April Featured Speaker: POET, Rick Lupert

Rick Lupert has been involved in the Los Angeles poetry community since 1990. He served for two years as a co-director of the Valley Contemporary Poets, a twenty-five-year-old non-profit organization which produces readings and publications out of the San Fernando Valley. His poetry has appeared in numerous magazines and literary journals, including The Los Angeles Times, Chiron Review, Stirring, The Blue Jew Yorker, PoeticDiversity.org, Zuzu’s Petals, Caffeine Magazine, Blue Satellite and others. He edited A Poet's Haggadah: Passover through the Eyes of Poetsanthology and is the author of 12 books: Paris: It's The Cheese, I Am My Own Orange County, Mowing Fargo, I'm a Jew. Are You?, Stolen Mummies, I'd Like to Bake Your Goods, A Man With No Teeth Serves Us Breakfast, We Put Things in Our Mouths (Ain’t Got No Press), Lizard King of the Laundromat, Brendan Constantine is My Kind of Town (Inevitable Press), Feeding Holy Cats and Up Liberty’s Skirt (Cassowary Press). He has hosted the long running Cobalt Café reading series in Canoga Park since 1994 and is regularly featured at venues throughout Southern California.

The author’s three e-books are To Hell With Rick Lupert (Ain’t Got No Press, May, 2006), The Rick Lupert Fun Club (Ain’t Got No Press, May, 2007) and On My Eventual Death (Ain’t Got No Press, May 2009) (Click on the titles to download them for free.)

Rick created and maintains the Poetry Super Highway (http://PoetrySuperHighway.com/), an online resource and publication for poets.

Currently, Rick works as the music teacher and graphic and web designer for Temple Ahavat Shalom in Northridge, CA and for anyone who would like to help pay his mortgage.

He lives in Van Nuys, California, with his wife Addie, son Jude, 3 cats, a lizard and 2 frogs.

MEMBER SHOWCASE

Your editor, actor, entertainer, composer, director, writer, poet, Ray Malus will speak on his favorite subject: Ray Malus.

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(Click on title to jump to story)
April Member Showcase:
The Old Guy Who Sits In The Back And Falls Asleep During “Open Mike.”

Many of you already know Maury. Those who have been fortunate enough to catch him between naps know he’s led a fascinating life.

Currently, a resident of the Simi Valley Home For The Bewildered, Maury has been a globe trotting “Jet Setter”, and is the author of 2 memoirs — *Who-The-Hell-Are-You-To-Ask-Me-That, Sonny?!* and *In My Day, People Had Manners!* — and the award-winning epic poem, *Go _____ Yourself!!*

This month, he will share some of his experiences with the rest of us. Come early, and be enchanted!

New Media: Is Stone Dead?

With the advent of, so-called “new media” (parchment, papyrus, et al.), the question arises, “Is publishing as we know it dead?”

Advocates of these new publishing opportunities crow that the traditional stranglehold of the rock quarry bloc (often called “stoners”) is at an end, while traditionalists whine, “Who wants literature you can fold?! In 2000 years, this stuff will have crumbled into dust.” The debate rages hot and vitriolic with no clear winner.

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Musings from the President
Ethel Ann Pemberton

The plot, in a dramatic or narrative work, is arranged to convey physical and verbal actions of particular characters. In essence, plot is a means by which characters exhibit their moral and dispositional qualities. Harry James has said, “What is character but the determination of incident? What is incident but the illustration of character?”

Some plots are as old as Uncle John’s tie, and some are older. However, plot is one of the few aspects in all of art not subject to fashion. Originality doesn’t apply to plots themselves, but rather how they are presented. There are a great variety of plot forms, some of which are designed to achieve tragic events, such as forbidden love, revenge, rivalry, obsession, temptation, sacrifice, murder; others are designed to achieve the effects of romance, love, heroism, pursuit, escape, maturation, discovery, adventure, quest, comedy, underdog, and the list goes on.

The principal character in a work is called the protagonist, hero, or heroine. If that person is pitted against an important opponent, that character is called the antagonist. Hamlet is the protagonist and King Claudius the antagonist in Shakespeare’s play, and the relation between them is one of conflict. Many, but not all plots, involve a conflict. Thornton Wilder’s play, Our Town (1938), does not present a conflict but instead integrates the actions of various and unusual residents. Often conflicts aren’t between characters. They can be generated within one’s self such as desiring a neighbor’s wife but suppressing one’s desire; it can be a struggle for self-esteem, to be loved, dealing with rejection, etc.

The plot must have unity of action if it is be perceived as a complete and ordered structure of actions, directed toward the intended effect in which none of the component parts, or incidents, is unnecessary. Since all parts are interconnected, the removal of one component will cause all the components to become disjointed. Stringing together a series of episodes that happened to a single character, while presenting an interesting narrative, does not constitute a unified plot.

The order of a unified plot, Aristotle pointed out, is a continuous sequence of beginning, middle, and end. The beginning initiates the main action in a way which makes us look forward to something more; the middle presumes what has gone before and requires something...
TO MARKET, TO MARKET
by Ken Watts
(As always, please check the websites for more information before submission. When you see “ms.” or “mss.” this means manuscript and manuscripts respectively. Best wishes and good luck to all!)

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Careers & The Disabled is 60% freelance written. It’s published 6 times/yr with Fall, Winter, Spring. (See TO MARKET pg. 5)


B’Nai B’Rith Magazine is a quarterly magazine specializing in social, political, historical, religious, cultural, and ‘lifestyle,’ relating to Jewish communities in North America and Israel. Address: 2020 K. St. NW, Washington DC 20006. Phone: (202) 857-2701. E-mail: bbm@bnaibrith.org. Website: www.bnaibrith.org.

International Examiner is a biweekly journal of Asian-American news, politics, arts. Address: 622 S. Washington, Seattle WA 98104. Phone: (206) 624-3925. Fax: (206) 624-3046. E-mail: editor@iexaminer.org. Website: www.iexaminer.org.

Latina Magazine is a monthly magazine covering Latina lifestyle covering the best of Latino fashion, beauty, culture, and food. Address: Latina Media Ventures, LLC, 1500 Broadway, Suite 700, NY, NY 10036. Phone: (212) 642-0200. E-mail: editor@latina.com. Website: www.latina.com.

Filipinas is a monthly magazine focused on Filipino-American affairs. It’s for Filipino immigrants and for American-born Filipinos. Address: Filipinas Publishing, Inc., GMB Bldg., 1580 Bryant St., Daly City, CA 94015. Phone: (650) 985-2530 Website: www.filipinasmag.com.

German Life is a bimonthly magazine covering the diversity of German-speaking culture in Europe and the US. Address: Zeitgeist Publishing, Inc., 1068 National Way, LaVale, MD 21502. Phone: (301) 729-6190. Fax: (301) 729-1720. E-mail: mslider@germanlife.com. Website: www.germanlife.com.

Celticlife Magazine chronicles the stories of Celtic people in North America. They feature Gaelic language articles, history, traditions, music and folklore of Celtic people. Address: Clansman Publishing, Ltd., 1454 Dresden Row, Suite 204, Halifax, NS B3J 3T5, Canada. Phone: (902) 425-5716. Fax: (902) 835-0080. E-mail: editorial@celticlife.ca. Website: www.celticlife.ca.

Native Peoples Magazine is a bimonthly magazine covering Native Americans. Its purpose is to offer a sensitive portrayal of the arts and lifeways of Native peoples of the Americas. Address: 5333 N. 7th. St., Suite C-224, Phoenix, AZ 85015. Phone: (602) 265-4855. Fax: (602) 265-3113. E-mail: dgibson@nativepeoples.com. Website: www.nativepeoples.com.

Skipping Stones strives to promote multicultural awareness, international understanding, nature appreciation, and social responsibility. They like authors to include their own experiences, or base their articles on their personal immersion experiences in a culture or country. Address: P.O. Box 3939, Eugene, OR 97403-0939. Phone: (541) 342-4956. E-mail: editor@skippingstones.org. Website: www.skippingstones.org.

Something To Ponder
“Commitment leads to action. Action brings your dream closer.”
- Marcia Wieder
OPEN DISCUSSION SUMMARY

At our March meeting, ideas were solicited from the membership concerning future Branch activities. Chairs were pulled into a circle, and a microphone was passed among members to discuss what they would like their Board of Directors to do to meet their needs as writers and to facilitate their writing goals.

A list of suggestions follows:

- Start critique groups.
- A possible mentoring program.
- More information and/or speakers focusing on copyright laws, techniques of writing, quality of writing.
- How to get work published, and/or workshops related to those topics.
- More open mic availability and longer reading times.
- More presentations by editors/publishers/literary agents.
- Make links available in the newsletter for jobs as writers, critique groups, line chat, etc.

The President mentioned the **Writers Market** as a source for article placement, word count, and writers’ payments. Other marketing sources can be found on the internet and in Ken Watts’ column in **The Valley Scribe**, “To Market, To Market.”

The Board appreciates the feedback from members and will take their suggestions under consideration.

--Board of Directors
The Wright Word – by Ray

Why Do Writers Have Bigger Balls Than Accountants?

Many poetic forms (Sonnet, Haiku, Tanka) rely on a “turn,” a point when the piece makes an abrupt “shift in direction” — usually a summary of, or contradiction to, what preceded it. This is a required part of the form, and its skillful execution is a measure of the writer’s ability.

Recently, I was discussing “Sonnets” with a fellow poet. I observed that my predilection was for “Elizabethan” Sonnets. The reason (beside the fact that they’re tad easier) is the “turn” occurs almost at the end of the poem. (In the “Italian” Sonnet — the other well-known form — the “turn” comes very near the middle.) So, surprisingly, the Sonnet shares a structure with a less-appreciated literary form, the Joke.

Well, it’s April, the “fool-ish” month. Let’s look at jokes.

Why is it that things which were so funny when they happened fall flat in the telling? We’ve all had the experience of recounting something riotous, only to be rewarded with blank stares. It’s embarrassing in social interactions. It’s catastrophic in writing. Why does it happen?

Most verbal humor (not all, most) is in the form of a joke. Some jokes work; some do not. Why?

The answer is in one well-known word: “timing.” “Timing” is closely related to “form” or “structure.” But what is “timing?”

The essayist, William Haslitt wrote, “Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are, and what they ought to be.”

A joke involves two different stories: the one the person thinks you’re telling, and the one you actually are. When the two finally clash, it’s funny. The comedy lies in the contrast between the two conflicting realities. It lasts as long as the audience can conceptualize both of them simultaneously.

The trick is to (like “nitro” and “glycerin”) keep the ingredients separate until the last minute, and then slam them together, explosively.

A joke has a form. It consists of two parts: the “setup,” and the “punch-line.”

The setup establishes the “first story” — what the audience thinks the joke is about. The punch-line reveals the “second story” — joke’s actual point.

The setup establishes expectations. It provides a reasonable framework for humor. Notice, I said “reasonable.” A setup that stretches credibility — that reveals itself as artifice — simply won’t work. The setup must never show itself to be one. It must be accepted at face value.

The punch-line must be exactly that: a quick, sharp “jab” that changes the perception suddenly.

Imagine a house of cards. The setup erects the house. The punch-line is the card that, when removed, causes the house to fall. The “funniness” is proportional to the size of the crash — the height of the house, and the suddenness of the collapse. Nobody is interested in the fall of a one-story house of cards. And, certainly, no one will react with glee to its being arduously dismantled.

In life, we experience things very quickly. Events are comprehended as flashes — totalities.

In reading, the pace is slower — serialized. An event is dissected into its components, and presented sequentially. So successful comedy is stringent. The setup must present a vivid, real, reasonable picture — without losing the reader’s interest with too much detail. The punch-line must change the perception suddenly.

A successful raconteur develops a sense of when his audience will have grasped the setup, and a knack for “pulling the rug out.”

Oh yes.

Why Do Writers Have Bigger Balls Than Accountants?

They sell more tickets.

BOARD MEETINGS

Our SFV Branch holds its Board Meetings every month after the Speaker’s Presentation. Members are not permitted to speak or participate, but are encouraged to audit and observe these meetings.
GRAY MOOD

what can I say
this day of overcast and gray
of mist clinging to branches and covering
my eyelids

worn wooden clapboards
of my childhood …
dirty snow
tossed cavalierly
on my porch
and washed into rain puddles
later prayers
turning gray drops into pearls

clouds curtaining the sun
and silvered nonetheless
the soft rumble
part of the wind
and driven rain
heard somewhere behind
an ominous wall of gray

what can I say
this day of overcast and gray
of mist clinging to branches and covering
my eyelids

Lights and Darks

lights and darks
reflecting leaves
like sun-lit coins
black fades
into pewter
into a monochromatic
mystery
rustling
whispers somewhere
voices within foliage
shadows without form
tree twigs
dressed in flimsy black
lace
brushing a silver sky
branches
snaking like graceful
dancers
behind a curtain of leaves
in a moonlit spotlight
a hidden forest
ebony trunks
enjoying solitude
waiting for a paintbrush
Our Wild, Weird World

Our world is a wild
And weird place.
Just think of it!

A myriad of life forms
Roaming, reproducing,
In sunlight, moonlight
And darkness.

Insects on the ground
And in the air.
Birds flying,
Fish and mammals
In endless journeys
Through rivers and seas,
Reptiles slithering,
Carnivores devouring,
Herbivores trembling
And cowering,
All constantly busy
Moving and munching,
Biting and crunching.

Microbes and viruses
Everywhere,
Infesting and killing,
Fungi attacking
The weak and dying.

Our sophisticated brain
And evolving machines
Are not able to explain
Why all of this goes on.

In our search to understand
We invent many non-
answers:
“We are here to appreciate,
Validate and serve God,”
Say those of religious faith.
But why would the creator of
All there is need to be
served,
Appreciated and validated?

“We are here to explore,
Understand and marvel
At the magnificent universe,”
Say seekers of knowledge.
For what purpose, say I?

“The meaning of life is found in
love,”
Say weary seekers of meaning,
Still unaware “meaning” is a
myth.
And, though love can be a
happy find,
It may never come your way
Or, if it does, may be elusive
As a disappearing morning
mist,
A beautiful butterfly that flies
away
But you still have the choice
To rejoice in life’s mysteries,
And the pleasures of each day.

What Can You Count On
Anymore?

My physics professor said:
“Though everything changes
The laws of physics do not.”
The force of gravity
Is always the same.
An object striking another
Will rebound with a force
Determined by
The hardness of each.
Time moves in a constant flow.

Well I’m here to tell
Things have gone to hell.
As I grow older
Gravity gets bolder,
Pulling pills, peanuts,
Pens and pastries
Out of my hand,
To land on the floor.

And that’s not all.
When you hurl a Kleenex
Into a trash bag
Filled with soft tissues,
It should come to rest.

Not so.
Miraculously, it bounces
Off other soft tissues,
Flies out of the bag
And falls on the floor,
As if it were a rubber ball
Bouncing off a hard wall.

There’s more that’s eerie
To make you really leery:
Time is supposed to go
In a linear flow
But I’ve noticed it’s not so.
And I’m getting sore
At how it’s accelerating
More and more.

Were Einstein and Feynman
Aware of these anomalies,
But preoccupied
With unified field theories?
Or did they know but
Didn’t want to alarm us?

Now I’m not here to fuss
But my birthday’s
Soon due,
And I can tell you
That’s quite a blow,
Since the last one
Was a lot less
Than a year ago.

Edward Louis Braun
“A Cruel Blessing”
A Ballad

In olden days, the ancient Land
Of Ararat became
The birthplace of a first-born son—
So beautiful, but lame.
The lameness was inside of him,
A sleeping fiend, unseen,
That would attack and seize him fast
Once he became a teen.

But now, the babe lay peacefully
Against his mother's breast,
And drank her nectar, white and rich,
And safely took his rest.

They double blessed and named the boy
Vartan and Victory.
Then sprinkled him with holy oil
To seal his destiny.

A close-knit tribe, his kin instilled
Within their growing child,
A pride of place, and heritage,
A name kept undefiled.

The father taught Vartan to war,
Retaliate, defend,
And laid in Victory the love
Of truth, and God and friend.

The mother gave him nourishment
To make him strong of limb.
Likewise, the food for soul and mind
She gently forced within.

Then on their son they placed this grave
Responsibility,
“The future of this clan does rest
On your integrity.”

Relentlessly the clock of months
Ticked thirteen times around.
Vartan approached his manhood proud,
A prince as yet uncrowned.

But on his honored day there struck
A death - so fresh, so raw.
The gruesome end of one most dear
Was what young Vartan saw.

Then deep within the boy-man’s frame
An aura and a flash
Preceded tremors, shakes and quakes,
A weakness, then a crash.

Like frozen forms the family
Around the crumpled lad
Took in with shock and fright the sight,
And waited, “Our son is mad!”

They mourned the loss of hopes and dreams,
(As well, the one so dear),
And wake became a vigil grim;
A sick bed and a bier.

Vartan lay still as death that night;
The other’s corpse quite close.
At dawn they lowered bones below,
But Victory arose!

A celebration wild with joy
Then met the rising son.
They dared to hope that only once
The dreadful foe had won.

Forgotten soon the grievous curse
As manly, Vartan grew.
A wanton woman caught his eye,
Then taught him all she knew.

But in the rush of ecstasy
The pleasures turned to pains.
He screamed, convulsed, then toppled down
Amidst a dozen stains.

In shame they found the fallen oak
And slowly hauled him home.
Beside the hearth, he warmed and woke
With kin, but all alone.

A disciplined and structured life
He thought would bring release.
Vartan desired glory bright,
But Victory sought peace.

So in the frozen, northern wastes
A soldier he became.
And hardship burned the dross from him;
A cruel and thorough flame.

But still, in light-less days he fell
A victim to his plight.
And so there came to dwell in him
A darkness more than night.

A disciplined and structured life—
This time, a different kind;
In solitude and quietness
Release he’d surely find.

So to the Church went Victory.
He knelt, and prayed and read.
Now sixty months of sanity
Have eased his tortured head.

A Holy Man, a Prophet true
Is what he’s meant to be.
For holy oil had marked him thus,
And sealed his destiny.

Now from the monastery, he
Speaks out the Truth he’s learned,
And prays forgiveness from his kin
For hopes and dreams he’s spurned.

For from Vartan no seed will flow
To populate the clan,
And to defend the name and place
There’s no one who will stand.

But, praise! The sleeping fiend has fled—
It dared not seize a priest!
So God and Church held Vartan in…
And Victory released.

Jackie Houchin
ROCKS
Nestled against the church,  
It sprawled, a careless mosaic 
Of native Ice Age boulders 
And well-composted humus. 
Grouting the hummocks of granite, 
Grew ivy, and flowers in season. 
Now, huddles of velvet pansies, 
Now, garnishes of dead leaves, 
Now, nodding committees of lilies, 
Now, white ostrich boas of snow. 
My mother called it a ‘Rock Garden.’

I thought, “Rocks grow here?”

Further on down the hillside, 
Lay the neglected graveyard, 
Fenced with a low wall of stones 
Painted with lichen and moss. 
With ranks of well-slept-in beds 
Enfolding the dear departed, 
Lying in scattered parade, 
Like disarrayed army cots, 
Each with its own marble pillow 
Standing immobile and stubborn 
Deep-rooted in the topsoil.

I thought “Rocks grow here.”

Imposing, organic, and ancient, 
The church stood, topping the hillock, 
Gothic and gray and eternal, 
A dwarf cathedral of fieldstone 
Growing up out of the bedrock, 
A flinty petrified bone spur. 
Imprisoned within its facade 
Were stained glass bouquets of its own. 
And as we entered in silence 
Its cool and monastic darkness, 
And tip-toed across the slate flooring, 
I thought, “Rocks grow here.”

Faithfully, every Sunday, 
We sat at the back of the nave, 
Breathing the scent of the candles, 
Piously kneeling to pray, 
Listening to the sermons, 
Of Patriarchs strong in the Faith. 
Hearing the exhortations 
Echoing down the gallery 
To walk in the steps of the martyrs, 
And march with the Christian Soldiers. 
To harden against temptation.

I thought, “Rocks grow here!”

Looking back over the decades 
To a childhood when innocence reigned, 
And I hadn’t yet learned we were “poor”, 
And a dollar embarrassingly dropped 
In the passing collection plate 
Was my family’s sacrifice, 
I finally understand 
Why we always remained outside 
That Saintly community, 
And how, when we left that church, 
Nobody ever asked why.

Indeed, “Rocks grow here.”

Feast

A woman is the dwelling place of fire, 
Whose fearsome fevered flush no flood can tame. 
While man’s a wanderer with wan desire, 
A pale Prometheus in quest of flame.

She guards the burning plasma of creation. 
He hungers for the heat she holds within. 
She opens with a honeyed invitation, 
And with a liquid sigh, invites him in.

She lays herself, a banquet overflowing, 
All spread in pristine linen edged with lace, 
With fertile scents of earth and harvests growing, 
And blushing fruits that thirst for his embrace.

Her silken-cushion loins burn to enfold him. 
Her breasts, like orphans, ache for his caress. 
She parts her satin thighs that yearn to hold him, 
And welcomes him with eager acquiesce.

He falls on her, with frenzied desperation, 
And he, who by possession is obsessed, 
Invading her, with wanton penetration, 
Becomes, in truth, the one who is possessed.

Then, like a glutton prematurely sated, 
He tumbles from the table, fully spent; 
And she remains, her fire unabated, 
A banquet laid for guest who came and went.

And so he leaves with really nothing tasted, 
Of all the riches that she would provide; 
And she, bewildered at the bounty wasted, 
Will, in the future, guard her gifts inside.

So sad indeed are offerings untaken 
And opportunities unknown and missed, 
And hidden fires no one will awaken, 
Or liquid lips that, want-full, wait — un-kissed.
AFFECTION

Affection comes in a vessel
Not of china, crystal or earthenware
Affection is within the vessel of the soul
Warmth, friendship, understanding
And devotion dwells within
It nourishes the soul
Is the vital spark of life!
Wonderful gift

When the Moon Moves In Spring

The full moon softens in spring-
a silver powder puff that smooths
the face of sky to buff and dull the shine
of winter moonlight.

I have often thought winter moonlight
casts weird shadows in splinter designs
and reveals a surreal world
reflecting a radiance of shining steel
as if there is no need for sunshine

until the warmth of spring
moves the moon farther south
and a longer day changes
the appearance of frigidness.

It thaws, it breathes, it quickens
the heart with new possibilities
and the whole earth listens
to the melodies of song birds
flushed from the south in spring
New Music

I rode this country
once again.
Listened to the
football conversations
in the restaurants,
moaned the plastic bags
hanging onto
the prairie fences
and collected
little shampoo bottles
from the motels.
Before I left
I found a
hundred dollar bill
in my mother's dresser
and used it for
new music.
I played tag
with the trucks
as we rolled
up and down
the Tennessee hills.
I drank coffee
that was special good
and bloody awful.
My mother's ashes
rode in the back seat.
One last tour
before I drop
her off at the
Grand Canyon.
ANNOUNCEMENTS

ABOUT THIS ISSUE:

If you’ve gotten this far, you’ve no doubt figured out that our second page was an April Fools joke. (No? Aw, that’s just sad!) It’s April! National Poetry Month! (Who comes up with these things?! And when is “National Take Your Editor To Hawaii Month?!”) We have a HUGE poetry supplement, PLEASE, for your own enjoyment, read these! Some are amazing, and nourishment for the soul. In addition, news, announcements and our usual wonderful columnists! Sincere thanks to all.

— The Staff of The Valley Scribe

THE MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

PICK UP A COPY OF OUR STUNNING NEW MEMBERSHIP ROSTER, AT THE SIGN-IN TABLE. YOU WILL BE ASKED TO SIGN FOR A COPY.

Critique Group — Members Invited

Polite, but quite serious, threesome of heretofore unpublished fiction writers seeks additional participants in near two-year-old critique group meeting approximately once a month on Saturdays. Current members: Doug Douglas, Liz Cooke, and Scott Gitlen. If you have an interest, please e-mail your writing sample to: esemgee@yahoo.com.

WEB-BASED CRITIQUE GROUP

Interested in forming an e-mail-based critique group for poetry and short fiction? Contact Ray Malus for details.

OPEN MIKE

Returns, Next Month

The first 6 members to sign up will be given 5 minutes of FAME. If you plan to read, please bring an extra copy of your piece for our hearing-impaired members. (If you read at the March meeting, you cannot read in May — unless there is available time.)

THANK YOU

Earn a Thank You — Volunteer!

Give a Thank You — Tell us someone’s who’s helped!

BECOME A MEMBER

Display newly-published books/flyers/business cards/postcards regarding your own writing endeavors and/or writer-related activities. Participate in Member-Showcase Presentations. Read at Open Mikes. Publish in The Valley Scribe.

MEMBERSHIP QUALIFICATION

If you haven’t been qualified as an Active or Associate member of CWC-SFV as yet, please request an application from Lenora Smalley, Accreditation Committee Chair, and she will provide you with one to complete.

A Big Thank You

To Duke Howard for helping with the March set-up.
L.A. Times Festival of Books
By Stephanie Sharf

Are you planning to attend the annual L.A. Times Book Festival on Saturday and Sunday, April 24th and 25th on the UCLA campus? This is a can’t-miss-it event for much of the Southern California book world. General admission is free, however, tickets are required for the indoor panels and speakers. Tickets will be available for a nominal fee at Ticketmaster.com starting Sunday, April 18th at noon. For more information, go to http://events.latimes.com/festivalofbooks.

To volunteer to work a two-hour shift at the CWC booth, send an e-mail to Cyndy Largarticha at cyndycat1234@aol.com.

Be sure to stop by the CWC booth and say “Hi.” I’ll be there between 2:00 and 4:00 pm on Saturday!

Past SFV Speaker, Stathos Orphanos, Exhibit at Oceanside Museum Of Art

Honor: Marine Portraits by Stathis Orphanos
March 27 – May 2, 2010 OMA Groves Gallery

Glimpse inside the private lives of young Marines in our upcoming exhibition Honor: Marine Portraits by Stathis Orphanos. Restricted access to Camp Pendleton was granted by the Pentagon for this rare photography exhibition that gave Orphanos the opportunity to photograph major base activity including Marine training camp and the intimate living quarters on base. These never-before-seen images depict intimate portraits of hundreds of San Diego Marines. With great respect, Orphanos captures the rituals of Marine life and honors these young men in the prime of their life.
The Bulletin Board

MEETINGS
ON THE 3rd SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH
AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Hannibal Hall
7136 Winnetka Avenue, Winnetka – South of Sherman Way
(Directions & Map on last page)

UPCOMING MEETINGS
May 15, 2010 — Gene Perrett!

SUBMISSIONS
Members are encouraged to submit writing contributions to The Valley Scribe. This is your newsletter, and you should be part of it.
Submit your prose and poetry to humorist@verizon.net
It will then be proofed and sent to the Editor.
Type “Submissions” in the subject line.
If submitting a hard copy, please bring it to the meeting and hand it to the Editor, Ray Malus, or to the President.

Articles/Essays
- 400 words or less
Short Stories
- 800 words or less
Poetry
- Limited to 30 lines

Submit your writings within ten days after the monthly Open Meetings.

The Editor (or President) has license to accept or reject any work submitted based on available space or editing problems.
All submissions must include an email address or a phone number.
Writings will not be returned and may be included in future issues.

GUEST DONATIONS
Non-members attending meetings, are asked to pay a $5 (tax deductible) donation.
New membership is immediate upon application at door.
For more information, contact Lenora Smalley, Membership Chair, at the meeting entrance or email membership@cwc-sfv.org.

UPCOMING MEMBER SHOWCASES
April 17, 2010 — Ray Malus

NEWSLETTER MAILINGS:
NEWSLETTERS ARE EMAILED TO MEMBERS.
Members not having email will receive B&W copies by USPS.
Cara Alson (818) 764-0807 is the contact for sending USPS copies.
Copies will be mailed for three months to non-members and/or guests who request same. Copies can be downloaded from the Website: http://www.cwc-sfv.org.

NEWSLETTER MAILINGS:
Get Member Benefits 1/2 Price!
(See announcement, page 6.)
ELECTION OF OFFICERS WILL TAKE PLACE IN JUNE FOR THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY BRANCH OF THE CALIFORNIA WRITERS CLUB

Below is a list of offices that will be open and available for the 2010-2012 years. If you, or someone you know, fits the qualifications and would like to volunteer for an office, please contact a member of the Nominating Committee. (See Page 6.)

Please note: Nominations will also be accepted from the floor prior to the elections.

President – Sets a professional and congenial tone for the club. Prepares agendas and presides over meetings of the Executive Board, Board of Directors, and general membership. The President shall, with the advice and consent of the Executive Board, direct the affairs of the club in accordance with the Bylaws and Roberts Rules of Order. Also appoints members of the Board of Directors.

Qualifications. Outgoing demeanor, good organizational skills, open mind, positive attitude, accountability.

Vice-President – Assists the President and assumes the duties of President in his or her absence. Usually assumes the duties of Membership Chair.

Qualifications. Outgoing demeanor, ability to interact easily with members, reliable, organized.

Secretary – Prepares and records Minutes for all Board meetings, handles incoming and outgoing correspondence, and maintains administrative files for the branch.

Qualifications. Good writing skills, accountability, and the ability to summarize information.

Treasurer – Keeps proper books of account and reports the financial status of the branch at each Board of Directors’ Meeting. Duties include: receiving and depositing all funds and paying bills as authorized by the Executive Board; co-sign all checks; and prepares all quarterly financial reports as required by the Central Board of the California Writers Club.

Qualifications. Honesty, some bookkeeping knowledge, organizational skills, accountability.

The following chairpersons are appointed by the President with the approval of the Executive Board. Their duties and qualifications follow.

Program Chair – Secures speakers for the monthly meetings and confirms engagements prior to the meetings; writes up a speaker column for the monthly newsletters; introduces the speaker(s) at the meetings; purchases a gift and presents same after the presentation; follows up with a thank-you letter or email.

Qualifications. Outgoing demeanor, reliable, organizational skills, ability to interact with people easily, accountability.

Membership Chair (Usually the Vice-President assumes this position) – Invites guests at meetings to become active members; receives, validates, and processes membership applications; provides copies of member information to all officers and the Newsletter Editor; has member nametags made up; maintains and dispenses them to members at board meetings; submits quarterly membership reports and year-end reports to the Central Board.

Qualifications. Enthusiasm, accountability, ability to interact with people easily and tactfully, good record-keeping skills, desire to help others.

Hospitality Chair – Welcomes guests; purchases food, refreshments, paper goods, and condiments as necessary for the monthly meetings; arranges them on a table; oversees cleanup, and seeks out other members to help with hospitality and cleanup. Turns in receipts for supplies to Treasurer for payment.

Qualifications: Enthusiasm, accountability, ability to interact with people easily, desire to help others.

Newsletter Editor – Researches and writes articles as needed for ten newsletter issues; prepares layout and design; sets tone of newsletter; seeks and accepts submissions; has newsletter proofread by president and one other member before e-mailing final copy; e-mails final copy to members, editors and presidents of other branches.

Qualifications. Enthusiasm, accountability, good writing skills.
ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS
7136 WINNETKA AVE
CANOCA PARK, CA 91306

From San Fernando Valley
Take 101 Fwy to Valley. Exit Winnetka. Go North (From Hollywood, turn right. From Ventura, turn left) past Vanowen (almost to Sherman Way). Church is on East side (right side) 1 Bl. before Sherman Way.

From Simi
Take 118 Fwy to Valley. Exit DeSoto. Go South to Sherman Way. Turn East to Winnetka. Turn South 1 block. Church is on East side (left side) 1 Bl. after Sherman Way.
Walk into the campus. Hannibal Hall is at North end.