

jcannonbooks

Because everybody
needs an editor . . .

and a newsletter



Vrrrrroooooooooom

As you stroll through your neighborhood, it is common to ponder two of life's eternal questions.

One: Who are these other walkers on my street because they could not possibly have been living here before the virus arrived or I would have seen them at least once. (Related question: Why do they all have dogs?)

Two: Does anyone have a recommendation on how to start writing a book?

You're on your own on the first, but for the book question, let me introduce you to the Ferrari method. [Click here to read about it on my blog, Take My Word for It.](#)

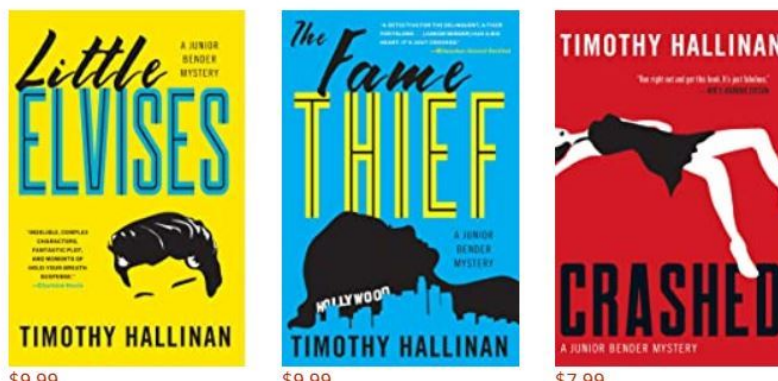


Photo by Brandon Atchison on Unsplash

In Praise of Timothy Hallinan

I have never met him, although he was kind enough to reply to some emails I sent him a while back. I am not his editor. I should be so lucky.

I offer this because excellent writing should be shared. I am fond of the Junior Bender series and the way it helps me understand Los Angeles, a place I find mystifying. Louie the Lost should be enshrined in the secondary character hall of fame. The standalone novel *Pulped* from @TimHallinan is so imaginative and so focused on the riddle of publishing that you wonder how anyone comes up with this stuff. His final book in the Poke Rafferty series is now available. [And his website](#) is full of publishing advice from an author who has done it.



Travels with Johnny



Many people do not realize there is more to Sonoma County than the call of the grape.

A few years ago, when it became clear that we couldn't go to wine tastings all day, we visited [the Jack London State Historic Park](#)'s 1,400 rolling acres in the southern reaches of Northern California wine country. The author's cottage (restored to period detail) sits near his grave. The burned-out ruins of Wolf House are nearby, and miles of trails thread through stands of oak, maple, and redwood.

Stepping into the place where he banged out a thousand words a day near the end of his short life is likely to give any writer a shiver. I would say frisson, but it doesn't seem to be a word Jack would use. I call him Jack rather than Mr. London or Your Eminence because he would have wanted it that way. Jack and I go back to my freshman year in high school, according to my memory, when "To Build a Fire" was among the things I read. The short story prompted what may have been my first conscious thought about setting and character development, although I didn't realize it. I just knew the story was good, and I wanted to read more. And whenever I went camping after that, I always looked up.



Jack London was way in front of the Post-It Note. I took this photo in his restored cottage.



Kind regards,
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