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Issue 1

January 24, 2010

The Quill

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President's Report

From Lateia Sandifer, SCWW
president:



Who Wants to Buy a *Petigru Review*?

SCWW is creating a better distribution system for *The Petigru Review* in order to make the books more readily available to SCWW members. Each chapter leader will be entrusted with a supply of books (a carton of approximately two dozen for the larger chapters and smaller amounts for smaller chapters) for sale to members and at local events. The SCWW member will immediately receive a book (instant gratification with no shipping costs) and the chapter leader will mail a check to the SCWW Treasurer. Books will remain with the chapter leader until sold or passed to the next leader.

The cost from SCWW is \$15 for the current year's copy or \$10 for older editions or \$20 for the current year plus a previous year (our two for twenty deal).

Books are currently on the way to Aiken, Camden, the Greenville chapters, the Myrtle Beach chapters and Rock Hill. Any chapter leader (or his designee) can pick up books at the February 20 board meeting or at the S.C. Book Festival if you make prior arrangements so we can have books available. We also have boxes of 2008 *The Petigru Review*. For the 2010 edition, we expect to distribute books to chapter leaders at the

The SCWW Board of Directors met in Columbia on Jan. 10 and elected the 2010 leadership. Here is the new slate:

President -- Lateia Elam Sandifer, Norway
Vice-President -- Kim Blum-Hyclak, Rock Hill
Vice-President, Conference-Chair -- Carrie McCullough, Augusta, Ga.
Treasurer -- Jim McFarlane, Greer
Secretary -- Brenda Bevan Remmes, Camden
President, ex-officio -- Barbara V. Evers, Greer

Grants Chair -- Valerie Aartun, Pumpkintown
Quill Editor -- Carrie McCullough, Augusta
Chapter Liason -- Steve Gordy, Aiken
Petigru Review Editor -- Tibby Plants, Murrells Inlet

At large board members -- Kia Goins (**Conference Co-Chair**), Columbia, Kay Mortimer, Aiken, and Ginny Padgett, Columbia

In addition, several members of the board will be serving as apprentices to current Chairs in order to learn the ropes.

We discussed several important items including the upcoming S.C. Book Festival in Columbia and the best way to reach and interface better with all our chapters. In terms of business, we passed a motion stating that membership is open ONLY to people over the age of eighteen. We asked Barbara Evers to create an ad hoc bylaws committee to review our current bylaws and report findings to the board in the June meeting.

We will meet again in February to vote on a budget for 2010. We will consider some proposals we've gathered for web-hosting, among other agenda items.

Now, more a more personal note, I'm thrilled to be offered the opportunity to lead this organization. I've been a member for more years than I like to count and I've seen all the amazing contributions made by my predecessors. One of my goals this year is to make the Board of Directors more accessible to all our members. I want you to feel like you know us and can call on us to answer questions or address any concerns you might have about the organization. SCWW belongs to you -- the members -- and I vow to be a good steward of the trust you've placed in me. I'll be writing a monthly column in the *Quill* as well as serving as a co-chair for the conference. I

Myrtle Beach conference.

For members who aren't affiliated with a chapter, *The Petigru Review* will be sold at the S.C. Book Festival, at the conference BookNook and by our SCWW-sponsoring bookstores, of which only Fiction Addiction currently has a supply (go to www.fiction-addiction.com and search "Petigru" as title; shipping is extra).

Quill Winter Writing Contest

Submissions wanted! There is still time to enter the Winter Quill Writing Contest. This contest's theme is based on the following quote:

The habit of reading is the only enjoyment in which there is no alloy; it lasts when all other pleasures fade.
So tell us a story or write us a poem that includes the act of reading. What was it like to be read to as a child? Do you remember the first time you read a book on your own? Have you ever stood behind someone in a fast food restaurant, struggling to read the menu? What would you miss the most if you could not read? Would those experiences be the same for one of your characters? Can you picture one of your characters lolling in a hammock or curled up in a recliner reading? Or maybe your character is more into reading palms and tea leaves . . .

The deadline for this contest is January 31. Winners will be announced in the March *Quill*. We'd like to see ten submissions for each category, but we'll be happy with five in each.

Fiction and nonfiction limit is 1500 words. Poetry is limited to 40 lines.

Send submissions to Kim Blum-Hyclak via e-mail at rhyclak@comporium.net.

Send your entry as an attachment with your cover sheet as the body of the e-mail.

Submissions can also be sent via real mail to Kim Blum-Hyclak, 1315 Treetop Dr., Lancaster, SC 29720. Please send two copies of the entry with one cover sheet.

Please include the following on your cover sheet: name, address, phone number, e-mail, title of your submission, word/line length, and for prose, please indicate whether it is fiction or nonfiction.

YOUR NAME SHOULD NOT APPEAR ANYWHERE IN THE ACTUAL SUBMISSION.

Chapter/Member/Sponsor Chatter

Columbia II

David Sennema's short story "Harley Takes a Chance," has been accepted for publication in *The Storyteller, A Writer's Magazine*, for the spring 2010.

plan to continue the blog, but hope to bring in a host of new voices to make it more dynamic. 2010 promises to be a very busy year but I'm looking forward to all the positive things it will bring.

The 2010 board is made up of people from all walks of life, with different gifts and unique talents. I couldn't have asked for a more talented group of people. We are from all parts of the state and are very diverse in what we write. I'm confident that this board will work very hard to make sure SCWW remains one of the premier writing organizations in the country.

My inbox is always open. Please don't hesitate to contact me with your thoughts, concerns, ideas and questions. Remember, SCWW belongs to YOU. If you'd like me to visit a chapter meeting, send me the details and I'll do my best to accommodate.

Over the years, I've had the great pleasure to meet or correspond with many of you. The reason SCWW is so incredible is the dedication of our members.

Here's to 2010!

Blog Address

We have a new blog address! For more information on the South Carolina Writers' Workshop and its upcoming conference, please visit the SCWW blog, <http://scwwblog.blogspot.com>.

Quill Deadline Reminder

Do you have something you'd like included in the next *Quill*? Please be sure to submit it via e-mail, no later than the 15th of the month, to thequill@myscww.org.

Quill Correction

In the December *Quill*, the list of submission tips was provided by Richard Lutman.

Greenville

Bob Strother received top honors in two fiction categories in the Mississippi Poetry Society's 38th Annual Literary Competition with his short stories "Waiting for Latisha" and "Call Me." "Blind Billy's Bayou" took second place in a third fiction category, and his poem "My Old '55" won second place in one of the poetry categories.

Phil Arnold's ElvisBlog passed a milestone in November. Total hits (distinct page views) since it started in 2005 are now over 3/4 million. At the current pace, Phil's blog will pass 1 million hits sometime next summer.

Myrtle Beach

Donna Burgess recently received an acceptance from Daikaiuzine. Her short story "Wandering Star" will appear in the February 2010 issue. She's also the winner of the Chizine.com flash fiction contest.

Richard Lutman's story "A View of Toledo" will be appearing in the Fall issue of *The Miranda Literary Magazine*.

Book Festival Only a Month Away

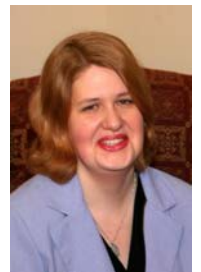
Here's some information about the SCWW booth at the upcoming S.C. Book Festival from the table coordinator, Ginny Padgett:

It's February so it's time for the S.C. Book Festival, February 26-28 at the Columbia Metropolitan Convention Center. You can go to www.scbookfestival.org for all the details. SCWW will sponsor a booth, as usual, and we invite you to come by and say hello, introduce a prospective member to SCWW, or buy the latest *Petigru Review* for \$15 (\$20 will get you the 2008 and 2009 editions!) and other SCWW goodies. We will accept charge cards for your convenience. I hope to see you there.

Call for SCWW Conference Volunteers

And now, information from Carrie McCullough as vice president, conference chair:

I can hardly believe it's time to gear up for the 2010 SCWW conference! Thank you all who supported the conference last year.



Book Events

Here's a list of book events, many at SCWW and *Petigru Review* sponsor stores. Are you an SCWW member or SCWW sponsor with an event coming up? Send an e-mail to thequill@myscww.org by the 15th of the month before the event, and we'll be sure to include it in the next edition.

Jan. 27 noon–2 p.m.: Book Your Lunch features Ellyn Bache and her novel *Daughters of the Sea*. Reservations required to Fiction Addiction in Greenville.

Jan. 29 2 p.m.: Moveable Feast features *The Paris Vendetta* by Steve Berry at Litchfield Books on Pawley's Island.

Feb. 5 2 p.m.: Moveable Feast features *The Good Thief* by Hannah Tinti at Litchfield Books in Pawley's Island.

Feb. 10 2 p.m.: Book Your Lunch features chef Rodney Freidank, his cookbook *Soby's New South Cuisine* and a cooking demonstration. Reservations required from Fiction Addiction in Greenville.

Feb. 12 2 p.m.: Moveable Feast features *Defending the South Carolina Coast* by Rick Simmons at Litchfield Books in Pawley's Island.

Feb. 19 noon-2 p.m.: Book Your Lunch features Beth Hoffman and her coming-of-age novel *Saving CeeCee Honeycutt*. Reservations required from Fiction Addiction in Greenville.

Feb. 19 2 p.m.: Moveable Feast features *The Day the Johnboat Went Up the Mountain* by Carl Naylor at Litchfield Books in Pawley's Island.

Feb. 26 2 p.m.: Moveable Feast features *Bloodroot* by Amy Green at Litchfield Books in Pawley's Island.

Feb. 26-28: South Carolina Book Festival in Columbia.

Contest Opportunities

"Let's Write" Literary & Photo Contest 2010
Entries must be postmarked no later than April 15, 2010.

All categories -- Poetry, Fiction, and Nonfiction are open to all writers, published or unpublished. We will accept most genres, except

The 20th SCWW conference will be Oct. 22-24, 2010. In the coming months, we'll announce new features of the conference, faculty members and all sorts of ways members can participate. But this month we're announcing the opening of volunteer positions. Based on volunteer feedback, we're making a couple of changes. To make sure the volunteers are able to work and learn during the conference, we're offering part-time and full-time volunteer slots. With so many new members in the past few years, we also want to make sure all members have an opportunity to let us know if they want to volunteer. If you're interested in becoming a conference volunteer, please get in touch with me via e-mail (conference@myscww.org) by Feb. 28. I'll e-mail you an application form to fill out. This way we'll be able to better match volunteers with their strong points.

One last conference item, please join me in welcoming Kia Goins as conference co-chair. Kia has been a volunteer for many SCWW conferences. She joins Lateia Sandifer, who is a co-chair again this year. Kia will be working with the BookNook and vendors this year, as well as many other aspects of the conference. Lateia will be focusing on working with critiques and the silent auction.

pornography, erotica, graphic violence/horror,
or anything racial or biased toward any religious
or moral preference.

Rules:

Maximum entry length: 36 lines (poetry), 2500
words (fiction and non-fiction).

All entries must be original, unpublished, and
not under consideration for publication during
this competition, (this includes submissions to
Magnolia Quarterly Magazine) and submission
must not have been a winner of a previous "Let's
Write" Literary Contest.

GCWA retains the rights to publish the winning
entries in the *Magnolia Quarterly* and on the
Web site.

Multiple entries in all categories are welcome
and may be mailed in one envelope.

ENTRY FEE:

Include \$8.00 for each Fiction or
Nonfiction entry.
Include \$5.00 for each Poetry entry.
Include \$8.00 for each Photo.

PHOTOGRAPHY RULES:

TWO divisions, one color, one black and white.

All entries must be a 5x7 photo delivered by U.S
Mail. Entries sent electronically will be
disqualified.

Photos don't have to be cropped to fit a 5x7
format.

Mail Photos to:
GCA Photo Contest
PO Box 10294
Gulfport, MS 39505

Any subject matter, any technique, as long as the photo was created by the artist, except for Pornography. Pornography (in the eye of the judge) will be disqualified.

Winning photographs may be published in the *Magnolia Quarterly* magazine, on the GCA Web site, and displayed at the awards ceremony at the discretion of the GCA board.

Photos will not be returned.

Mail writing entries to:
Gulf Coast Writers Association
"Let's Write" Literary Contest
P.O. Box 10294
Gulfport, MS 39505

For more information, make sure to visit gcwriters.org.

Quill Contest Winners

As promised, here are the winning fiction and nonfiction entries for the last *Quill* contest.

Hello Cynthiana

By Josette Williams Davison

Sally Ruth Bonner hate, hate, hated going to the dentist, but here she was, shaking in her boots, sitting in the chair, doing the usual wait, wait, waiting, fingers locked painfully together, tooth screaming for relief. After a full and exhausting week at Zen's Advertising Agency, this sure wasn't how she'd planned to spend her Saturday, but a chipped tooth with an exposed nerve could no longer be ignored. She kept catching the inside of her cheek on the broken tooth's jagged edge, while the raw nerve sent up searing jabs of pain. That'd teach her to crack pecans with her teeth.

On the advice of a co-worker she'd decided to try this new dentist. While the dentist did not

make Saturday appointments, his receptionist said, seeing this was an emergency, he made an exception.

Sally Ruth scanned the room. Not bad décor for a dentist's little exam room; quiet earth tones, as apposed to surgical whites and grays—soothing, restful. But it wasn't working. She still felt anything but restful.

Rod Stewart was singing over the speakers, You're beautiful, you're beautiful. What? No Jerry Glower? The whole room shouted down-home country.

Again, her eyes explored the room's walls, coming back again and again to rest on the sepia toned old-timey photo of a young man in an ornate gilt frame. The picture hung prominently over a small desk, flanked by two framed diplomas. The eyes in the faded enlargement seemed to follow her—making her uneasy. Was he wearing knickers? His dress was stiff and formal rather than stylish: vest, bow tie, wool jacket, hair parted in the middle, left arm resting on the back of an elaborate wicker chair. Who was he, she wondered?

An ancestor of this Dr. Franklin's, she guessed. Was the same print hanging in all the other examining rooms or just this one? And where was the doctor? Did all doctors, especially dentists, take some perverse pleasure in keeping their patients on pins and needles, their tongues exploring broken teeth, raw nerves shooting out sparks like frayed electric wires trying to reconnect?

A large blond woman entered the room. "Hello there. Miss Bonner, isn't it? I'm Miss Cantrell, Doctor Franklin's dental assistant? You're our only patient this morning, seeing it's an emergency. Doctor's got a date with his golf clubs soon's he's done with you."

Why did that sound threatening?

The woman set about efficiently lining up tiny tools on a linen covered tray next to Sally Ruth's chair. "See you're studying that portrait yonder. That's Doctor Franklin's great-great granddaddy. Looks just like Doctor Franklin. Everybody says so. You'll soon see the

resemblance. It's right uncanny. Gives me the willies sometimes, I swear it does."

"I'll be sure to take note," Sally Ruth responded, feeling another stab of pain shoot through her injured tooth.

"Be right back," Miss Cantrell told her, and left. Sally Ruth hadn't slept at all well last night. It had been another one of those nights where she had awakened in terror, after watching a self she used to be, a young girl living in a sod house on a prairie somewhere. Out West most likely—had to be. She could almost smell the fields of wheat ripening under the hot sun. In her dream she was always running, running away from someone. Who? She wanted to see his face. Or—maybe she didn't. No, she decided, she didn't want to see his face.

There was this angry young man pursuing her—threatening her. She'd awakened, crouching over her knees, gasping for breath. A name floated up. Cynthiana. Her name had been Cynthiana then. Yes! The name felt so right, like it truly belonged to her. She sat in open-mouthed wonder for a moment, knowing, claiming who she had been then and the name her parents had given her. But why, in this oft repeated dream, was she always running—always so frightened? This time she knew why. From her rapidly beating heart to the soles of her feet, she knew why. Huddled under her blankets, it all played out before her, in her half dream half awake state of consciousness. She had refused her young suitor, hadn't loved him enough to exchange one sod hovel for another. He became furious, out of control. He was telling her she'd be sorry. She turned from him, headed back to the safety of her sod home. He caught up with her, grabbing her painfully by the arms. She screamed and kept on screaming. The scream echoed over and over, alerting her Pa and another man who came running from the fields. They managed to subdue her attacker, telling him they'd shoot him if he dared set foot on their land again. Her mother rushed to the cabin door, holding a child, a frozen scream on her lips, her eyes wide with

dread.

The rejected suitor, bound in her fathers and the other mans strong arms, raged, “I’ll follow you down the years. I’ll have you, and when I do you’ll be sorry you ever said nay to me. You mark my words, Cynthinana—you’ll be sorry we ever met.” She watched, her trembling arms clinging to her mothers waist, both of them shaking uncontrollably with fear, the baby howling, as she and her Pa and the other man ran at her attacker with pitch forks, and watched until he was out of sight.

In the dentist’s chair, Sally Ruth shivered, hugging her arms about her, wishing she could forget her frightening dream. And why was it so doggone cold in this place? It wasn’t as if a rich dentist couldn’t afford to amp up the thermostat, for Pete’s sake! When she had followed the receptionist from the waiting room to the examining room she’d noticed, all three of his other rooms were empty. No other emergency cases. She was the lone patient.

The walls of the dentist’s office folded in around her, leaving only the sepia portrait standing out, as if in relief. Sally Ruth gripped the arms of the dentist’s chair and looked warily about her. Racing to get to her early morning appointment on time, she’d only managed to choke down a cold biscuit on the way to her car—hadn’t finished her coffee. She was just faint from lack of nourishment—that was it. She forced herself to focus on the partially closed Venetian blinds of the window in front of her, toward the houses across the street. It was a normal small-town-American street scene with gold and red autumn leaves fluttering about simple white and blue clapboard houses, nothing threatening or foreboding about any of it. It was simply a bright sunny day in little old Greenbrier, South Carolina. You’re just spooked! It was only a dream, she told herself.

The receptionist who’d given her her chart to fill out walked by the window across the parking area, got in her car and sped away—fast—too fast. Maybe that’s what I should do, Sally Ruth thought. Something felt all wrong, and had,

since she'd stepped into the waiting room for her first appointment with this new dentist. So, find another dentist. Leave before Doctor Franklin comes in. Get in your car and go, Sally Ruth Bonner, she told herself. But she was unable to move.

The face in the portrait frowned down at her. Then, his eyes became beguilingly soft and loving. The lips began to move. "Stay—stay. There is work to be done. He's coming now. Don't be afraid. Tarry a bit. It will all be over in no time." His manner of speech sounded old-fashioned, of another time. And she was listening to a talking portrait?

The dentist appeared then, accompanied by his plump blond assistant, Miss Cantrell. An affable looking fellow, Sally Ruth decided, tall, sandy haired, friendly grin lighting up brown eyes.

He hadn't yet greeted her, or introduced himself. He stood, slowly pulling on surgical gloves, his eyes intent on hers. Another chill coursed through her. Dr. Franklin's eyes were the very eyes that had looked so compellingly into hers from the antique portrait. While dressed differently, Doctor Franklin might have been a clone of the subject in the portrait. His assistant had been right, the resemblance was uncanny.

The doctor gave his assistant some indecipherable instructions. She left the room. "See yah tomorrow then, Dr. Franklin. You play a great round, hear?" she called back and was soon gone, her silver Honda passing by the Venetian blind covered window into the street. The dipping red and gold leaves across the way seemed to wave goodbye to the woman.

Dr. Franklin stepped quietly behind Sally Ruth, his hypodermic needle poised in his gloved hand. Bending near, he whispered, "Hello Cynthiana. We meet again."

Learning to Stop

By Billie Bierer

In loving Memory of my father: William R.

Rutledge

When I was a girl of twelve, about 1956, we lived in rural Pennsylvania north of Pittsburgh outside a small town called Coraopolis. It was wartime and the doldrums had arrived. On one particularly gray day, my father suggested that I learn how to roller skate. Most everyone knows what winter in Pennsylvania can be. Even the encouraging slosh of spring discourages outdoor activities. “I know how to roller skate Dad,” I said.

“Not in a roller rink,” he said. “Not to music.” “Oh. Okay.” The indoor recreation sport of roller skating was an excellent idea. Besides, I’d heard the stories of my parent’s first meeting at the skating rink, and I was already curious. I’d envisioned the twirls to the music, and the romantic waltzes, the hugging close, the turning around and kicking legs. I could wear tight tops and little short skirts that flipped over a tight-clad behind just like the magical girls in the Olympic ice skating competition, only warmer. I’d heard about the pipe organ where a man played waltzes for the couples on the floor. I couldn’t wait.

Wearing jeans, at my father’s insistence, skates all laced up, the sound of plastic wheels rolling across hard-wood floor, the continuous murmur of kids whizzing by, I stood up, ready to go. I’d skated on sidewalks but never on a smooth wooden floor. If you’ve ever tried skating indoors the first thing you find out is that you can go a whole lot faster than you can on any sidewalk.

That wasn’t what my father had in mind and as he skated smoothly up beside me, he touched my elbow and said, “You have to learn how to stop before you learn how to go fast. Inside the rails—over there.” He nodded back towards the protection the skating rink had installed to keep beginners away from those who knew what they were doing.

“But I know how to skate,” I protested.

“Skating on wood is different. YOU have stoppers on the ends of your skates to stop yourself. If you don’t stop correctly, either you

or someone else could get hurt. After that, I'll teach you how to turn around and we'll do a couples waltz."

Okay, so . . . I practiced stopping inside the protection of the sideline rails. I found out my dad was an excellent teacher. I stopped by using the little rubber gizmos on my skate shoes and I stopped by doing a nifty side drag with my foot. I thought I got good fast. He even showed me how to turn around backwards and stop using both feet at the same time. That was really cool because I knew that someday, when I was really good, I could get one of these short skating skirts and nifty matching tights.

Out on the smooth wood floor, pandemonium prevailed. Kids whirled and speeded and crashed. I soon learned that knowing how to stop was also a good defensive move.

"See what I mean, Bille Kay?" my father nodded after we narrowly missed colliding with a speed-crazed boy.

At the far end of the rink I noticed a man climbing up into a glass enclosure and sitting down on a bench in front of a huge pipe organ. Over a loud speaker he announced, "Couples only dance." And he began to play 'Unchained Melody'. Organ music sent young kids scurrying off the floor. Soft lights from above came on and whirled slowly round and round the huge room. "This is our dance, kiddo," my father said and gathered me up into strong arms that kept me steady and secure. He said, "Just follow me," and winked down at me.

I did follow, too. There were many times that I could've fallen, but he was steady and easy to follow and we waltzed just like the couples in the Olympics. Well . . . I thought so anyway. Remembering back over the years I realized it wasn't until much later in my life that I learned just how smart my father was. My parents lived their lives in the way described above. They learned to stop before going fast. Conservative before the word became a political misnomer, the simplest lesson that my father taught me is one that I've strived to pass on to my children.

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