, and laid back in the cave finishing her breakfast.

Wendy felt the burden and the smell of her nocturnal activities, deciding to head for home. But, where was home? She knew it had to be downstream, but this larger part of the stream split off into many small streams as it wandered downhill. But which one? Wendy pondered her problem.

Well, she knew that she had stayed mostly on this side of the stream, the side that led to the flowery meadow. So... if she stayed on this side as she went downhill, she would probably end up following the stream that went through the park. It was worth a try. Wendy started out.

Butterflies and a myriad of moths fled from the bushes in her path as if to celebrate her passing. A humming of a bed of locusts was music to her feet as she sped. After a few miles down the hill, the territory began to look a little more familiar.

Wendy, Bugs, Bears and Bees - continued:

Now she could actually see the town from where she stood. It was still in the distance, but she could see the green patch at the edge where the park was. She just followed the trickle as it got smaller going down the slope toward the patch of green.

She knew she was on the right track when she found her trusty bicycle, unmolested, it had been waiting for her all this time.

The morning breeze felt good, blowing the cobwebs from her hair as she flew toward home. Entering her house, she heard her Mom call, "And where have you been?"

"Oh... just sleeping with the bears." came the answer.

Wendy's Mom was used to these kinds of responses. It came with having an imaginative girl in the house. Mom figured that Wendy had just slept over in her tree-house and didn't make much of it.

"So, what adventure are we going on today?" Mom asked, as Wendy wolfed down a hungry breakfast, after having bathed furiously.

Wendy thought about that. Maybe one adventure was enough for a weekend, "I need to catch up on my homework," she replied, "I think I'll go to my tree-house and work there."

Mom just shook her head and sighed.



Well, I did warn you all that if there weren't enough forthcoming stories and poems being entered in our contests and written by our members and submitted to the newsletter that I might likely put one of my "Wendy" stories in. Of course, this one did win one of the prizes, but I would like to see more of our membership represented in this journal, not just the prize-winners and the regulars, such as Dan Lambert, Alan Cook, etc...

Please, take time to take some of those brilliant ideas you have floating around in your head and apply them to paper... Thank You, Editor

Here's a story from the days at Pacific Inn:

Culinary Abuse

by **Maryellen Modrzewski**

As I was leaving the last Southwest Manuscripters meeting, I read the posted dinner menu and was shocked to see whipped potatoes on the menu. What a blatant display of cruelty. As a vegetarian, I respect vegetables but didn't realize how we abuse them.



Take potatoes, for example. They can be whipped, mashed, boiled, fried (in hot oil, no less), and twice-baked (as if baking them once isn't punishment enough).

Corn is typically boiled and gnawed off the cob by gnashing human teeth. It is also cut off the cob and creamed. Ouch!



Eggs are boiled, chopped, baked, fried, or beaten into submission before being scrambled. Eggs are not a vegetable, but worthy of mention.

Nuts are chopped, blanched, slivered, dry-roasted, or roasted; or worse yet, eaten raw.



Tomatoes are pureed, sliced, diced, and stewed (as in cooked, not to be confused with the state of inebriation).

Peaches and grapes are peeled (or skinned). Fortunately, they're not alive during this process.

Celery is sliced, diced, and creamed into soup along with its friends the mushroom and the tomato. I never did have the stomach for creamed vegetable soup.

Radishes are mutilated in order to make colorful garnishes for other culinary delights. Keep that in mind the next time you admire a vegetable platter.



Soybeans are beaten and pulverized into textured vegetable protein, a mainstay for vegetarians.

Coffee beans are roasted, ground, and dowsed in hot water for the enjoyment of that most legal drug, caffeine. I, however, prefer decaffeinated.

Culinary Abuse - continued:



Spinach is chopped, creamed, boiled, or torn apart for salad along with a variety of other lettuces.

Various fruits are mashed and boiled with the result being jam, jelly, or preserves for that dry piece of toast or English muffin.

We've pickled beets and cucumbers along with eggs.

Onions and mushrooms are sliced, diced, grilled, and sauteed.

The vegetable medley is steamed (a physical state, not an emotional state).

And if baking, roasting, and boiling the members of the plant kingdom isn't enough, we also freeze them. For example, there is fresh frozen orange juice. Also worthy of mention is the assortment of canned and frozen fruit such as berries, peaches, mangos, and pineapples.

If the temperature extremes aren't enough for the poor fruit, we can always dry them out, preserve them with sulfur dioxide, and store them in vacuumed sealed bags for consumption at a later date.

Since the abuse can't be stopped entirely lest we starve to death, at least say "thank you" to the artichoke before devouring its heart.



FACING YOUR CRITICS

by Alan Cook

The author finds himself in a room, much like a large classroom, but with no windows. The seats are full of men and women with expectant and somewhat hostile faces. The author stands at the podium, but can't remember what he is supposed to talk about. While he searches his mind for direction, a man in the first row raises his hand. The author thankfully calls on him.

The man says, "In your first book about the young woman with amnesia, she has sex with a sleazebag. If you must have a sex scene in your book, at least she should have it with a decent guy."

The author suddenly remembers who these people are. They are his critics—all the people who have given him bad reviews. He must defend his position.

"Well, you see, she is struggling to remember her past life, and one thing she is attempting to do is to find out about her sexuality. This man..."

The author can tell from the expression on the questioner's face that he isn't buying it. The author quickly shifts gears.

"Thank you very much for your comment. The next time I write a sex scene I'll consult you first."

A woman halfway back in the audience is calling out to get his attention. The author points in her direction.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you learn to write, sending text messages to teenagers? Do you ever write a sentence of more than five words?"

"Are you speaking about a particular book, ma'am?"

She gives a book title.

The author remembers the first sentence of that book. He mentally counts the words in that sentence.

"The first sentence in that book has sixteen words, and I'm sure there are many other sentences of that length or longer in the book."

"I wouldn't know. I just read the excerpt."

"You mean you reviewed the book without actually reading it?"

"Yes."

"May I ask why?"

"This is a free country. I'll do anything I damn please."

The author forces a smile and says, "It takes all kinds, doesn't it? Any more questions?"

Another woman gets to her feet and starts speaking before the author can call on her.

"When your protagonist is in the hospital, recovering from being hit on the head, you show her as being concerned about her appearance because she is being visited by some young men. You don't know anything about women. She's injured for pity's sake. She isn't going to be worried about how she looks."

The author is ready for this one. "I have a story to tell. Years ago I dated a girl whose friend had joined a convent. One day she talked me into taking her to the convent to see her friend. We were in the reception area when the trainee nun walked in. She took one look at me, became flustered and apologized for not wearing makeup."

FACING YOUR CRITICS - continued:

The author smiles, pleased with himself. The woman casts a look at him that would melt lead and sits down with a thump.

A man in the back is waving his hand in the air as if he's trying to catch a bus. The author recognizes him.

"In one of your books you speak disparagingly about global warming. You are obviously a global warming denier and should be expunged from the earth."

The author attempts to explain. "I'm not a denier of anything. The earth has been warming and cooling for four and one-half billion years, so it's certainly doing one of those right now. What I'm against is junk science being used to support the agendas of groups who hate people and want to blame the human race for everything."

The man in the audience says, "Denier." Then he starts to chant, repeating "denier" over and over again. Other people in the audience take up the chant and it swells in volume. The author looks at the frightening faces of the audience members and fears for his life. He tries to speak over the noise of the chant.

"I'll be back in a minute."

The author goes to the door and surreptitiously turns on a hidden valve that lets a colorless and odorless gas into the room. He exits and shuts the door behind him, being sure it is securely locked and can't be opened from the inside. He whistles as he walks down the hall toward the elevator.



PROLITERACY LITERARY CIRCLE

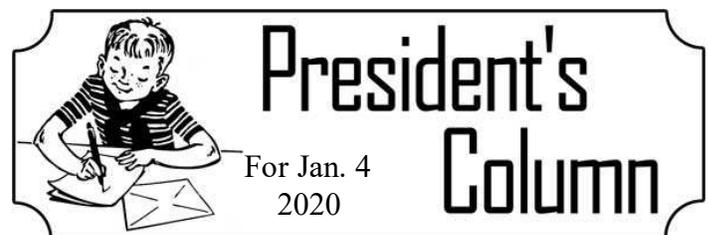
by Alan Cook

ProLiteracy (proliteracy.org) is a nonprofit organization dedicated to helping everybody learn to read. Years ago I was a literacy tutor. I had two students who were adults but had never mastered reading. I received a lot of satisfaction from helping them, and I may start tutoring again. Those of you who remember Varda Murrell, longtime sparkplug of SWM, may recall that she was also a literacy tutor.

ProLiteracy has established a Literary Circle of authors. The purpose is to promote reading, but also to help authors gain recognition. ProLiteracy staff members are working with the authors to figure out the best ways to do this. Bonny and I have joined the Literacy Circle, and we are featured on the ProLiteracy website.

Any members of **SWM** who are interested in joining the **ProLiteracy Literary Circle** of authors should contact me (alcook@sprintmail.com 310-375-8983). This will involve being a member of ProLiteracy (making an annual donation), and also working to help ProLiteracy promote literacy in the world. It may include donating some of your books to ProLiteracy for distribution to literacy students.

If you have any ideas about the best way to work with ProLiteracy in order to help them achieve their goals, while at the same time benefitting us authors, please let me know. This is an opportunity to help others while helping ourselves.



I have to make an **EXTREME** apology to our SWM Members for the lateness of this newsletter, the **EMERGENCY** closing of the Library, all kinds of things which I probably have no control over... But I feel bad about them anyway. There were circumstances which I won't bother to bore you with, but I feel very bad about having this blip on my record. Having thus said that, I would like to give you as much of a catch-up as I can in the short time I have before the next newsletter becomes due.

Things **ARE** going ahead, thanks to stalwarts like Jeri and Robert and all the well-wishers that are helping by being supportive.

The cancelled January meeting will be repeated in March, the Feb. Meeting is going ahead as scheduled... and I may actually be catching up on the newsletters.

Now is not the time to look backward (unless you are the historian). Now is the time to look at a brighter future.

Enjoy this issue, come to the February 1 Meeting, read the next page about the new Surfwriters upcoming events, keep active in our club... and **KEEP WRITING!**

Thank You, Van (Pres./Editor/Historian)



Surfwriters' News

For January 2020

2020 has arrived and the call is going out for anyone that would like to participate in **Surfwriters Annual Readers Short Play Presentation**. Jeff Guenther has already sent me his contribution for the endeavor. Please let me know asap if you are interested in contributing/ participating. We need, first of all, the short plays to be read and, then, readers available to read on **Sunday, February 23**, at the **Peninsula Library Community Room, 1-3pm**.

Marilyn Litvak: mltrvlarnng@hotmail.com

Sean Kenney (of Star Trek fame) will be speaking at the **Surfwriters** meeting on **Friday, January 24, 11am, Malaga Cove Library Community Room**. He has written a new book which he is promoting.

Other Surfwriters events of importance are:

Short Plays Presentation, Sunday, February 23, 2-4pm - Peninsula Library Community Room.

In anticipation of **National Poetry Month**, Poet **Tanya Ko Hong**, will speak to **Surfwriters** about her new poetry book on **Friday, March 20, 11am-Malaga Cove Library Community Room**.

And the **Annual Poetry & Music Event** to celebrate **National Poetry Month, Saturday, April 25, 2-4pm, Malaga Cove Library Gallery**.

The **Surfwriters** usually meet from 10am to 12 noon, on the fourth Fridays on a monthly basis for most of the year, at the **Malaga Cove Library Community Room, 2400 Via Campesina, Palos Verdes Estates, CA 90274**

Yet More...

Marilyn also wanted to inform us about **California Poets in the Schools**:

<https://www.californiapoets.org/>

or <https://bit.ly/2GMIAoC>

California Poets in the Schools is a statewide nonprofit program that empowers students to express their creativity, imagination, and intellectual curiosity through writing, performing and publishing their own poetry. CalPoets is also one of the nation's largest literary artists-in-schools programs.

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(310) 316-5290 - faithnamdlog@aol.com

Have You Paid Your Dues Yet?

HELP! Please, it will go a long way toward helping our dwindling treasury and giving us some leverage to plan special events...

Please send your dues and the filled out form to the **PO Box 1438, Lawndale CA 90260** - Thank You!

Southwest Manuscripters on the Net

We now have **FOUR** (4) websites and we have a **Facebook** page! Visit them early and often! If you are on Facebook and haven't "liked" us yet, please do. We're at:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Southwest-Manuscripters/201449856560092>

or just go to the Facebook main page and do a search for **Southwest Manuscripters**.

Our Websites:

The Main one:

<http://www.coliserv.net/swm/>

plus www.southwestmanuscripters.com

and southwestmanuscripters.wordpress.com

and southwest-manuscripters.blogspot.com

or just Google: **"Southwest Manuscripters"**
and stand back!

Writers' Events● **GLAWS EVENTS**

Creative Writers Conference
 March 20-22, 2020 at DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel,
 Los Angeles - Westside, 6161 West Centinela
 Avenue, Culver City, California, 90230-6306
 For more information and "Early Bird" discounts:
<http://www.wcwriters.com/ccwc>

For more events, see:

www.glaws.org/events/monthlyeventcalendar.html

GLAWS Special Speaker Events are typically held the third Saturday of the month, ten times a year in the Ray Bradbury Room, 2920 Overland Ave., Culver City. For a listing of events, see: <http://www.glaws.org/events/>

● **IWOSC EVENTS**● **IWOSC Social Meeting**

Los Angeles Westside Satellite Meeting -
 Email: info@iwosc.org or <http://www.iwosc.org>
 The Satellite has secured a regular location — St. Mary's of Palms — first Saturday of every month from 12:30- 2:30 p.m., followed by a meal at the Grand Casino Bakery & Café in downtown Culver City.

<https://iwosc.org/south-bay-writers-group/>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/64370970914/>

Their mailing address is:

Independent Writers of Southern California
 PO Box 34279, Los Angeles, Ca 90034

Keep in Touch with the Southern California Haiku Study Group:

<https://www.facebook.com/pg/SoCalHaiku/posts/>

WOMEN'S FICTION & NONFICTION WORKSHOP
 MONDAY NIGHTS IN VENTURA, CA

WHO: Toni Lopopolo, Literary Agent, Editor, former New York Executive Editor at Macmillan and St. Martin's Press

WHAT: Women's Fiction & Nonfiction Workshop; men writing about women, welcome.

WHERE: Ventura, CA

WHEN: 6:30 PM Mondays,

*Toni (215) 353-1151. For more information

Email lopopolobooks@gmail.com

Pasadena Area Writer's Group

Writing Session: 1pm to 4pm, every week on Sat.
 at: The Lost Parrot (a coffeehouse)(buy something)
 - 1929 Huntington Drive, So. Pasadena, CA 91030
 (near Fletcher Drive - plenty of street parking).

The Sierra Madre Writer's Support Group.

Mondays from 11 am until about 1:30pm See:
<https://www.meetup.com/The-Sierra-Madre-Writers-Support-Group/>

Stage Time! Play Reading and Improv**Presented by the City of Manhattan Beach**

First Tuesday of Each Month - 1:30pm - 3:30pm

at: Joslyn Community Center Auditorium

1601 Valley Drive, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

Info: 310-325-3251 or 310-540-5635

Free! All Are Welcome www.citymb.info

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 THE
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Prepare for the Cowboy Poetry and Music Festival

The Palos Verdes Peninsula Horseman's Association Presents

THE 23rd ANNUAL COWBOY POETRY & MUSIC FESTIVAL

Saturday January 18th, 2020

7 PM at the Empty Saddle Club

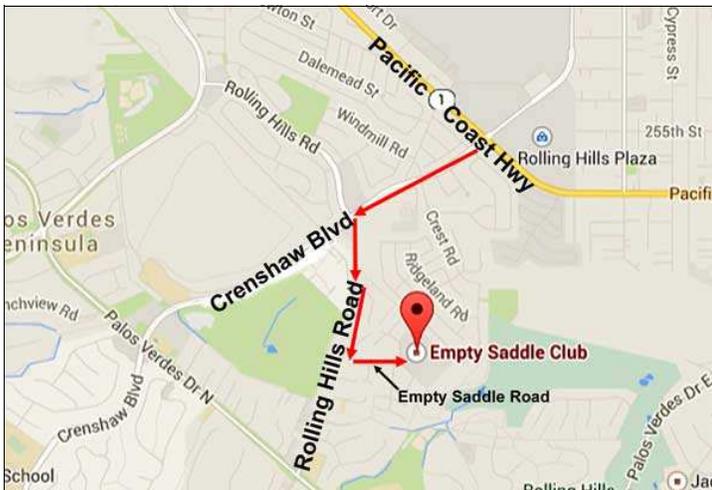
6 PM - free chili and cornbread served!

For more info or to sign up:

contact **Bruce H. at 562-331-0686**

If you wish to compete in the Cook-Off:

<http://pvpha.org/chili/>



Directions to Empty Saddle Club:

Take Crenshaw Blvd. up the hill from PCH to Rolling Hills Road.

(If you get to PV Drive North, you've gone too far.)

Turn **left** (SE) onto Rolling Hills Road, go about a half mile to Empty Saddle Road.

Turn **left** and the clubhouse is on the left between the two arenas.

The show is always free so come and enjoy an evening of fun, food, poetry, and music!

Come One! Come All!

23rd Annual

Cowboy Poetry & Music Festival & Chili Cook-Off

Sponsored by the Palos Verdes Peninsula Horsemen's Association - Saturday, January 18, 2020 at 7pm
(Free Chili and Cornbread at 6PM)

Empty Saddle Club

39 Empty Saddle Club Rd. RHE CA 90274

To Sign Up or More Info call

Bruce 562-331-0686

Free chili, cowboy beans, ice cream before the event!

It's on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, east off of Rolling Hills Road, go north below PvDr North from the General Store on the corner. Bring a flashlight, it's very dark at night!

Very dark, no street lights, go very slow, do a test run during the day since you have to drive about 2 blocks through a residential community off of Rolling Hills Road, about 3 blocks down turn east on 39 Empty Saddle Road, which has speed bumps. The gate should be open for you to go into the large stable with 2 horse rings and a larger cattle roping ring.

Go to the back and there is the cook shack and the club house on the left, past the main parking lot. Bring a warm jacket, a hat, a kerchief plus cowboy or cowgirl duds.

For 16 years Janis Lukstein has performed her Pony Club Mom poems, been the director of playlets, and led fun sing-alongs with props like last year's "Deep in the Heart of Rolling Hills." Song sheets provided again this year!

Janis will be performing a short poem/song with her partners. Wear your duds, scarves, hats and a smile.

Bruce Harnishfeger is the cowboy emcee. Email Janis asap at Calkeypals@aol.com; text also okay to Janis Lukstein.

Cell: 310-283-8907, home: 310-375-8160, to get you on the bill and program.





The Write Stuff!

The Southwest Manuscripters
P.O. Box 1438
Lawndale, CA 90260



First Class

Last Page

The Write Stuff!

January 2020

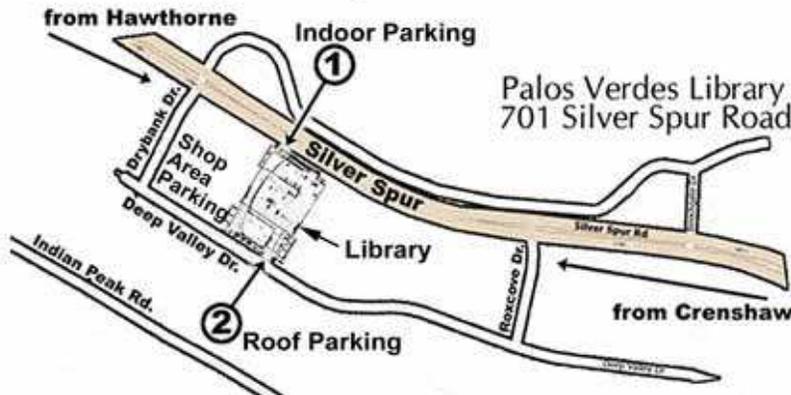
Southwest Manuscripters

Our meeting location is at the Palos Verdes Peninsula Center Library, 701 Silver Spur Road, Rolling Hills Estates.

To get there, drive South on either Hawthorne Blvd. or Crenshaw Blvd. from Torrance.

From Hawthorne Blvd, turn left (East) on Silver Spur to #701. From Crenshaw, turn right (West) on Silver Spur to #701.

Parking on the roof is advised, as well as in the new parking lot in the shopping area West of the Library, as the 2nd floor is usually packed. The Official meeting starts at 2pm.



Get Connected with Special Interest Groups / Writers Groups

Haiku & Poetry Liaison
Janis

(310) 375-8160 - calkeypals@aol.com

It has come to our attention that most of these groups no longer exist. We would appreciate anyone who has news of a group to let us know so we can put a notice in this newsletter.

Let us know about your special interest writing group!

Visit Our Web Site
<http://www.coliserv.net/swm/>
E-Mail Us
van42@hotmail.com