

Reading Matters

GREAT BOOKS COUNCIL OF SAN FRANCISCO
Serving Northern California

Asilomar 2018:

A classic weekend

by Louise Morgan

It was a picture perfect weekend! Fabulous weather, great discussions, wonderful camaraderie and a delightful party all contributed to make this year's Barbara McConnell Great Books Weekend at Asilomar one to be savored.

It was great to welcome sixteen first-time attendees, avid readers who offered fresh insights and added energy to the event. One was a member of the **Vogler** "dynasty"—four women (**Audrey, Erika, Karen, and Elora**) representing three generations. The **Calverts** continued their long tradition of making the weekend a family affair; **Rob** and his sister **Kathy** were joined by Rob's son **Duncan**, participating for the first time. Longtime attendees will recall that Duncan's grandparents, **Bob and Carol Calvert**, were active in Great Books and Asilomar for many years.



From left: Brent Browning, Erma Browning, Kathy Calvert, Jim Hall, Kay White, Rick White, Karen White Schneider, Janice (Pinky) White, Rob Calvert, Duncan Calvert

Stalwart attendee **Ellen Ward**, who drives the six hours from Las Vegas each year, didn't let a serious mechanical breakdown in Bakersfield stop her. She rented a car and arrived just in time for the Friday evening poetry discussion. Unfortunately, several old friends were prevented from coming this year after suffering losses in the Santa Rosa fires. We wish them well and hope to see them next time.

As usual, the discussions were lively and stimulating. The science fiction selection—Ursula K. Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness*—met less resistance than the selection committee had feared. Most people had read at least a few books in the genre, and agreed that it was a good choice, addressing subjects that remain relevant. One first-

timer stated that it was the Le Guin novel which spurred her to attend this year.

Another timely choice was W. E. B. Du Bois's collection of essays, *The Souls of Black Folk*. Many people expressed pleasure that this text was chosen, saying that it provided much-needed background pertaining to the struggle for civil rights. By its nature this reading prompted sober discussion, but there were moments of levity: when the subject of inequities in medical treatment came up, **Paul Ortega** (a retired pathologist) quipped, "Oh good, this is a chance to talk about my favorite gland, the prostate!"

Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* wasn't exactly uplifting, but it furnished a rich examination of the ways in which people delude themselves, avoiding change by clinging to the comforting illusions that "pipe dreams" provide. It was noted that a Broadway revival is currently in the works, with Denzel Washington in the lead as Hickey.

To help us gain insight into science fiction as a literary genre, we invited a speaker for our Saturday night party. **Dr. Corie Ralston**, a research scientist at Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory and the author of many published science fiction short stories, discussed what makes science fiction distinct from other literary categories, linking its "What if?" speculations to the process of scientific discovery.

After Dr. Ralston's talk, it was time for Team Trivia. Twenty questions on *The Left Hand of Darkness* details stumped many, but one team demonstrated remarkably careful reading and excellent recall, supplying all but three of the correct answers.

Capable, well-prepared discussion leaders are vital to the success of these gatherings. The leaders read the selections multiple times, created and compared questions, and spent hours in pre-discussions guided by our leader trainer **Kay White**. Thanks and appreciation go to Kay, **Jim Hall, Chuck Scarcliff, Sheri Kindsvater, Louise Morgan, Ann Wagner, Mark Scardina, Rob Calvert, Brian Mahoney, Julie Simpson, Fiona Humphrey, Carol Edlund, Elena Schmid, and Rick White.**

Ed. note: Faithful readers of these pages know that we have for a quarter of a century confidently stated that a theme committee meets in secret each year to determine the theme for the Asilomar spring conference. We have not been able to prove this except for pointing out that a theme always emerges.

In 2016, daring to usurp the prerogatives of a theme committee that would not admit its own existence, the official Asilomar committee experimentally set a theme (for the first time) to see how it would work. The committee decided to give recognition to the fact that we had held the event for more than half a century in John Steinbeck country. The Steinbeck event turned out to be wonderful.

This year the committee resumed the old, presumably themeless, way of selecting the readings. Only in post-event comments and evaluations was it revealed that there was—once again—a theme. A John Le Carré fan speculated the existence of a mole on the Asilomar committee.

Obviously the theme for this year's conference was "Time." We remain open to proof that no theme committee exists. Skeptics are invited to the challenge of proving a negative.

The Asilomar committee intends to usurp the role once again and set a theme itself for next year, the 60th Anniversary of our Asilomar spring conference. Suggestions are invited. Two so far are **The Beat Generation** (which was around at the time of the first conference) and **The Gold Rush** (which was not). Please give Louise Morgan your ideas for a theme. louise-morgan@sbcglobal.net

Noted scientist explains science fiction

Corie Ralston, head of the [Berkeley Center for Structural Biology](#), a research unit at Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory, joined us for the weekend. As our Saturday evening speaker, she set forth the places of science fiction, science, and Ursula K. Le Guin in the context of fiction in general.

Corie has been a fan of both science and science fiction all of her life. She graduated from UC Berkeley with a bachelor's degree in Physics, and from UC Davis with a Ph.D. in Biophysics. She has written science fiction as far back as she can remember, starting with a third grade school play featuring a giant, time-traveling potato. She places science fiction stories in many print and online magazines. Since one of her recent stories is about a giant, space-faring slug, it is possible that the focus of her science fiction has not changed much since third grade, although she says that she likes to believe that her writing skills have improved.

Corie began her talk with a theory about the role of fiction in human evolution. Unlike other animals, *homo sapiens* can imagine the intangible, the impossible, and a plethora of futures. This has allowed large groups of humans to work together for a common cause, believing, for instance, that Neanderthals were evil and needed to be eradicated. Now, millions of humans believe in the value of money, which allows trade over long distances, and the value of governments and laws, which allows the existence of countries. This ability to believe in the non-tangible and the not-

necessarily-true led to something unique to humans: fiction. People take pleasure in reading about people who don't exist living in places that don't exist. So, she asks, if fiction is a uniquely human endeavor, where does science fiction fit in, and why did science fiction emerge relatively late in human history?

Corie argues that science fiction begins where science leaves off, and that the acceleration of science in the last century has enabled the parallel and rapid rise of science fiction. A hundred years ago we didn't know how genetic information was passed from one organism to another. Now we know the structure of DNA, we've mapped the human genome, and we know exactly how that information gets translated into the proteins that underlie structures such as brains and muscles. We can manipulate that process: we can place a human gene in a bacterium to make it produce a human protein. We are on the way to unraveling the inner workings of protons and perhaps the origins of the universe. Technologically, we can construct human organs, store unbelievable amounts of information in tiny spaces, and send semi-intelligent robots to Mars. As we explore, understand, and manipulate more and more of the world around us, and as more of that knowledge becomes accessible to a wider population, fiction wanders into such realms to pick up where science leaves off—asking "What if?"

Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, published in 1818 and considered to be the first science fiction novel, incorporated science in the form of galvanism: the stimulation of muscles by electric current. Shelley may have been inspired by this new field and asked the question, "What if you could bring a corpse back to life using electricity?"

Jules Verne, also considered one of the earliest science writers, published *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* in 1870. He asked, "What if we could travel under the surface of the ocean?"

The "What if" stories of science fiction in the early days, especially the "pulp" magazines of the early 1900's, tended to be adventure stories, filled with clever young men discovering new worlds, fighting aliens, and saving the girl. This may help to explain why science fiction came to be perceived as shallow by literary critics. Indeed, despite the fact that much of science fiction was set in the future, the role of women was woefully limited. Authors who could imagine galactic wormholes and alien civilizations could not imagine female astronauts.

That's not to say there was no thoughtful science fiction. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* (1932) examined the conflict between individual freedom and societal stability. Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* (1953) was about the role of literacy in civilized life. Daniel Keyes's *Flowers for Algernon* (1959) considered the intersection of intelligence and happiness.

Science fiction began to change in the mid-1900's regarding the role of women. They began to appear as the protag-

onist—to be astronauts and scientists and engineers. Ursula K. Le Guin took this a step further in *The Left Hand of Darkness*, imagining a society where there was no fixed gender. That twist made it a landmark. From thence science fiction probed the nature of human nature: "What if an artificial intelligence becomes conscious?" "What if we completely engineer away disease?" "What if we could live forever?"

Science fiction at its heart focuses on ideas inspired by science. The strangest and most cutting-edge ideas are now on the fiction shelves in bookstores. As society reads of new science ideas, "What if?" ideas begin to flavor mainstream literature. Consider, for example, Kazuko Ishiguru's *Never Let Me Go*, where the main characters discover they are clones. Or the possibility of living the same life over and over, as in Rowan Atkinson's *Life after Life*, or time travel, as in Audrey Niffenegger's *The Time Traveler's Wife*. Dystopian and post-apocalyptic novels are moving into the mainstream as well, as in Margaret Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale* and Cormac McCarthy's *The Road*.

Because science fiction employs the extrapolation of science, it can explore themes of mainstream fiction in different ways—love, the human condition, our place in the universe, and more. If fiction shines light on an object, then science fiction shines it from a different sun. Explore the effect of gender on society? Set your story in a society where there is no permanent gender. Consider what it means to feel alienated? Set your human protagonist on a planet alone with an alien race. Figure out what makes each of us unique? Give your main character a clone. In each case, imaginative science gives the reader a perspective previously not available in mainstream fiction. Science fiction literature is worth trying out for this reason alone. You may already be reading it more than you realize.

In 1896, W. E. B. Du Bois showed the way to civilized discussion

by Rick White

It is widely known that W. E. DuBois, a founder of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), spent much of his adult life as a follower of the Communist party line and finished it as a citizen of Ghana. Arguably his best work was done years before the Bolshevik Revolution, as a young man responding thirty years after the Civil War to the appalling racial divide he calls the "veil." *The Souls of Black Folk* comprehends the feelings and outlooks of whites and blacks, north and south, the circumstances in which they found themselves, and blames no one—or everyone. He is generous to his ideological opponent Booker T. Washington and does not so much refute Washington's accommodative view of things as advocate for his own more progressive position. This book is a model of civilized writing greatly to be appreciated in these

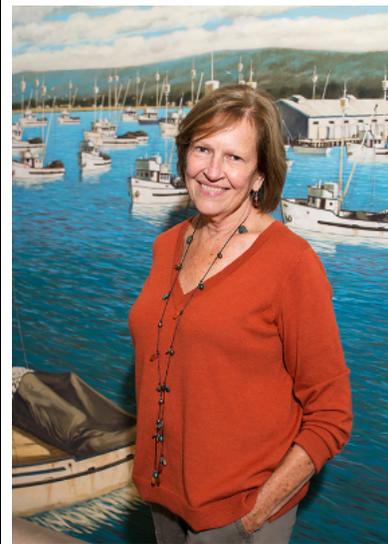
days of passionate political division. It should be included in the "canon" of great literature.

National Steinbeck Center director to speak at Long Novel Weekend

by Caroline Van Howe

East of Eden will be discussed at our annual Long Novel Weekend July 14-15 at the Vallombrosa Center in Menlo Park. We are delighted to announce that our guest speaker will be **Susan Shillinglaw**, director of the National Steinbeck Center, based in Salinas.

Susan has served on the NSC board, helped coordinate Steinbeck Festivals, and has been NSC Scholar in Residence from 2005 to the present. She spent most of her career as a professor of English at San Jose State University, where she was the President's Scholar for 2012-13. She directed the San Jose State University Steinbeck Center for 18 years.



Susan Shillinglaw

Shillinglaw has taught and written about Steinbeck for 27 years and publishes widely on Steinbeck, most recently *Carol and John Steinbeck: Portrait of a Marriage* (University of Nevada Press, 2013), *On Reading The Grapes of Wrath* (Penguin, 2014), and *A Journey into Steinbeck's California* (Roaring Forties Press, 2006). She wrote the introductions for the Penguin New American Library editions of *Cannery Row*, *Of Mice and Men*, *A Russian Journal* and *The Winter of Our Discontent*. Other publications include collections of scholarly essays (i.e. *Steinbeck and the Environment*, 1997) and an edition of Steinbeck's journalism, *America and Americans and Selected Nonfiction* (2002).

Steinbeck said of *East of Eden*, "It has everything in it I have been able to learn about my craft or profession in all these years. I think everything else I have written has been, in a sense, practice for this."

The weekend will include a showing of the iconic 1955 film directed by Elia Kazan and starring James Dean, Julie Harris and Raymond Massey.

Early Bird Registration Deadline is May 31. Please reserve your spot for Long Novel Weekend by May 31 to secure the best rates. Details about the weekend, including registration fees, are on the flyer included in this newsletter. For more information write carolinevanhowe@comcast.net.

Mark your Calendars:

2018 Poetry Weekend is November 3-4 at Val-lombrosa Center in Menlo Park

Selection process, criteria are explained

The only criteria the Poetry Committee employs in its decisions are that the poems be of good quality and “discussable,” which usually means challenging. Selections can range anywhere from Shakespeare and Milton to contemporary poets such as Sharon Olds or M.S. Merwin. Each member of the committee submits five poems for consideration by the other members. In advance of meeting, members rank each poem on a scale of 1 (the lowest) to 5. After the rankings have been compiled and averaged, the committee meets to discuss the findings. Members can make a pitch for poems they think deserve additional consideration. In the end, fifteen poems are selected for your consideration this November and four or five are selected for the following Asilomar spring conference.

Wine, cheese and poetry

On Saturday evening, following a wine and cheese reception, there will be a reading by a well-regarded local poet. Please check the Great Books Council of SF website www.greatbooks-sf.com for Poetry Weekend updates.

A flyer for the weekend with registration form is included in this issue of *Reading Matters*.

Asilomar history: Staying at the Stuck-up Inn

by Louise Morgan

Anyone who has been to Asilomar is familiar with the evocative names given to lodging units scattered around the conference grounds—Seascape, Cypress, Whitecaps North, Embers, etc.—but one that greets you soon after passing through the main entrance is a bit of a head-scratcher: Stuck-up Inn. What in the world?

This year I was delighted to find that my assigned room for the annual Barbara McConnell Great Books Weekend at Asilomar was in the Stuck-up Inn. Surely I could learn the origin of this curious name. And, thanks to an array of period photos and narratives hanging on the walls of several corridors, I did. Here’s the scoop.

Asilomar’s rich history dates from its origins as a YWCA leadership camp built in 1913. The Y hired college women to work the conferences and summer camps, mostly as maids and waitresses. Some of these young women felt that the work they were required to do—menial jobs such as sweeping, laundry, and dishwashing—were chores that a modern, educated woman should not be required to do. Their complaints and protests caused someone to remark,

“You’re just a bunch of stuck-ups.” Apparently the young women embraced the nickname, as the Stuck-ups became an institution lasting 22 years.

A 1924 employment announcement at the University of California at Berkeley stated: “Stuck-ups will work six hours a day, seven days a week; this will be the work schedule of the time. There will be occasional time off for each employee. Remuneration is board and room and \$26 a month. Much baggage is not desirable. A steamer trunk or two suitcases will prove better.”

This advice was sound, given the relatively small size of the rooms (see photo below). This building is one of a dozen or so at Asilomar designed by Julia Morgan and it demonstrates her commitment to style even while economizing as required for staff quarters. Furnishings are true to their historic roots—simple iron bedsteads, iron cranks and latches on the windows, and Arts and Crafts light fixtures.

Fiercely independent, the Stuck-ups developed a support group. They established traditions, adopted rules, wrote songs about their escapades, and created a special salute. Winning the respect, admiration, and even envy of everyone

at Asilomar, it became a widely coveted privilege to be called a Stuck-up.

Only college-bound high school seniors who were Girl Reserves could be considered. With new groups of Girl Reserves coming through every ten days, the YWCA had a lot to choose from. And so the Stuck-ups had another idea—every Girl Reserve interested in becoming a Stuck-up tied a blossom of pink sand verbena across her forehead. This allowed the permanent staff, as well as the Stuck-ups, to know on sight those hoping for an invitation to return as staff the following summer.

The Stuck-ups were enthusiastic about sports. They played baseball, basketball, croquet, and tennis, and they also participated in competitive swimming. To get to know each incoming group, the Stuck-ups hosted a beach party where they simmered their traditional black kettle of clam chowder over the flames of an open fire. Singing their songs and telling tales of adventure, the Stuck-ups wove an enviable portrait of life at Asilomar.

As aspiring career women, the Stuck-ups’ most popular free-time activity was attending the YWCA Leadership Conferences. That gave them an opportunity to learn from the prominent women of the time that about challenges they would face in the early 20th century.

Sadly, despite lists of young women wanting to return the next summer, Asilomar was unable to keep up with its



expenses. The YWCA made desperate attempts to raise funds, but the Great Depression was well under way. Eventually the Y decided to end all funding to its conference facilities and hotels throughout the United States.

In January of 1934 the National Board of the YWCA voted to close Asilomar. The property was offered for sale but no one was interested in buying it. YWCA leaders in California formed the Asilomar Committee to maintain the empty grounds.

In 1936 the property was leased for four years as a motel. In 1940 the National Youth Authority used the grounds as a training camp, after which a nearby hotel used it for “overflow” guests, most of whom were families of servicemen stationed in the area.

In 1943 the YWCA opened the empty rooms as living quarters for WWII military families from Fort Ord and the Defense Language Institute. In 1947 the YWCA Asilomar Committee began operating the grounds as a full-service conference facility, and in 1949 business picked up; Asilomar finally became a moneymaking venture.

Remembering Carol Hochberg-Holker

by Paula Weinberger



Ralph Holker and
Carol Hochberg-Holker

On Saturday afternoon, April 21, friends and colleagues gathered at the Berkeley home of Jean Circiello to celebrate the life of Carol Hochberg-Holker who died on January 10, 2018. Among those who came to share memories of Carol or offered written recollections were participants in the Great Books poetry group she led at her own Berkeley home for nearly 20 years and members of the poetry selection committee she headed that chooses poems for the annual Great Books poetry weekend and the Asilomar spring conference.

Members of Carol’s Great Books poetry group who were present included Kay White, Nina Gibson, Irene Rosenthal, Gene Ericson, Roger Smith, Jean Circiello, Carolyn Yale, Claudia O’Callaghan, Judy Bertelsen, Ginni Saunders, and Paula Weinberger. Paula had put many hours into planning this lovely tribute.

Carol’s death followed by one month the passing of her husband, Ralph Holker, who had been suffering from dementia. Late in her illness, when told of Ralph’s death, Carol nodded peacefully, “Yes, we’re going together.”

Most knew Carol and Ralph as Californians, so it was enlightening to hear reminiscences from old friends about

their life together in New York. Carol was a jazz singer, founder of a modern dance company, choreographer, writer, and poet. She was an avid gardener, mycologist, and “bird-er.” Rumors are that she drove a cab in New York City, which may help to explain her occasional impatience.

Carol met Ralph in 1965. Single parents, the couple resided with their combined families in Park Slope, Brooklyn. Always adventurous, prior to their move to Berkeley they sold their Brooklyn house, bought a sailboat they named *Alcyone*, and set out for Florida and beyond.

Many shared thoughts of Carol. Here are a few:

Kay White came up with a few words about Carol: conscientious, frugal, direct, concise, crisp, and, of course, literate.

Irene Rosenthal had kept a letter from Carol inviting her to the newly formed Great Books poetry group. A strong believer in “shared inquiry,” Carol warned Irene to be prepared to explore questions, for which, ideally, there were no “right” answers.

Gene Ericson met Carol through his friendship with Ralph, both of them ceramicists. Carol came along one evening to identify mushrooms growing in Gene’s yard. Their garden conversation planted the seeds for her Great Books poetry group. When he began to describe one ceramic piece, she brusquely admonished him that she did not need art explained to her.

Brent Browning, coordinator of the poetry weekend for many years, remembers quibbling with Carol over his use of “Love, Brent” when signing email. Carol accused him of using the word frivolously. Brent assured her that “love” was a big word and no use diminished it. He noticed that soon thereafter, Carol started signing email to him “Love, Carol.”

Louise DiMattio, long time coordinator of Long Novel Weekend, recounted how she and Carol met regularly for lunch after Louise, now a hospital chaplain, heard that Ralph lived in a care facility close by. She felt that their mutual love of poetry helped Carol.

Rick White remembers a recurring good-natured feud with Carol, who helped him edit this newsletter. The issue was the Oxford (serial) comma, i.e. whether one should be placed before the word “and” in a list of three or more items. Rick was for it, Carol against. Carol was a serious “fleyspecker” of grammar, spelling, and punctuation irregularities. Rick fears that consistency of style may suffer from her loss.

Jean Circiello visited Carol during her last days. Carol remembered and was comforted by the words of Henry James on his deathbed: “So here it is at last, the distinguished thing.”

Carol will be greatly missed.

Poems by Carol Hochberg-Holker

Cat, At Sea

At sea, at ease, she sniffs the breeze,
Her watch the spacious cabin top.
She walks the deck, observing well
The cat's paws on the evening swell.

The scudding waves, the distant stars,
Might pique the creature's wonderment;
Yet, after dinner, belly full,
She'd rather snooze than track a gull.

Much later (and we've gone to bed),
The nightly prowls begins anew;
She'll chase her purse, of catnip made,
And bat her ball 'til all stars fade.

The Taste of Joy

Waxing crescent visible at sunrise,
this early ecstasy the first breath before dawn,
then the chill, the shiver that feels like fever
but calls to the night sweats of sex, taste of salt,
column of heat that exits the skull,
curling of limbs one into another,
vine that climbs and chokes its sapling host
before the second spring; still, tree embraces vine,
unknowing its desire for the vine's embrace
as it opens to the sun and to nesting osprey.

Now the white noise of tide against granite,
high rollers barreling the friable sandstone bluffs
wearing slowly over time, imperceptibly.
The raptor dives, grasps the prey in slashing talons,
screams at capture, smell of blood and salt, blood leaking
at the next, taste of rapture in the beak,
taste of flesh that ebbs after the crest breaks,
bodies fall away, the moon swells and sets.

Memory

My eyeglass case has wandered off someplace.
Have you seen where I left my keys, please?
My underwear, I think it's on, that's fair.
My head, I hope, is screwed on tight, right?

Exuma Night

It's a cakewalk sort of night:
as we listen to the St. Louis Toodle-oo,
a zephyr from the east brings
something sagey from the cay.
The moon will rise too late tonight
I'll wake at three to watch the warning
yellow chunk sink slowly to the sea,
imagine I'm standing at the sink:
you come up behind me, as you've done
so many times, kiss me on the neck,
raise the tiny hairs as I tilt to touch your hand.

Soon you'll open me with hands and mouth,
sending laughter up my spine.

RIP Larry and Jan Fussell

We have learned that Larry Fussell, who provided leadership within our council for many years, has died. A few weeks earlier, his wife Jan, another important leader, passed on. Both had been ill for quite some time.

Jan was a founder of Poetry Weekend. Jan and Larry led a popular Great Books discussion group for many years in Pleasanton. Larry was a key player in our 1995 Martin Luther King, Jr. birthday celebration with the Allen Temple Baptist Church and Lafayette Orinda Presbyterian Church, a deeply moving interracial event participated in by dozens from both congregations. We read and discussed together Dr. King's "Letter from a Birmingham Jail." A report of this event can be found in *Reading Matters*,

We hope to have a more complete report of their times in Great Books in a subsequent edition.

Welcome, new discussion leaders!

by Kay White

Next time you see **Maxine** and **Roger Ellman**, **Richard James**, or **Theresa Ulin**, welcome them as graduates of our spring Leader-Reader Workshop. Ten of us gathered in Greenbrae for the day to practice *shared inquiry*.

After studying Kay White's Leader Training Workbook, each person tried out the principles of leading a Great Books discussion:

- Ask interpretive questions.
- Keep the discussion open and available to all (even the quiet ones).
- Use follow-up questions to pursue someone's train of thought.
- The leader asks questions to help the flow of discussion, and does not enter the discussion.

The new leaders and Kay were supported by some of our most experienced leaders: **Jim Hall**, **Brian Cunningham**, **Brian Mahoney**, **Louise Morgan**, and **Elena Schmid**. We had fun recalling trials and triumphs of earlier discussions. Our workshop felt like a congenial seminar with brief readings, friendly feedback, and a guarantee for all to "Pass."

The Ellmans are starting a Great Books group in their Santa Rosa residence, Verenna. Richard James is in two San Francisco groups and commutes between his home in Reno and San Francisco to care for his grandchild. Theresa Ulin is a Marin resident and enjoys the beautiful neighborhood above our meeting place in Drakes Landing.

We had lunch together, and several people took advantage of the sunny day to check out the walking path by the water, near our meeting room.

Each Workshop gives me a fuller appreciation of the power of shared inquiry, and the talents of our readers and leaders in Great Books.

2018 CALENDAR • GREAT BOOKS COUNCIL OF SAN FRANCISCO

MAY	JUNE	JULY
5/19: Gold Country Mini-Retreat Jeanette Walls, <i>The Glass Castle</i> Pioneer United Methodist Church Auburn	6/10: Picnic & Annual Meeting Margaret Atwood, <i>The Handmaid's Tale</i> Noon - 3:30, Padre Picnic Area Tilden Regional Park, Berkeley	7/14-15: Long Novel Weekend John Steinbeck, <i>East of Eden</i> Vallombrosa Retreat Center Menlo Park
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	
10/6: Wine Country Mini-Retreat	11/3-4 Poetry Weekend Vallombrosa Retreat Center Menlo Park	

SAN FRANCISCO GREAT BOOKS COUNCIL, Serving Northern California:

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The GBSF annual financial report one-page summary can be seen on our website. The full report can be obtained from Brian Mahoney, Treasurer, at gbbrianmahoney@gmail.com.