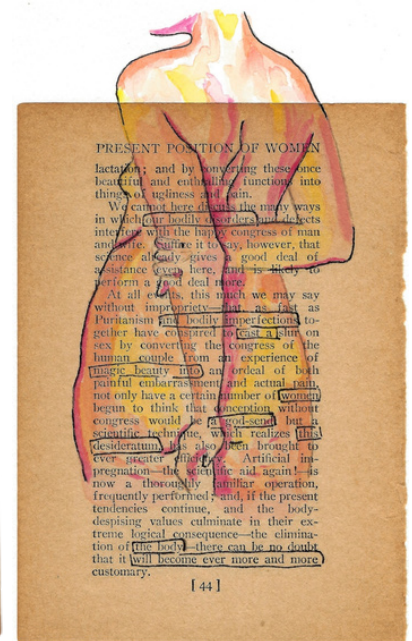


SLCC Community Writing Center



Disillusionment, More And More by River Wood

Anthology Announcements!

She Said Anthology 2025 and *What A Time To Be Alive* 2025 Community Anthology

Calling writers, artists, photographers to share their written stories and visual images for the **She Said: Women's Voices in Utah Anthology**.

She Said is a collaboration between the Community Writing Center, Amplify Utah, and SLCC Libraries. This collaboration seeks to gather stories (poetry, essays, dramas, fiction, hybrid and experimental forms) and visual representations of women's experiences in Utah, a state consistently ranked among the worst for women's equality in the areas of workplace environment, education, health and political empowerment.

The collaboration also includes a workshop series. We're looking for submissions that explore what it means to live in these cultural, historical, economic, and political contexts.

2025 is here! For this year's CWC Community Anthology, we're asking writers, artists, photographers, short filmmakers, and creators working in experimental forms from all backgrounds and experience to respond to this prompt: **"What a Time to Be Alive."** Share your reflections on what it means to be human at this moment in time.

This publication is by and for the community. As such, we would like to compile work for this year's community publication. We need your acts of imagination, experience, and creativity to help us capture how our communities reflect on the human condition.

The deadline to submit to the *She Said* Anthology is May 5th, 2025. The deadline to submit to the *What a Time to Be Alive* Anthology is May 19th, 2025.

WHAT'S INSIDE:

Upcoming
Happenings
(2)

Celebrating
Women's History
Month
(3-4)

Spring Workshops
(5-7)

New Staff
Introductions
(8)

Community Voices
(9-11)

Writing Groups
(12-13)

UPCOMING HAPPENINGS AT THE CWC



Submissions for this year's community anthology, *What A Time To Be Alive*, are due by May 19th!



Come share your voice every second Wednesday of the month at Tea Zaanti for SLCC CWC's Open Mic Night!



Submissions for the *She Said* Anthology 2025 are due by May 5th, 2025

Submissions for the Utah Original Writing Competition are due by June 30th, 2025.



CELEBRATING WOMEN

With Pieces from the *She Said* Anthology 2024

***Brown Like Mine* by Kelsey Watt (An Excerpt)**

My arms are wrapped around me, folded across my chest. The air is saturated with the scent of the cheap dollar store candle burning on the coffee table. For a dollar store candle, it's unusually strong. The scent is making me feel nauseated. Or maybe that's my anxiety. I cannot tell.

"Kelsey, are you hearing anything I'm saying?" I am sitting on a brown dusty couch with my gaze fixated on the flickering candle. I am hearing everything, but I have not said a single word to the therapist across from me in three sessions. I have not even made eye contact. Honestly, I am unsure of what she looks like. I am sitting in a room of an LDS church-run therapy clinic, and I would rather be dead than tell a stranger why my world is falling apart.

The tabletop clock next to the candle on the table reads 4:07. There are 23 more minutes until the session ends. I stay silent.

"Kelsey?" She repeats herself. I promise I am not trying to be disrespectful. I am a very respectful girl. That is something the church has engrained in my head. Respect your elders. I never ignore people when I am spoken to. But lately, I have been doing it often. To my therapist, to my parents, to my church leaders. I have nothing to say that will not get me in "trouble." In any other household, specifically a non-LDS household, the things I want to say would not get me in trouble. I stay silent. My eyes are locked on the three flames.

4:10. 20 more minutes.

"Kelsey?" She repeats. No eye contact, I tell myself.

4:13. 17 minutes.

"Kelsey." She is stern with this one. 4:14.

"That's it! If you won't speak to me, I will send you to someone you will." She stands up and exits the room. My eyes shift and I stare at the door as she shuts it behind her. 4:15.

I take in the room now that she's left. It feels bigger with her gone. The walls aren't closing in on me anymore. It has god-awful brown and red floral wallpaper with several church documents framed on the wall. The one that catches my eye is ironically The Family Proclamation. I laugh out loud. That document has no business being in a therapist's office.

At 4:21, I hear the click of the door opening as she re-enters the room. My eyes dart back to the flames. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see she is holding something in her hands, but I cannot tell what.

"These are admission papers for a facili-," she begins.

"No!" I cry out. For the first time in three sessions, I am looking directly into her eyes. They are a deep green like my fathers. They look angry, also like my fathers. I can now clearly see that she is holding a stack of white papers clipped onto a board. Admission papers.

"Then talk!" she says, tossing the clip board onto the coffee table. It bumps into the candle, disturbing the melted wax, putting it out. The smell of smoke fills the air. I become more nauseous. My cheeks are hot. They are wet. I am crying. I hate crying in front of people.

"Can I write?" I choke out. Writing has become my only source of expression lately. I can't seem to get words out anymore, not that I have anyone left that I trust enough to talk to.



CELEBRATING WOMEN

With Pieces From the *She Said* Anthology 2024



Portrait of an Angel Mother by Miranda Stone

My angel mother was born with her heart
clenched in a fist. I'm not sure how she
exists, but she does. She's an artist of
rations, portioning worlds into slices.
Always running from the sink to the stove,
pulling jars from boiling depths or wiping
the sweat from her brow. She cans peaches,
pie fillings, green beans, questions,
unripened dreams. She busies herself as I
doze in the sunlight. She frowns over the
unplotted garden, sees all the tomorrows in
the todays, and when my teeth graze that
blushing peach, she shakes her head. I try
not to pay her mind. She has her rows of
jarred fruits, and I have mine on my tongue.
Just now, she and Adam are looking for me
in the trees, calling me. They are asking
where my shame is

X by H.E. Grahame

X stands,
wide stance
eye-catching against the curves and points
of vowels and consonants.
firmly placed
like a best friend, holding
your spot at the front of a stormy
concert-crowd.

X motions,
large arms
squashing the glyphs demanding to
define every knit and stitch of my dressing
proudly welcoming
like a creative navigator, composing
maps to buried treasure and reimagining
fairytales

X beckons,
strong tone
booming in the mundane strike of the word
“I am your spot. Marked just for the yous like you.”
confidently resonating
like a siren's melody, serenading
you through an all-too-familiar
overture

X promises,
grand wishes
offering inclusive ligature among the stanzas
and stories of women who fit inside the word and the
space
deftly intertwining
like a sloppy cursive journal scribble, trying
too hard to be an “important”
lucid verse

X stands,
motioning with every serif note and phrase
beckoning for me to hum along
promising that this is the spot. The mark. The space.
absolutely certain
like a well-meaning guide, leading
me to where I belong, even though it's not
really mine.



Arcilla by Levana Nicolía Ramos



THE CWC'S SPRING-SUMMER WORKSHOPS



All workshops will be held at the CWC: 210 East 400 South #8, SLC, UT 84111 unless otherwise noted. Registration is required for every workshop.

HOW TO WRITE A RESUME: A TEEN RESUME-WRITING WORKSHOP

Free, 1 part workshop

Saturday, May 3rd, 11 am-12:30 pm

Location: Marmalade Library Branch Jex Conference Room, 280 W 500 N, Salt Lake City

Come join us for a Teen Resume Writing Workshop! We will show you how to write and edit your resume whether you are seeking a summer job, part-time job, or considering applying for scholarships or college. By the end of the workshop, you will be able to create an up-to-date, concise, and polished resume. Chromebooks will be provided for workshop participants to use during the workshop. For ages 15-18.

(If you already have a resume or any type of networking or contact brief, please bring either an electronic copy or a hard copy with you as that is already a great start!)

NATURE JOURNALING FOR TEENS

Free, 1 part workshop

Saturday, May 10, 12-3 pm

Join the CWC in partnership with Tracy Aviary's Nature Center at Pia Okwai for an afternoon crafting home-made journals from recycled materials and engaging with our local environment. You'll bind and decorate nature journals, write about the natural world, and learn unique ways to explore your local green space. At the end of the workshop, you can take your journals home!

Ages 12+, parents and guardians welcome.

PROFESSIONAL WRITING 101: WRITING FOR CAREER AND ACADEMIC SUCCESS

10\$, 1 part workshop

Thursday, May 15th, 6-8 pm

Join the CWC to learn the essentials of clear, concise, and professional written communication. Whether you're drafting emails, a cover letter, slideshow presentations, essays, or other professional documents, you'll learn how to structure your writing effectively, maintain a professional tone, and adapt to different audiences. Perfect for college students, early career professionals, those entering the workplace, or anyone looking to refine their writing skills. This workshop will answer your questions about professional writing and provide practical tips and hands-on exercises to help you communicate with confidence and clarity in any environment.

Writing Prompt:

Think of a time that you felt the most alive. What about this time (or moment) made you feel so alive? Write a about it.



THE CWC'S SPRING-SUMMER WORKSHOPS

All workshops will be held at the CWC: 210 East 400 South #8, SLC, UT 84111 unless otherwise noted. Registration is required for every workshop.

MODERNIZING MYTHOLOGY

\$30, 2 part workshop

Tuesdays, May 20 and 27, 6-7:30 pm

Step with us into the world of myths, legends, and modern folklore! In the first session of this two-part workshop, we will dive into ancient myths and legends, exploring how they've been altered in today's pop culture. What stories resonate with you? How do these retellings change the intention of the myths? In the second session, we'll shift our focus to cryptids, aliens, and other modern folklore. How do these contemporary myths shape the way we see the world? Together, we'll examine the power of storytelling across time and its impact on society. Whether you're a seasoned writer or just starting out, this workshop is your chance to reimagine the stories that define us.

WRITING UTAH'S NATURAL WONDERS

20\$, 2 part workshop

Saturdays, May 31 and June 7, 10:30 am-12:00 pm

In this workshop, we'll explore Utah's natural wonders using the critical elements of nature and environmental writing. We'll also weave nature and environmental writing with a few elements of travel and adventure writing. Workshop participants will also produce a hand-built nature-travel journal created out of upcycled materials.

FOOD MEMOIR AT TEA ZAANTI

Free, 1 part workshop

Thursday, June 5, 6-7:30 pm

Location: Tea Zaanti, 1944 S 1100 E, Salt Lake City

Join the SLCC CWC & Tea Zaanti for a tea-tasting, food memoir workshop. In this workshop, we will explore our experiences with different flavors and aromas through a tea tasting hosted by Local Tea & Wine Cafe, Tea Zaanti. In participating in the tasting and exploring our relationships with these teas, we will practice writing about them using narrative structure and memoir-type writing styles.

CLICK THE QR
CODE TO REGISTER
FOR WORKSHOPS



All workshop fees can be waived! Please email the SLCC CWC Director, Kati Lewis (kati.lewis@slcc.edu) to request a fee waiver



THE CWC'S SPRING-SUMMER WORKSHOPS

All workshops will be held at the CWC: 210 East 400 South #8, SLC, UT 84111 unless otherwise noted. Registration is required for every workshop.

DISPLACED & UNSETTLED IDENTITIES

\$15, 1 part workshop

Tuesday, June 10, 6-8 pm

Our identities are ever-shifting, challenged, and questioned by us and others. Identities are also confusing and emotional as we search for longing, belonging, and community. What does it mean to belong and not belong somewhere? What does it mean to be unsettled in who we are and where we are? This workshop will discuss how to write about belonging and not belonging in spaces that are not our own and unpacking the emotional and existential feelings that come with it.

We will read and explore contemporary and past authors who tackle unsettled identities such as refugeeness, queerness, and the Intersectional overlaps of who we are.

Writing Prompt:

Think of a female figure from mythology and/or folklore. Write a poem from the perspective of this figure.

CAPTURING STORIES: A WORKSHOP ON CRAFTING COMPELLING PHOTO ESSAYS

Free, 1-part workshop

Saturday, June 14, 12-2 pm

Have you ever been moved by a powerful image and wished you could tell the story behind it? In this hands-on workshop, you'll learn how to combine striking visuals with evocative writing to create compelling photo essays that resonate with audiences. Whether you're a photographer, writer, or simply someone with a story to tell, this workshop will guide you through the art of blending images and words to craft narratives that captivate and inspire. We'll be exploring the fundamentals of visual storytelling and how to pair images with narrative text. No prior experience in photography or writing is required—just bring your creativity, curiosity, and a willingness to experiment! Join us for an inspiring journey into the world of visual storytelling, where every picture tells a story, and every word paints a picture.

COMMUNITY
Writing
CENTER



NEW CWC STAFF INTRODUCTIONS



Frank!

Francis (Frank) is a recent graduate of Salt Lake Community College in Writing Studies. He enjoys writing in many forms, including poetry, journalism, creative nonfiction, fiction, and academic publications. He especially enjoys writing about the intersection between writing and social justice, with emphases on disability rights, mental health awareness, 2SLGBTQ+ inclusion, and religious topics. When he's not writing, you can find him reading, making art, and doting on his delightfully demanding cat, Bernice.

Driven by a strong commitment to social justice, equity, and equal access to education, Oliver strives to make a positive impact in the lives of others. Since graduating from SLCC in 2023 with degrees in English, Psychology, and Sociology, Oliver plans to further his education at the University of Utah, hoping to help make the world around him a better place. Much of his time outside of school or work is spent catering to the whims of his very spoiled cats. Outside of his academic and professional pursuits, Oliver enjoys spending his free time writing, drawing, gardening (when the weather allows), and immersing himself in books and video games.



Oliver!





What Writers Can Learn from Dorothy Day: The Art of Radical Authenticity By Francis Vales

Dorothy Day (1897–1980) was an American journalist, social activist, and devout Catholic convert. She is best known for co-founding the Catholic Worker Movement with Peter Maurin in 1933— a grassroots initiative and newspaper dedicated to nonviolent activism and hospitality for the poor, as well as the promotion of both worker’s rights and Catholic ideology. Through The Catholic Worker newspaper and her books, Day promoted a vision of radical Christian love that bridged theology, personal responsibility, and societal reform. As an authentic voice for the oppressed and an undeniably skilled author, all writers, from any or no faith, can learn something from her legacy.

Day was a prolific writer, contributing extensively to The Catholic Worker, as well as writing many essays, books, and two autobiographies. Most sources that analyze her work do not address her writing strategies and rhetorical appeals. However, this could be seen as a testament to Day’s brilliance: her strategies and appeals are so effective that they are sometimes overlooked and simply understood to work.

Dorothy Day didn’t just write, she lived her words. Her pen was an extension of her hands, calloused from kneading dough in soup kitchens and gripping picket signs. She didn’t write from a detached place, speaking about the poor as a problem to be solved, she wrote from the heart of the struggle. Choosing voluntary poverty, she lived as and among the people she sought to help. This consistency between her words and actions reinforced her authenticity and earned her credibility among many readers, but especially those who might otherwise distrust religious reformers.

Much like her engagement with the working class, she maintained credibility with her Catholic audience by remaining loyal to the Church

and engaging with its leadership rather than criticizing from an external place. She did not want to create division among Catholics, she emphasized change from within through respectful discussion. Through her writing, she made it clear that the workers’ movement and the Catholic Church could not only be related but were inherently inseparable.

Instead of claiming authority on the topics she wrote about, she proved her trustworthiness by living authentically in the communities she wrote about: she was equally a working-class activist and a Catholic. Writers can learn from her that the most compelling arguments are not always those that are cleverly constructed or thoroughly researched, but those that are deeply lived.

Day’s writing style was direct, passionate, and accessible, founded in her journalistic training and commitment to reaching working-class audiences. She hoped especially to reach "plain, ordinary working men and women," through avoiding pretentiousness and using accessible language. Her tone was conversational, as if she were speaking to a friend over a cup of coffee. She opened her articles with phrases like “Dear fellow workers in Christ,” and closed them with “In His love, Dorothy Day.” This wasn’t just a stylistic choice; it was an act of solidarity; her audience was not an entity below her that she needed to educate, her audience was fellow workers and fellow Catholics, and she wanted to portray herself as she was: a peer. By emphasizing humility and ordinariness, Day avoided intellectual elitism— her readers could see themselves in the raw struggles she depicted.

However, she did not assume unintelligence of her audience. She understood that formal education and an extensive vocabulary are not equivalent to intelligence or the ability to comprehend complex topics. Her writing never “talked down to” her audience or simplified any subject she wrote about. This made her writing appeal to a broad audience,





people from many different educational backgrounds could find her writing readable, relatable, and engaging. This also created a dialogue of respect between her and her audience. Her conversational tone (especially in *The Catholic Worker*) gave her a friendly and trustworthy voice, and her assumption of her audience's intelligence established respect.

Yet, Day's writing was not merely functional; it was poetic. Included in her articles about current events and the struggle for workers' rights, she included both prose and scripture to support her points. Her inclusion of prose was a diversion from traditional journalistic standards, but it was a brilliant rhetorical choice. She emphasized that beauty was not something to be enjoyed by those who have time or money to spare, but that finding beauty in the everyday was an essential part of survival and growth. She shows writers that it is okay to blur the lines of conventional genres, her journalism was effective because it combined the style and conventions of personal and poetic writing with journalistic integrity and structure.

These are not lessons reserved for Catholics, and this is not meant to say that faith is a prerequisite for great writing. Day's strategies -- her authenticity, her accessibility, her ability to bridge divides -- are universal. She was a Catholic author who spoke successfully in the worker's movement, not by watering down her religious beliefs, but by living them so fully that they became inseparable from her activism.

Simultaneously, she became a working-class activist who spoke successfully to the larger Catholic Church, not by watering down her activism, but by living it within the Church and by supporting her social ideas with scripture. She spanned divides by living her authentic truth in its entirety.

Writers today, of all backgrounds and beliefs, can build bridges the way that Day did. Whatever we're writing about, Day reminds us to speak from a place of deep integrity, to meet our audience where they are, and to build bridges rather than walls.

By grounding our work in lived experience, by speaking with clarity and compassion, and by writing authentically from our lived experiences, we, too, can bridge gaps in our own communities.

Dorothy Day's legacy is a call to writers: to write with humility, to speak with clarity, to find beauty in the struggle, and above all, to live what you write. Her work shows how authors have the power to use language as both a mirror and a hammer, a tool to show the world as it is and shape it as it ought to be. Day's life and writing remind us that the most powerful stories are those that don't just tell the truth, but embody it.

Day put it best when she said "Don't worry about being effective. Just concentrate on being faithful to the truth."

***Kallisto* (An Excerpt) by Oliver Harrington**

Hazy golden light filtered through gauzy cream curtains, setting dust motes alight. The late afternoon sun shined off framed pictures that had been carefully hung on the far wall. Many of the frames were handmade from popsicle sticks or hand-painted by a child. A few of them were nicer—bought—rather than handmade in elementary school.

The wallpaper was peeling up in places. It was patterned with poppies. Once, it had most likely been vibrant yellows, deep oranges, and rich, earthy greens; decades and the sun had made it soft, dull, and faded long before Arthur was alive to see it as it was. The remaining walls were painted a soft yellow to match, though it too, had faded from time. Most things in this house were faded—muted, soft, old. Homey.

The television was on, grating voices accompanied by a tinny whine. Playing was a brightly colored cartoon, staticky on the screen, jumping and flickering. The antenna must have been angled just slightly off from where it should have been on top of the old, outdated little box. Likely, it had been bumped out of place while being dusted or while the worn burgundy-faded-pink carpet was being vacuumed



It was a show that Arthur had when he was younger, he couldn't focus enough to watch it now, though. He'd desperately been hoping for some sort of distraction, maybe a cozy dose of nostalgia to go along with it. Something, anything. He was disappointed to find this didn't offer that comfort. Instead, it was just making his throbbing headache worse, droning on, obnoxious and irritating, in the background.

Part of him was certain that they must have changed something about it—he could recall this episode. He could remember that it made him laugh. The ridiculous situation the characters had landed themselves in was more cringe-worthy than funny, as he'd once thought it to be. He remembered the show to be silly, sometimes a little sad. It did not seem to have those qualities now. The character's voices were so, so grating.

He clenched his teeth and pressed his head back harder against the armrest with a frustrated groan. The movement and pressure sent pain spiking down his spine and Arthur inhaled a sharp, pained gasp. He tried to force himself to relax against the thread-bare olive cushions, tried to force his muscles to loosen—some of the ache easing with his partial success.

There was the soft sound of footsteps on the linoleum in the kitchen—his grandma's black house shoes with the tiny, tiny heel—clicking on the plastic flooring, and then padding, barely audible, on the carpet. Arthur peeled open an eye to squint up at her through his off-kilter glasses.

Ruth. All tight salt-and-pepper curls, soft cloudy eyes, warm ochre skin, and deep smile lines. Her bottle-thick glasses were slipping down towards the end of her nose, which made her eyes look at least triple their size—something which almost always succeeded in making Arthur crack a smile. She was dressed in something that may have been a set of curtains once. A dress that fell a few inches past her knees, decorated with sunflowers and dry-brush strokes of blue. The canvas fabric was soft from years of loving wear, though it must have once been quite stiff.

Perhaps she had worn it while she worked in the garden, bleaching away the color from hours spent under the sun. Or, perhaps, it was one she wore while lounging on a lawn chair and drinking homemade lemonade on some warm summer afternoon. Maybe it was from a time before Vietnam—her record player would have been spinning, the living room window open wide to let the music out into the yard. Arthur could imagine the curtains fluttering in the breeze and the warm sunlight filling the living room with life. His grandfather might have been working on their car—the little green 1964 Corvair that, even now, she still bullied into working. Or maybe he would have been tending to their oak tree, trimming away branches to encourage its growth. Ruth would have been there too, wearing that floppy sunhat while she cared for her roses, always white, yellow, peach, and pink. Once he was finished, they would have danced together, golden hour light igniting the world around them, dancing and dancing long after the record reached the end, dancing until the sky faded from orange to purple to dark, dark blue. Oh, how his grandmother adored dancing.

Arthur often imagined these types of situations. A time when Ruth was young, and the home was still vibrant with color. It filled him with a deep sense of dread and a melancholy for a time he'd never known.



Artwork by Oliver Harrington

WRITING GROUPS



Get It Written!

This is a welcoming, inclusive space for you to focus on your writing passion around other writers. There are no word count or genre requirements, no critiques (unless requested), and most importantly, no pressure. It's just you, your passion project(s) and other writers ready and eager to support each other.

- 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month, 6:30-8:00 p.m.
- Location: CWC, 210 East 400 South #8

Poetry Writing Group

Welcome to the Poetry Writing Group! Together we'll learn about reading, writing, and publishing poetry. Beginners are welcome—this group aims to help you grow as a poet, no matter what level you're starting from. Feel free to bring a poem you've written so we can workshop it together, but no worries if you don't have the material yet: we will spend part of each meeting doing poetry exercises to help everyone get comfortable.

- 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of the month, 6:00-7:30 p.m.
- Location: Marmalade Library, 280 West 500 North

Queer, Trans and Non-Binary Writing Group

We are a fun and laid-back group of people, who enjoy getting together over writing. We welcome all to write, read and share their stories.

- 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, 6:30-8:00 p.m.
- Location: CWC, 210 East 400 South #8

What's Your Story?: Creative Nonfiction Writing Group

Everyone has a story to tell--so, what's your story? Our writing group welcomes writers at any and all skill levels to join us in sharing true stories through creative nonfiction writing. Whether you want to write about a silly encounter you had at a grocery store, or a life-changing conversation you had with your grandma, we want to create a fun, supportive environment in which writers can authentically share any experience. As a group, we strive to empower you as a writer through discussion, collaboration, and ultimately, storytelling. Wherever you are in the writing process, from the idea stage to the final draft, we look forward to collaborating with you!

- 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of the month, 6:30-8:00 p.m.
- Location: CWC, 210 East 400 South #8

UDA Writing Club: Writing for Social Change

Do you have a passion for social change and a love for writing? Are you dreaming of becoming a published writer? Join us at the UDA Writing Club, where creativity meets purpose! Whether your interests lie in crafting short stories and poetry or in delving into something with essays, manifestos, and everything in between—this is your space to stretch your creative muscles and let your voice be heard.

- 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of every month
- Teen Group (13-17): 5:00 PM - 6:00 PM, Adult Group (18+): 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM
- Location: Mosaics Resource Center: 42 N 200 E STE 3 American Fork, 84003
- To sign up for this group, or if you have any questions, please email info@mosaicsutah.com



WRITING GROUPS

Escritores De Utah Writing Group

Escritores de Utah es un grupo donde puedes acudir y aprender de los distintos estilos poéticos, se te presentarán herramientas para que puedas entender y escribir desde prosa hasta un soneto.

- 3rd Saturday from 2:00-4:00 PM
- Location: CWC, 210 East 400 South #8

Playhouse Writing Cohort (PWC)

By request from enthusiastic local writers, we present to you: The Playhouse Writing Cohort! The PWC is a community-driven writing group whose goal is to develop and share the results of their passion for the performing arts. While concentrating on the tenets of playwriting and its relationship to other art forms, the PWC affords a safe environment for writers of all levels and backgrounds to submit their works in progress to table readings and comprehensive workshopping. Nothing is off the table, and no one is beholden to adhere to any given topic. However, the PWC focuses on different elements and principles of playwriting, periodically alternating themes and topics according to the group's drive.

- 1st Tuesday from 6:45-7:50 PM
- Location: CWC, 210 East 400 South #8

Day Writers

Feeling Creative? Like to write? Come join our Day Writers writing group! We welcome writing of ANY genre and at ANY level. Whether you are just getting started or are already published, we have a great appreciation of the writing craft. Our participants are a diverse group who love to share stories, listen and learn. We will be writing together and reading out loud to one another. The goal is to help the writer feel good about their piece. Please note that although it is not required, writers in this group are encouraged to bring a short piece of writing with them to receive feedback.

- 1st and 3rd Thursdays from 1:30-3:00 PM
- Location: CWC, 210 East 400 South #8



Spring Flowers by Mia Manfredi

FUNDED BY
Salt Lake
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OPEN TO EVERYONE

