



Issue 8

August 25, 2008

## The Quill

### From the Editor

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As many SCWW members know, the writing community lost a great inspiration, mentor and friend with the recent passing of SCWW founding member Carrie McCray. Ms. McCray passed away July 25, 2008. It seems fitting to have a

### Are You an Early Bird?

#### Conference Alert!

*Here's the latest SCWW conference chatter from our guru, Susan Boyer:*

Conference registrations continue to arrive well ahead of last year's pace. If you haven't registered yet, don't miss out on this opportunity to hone your craft, get feedback from industry professionals, and network with writers from across the state and across the country! The early bird registration deadline is Monday, Sept. 1 — just around the corner.

#### News & Reminders:

- We still have extended length critiques remaining in inventory, largely due to the faculty's generosity. We also have plenty of standard length critiques still available. This is a fantastic opportunity to get the crucial first pages of your manuscript critiqued by a professional — don't miss it!
- If you haven't seen this month's Writer's Digest, check out pages 72 — 74!
- The Hilton reservations telephone number is: **(800) 876-0010**. You can also make your reservation online at our personalized reservation page: [http://www.hilton.com/en/hi/groups/personalized/myrbhhh\\_swr/index.jhtml](http://www.hilton.com/en/hi/groups/personalized/myrbhhh_swr/index.jhtml) Remember, the group code is **SWR**.

## Recent questions and answers:

**Q:** I noted in the schedule info that we should let someone know if we need late check out from the Hilton on Sunday, Oct 26. I have a flight later in the afternoon. So, is there something else I should do? And how late will they allow check out?

**A:** You can ask the front desk for a late check out when you check in. They have a limited number of those that they'll allow, so there's no guarantee they'll grant it. Normally, 2 p.m. is as late as they'll allow.

However, what they offer freely to anyone who asks is that the bellman will pick up and store your luggage until you're ready to leave for the airport. Many people have their luggage picked up before they leave their rooms on Sunday morning so they don't have to worry about it. (Call the front desk the night before to make arrangements.)

Then, they enjoy the conference, have some lunch, and relax around the resort until time to leave. There are lots of places to sit and chat with friends, read, or simply absorb what you've learned during the conference. The mezzanine bar also has several TV's if you're inclined to watch, and the lobby has wireless internet access.

**Q:** Will we have a bulletin board at the conference for posting notes to other conference attendees that we'd like to connect with?

**A:** Yes. We'll have one near the registration desk. Messages can be left for friends, or a general, "Everyone from the Tampa area meet in the wherever room at whenever o'clock."

## Don't forget your Chapter Challenge baskets!

### Meet the rest of the Faculty!



**Gilbert Allen** received his B.A., M.F.A., and Ph.D. degrees from Cornell University, where he was a Ford Foundation Fellow. He is a professor of English at Furman University.

His first two collections of poems are *In Everything* (Lotus, 1982) and *Second Chances* (Orchises, 1991). His third collection, *Commandments at Eleven* (Orchises, 1994), was chosen as one of the year's five

most outstanding books by South Carolina's principal newspaper, *The State*. His fourth book, *Driving to Distraction* (Orchises, 2003), was featured on Garrison Keillor's *The Writer's Almanac* and on *Verse Daily*.

Some of his individual poems have received the Amon Liner Award (1984), the William Wordsworth Award (1989), the Rainmaker Award (1990), the David Ray Award (1994), and the Robert Penn Warren Award (1994 and 1995).

His short stories have received the Porter Fleming Award (1995, 2001, 2003), the South Carolina Fiction Project Prize (1987, 1989, 1992, 1998, 2004), and the Piccolo Spoleto Fiction Prize (2001). His poems, stories, and essays have appeared in such publications as *The American Scholar*, *The Cortland Review*, *Crazyhorse*, *Epoch*, *First Things*, *The Georgia Review*, *Image*, *Quarterly West*, *Shenandoah*, *The Southeast Review*, *The Southern Review*, and *The Tampa Review*.

tribute edition of *The Quill*, but I'm having a bit of trouble finding folks willing to share memories, stories, history and pictures. If you'd like to provide any of the above for a memorial newsletter, please contact me as soon as possible at [carriemccullough@bellsouth.net](mailto:carriemccullough@bellsouth.net).

In light of this loss, the annual SCWW writing contest will now be known as the Carrie McCray Memorial Literary Awards.

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The next board meeting for SCWW will be at 10:30 a.m. Saturday, Sept. 6 at the Lexington County library.

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## Winning High School Work

Here's the piece that won the second place slot in fiction, *A Silent Heart*, by **Cecelia Ward**.

### A Silent Heart

I smiled and took the bread, placing it in my basket. I turned to leave, but the baker's wife caught my arm.

"Be sure to tell your father about the festival. Do you need to write it on something?"

I shook my head and pointed to my temple. I'll remember.

"Good lass. Now, go on, and get whatever you need." She cupped my face in her hand, brushing my brown hair from my eyes. "You have the look of your mother and the heart as well. I'm sure that you'll meet someone soon who'll steal it away."

I smiled and shook my head.

"Aye, they will. I promise you." She let me go. "Alright then, get, or your father'll come looking."

I glanced across the market to make sure no one was coming before I dashed down the road. Several people called my name and

waved. I waved back. I knew most of them, my father sent me to town more often than he came himself.

The tanner smiled as I passed, nudging his son in the back. His son shook his head and went on with his work. I shrugged and continued on.

The buildings disappeared into farms. I turned off the main stone road onto a little trail back to my father's home. The woodcutter came rumbling up the trail with a cartload, and I stepped to the side. He nodded to me.

"Good morning, Miss Dawn. Your father's getting a bit loud for you. He's shouting through the woods, scaring away half his own game. You best hurry along."

I smiled and nodded. He passed by, and I began running. I burst into the cottage, tripping over the hem of my dress and spilling the contents of my basket everywhere.

"There you are, you lazy girl."

I stopped trying to gather my things and slowly looked up. My father glowered over me, his arms folded. I made an attempt to smile.

"Where've you been?"

I pointed to the bread still in my basket and the soap and new shirts that were scattered on the floor.

"It took you that long just to run to town?"

I shook my head. I pretended to write, hoping he'd give me a chance to explain.

He sighed. "Get up off the floor." He grabbed a paper and pen. He slammed them on the table, dipped the pen in some ink and handed it to me. "There you are. Tell me where've you been then."

I took the pen, glancing at him. Would he let me go this time? I leaned over the paper and began to write.

*I was talking to Mrs. Harker. She told me there'd be a festival tomorrow.*

I stood back, and he snatched the paper up. His dark eyes scanned the writing, looking from me to the paper.

"You want to go to this, do you?"

I nodded.

He ran his fingers through his hair.

"Why?"

I shrugged.

He looked at me. "I know you have a reason, Dawn. Tell me."

I reached for the paper again. *It would be fun.* I handed it back to him.

With an "unflinchingly curious mind," celebrated poet **Forrest Gander** has become known for the richness of his language and his undaunted lyric passion. A translator, essayist, and the editor of two anthologies of Mexican poetry, Gander is the author of more than a dozen books, including collaborations with notable artists and photographers. Recent titles include *Eye Against Eye* (with photographs by Sally Mann), and the essay collection *Faithful Existence: Reading, Memory & Transcendence*. Poetry collections include *Torn Awake* and *Science & Steepleflower*; translations include *Firefly Under the Tongue: Selected Poems of Coral Bracho* and, with Kent Johnson, *The Night* by Jaime Saenz. Gander's essays have appeared in many national magazines including *The Nation*, *The Boston Review*, and *American Poetry Review*.

Gander has received Whiting and Howard Foundation awards, two Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative Poetry, and fellowships from the NEA. With poet C.D. Wright, Gander lives in Rhode Island, where he is Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Brown University.



**Beth Webb Hart**, a South Carolina native, holds a B.A. in English Literature from Hollins College and an M.F.A. in Creative Writing from Sarah Lawrence College. Her first novel, *Grace at Low Tide* and her second novel, *Adelaide Piper*, were two of *Booklist's* Top Ten Fiction Picks for 2006.

She lectures on a variety of topics and has taught creative writing on the college and high school level where she received two national awards from Scholastic, Inc.

Beth Webb lives with her husband, composer Edward Hart, and their children in Charleston, S.C., where she teaches English at Ashley Hall.

British born writer **A.J. Hartley** is the *USA Today* and *New York Times* bestselling author of the mystery/thrillers **The Mask of Atreus** and **On the Fifth Day**, which have been printed in 20 languages worldwide. His third thriller, **What Time Devours**, which centers on a lost Shakespeare play, will be released by Penguin/Berkley in January 2009, at the same time his first fantasy adventure, **Act of Will**, is released by Tor.

A.J. has an M.A. and Ph.D. in English literature from Boston University and is currently the Distinguished Professor of Shakespeare in the Department of Theatre at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. He is the director of the Shakespeare in Action Centre, the editor of the performance journal *Shakespeare Bulletin* published by Johns Hopkins UP, and the author of *The Shakespearean Dramaturg* as well as numerous articles in the field. He is currently writing a performance history of Julius Caesar for Manchester UP. As well as being a novelist and academic, he is a screenwriter, theatre director and dramaturg.



**Tommy Hays'** latest novel, *The Pleasure Was Mine*, was chosen for the Amazing Read – the first community-wide reading of a single book in Greenville, S.C. It has also been chosen for Greensboro, NC's One City, One Book read, which will take place this fall. *The Pleasure Was Mine* was read on National Public Radio's "Radio Reader" hosted by Dick Estell and South Carolina ETV-Radio's "Southern Read" hosted

He looked at it. "Fun? Even though you can't talk? You can't sing along? You can't even laugh?"

I nodded and curtsied. *I can dance.* I looked up at him.

"Oh, so you can dance. And what would you do while you danced? Smile and nod? No lad would dance with you. You know that."

I swallowed back the tears that threatened to spill out. I shook my head. *They will.*

"You think they would? Who, then? Tell me his name." He shoved the paper back at me.

I looked at it and hung my head.

"I thought so." He moved toward me and lifted my chin. "I'm doing what's best for you. I promise. Now, go get cleaned up with that new soap you bought and start making dinner."

I nodded, gripping my skirts. He moved past me and out the door. "I'm going to see if I can get anymore game before dinner. I'll be back soon." The door slammed behind me, and I let the tears fall. *Just once*, I thought, *just once couldn't he let me go?*

I pulled out a rough linen handkerchief and wiped my face. I gathered the things and went into the kitchen. I lit the fire and began cooking.

Noises from below woke me. I blinked in the darkness and sat up on my straw mattress.

"I realize you don't want her to go."

Mrs. Harker! What was she doing here? I crept to the edge of the loft – the small space where I slept over the kitchen – and looked over. My father stood in front of a fire, his hands clasped behind his back. Across the room, Mrs Harker sat with her husband, the baker, standing behind her.

"If you know that, why are you here?"

"I'm trying to have you understand. Dawn is sixteen now. Most girls her age have been to a thousand festivals!"

"A thousand? Really?" My father turned to face her. "And how many of those girls were dumb?"

Mrs. Harker gaped at him. "Are you saying that just because she's mute?"

"Dumb, Mrs. Harker. Dumb!"

"They mean the same thing."

"No! Mute means they can't speak but they used to be able to, right? Dumb means they never tried."

by Walter Edgar. It was also a Finalist for the SIBA (Southern Independent Booksellers Alliance) 2006 Fiction Award. Tommy has written two other novels -- *Sam's Crossing* and *In the Family Way*, a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and winner of the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Literary Award. He is executive director of the Great Smokies Writing Program and a lecturer in the Master of Liberal Arts Program at the University of North Carolina at Asheville. A member of the National Book Critics Circle, he received his BA in English from Furman University and graduated from the MFA Program for Writers at Warren Wilson College. He lives in Asheville with his wife, Connie, and his two children Max and Ruth.

**Robert Lamb** teaches writing and American literature at the University of South Carolina, in Columbia, and has published two novels: *Striking Out*, a coming-of-age novel set in Georgia in the 1950s, and *Atlanta Blues*, set in 1981, about the search for a missing girl by a reporter and two cops.



*Striking Out* was nominated for the PEN/Hemingway Award. *Atlanta Blues* was nominated for the Southern Book Critics Circle Award, made the best-seller list in Columbia, and was selected by a daily South Carolina newspaper as "One of The Three Best Novels of the Year (2004) by a Southern Writer — and maybe the best."

Bob has published free-lance articles in various magazines and newspapers, and he is a free-lance reporter for *The New York Times*. In 1998, he formed Red Letter Press and published a volume of fiction by his students: *The Class Menagerie - A Collection of Short Stories Out of USC*, co-edited by Bob and Chris Horn, a USC editor, and which he uses in his fiction-writing classes. He published a second volume of student fiction in 2004: *The Class Menagerie II*, with Dr. Charles "Chuck" Curran as his co-editor. Then, in 2006, Red Letter Press began publishing writers besides Lamb's students. For more information on this, go to <http://redletterpress.googlepages.com>.



Born and raised in Alaska, **C.E. Murphy**, who goes by Catie in real life, now lives in her ancestral homeland of Ireland, where she occupies so much of her time with writing that her agent and one of her editors independently suggested she find a hobby that wasn't writing. Instead, she landed a comic book deal.

She has an on-going series entitled *The Walker Papers*, about a reluctant shaman; the *Negotiator Trilogy*, about a woman who's found the perfect man -- only he's a gargoye who's wanted for

murder; and the *Inheritors' Cycle*, about the illegitimate daughter of a Reformation-era queen. She also has a trilogy of action-adventure romances out, published under the byline Cate Dermody, but they're very hard to find. The comic book, entitled *Take a Chance*, will be a monthly title beginning in July 2008.

Like the protagonist of his debut novel *Pyres* (St. Martin's Minotaur, 2007), **Derek Nikitas** was born on Saint Lucy's Day, December thirteenth. Raised in Manchester, N.H., then Rochester, N.Y., he earned his MFA in Creative Writing from UNC-Wilmington. He is currently pursuing a PhD in English



"No, Mr. Daniels, and I cannot believe you'd say such a thing about your own daughter! How can you expect to gain her admiration if you put her down around every turn?"

"That, ma'am, is enough; I won't have you tell me how to raise my child."

"And I won't have you speak to my wife like that, Daniels." The baker came out from behind her chair. "What does it matter if your Dawn can't speak? She knows how to communicate in other ways. She can dance; her eyes sparkle; she can write if there's no other way."

My father looked at him.

He looked right back. "She's a wonderful girl. Everyone knows that. The entire city knows that you have never let her come. They all wonder why, and I've heard some even call you a tyrant for it. Don't you love her? Let her, just once, have a good time."

My father opened his mouth, closed it, hung his head and opened it again. "This once." He looked up at them. "This once, I will let her go, but understand, Mrs. Harker, once means once." He walked to the door and opened it. "I hope you have a safe journey home."

Mrs. Harker stood and looked up at the loft. She winked at me and walked out the door.

I clapped to the beat of the music, watching others twirled about the marketplace, dancing beneath the stars. The fountain added a symphony of gurgling beyond them. I smiled and looked around as the song ended, and the musicians bowed. They struck another tune, and I stood, hoping that someone would ask.

I walked the edges of the dancers, looking between them. A young man I had never seen before looked at me. I glanced around to make sure I wasn't mistaken. No, he looked at me.

I glanced back up, but he was gone. I smiled to myself and began to walk again. Oh well.

"Miss Dawn!"

I turned around.

The baker beckoned me over. A young man stood by his side. I made my way to him, dodging the dancers.

"Ah, there you are." He took my hand and presented me to the young man. "Lord Bradley, this is Miss Dawn Daniels. She is

from Georgia State University, and has published stories in *The Ontario Review*, *Chelsea*, *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine*, and *The Pedestal Magazine*.

His story "Wonder" received an honorable mention from the Pushcart Prize, and in 2007 he was a Walter E. Dakin Fellow at the Sewanee Writers' Conference. His novel *Pyres* has been nominated for an Edgar Award for Best First Novel.



A national award-winning author and speaker, **Margot Theis Raven's** long professional career includes writing in the fields of radio, television, magazines, newspapers and children's books. She has more than 1,000 published articles to her name, and eight published children's picture books with others to come. As a national speaker she addresses a wide variety of groups annually at Military Conferences, Veteran's Groups, Social Studies Conferences; Colleges; Library Conferences; Book Conferences; Women's Groups;

High School, Middle and Elementary Schools. Audiences range from small focus-groups to 2,000 attendees.

To date, Margot's works have been featured on major national television and radio shows such as: ESPN; Nightline; C-SPAN; National Public Radio; and Good Morning America; and in major newspapers and magazines including: the *Boston Herald*, *Boston Globe*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Times*, *Washington Post*, *the Houston Chronicle*, *Charleston Post & Courier*, *Charleston Magazine*, *Vero Beach Magazine*, and *Low Country Living*.



Internationally renowned as a performance poet, **Patricia Smith** is four-time national individual champion of the notorious and wildly popular poetry slam, an energized competition where poets are judged on the content and performance of their work. She is also regarded as one of the few performance poets whose work translates effortlessly to the page. Indeed, the *Small Press Review* declares, "Smith writes the way Tina Turner sings." Smith's most recent collection, *Teahouse of the Almighty*, was chosen by Ed Sanders for the 2005 National Poetry Series, and was published

by Coffee House Press in 2006. Smith's three previous books of poetry are, *Close to Death* (Zoland Books), *Big Towns*, *Big Talk* (Zoland Books), and *Life According to Motown* (Tia Chucha). In reviewing *Close to Death* for *Library Journal*, Louis McKee said, "souls rage from the hellfire of the streets, and Smith effectively captures the language and urgency, the rhythms and fury."

**Marshall Turner's** passion is making technology useful. Useful technology meets a need, makes a task easier and accomplishes a goal. It is not technical or arcane, but focused on improving, simplifying and communicating.

His approach is grounded in his education and business experience. After earning an undergraduate degree in business, he joined Burroughs Corporation (now Unisys), one of the world's leading technology companies. In 1997, he founded Turner Technology, a technology consulting company that manages enterprise projects and develops websites. Along the way, he earned an MBA from the Goizueta Business School of Emory University.



the daughter of Rueben Daniels, a hunter who lives in the near most southern territory." He turned to me. "Miss Dawn, this is Lord Bradley Griffin."

I looked from him to the young man and back again. I cautiously gestured toward the castle. He nodded.

"I had hoped to dance with you, Miss Daniels." Lord Bradley said, motioning toward the lively circle next to us.

I nodded. He took my hand and led me out to the floor. The others spun around us, and he placed one hand on my waist.

"Are you ready?"

I nodded.

He waited for the right beat, and we began to dance. Other couples laughed and shouted, but we were silent for a while.

"So, Miss Daniels, what do you think of the festival? I must assume it is your first?"

I nodded and smiled. I took my hand from his shoulder and waved at all the decorations.

His eyes followed my gesture. "You like them then? My sister helped to make them."

He spun me around. "I cannot believe you have never come to a festival before. Surely you have been to at least one?"

I shook my head.

"Never? Amazing. May I ask how old you are, Miss Daniels?"

I blinked and touched my throat.

"Oh, don't worry. I know about that. Shall I guess then? Perhaps...sixteen?"

I gaped at him. *How?*

He laughed. "Don't worry; Baker Harker told me. They have the most interesting name, do they not? Harker. It almost sounds as if they were meant to listen."

I smiled and shook my head.

He laughed again. "I know. Mrs. Harker loves to talk."

I nodded. The music stopped, and he bowed to me kissing my hand. My face grew warm.

He straightened again and offered me his arm. "Would you like to walk, Miss Daniels?"

I slipped my arm through his, and we went to the edge where fewer people stood. He released me and smiled.

"Where exactly do you and your father live?"

I nodded toward the road to our home.

"Is it far?"

I shook my head and looked at him. *Why?*

In 2004, Marshall created and launched [WebforAuthors.com](http://WebforAuthors.com). He envisioned WebforAuthors as an affordable service focused on providing websites to authors, writers and speakers. His expertise in the Internet and Web sites is often shared as a speaker at writer's conference and in articles. He has presented at conferences such as WriteStuff Writers Conference, Yosemite Writers Conference, the SCWW Conference and the Indianapolis Book Fest. He has written articles for authors that appear on WebforAuthors and Backspace.

## Chapter, Chapter, Chapter! (expansions, opportunitites, chatter)

### Expansion of Greenville Chapter

Anyone interested in helping to form a new Greenville SCWW chapter that focuses solely on Screenwriting should contact our Chapter Liaison, **Bob Strother**, at [bstrother4180@charter.net](mailto:bstrother4180@charter.net).

### Opportunities for New Chapter

As mentioned in last month's *Quill*, there's interested in starting a new chapter for the Greeleyville/Kingstree/Manning area. If you're excited about this option and would like to help with formatting the first meeting, please contact Bob Strother, at [bstrother4180@chater.net](mailto:bstrother4180@chater.net) or SCWW member **Johnny Beavers** at [jrbeavers@excite.com](mailto:jrbeavers@excite.com).

### Chapter Chatter

#### Greenville Chapter

**Faye Tollison**, member of the Greenville Chapter of the SCWW, has obtained a literary agent, Aidana Ravenwillow of Ravenwillow Illustrations, for her book, *To Tell the Truth*. Ms. Ravenwillow has also set up and designed Faye's Web site for her book, [www.fayetollison.com](http://www.fayetollison.com). Visit her Web site and look forward to the future publication of her book. Faye is presently writing her second book, *The Bible Murders*.

*The Dieya Chronicles — The Beginning*, the second book in **John Migacz's** four-book sci-fi series, is now available for sale. It recounts the rise of the Human-Kraken war and the Human Alliance League. Forces within the League join to create the Dieya Corps: planetary wardens whose mandate is to protect emerging worlds from more technologically advanced systems. This is the tale of the first "Dieya" and his impact on the galaxy.

4RV Publishing announces the release of *State of Wilderness*, the first in the Junior Geography Detective Squad series, by **Elysabeth Eldering**. According to Batya D. Winger (UPositive Creativity and Life Coaching), "Elysabeth has created an intriguing storyline to encourage youngsters to learn about our United States. The relationships of her four characters add depth to the stories; they are true to their age and situation. Interesting and educational, *State of Wilderness* is a wonderful first book in the Junior Geography Detective Series: I'm looking forward to the next 49 books!"

The book, written for middle grade readers with information and activities, can be used in social studies classes or at home. Target readers enjoyed reading and trying to guess, along with the characters in the book, which

state the clues cover. Teachers who tried the book found it a unique way to help students discover a state in the United States, fun without seeming to be work.



The Greenville Chapter's August 9 workshop featuring *New York Times'* best-selling author, **David Weber**, drew an enthusiastic crowd of nearly 90 participants. For three hours, David told of his own experiences, frustrations, and

successes going from novice writer to having nineteen best-selling science fiction novels. The author of over forty novels, he received word the week of the workshop that his latest release, "By Schism Rent Asunder" had reached the best-seller list. David sold his first novel at age 37, but said he feels he could have sold it ten years earlier if he had only tried. "I didn't submit," David told the group. "Some people don't submit because, until you submit ... the dream of being published remains alive. Then, if you're rejected, as is often the case, that dream may die. But," he stressed, "if you don't try, a dream is all it will ever be."

Chapter representatives informed attendees of the upcoming Myrtle Beach conference, sold copies of *The Petigru Review*, and signed up new organization members. Overall, the workshop provided a great chance for networking and professional development, and a wonderful opportunity to promote the image of the SCWW as well.

### Myrtle Beach

Congratulations to **Sally Arango Renata**, winner of a coveted S.C. Arts Commission 2008-2009 Poetry Fellowship! Fellows receive \$5,000 in recognition of superior artistic merit.

Originally from California, writer of poetry and prose Sally has lived along the coast of South Carolina for fifteen years. In 2005, her short story *Chicken Bones* and three poems were published in *The Best of Writers' Circle Anthology*. In 2006, her poem "Losing Kisses" won the Interboard Poetry Competition (IBPC), and during the last two years she has received three Honorable Mentions in this very competitive poetry competition. In 2007 Renata received a grant from the Horry County Arts Council (ACE) for a book she is writing on William Thomas Thompson, a well-known visionary artist who resides in Greenville, S.C. In July of 2008 she was awarded the Poetry Fellowship by the South Carolina Arts Commission.

Renata contributes to *The Critical Poet*, an online poetry forum and is a member of the Poetry Society of South Carolina. Also a folk artist, Renata's work shows annually at the House of Blues Folk Art Festival and at The Franklin G. Burroughs-Simeon B. Chapin Art Museum's celebration of The Day of the Dead.

### Columbia II

"Perhaps I will call on you some time."

I smiled. He took my hand and led me back to the circle of dancers as another song began.

I wrestled the back door of our cottage open, almost dropping the wood pressed to my chest. I set it down by the fireplace and brushed myself off.

"There you are, Dawn."

I looked up at my father.

"You have a visitor. Take off that apron and clean up."

I nodded, untied my apron and went into the front room. I glanced at my father; he gestured to the other side of the room.

Bradley stood up and smiled. "Hello, Miss Daniels. Would you like to take a walk?"

*And here's the second place winner in the non-fiction category. It's Liner Notes by Taylor Davidson.*

## Liner Notes

### Handel's Sonata No. 3

My friend Sona talked about her oboe constantly, but she didn't like anyone to hear her when she played. I heard her for the first time when she asked me to listen to her concert piece. Her sheet music stand was set up in the bathroom, so no one could hear her through the walls in the dorm. I sat on top of the closed toilet while she played for me. Her bathroom smelled like lavender lotion, and the oboe music reverberated from the tiles, hollow and a little nasally. I don't know anything about the oboe. She knew that. What I thought about her playing didn't matter. All that mattered was that she trusted me enough to let me listen.

### I Shall Be Released

When people ask about my musical tastes, I say I like alternative and classic rock. I get the classic rock from my dad, who played Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin and The Band for me when I was a baby. When I was restless, he would buckle me into my car seat and drive the back roads of Anderson County while Robert Plant crooned me to sleep. I don't remember this, but when I was in middle school my dad reintroduced me to some of his favorite bands, and I took to them immediately. He

said it was because part of me still remembered.

### American Pie

I went to an academic camp every summer from seventh grade through tenth grade. I had class seven hours a day, from Monday to Saturday, but every Sunday night the camp hosted a dance. The dances took place on the Circle Quad, which was good for dancing as long as it didn't rain. When the Quad got wet, a putrid muck welled up and sucked at your shoes. The dances began just before sunset, but they never really got going until dark. Near the end of the dance, the counselors played the song "American Pie." As soon as I heard the first notes I rushed to form a circle with all the other campers, my arms around the person next to me, kicking my legs in unison with the rest of the circle and singing at the top of my lungs. By the end of the song my voice was hoarse and my arms hurt, but I was too happy to care.

### Billy Don't Be a Hero

My mother had a CD of hits from the seventies we listened to in the car when I was younger. My favorite song was "Billy Don't Be a Hero," and my brother liked "Shannon," a song about a lost dog sung in a piercing falsetto. We used to fight over who got to listen to their song first. My mother liked "Rock Me Gently," which I thought was about a rocking chair until I was in middle school, when I decided it was about slow dancing. (I was wrong both times.) My mother lost the CD for several years, and when she found it again, I was surprised to discover I still knew all the words to "Billy Don't Be a Hero."

### Anyone for Tic-Tac-Toe?

I don't have any musical talent. I can't sing on pitch, and I have no sense of rhythm or melody. But I wanted to play the piano, and after I begged for several years, my mother finally signed me up for lessons when I was in the eighth grade. The songs you play when you first start piano lessons are fine for five and six year olds, but embarrassing for a thirteen year old. Mrs. Phillips booked a Baptist fellowship hall for our first spring recital. The piano was set up in the middle of the room, which was mostly empty with a tile floor. One of the mothers

Columbia II will meet at a new location beginning this month. Through the good offices of the Greater Columbia Literacy Council, they have the use of a conference room at the Volunteers of America headquarters located at 246 Stoneridge Drive, Two Greystone Building. Meeting time remains the same, the first and third Mondays of the month at 5:30 p.m. However, since the Sept. 1 meeting falls on Labor Day, it is scheduled for Tuesday, Sept. 2 at 5:30 p.m.

Columbia II blog (<http://columbiawritersworkshop.blogspot.com>) for August features **Laura Valtorta** on pitching a screenplay (providing Web site info); **Alex Raley** on why he writes ("...to assure myself that I am here, that something in my life has meaning, if only for me."); **DiAna DiAna** on writing and publishing her book; and a joke from **Ilmars Birzniaks**.

**Bonnie Stanard's** poem "Incidents of Estrangement" was accepted by *River Poets Journal* for inclusion in their chapbook "The Leaf Gatherers," due out in September (<http://www.riverpoetsjournal.com/contests.html>).

### Charleston

Congratulations to **Heidi Strantz**, who was given a contributing writer credit in the August issue of *GO!* magazine, the inflight publication for AirTran. Her article was on the Birds of Prey Center in Awendaw.

The Charleston Chapter proudly presents a half-day workshop featuring **T. Lynn Ocean**, author of the Charleston-based *Fool Me Once*, and the Jersey Barnes mysteries including her latest, *Southern Poison*. The workshop, "Using Your Subconscious For Character Development," is free and open to the public. It will be from 9 a.m. to noon Saturday, Sept. 13 at the Charleston County Library's downtown branch at 68 Calhoun Street. Parking is available in the library's garage. Contact [Baddogrock@aol.com](mailto:Baddogrock@aol.com) for more information. Those of you who attended any of T. Lynn's breakout sessions at last year's conference will remember how much fun she is and this workshop promises to showcase her knowledge as well as her humor.

Charleston can cool down some by the middle of September, so SCWW members from different parts of the state might want to get away to the Lowcountry for the workshop weekend. With the kids back in school and family vacations over, the beaches will be uncrowded, but the water will be the perfect temperature! And of course, there are the award winning restaurants, including the Hominy Grill which just won the James Beard award for Best Restaurant in the Southeast, the gardens, The Yorktown with its Medal of Honor Museum, the SC Aquarium, the Historic District's carriage rides and much, much more. Charleston, with its long-standing designation as "The Most Polite City in America" will welcome you with open arms.

The Charleston Chapter is also very excited to announce it has two finalists in the Faulkner Wisdom Competition at the Words and Music Writer Conference in New Orleans. Congratulations go out to **Brenda McClain** for her *Laying Bare the Bones*, and **Shari Stauch** for her **No Extraordinary Means**.

**Jason Deierlein**, author of *Return From a Comatose Mind* was recently interviewed on Fox 24's Lowcountry Live. Check out his interview at <http://www.youtube.com/jasondeierlein>.

arranged a vase of flowers on top of the piano to make it look more elegant. I played "Anyone for Tic-Tac-Toe?" Having to hear Mrs. Phillips announce the title of the piece was bad enough. Having to play it was worse. I quit piano after the tenth grade. My memories of playing an instrument are laced with the smell of lasagne from the Baptist fellowship hall and the six monotonous notes from "Anyone for Tic-Tac-Toe?"

### Have a Holly Jolly Christmas

My family used to have a large portable black CD player. Every year the CD player gathered dust in the den until the day after Thanksgiving, when my mother or father would lug it into the living room. When the CD player was in the living room you could turn it up loud enough to be heard throughout the house, and during Christmas season we would play music on that CD player: The Time Life Treasury of Christmas collection, the soundtrack to Merry Christmas, Charlie Brown, Bing Crosby and Nat King Cole. I especially loved the song "Holly Jolly Christmas," which always sounded best coming from the crackly speakers of the old black CD player. I think my parents somehow knew we would remember these moments, and they played music throughout the house to make sure we would never forget. It worked.

### Good Riddance (Time of Your Life)

For what it's worth, it was worth all the while.

Green Day

### Lexington

**CW Saari**, a retired FBI agent who was in counterintelligence, supervising undercover operations and investigating espionage cases, is the author of the award winning and recently published novel, *The Mile Marker Murders*. He is now writing his second book which will involve a terrorist plot against the United States.

**Stuart Osland** recently had his article, "Columbia Through Sherman's Eyes?" published in *Lake Murray Columbia*. He gathered this information for his book, *I Rode With Sherman*.

## Opportunities (To Help, To Expand your Contest Horizons)

### Scholar seeks input on "Sense of Place"

James Borton, a full-time English instructor at the University of South Carolina-Sumter, is teaching a course in literary journalism. He's researching South Carolina writers who have written about a "sense of place," specifically what's unique to the South Carolina landscape. Mr. Borton would be interested in interviewing authors via e-mail:

[bortonj@uscsu.edu](mailto:bortonj@uscsu.edu).

### Gulf Coast Writer's Association announces contest

Dixon Hearne, co-editor of the Gulf Coast Writer's Association anthology invites SCWW members to submit short fiction for the next GCWA anthology. There is no entry fee. GCWA will pay \$25, or two free copies, to contributors whose work is selected for one-time publication rights — all rights revert to authors upon publication.

Stories must be set in The South and clearly capture a southern tone. Themes might include: coming-of-age, family relationships, fitting in, social life (in its many facets), dreams/aspirations. The GCWA will also consider previously published stories that meet this criteria. Deadline for submissions is March 15, 2009.

Interested writers will find all the information they need to submit at: <http://gcwriters.org/>.

### Poets & Writers contests database

Looking for a one-stop list of more than 100 contests that don't require submission fees? Check out <http://www.pw.org/grants?apage>.

## What Does the SCWW Board Do?

*A Message from the President, Cynthia Hodell Dyer*

According to our bylaws, the purposes of the South Carolina Writers Workshop are to "develop, administer and operate programs designed to foster and improve the writing talents of its members and the literary communities of South Carolina" and to "provide a creative environment in which the members can present on a regular basis manuscripts for critique by the organization". Our chapters serve these purposes locally in their regular critique circles as well as by occasionally sponsoring

writing seminars that are open to their communities. The Board of Directors serves the same purposes by handling the functions of the organization as a whole.

Each of the thirteen directors plays a specific and active role on the Board. Membership Chair **Jim McFarlane** (Greenville) oversees the ongoing registration of members, keeps our list current and complete, and edits our directory. As of August 1 our membership – which swells during conference registration – stood at 598. Of that number, 385 (about 65 percent) are South Carolinians. **Bob Strother** (Greenville), Chapter Liaison, supports our local chapters by updating chapter contact and meeting information on our Web site, soliciting chapter news for *The Quill*, recruiting and supporting chapter leaders, contacting prospective members, and encouraging chapters to plan local writing seminars.

Fundraising Chair **Jim Brouwer** (Myrtle Beach) pursues financial grants as well as the participation of exhibitors and sponsors for our conference. The silent auction, another conference fund-raiser, is being coordinated by **Nancy Brock** (Columbia). Webmaster **Marshall Turner** (Athens, Ga.) makes sure our web site is attractive and easy to use. **Carrie McCullough**, Augusta resident and member of the Aiken chapter, serves as editor of *The Quill*, our monthly newsletter. **Kevin Coyle** (Greenville) is the editor of our literary journal, *The Petigru Review*, for the second year. **Phil Arnold** (Greenville) serves as assistant editor of *The Petigru Review*.

The most demanding project of the Board of Directors is the annual writers conference. This year's conference will be the second in our three-year transition to a larger, more comprehensive conference. This change is in response to surveys of our membership and is once again being well-received by writers from all over South Carolina and beyond. **Susan Boyer** (Greenville) is in her second year as conference chair. **Barbara Evers** (Greenville) serves as the faculty coordinator, and **Cynthia Hodell Dyer** (Myrtle Beach) and **Carrie McCullough** handle publicity. Other hard-working conference committee members include Board members **Jim Boyer** (Greenville), **Katherine Ethers Lovatt** (Camden), **Bob Strother** and **Marshall Turner**.

The Board of Directors could never accomplish on their own all that needs doing. Among the regular SCWW members who generously volunteer their time and talents to assist the Board are: Contests Chair **Kim Blum-Hyclak** (Rock Hill), who recruits judges and organizes our high school and Carrie McCray writing contests; **Craig Faris** (Rock Hill) and **Su Kopil** (Myrtle Beach), who design our print materials and ads; and **John** and **Marcia Migacz** (Greenville), who attend Board meetings, put together our conference notebooks, and help out in many other ways.

While much business is conducted day-to-day via phone and e-mail, the Board meets at least four times a year. The executive committee consists of **Cynthia Hodell Dyer** (President), **Kevin Coyle** (Vice-President), **Carrie McCullough** (Secretary), **Kathryn Ethers Lovatt** (Treasurer) and **Susan Boyer** (Past President, ex officio).

Board members are all volunteers, elected for two-year terms. Elections are held annually in November. Please consider volunteering or nominating someone else in your local chapter to serve on the SCWW Board of Directors. This congenial group is both energized and rewarded by serving the high purposes of SCWW.

## **Last But Not Least, Winners in Our Mist**

### ***The Petigru Review Contributors***

*This has certainly been a packed Quill, but here's one last item folks have been waiting for — Kevin Coyle and Phil Arnold have passed on the official contributors list for The Petigru Review.*

Silent Prayer — Fiction by Bob Strother  
Note to Self — Nonfiction by Kim Catanzarite  
Trust — Poetry by Bob Strother  
The Ten-Million-Dollar Day — Fiction by Richard Lutman  
Wind Chill — Poetry by Bob Strother  
Globetrotting — Fiction by Ann Adcock  
Losing Kisses — Poetry by Sally Renata  
Notes for Therapy: “Dear Old Dad” — Nonfiction by Bob Strother  
Falls Lake — Poetry by James Raff  
Necessary Skills — Fiction by Bob Strother  
Reflection — Poetry by Martha T. Robinson  
Well — Poetry by Millard R. Howington  
Running Towards Reality — Nonfiction by Kim Mallin  
Near Farmington — Fiction by Charles P. Reeve  
Thick With Catsup — Poetry by Clinton B. Campbell  
His Father Would Be a Falconer — Nonfiction by Jon Tuttle  
Litany — Poetry by Sally Renata  
Standing on Plastic — Fiction by Steve Heckman  
Overcast — Poetry by Carolyn C. Rice  
Normal as a Goal — Fiction by Betty Wilson Beamguard  
I Want to Be Read on “Radio Reader” — Nonfiction by Paul E. Garrett  
Fantasy — Poetry by Lucinda M. Shirley  
Under Every Rock — Fiction by Donna Campbell  
Easter 1936 — Poetry by Kimberlyn Blum-Hyclak  
In Has to Be This Way — Fiction by Gene Hines  
When I Plant Corn — Poetry by Carol Isler  
The Rocking Chair — Nonfiction by Elsie Holcombe  
Nancy and the Pagan Babies — Fiction by Willis-Whyte  
Apple Days — Poetry by Cherryl E. Garner  
Seaworthy — Nonfiction by Janie Kronk  
A Gardener — Poetry by Cassie Premo Steele  
Whispers from the Past — Fiction by Mary Edelson  
Ballistic — Poetry by Millard R. Howington  
Knocking in the Night — Fiction by Betty Wilson Beamguard  
Do Not Resuscitate — Poetry by Karen M. Peluso  
A New Mom — Nonfiction by Martha T. Robinson  
These Old Hands — Poetry by Alex Raley  
The Egg Scam — Fiction by Robin Weaver  
Is This the Girl? — Poetry by Trilby Plants  
Ray and Me — Nonfiction by Carol Isler  
At the Bootlegger’s — Poetry by Margaret B. Hayes  
Passage — Fiction by Pat Graney  
Blaze — Poetry by Bob Strother  
The Beggar and the Gift — Nonfiction by Susan Boles  
April — Poetry by Carolyn C. Rice  
Fragility — Fiction by Mary Ogden Fersner  
Taking Stock — Poetry by David F. Western  
Forsythia — Poetry by Carolyn C. Rice  
New, Young Love — Fiction by Kim Catanzarite  
Alicein Wonderland — Nonfiction by Patricia Webster Stewart

Wiley Harp, a Civil War Soldier — Fiction by Gene Hines  
 What I Want to Tell You About the Rain — Poetry by Cassie Premo Steele  
 Titans — Poetry by Millard R. Howington  
 Absolution — Nonfiction by Kimberlyn Blum-Hyclak  
 Orkin Overdoes It — Fiction by Betty Wilson Beamguard  
 What His Mother Can't Understand — Poetry by Karen M. Peluso  
 Encounter at Krispy Kreme — Nonfiction by Martha T. Robinson  
 Here, Take It — Fiction by Louis N. Gruber  
 Unexplored — Poetry by Barrie VO Smith  
 Autumn Rails — Fiction by Steve Gordy  
 Blackbirds, Bombs, and Buzzards — Nonfiction by Bob Strother  
 Homecoming — Fiction by Martha T. Robinson  
 My Deliverance — Nonfiction by Howard A. Goodman  
 A Matter of Self — Fiction by David F. Western  
 To the Doll I Didn't Buy — Poetry by Betty Wilson Beamguard  
 The Hunter — Fiction by Elizabeth Jean Allen  
 Serenade — Poetry by Millard R. Howington  
 Harvest Time — Fiction by Betty Rollins Busch  
 The Loo With a View — Nonfiction by Dawn Fleming  
 Slow and Steady Wins the Race — Fiction by James D. McCallister  
 Pretty Please — Poetry by Carolyn C. Rice  
 That Old Black Magic — Fiction by Billie Bierer  
 Living With the Shadows — Poetry by Karen M. Peluso  
 The Delaware County Horse Show — Nonfiction by Pat Graney  
 Chica — Poetry by Sally Renata  
 Leafing — Fiction by Paul E. Garrett  
 Executive Assistant Purchases Spring Flowers — Poetry by Earl Wilcox  
 Diet Cherry Coke — Nonfiction by Phil Arnold  
 Change — Fiction by Trilby Plants  
 Clouds in May — Poetry by Carolyn C. Rice  
 The Revival — Fiction by Alex Raley  
 Fear — Poetry by Mack  
 Why I Went to College — Fiction by James E. McFarlane  
 All That Really Lives — Nonfiction by Joy Hilsman Thomas  
 Uncle Doc Saves Linda Jane — Nonfiction by Linda Shaffer

### And a Few More Winners

The South Carolina Arts Commission has announced the winners of the 2008 South Carolina Fiction Project, a contest of previously unpublished short stories sponsored in partnership with *The Post and Courier*. Five of the winners are SCWW members: **Johnny Beavers**, Williamsburg County; **Tony Bertauski**, Charleston County; **Kim Catanzarite**, Charleston County; **James D. McCallister**, Lexington County; and **Jean Robbins**, Oconee County.

The twelve winning stories will be published in a special insert of *The Post and Courier* on September 21, 2008. The stories will also be published electronically on the *Post and Courier* Web site. Stories are judged by a panel of professional writers.

The deadline for submissions to the 2009 South Carolina Fiction Project is January 15, 2009. For more information, visit <http://www.southcarolinaarts.com/fictionproject/2008/2008winners.shtml>.

