



The Newsletter Of The San Fernando Valley Branch

The Valley Scribe

Vol. 3

June, 2011

No. 10

Next Meeting June 18, 12:30!

June Featured Speaker:

Eric Stone —

“Taking Your Novel From Idea To Finished Work”

(by the Speaker)



I'm a second generation Los Angeleño who loves the big, sprawling, dirty urban mishmash I call home. I'm also one of the few people on the planet who loves Jakarta, Indonesia, which in its own way is similar to Los Angeles, so you can take what I say with a grain of salt—or not.

For the better part of 30 years I've worked as a writer, photographer, editor, publisher and publishing consultant. As a writer I've covered a wide range of topics, including business, economics, finance, politics, arts, culture, sports, travel and I once even wrote an advice to the lovelorn column for a bi-lingual English and Chinese fashion magazine. At the moment I'm writing books, both fiction and non-fiction, and the occasional magazine article.

I spent 11 years living in Asia, based in Hong Kong, then Jakarta, but always traveling a great deal for both work and fun.

Now I live high on a hill in Silverlake, my favorite Los Angeles neighborhood, with Eva, the woman I love. Our house is a short walk, or no more than a 25 minute drive from restaurants, markets, shops and whole communities that represent almost every country on Earth. It's a good thing I cook though because I still haven't found a really good Indonesian restaurant.

(Eric is the author of the four Ray Sharp novels: Shanghai, Flight of the Hornbill, Grave Imports, and The Living Room of the Dead. The books are set in Asia and based on stories that Eric covered as a journalist. He is also the author of the true crime/sports biography, Wrong Side of the Wall.)

Visit his website: <http://www.ericstone.com>

Special: June Meeting!
Each member may bring
TWO guests FREE.
No donation solicited!

BONUS OPEN MIC! 12:30 SHARP!

The first six members to sign up will be given five minutes of FAME.

Please bring 2 copies of your material so the hearing-challenged may also enjoy your reading.

(Priority will be given to those who did NOT read in May.)

In This Issue

Feature

Page

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May Meeting-in-Review:

Linda Ballou
by Yolanda Fintor

Linda Ballou has an adventurous soul.

Growing up in Alaska played a huge part in combining her passion for outdoor adventures and traveling. That she could write enchantingly about her travels has afforded her the opportunity to explore some of the most beautiful destinations on earth.

The trick is to get someone else to pay for trips she cannot afford, and Linda has successfully figured this out. Because her specialty is adventure travel, she Googles outfitter companies that lead expeditions to the places she would like to go. It may be rafting down the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon, visiting a dude ranch in Montana, or hiking in Costa Rica. It is her ability to convince the outfitters that she is a one-woman PR firm for them that brings her the 'comps' she so desires. She sends interview-type questions to the owner of the company and posts the interview on her blog — as well as on Twitter and Facebook. Her blog then goes to her Amazon page providing further exposure. Any payment she receives from a publication that prints her article, she considers 'gravy.'

Linda's first bit of advice for anyone who wants to pursue this life style is, "Decide where your niche lies. It may be geology, bird watching, caving, cruising or any other number of activities. Then ask yourself: 'Who am I?' 'What do I have to offer?' 'Where do I want to go?' 'How do I get there?'"

A good camera is essential in taking photographs that draw in the viewer. To prove her point, Linda ended her presentation with a slide show spotlighting the geographical settings of the stories in her book *Lost Angel Walkabout — One Traveler's Tales*. During the show she pointed out the importance of careful composition, of framing a shot and the effective use of close-ups.

Linda Ballou's travels have increased her sensitivity about the environment and she likes this quote from the Dalai Lama, "Be gentle with the earth."

For more information on her travels, go to Linda's website:

www.lindaballouauthor.com

**GALA PARTY & MIXER
HOSTED BY
THE WEST VALLEY BRANCH**

On June 4th there will a party to celebrate our unification. All members are invited to come, mix, enjoy, and meet our new colleagues!

**OPEN MIC!
REFRESHMENTS!
FREE!**

Play Readings
by
Karen Gorback — *Cheesecake and Chips*
Dean Stewart — *Listing*
Ray Malus — *The Ninth Bell*

1:30 PM
Katzenberg Pavillion
Motion Picture & Television Fund
Woodland Hills, CA.

DON'T MISS THIS!

OPPORTUNITY!

(NOTE: CWC-SFV has not verified this offer, and accepts no responsibility regarding its authenticity.)

Dear Writers Group,

I'm looking for someone who can write 600-650 word short articles that will mostly be concerning automotive or retail subjects for \$8.00 per article. These articles must be unique and have decent English grammar and spelling. These articles will be posted on blogs to up traffic by linking to sites that have car or retail related topics. We understand that \$8.00 will not interest all article writers, but if some one is a very fast creative writer, 650 words can be written in 15-20 minutes. that's possibly \$20+ and hour, not terrible for short creative article writers because we have a long list of articles (over 100) that need writing, it should keep you busy. They don't need to be amazing "publishable" works, just decent articles with appropriate & understandable grammar that will make sense when search engines robot the blogs. Please pass this on to anyone you know who is writing!

I would like a sample of the writer's skills before complete paid projects are offered, just to make sure they're what I'm looking for. Here are 2 article titles that they may use to write short samples of perhaps 150+ words.

The history of the Ford Mustang and production number
Car stereo Upgrades

Contact: Shera Lopez — sheratosh@yahoo.com

Fond Ado (A Fondue?)

Ray Malus

Yup. I couldn't resist two more puns.

Well, a very active year is coming to a close.

As most of you know, this will be the last issue of *The Valley Scribe* I will edit. It seems appropriate that I take three-quarters of a column to look back, and to thank the many people who actually did the work.

It's been a little over two years — and twenty-one issues — since our, then, President asked me to be Editor of *The Scribe*. (Actually 'browbeat' is more accurate.) I had no experience with this kind of thing, and very little ability. The experience has accumulated. The ability? Well...

Fortunately, I also didn't have a precedent to follow, or an existing standard to be matched or compared to.

It has been as much work as I'd anticipated — but far more fun. It's caused me to know a lot of you far better than I would have otherwise.

I've enjoyed every month.

Twenty-one issues (averaging 13 pages) is a lot of content. From the beginning, this was your job; mine was only to try to make it pretty. So the credit belongs to you. (I'll take any blame.)

Some thanks are in order:

- to those who have been regular staff columnists: Ethel Ann Pemberton, Ken Watts, Stephanie Sharf.
- to our yeoman proof-readers: Judy Presnall, Ethel Ann, Stephanie, Sharron Malus.
- to our guest columnists — too numerous to list.
- above all, to all of you who contributed your creative talents over the years.

As I've said, I always felt that our newsletter was about you, the members, and your writing. I have tried, in small ways, to frame and 'set' your work to advantage. When I succeeded, I was pleased. When I failed, hopefully I learned.

I leave *The Scribe* in extremely capable hands. I am confident that, under Kathy Highcove's aegis, it will become an even better publication.

Keep writing! -==-

PRESIDENT'S

Stephanie Sharf

CORNER

Since this is my last column, I guess the truth can come out at last: Arnold Schwarzenegger once...oh never mind. What it's *really* time for me to say is: Thanks for the honor of serving as your President this year! It's been my pleasure to get to know you better and to do some planning and meeting conducting.

My wonderful cohorts on the Board have kept me sane, kept me laughing, and helped in so many ways. Many thanks to Judy Presnall, Lenora Smalley, and Ken Watts for everything. Special thanks to our hostess with the mostest, Pirhiya Goldstein. And of course, I simply couldn't have done it all without the help of our Jack London Award winner, Ray Malus.

And thanks again to 'our' Lenora for her generosity in quietly 'hosting' us for the past two years.

I hope we've kept to our beginning-of-the-year promise to provide "takeaways" in the form of practical tips and advice from our speakers. If you've benefited from a CWC-SFV program, I would like to hear from you—did anything that was said in one of the talks lead to a better manuscript, an updated marketing plan, or better yet, publication at last?

I hope to see you all at our joint "social" with CWC-West Valley on June 4th. We will get a preview of our new meeting place and the chance to mix and mingle with some writers we haven't met who will be members along with us of CWC-San Fernando Valley next year. Our dual members will of course feel right at home and help ease the transition for those who are venturing to the Motion Picture and Television Home for the first time.

Finally, I want to wish Yolanda Fintor, our incoming President, and all of the new Board a happy and productive year. I know the branch will thrive and grow under your loving care. So anyway, to all of our dear SFV members from this year... for now...hasta la vista, baby!!!□

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 might have been.
— William Hazlitt

IT'S OFFICIAL!

At our May 21st meeting, the membership voted unanimously for unification with the West Valley Branch. They also unanimously ratified the proposed Slate:

President: Yolanda Fintor, V. P.: Elizabeth Cooke, Secretary: Ann Olivier, Treasurer: Pirhiya Goldstein.

Onward!

Gala Party and Mixer

At 1:30 pm, on June 4th, The West Valley Branch of California Writers Club will host a Gala Party and Mixer, at the Katzenberg Pavilion on the grounds of the Motion Picture and Television Fund, in Woodland Hills. All members of The San Fernando Valley Branch are cordially invited.

The occasion will mark the reunification of the two Branches, the end of a successful year, and the beginning of a bright future for the newly-merged group.

There will be refreshments, an expanded Open Mic, a short business meeting, and a program provided by members.

There will also be a very generous 'Social Hour,' so that members can get acquainted and trade 'war stories.'

The program will consist of the reading of three Award-winning 10-minute plays written by members.

Scheduled are:

Cheesecake and Chips — written by Karen Gorback, and performed by Gorback.

Listing — written by Dean Stewart, and performed by Stewart and Linette Stone.
and

The Ninth Bell — written by Ray Malus, and performed by Malus and Bonnie Talcott.

The Katzenberg Pavilion is a beautiful facility which has served as the venue for the West Valley Branch for several years, and will now be the home of the newly-combined Branch. Attendees are invited to allow a little extra time to enjoy the setting and grounds of the Motion Picture Fund.

This will be a historic and memorable event. It will also be a whale of a good time!

All members are encouraged to attend.

Maps and directions are on our website at:

http://cwc-sfv.org/Meetings/Location_MPTV.php

or below:

Motion Picture Television Fund, Villa Katzenberg
23388 Mulholland Drive Woodland Hills, CA 91364

Directions:

From the 101 Freeway exit on Mulholland Drive South, go south to 23388 Mulholland Drive. Turn right onto Steven Spielberg Drive, then turn left and follow the route to the large parking lot on the left for Villa Katzenberg.

(If you are asked by the MPTF Security, tell the official that you are attending a CWC meeting.)

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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Writer's Journal Annual Science Fiction/Fantasy Contest is offered annually for unpublished work (maximum 2,000 words). Guidelines for SASE or online. Prize: 1st Place: \$250, 2nd Place: \$100, 3rd Place: \$50, plus honorable mention. Fee: \$7. Open to any writer. Prize-winning stories and selected honorable mentions published in WRITER'S Journal. Accepts inquiries by fax, email and phone. Deadline: November 30. Contact: Leon Ogroske, editor. Address: Val-Tech Media, P.O. Box 394, Perham, MN 56573.

Phone: (218) 346-7921. Fax: (218) 346-7924. E-mail: writersjournal@writersjournal.com Website: www.writersjournal.com. Needs: nonfiction, essays, and articles.

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Something To Ponder

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend.

— Joseph Addison

\$45 REMINDER: \$45
Pay your DUES
Why not bring your check to this meeting.
Members in arrears after September must be assessed the \$20 initiation fee.
\$45 \$45

Writeous — by Ray

Per Verse

What is a poem, anyway?

If you research the question, you'll be frustrated. No one seems to have a definition. It's just as well. If you found one, would you accept it? Probably not.

Although we can't define it, we can say a lot of things about what a poem is. We can also say something about what it is not: A poem is not just a fragment of prose that doesn't fit any other category.

A poem is literature's *aristocracy*. This is not to denigrate essays, short stories, novels, plays, news stories, or any other form of writing. But I think a piece of writing has to *earn* the title 'poem.'

To the general public, anything that has a regular meter and rhyme is a 'poem.' That would include Shakespeare's sonnets, Hallmark cards, and some advertising jingles.

But we are writers, so we need to look deeper. We need to see the poem as *creative art*.

Because it is *art*, a poem is not about 'you' or 'me.' It is about 'us.' It must illuminate something of the universal. It must be about our species and our experience. It must speak for — and to — humanity.

Another characteristic is that poetry does not approach through the mind. It is not a rational left-brain argument. No. Poetry assails us through our hearts and our senses. It sneaks under the verbal, and goes directly to the soul. It is intensely concentrated. I think of it as a literary I.V. — a transfusion. Prose gets chewed, swallowed, digested and assimilated. Poetry goes right into the vein.

While the brain is distracted by words, the poem quietly infuses us with mood, nuance, music, associations, repetition, context, and other ingredients in its magic potion.

To accomplish this stunning feat, a poem uses every possible tool: rhythm, rhyme, imagery, connotation, form, layout... the list is long. And the more each part contributes, the better the whole is.

This is not to imply that each poem needs to use *all* of these. But it is meant to say that every element, every syllable, every sound, every bit of punctuation is significant. Each element must contribute in multiple ways.

A poem is far more than the sum of its words. It is a synthesis where each part joins the others in a symbiotic relationship. True synergy. Unlike prose, the changing, or deleting, of any part — no matter how small — changes the entire character of the complete work.

Obviously, poems are composed of words. But each word is carefully chosen, not only for 'meaning,' but for sound, connotation, association. There are huge differences between the words, 'swamp,' 'bog,' 'fen,' 'quagmire' — even though Roget lists them as synonyms.

Look at one of your poems! Pick a word and change it! If the entire character of the poem isn't affected, something's amiss.

So, what kind of poem should you write? And how?

I write many styles and forms of poetry. I can't tell you if I write good poetry. But I can discuss how I go about it.

Every poem I write starts out as free verse — well, more precisely, 'free association.' This is because *the most important part of a poem is 'what' it says — the idea*. Hopefully, the 'how' will reveal itself later.

So it all starts with jotting down phrases, words, about *the idea*. When I have exhausted my store of these, I start to work with them — like a sculptor kneading clay to make it pliable. When things go well, a *gestalt* slowly forms — a concept, a mood, a 'position' — something that unifies all the jottings. Those pieces that don't fit are changed — or filed away for a different poem.

Finally, the poem reveals itself. (Often it is very different from what I'd originally envisioned.) It has now taken on its own life.

When all these elements seem 'right,' I start to organize them into larger blocks — stanzas, sections — putting together the parts that seem to want to be joined.

At this stage, a 'form' may present itself ("This *screams* to be a sonnet."), or it may not. It doesn't matter. *The form either grows organically out of the content, or it doesn't*. It does no good to hammer the poem into a mold. It will become brittle and shatter.

Finally, when the pieces are together, I start to hone and polish. I consider each word, sound, syllable. (Many times at this stage, I find I was wrong about the form. I try something else. *The poem will reveal its own nature*.)

Finally, I put the poem away. I let it 'steep.' Over the next few days, and weeks, changes will occur to me. When I consistently find that the change I want to make is already there, the poem is acceptable.

Notice I said 'acceptable.' Most poets I ask agree: a poem is never finished; it is simply 'acceptable.' Poets are constantly tinkering, honing, revising poems — even after they've been published. And if they're not, they wish they were.

We've spent three months discussing poetry. I hope some of this has been of use to you — or at least interesting. These are only my opinions. I'm sure you will form your own. I wish you success — but, above all, I wish you the joy of writing. □

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

Helen Katzman

One spring day
 The sun shimmering brightly
 I started down a path alone
 My thoughts a blank slate
 Enjoying the solitude,
 Quietness of wide-open space

Suddenly a golden butterfly
 Circled overhead
 Perched on my shoulder and said
 "See, listen, and enjoy the life around
 you."

I listened to the golden butterfly
 Noticed yellow dandelions
 Tall sunflowers
 Golden poppies
 Dancing to the music of the breeze
 I heard little critters crawling in the
 underbrush
 Rustling of desert plants
 Gentle wind blowing
 And music of the desert came alive
 My heart danced
 I was no longer alone

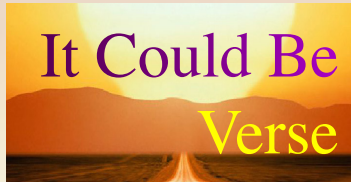
Hidden Canyon Lake

Lillian Rodich

I stand in cool waters,
 their gentle movement
 creating eddies around my ankles...
 purple silence interrupted
 by shy splashing
 of twilight painted ripples
 against the pebbled shore.

I stand in cool waters
 and look up at a cathedral rising
 from my shadowed present,
 slate and dark rocks
 above striated grays pinks purples
 leading to the golden rim.

And my mood suddenly rises
 without wings or reason
 like a young bird
 in wingless flight
 upward.

**Do I See Who You Are?**

Edward Louis Braun

I can look into
 The cells of life
 And as far
 As the furthest star
 Our telescopes can see.

But what of you and me?
 Do I see who you are,
 The bright star of dreams
 In the eyes of your youth?

How well do I sense
 Your hidden tears,
 Your doubts and fears,
 The silent anguish of
 sorrow,
 The fading light of dreams
 Behind your smile?

If I could clear away
 The unimportant barriers
 To our loving each other
 I could see all of that,
 Smooth the balm
 Of my love for you
 Upon your wounds,
 Take you in my arms
 And make you feel safe.

*(We are printing Norman's endearing poem in
 its original French, and its English translation.)*

**UN HOMMAGE À MA
FEMME**

Norman Molesko

D'abord,
 Il y avait partout
 Un tas de ceci,
 Un tas de cela.
 Un effet, c'était
 Une pièce de futras.

Maintenant,
 Toutes les choses
 Y étaient bien rangées.
 Quelle vue plaisante.
 Quelle jolie apparence,
 Simplement de la netteté.

Pendant que la pièce rangeait,
 Ce poème avait été écrit.

A TRIBUTE TO MY WIFE

At first,
 There was everywhere
 An untidy heap of this,
 An untidy pile of that.
 Sure enough, it was
 A room of clutter.

Now,
 All things
 Were there quite tidy.
 What a pleasant sight.
 What a lovely appearance,
 Simply of neatness.

While the room was getting tidy,
 This poem had been written.



The White Sailed Ship

Edward Louis Braun

Much I wished to hold
Is now out of sight:
My love that graced
Each day and night
An enticing light
Of divine revelation
That faded before
I could grasp it.

But I haven't abandoned
The white sailed ship
On which the mind
Of my eager youth
Set sail in search of
Happy surprises
On imagined, unexplored
Shores of satisfaction.

For though I may never
Reach the fabled land
Of ultimate treasures,
I can still appreciate
All the real beauty
That surrounds me:
Sweet and stirring
Sights and sounds,
And the radiance,
Grace and charm of
So many who live here
That feed my passion
For life and love.

I AM A PIANO

Helen Katzman.

I am a piano
Fingers run up and down
The keyboard
Strong, angry notes
Resound and tear at my heart
The loss of my parents
The loss of my love
Tragedy and heartbreak
Early years
And later too

I am a piano
Black and white keys
Soft and gentle
Console and comfort
Block the noise within

I am a piano
Fingers gentle and poetic
Run up and down the keyboard
Reminiscent of today's joys ...
Children, family and friends
Reach my heart
Touch my soul
Soft and poetic
Remind me always
Of joy that is present in my life
today

Sunset Dance

Lillian Rodich

Night shadows close in
softening flames of sunset
as sky colors fade.

Will you dance with me
here by the flaming lake
along slippery rocks?
I will hold your hand
and leap-step away from the waters
into a meadow's cool greenery.

A lake stained by sunset,
a lone figure reflected in restless waters,
the pool's lines of rebellion
vibrant in the stillness,
my life tangled in the underbrush...
an abyss of uncertainty.
Where are the fireflies?

If I Had Missed This Day

(Wedding Song, Lyric)

Ray Malus

So many roads lead us to where
we stand together.
So many paths that turn away.
But here I am beside you.
Love has shown the way.
And as we start our life
I want to say:

If I had missed this day,
I'd never know
the love I feel inside me.
Know the joy of standing here,
and having
you beside me.
Have the chance to spend
all of of my life this way.
I would have
thrown my life away,
If I had missed this day.

There may be times,
as time goes by,
we're not together.
But we can never be apart.
I'll reach out to touch you,
tender in the night.
Know that you are
always in my heart!

If I had missed this day,
I'd never know
the love I feel inside me.
Know the joy of standing here,
and having
you beside me.
Have the chance to spend
all of of my life this way.
I would have
thrown my life away,
If I had missed this day.

Cottage Cheese

Ray Malus

(Originally printed in In Focus, Nov. 2009. We had no other 'Fathers Day' Submissions.)

"You're a God Damned FOOL!!" my father thundered. He stood and stormed out of the coffee shop. I suppose the other patrons stopped eating and watched. I was too stunned to notice.

When I say, "stormed," I mean it. My father didn't drizzle. He didn't rain. He stormed.

He was a huge man. Towering, he was built like a solid oak door. But he moved with the grace of a ballroom dancer. He wore Witch Hazel for after-shave.

His hair, kept dark with Grecian Formula, was short and slicked straight back. It gleamed like hard onyx. But he had "cow eyes."

His body was toughened from years of hard physical work. His arms were like pistons. His hands were like calloused dinner plates. They could swat your ass so hard your eyes watered and your nose ran. Or they could stroke your head so tenderly that you fluoresced with pride.

He was Odin, Thor, Zeus. And when he bellowed, walls shook.

So I guess the other patrons noticed.

June, his second wife, and I just sat, stunned.

I suppose I should have been embarrassed. I was starring in the Lounge at the Riverside Hotel, in Reno, Nevada. And here we were in the coffee shop — not twenty feet from a large glass-encased billboard featuring my picture — gaping after him as he roared out of the room.

Nothing untoward had occurred to precipitate his outburst. June and he had flown out from New York to spend a week with me, and preen with pride at "their" son. Until that moment everything had been idyllic.

* * *

My father had not approved of my dropping out of college to become an entertainer. But after I'd served a year or so of apprenticeship in the bars of Greenwich Village, he sneaked in to see what I was doing with my life. The techniques of entertainment were a mystery to him, but he was amazed at my ability to move a room filled with total strangers. He became, in truth, my biggest fan.

Performing is an itinerant trade, so we didn't get to see much of each other. But on rare and special occasions, he and my stepmother would come visit on the West Coast. He had a way of not cupping his palms when he applauded, and on tapes recorded from that period, I can clearly hear those dinner-plate hands crashing together like gunshots.

That afternoon, we'd been having a late lunch. My father knew I ate lightly before my evening show — usually just toast or cottage cheese. When the waitress brought the menus and he scanned his, he noticed that "diet plate" was roast beef with a side of cottage cheese.

"Mmmm," he said, smiling at me, "roast beef and cottage cheese. Would you like that, Raymond?"

"No, thanks Dad. But you go ahead."

He did.

I don't have the faintest recollection of what June ordered, but when the waitress got to me, I ordered "just a plain side of cottage cheese, thanks."

She took the order and left.

My father scowled at me. "Why you damned fool. I offered you that."

"No you didn't. You asked me if—"

That was as far as I got. It was then that he exploded.

* * *

In the silence that followed his exit, June and I looked at one another, mystified. Neither of us had any idea what had touched off his outburst. She just raised her eyebrows, and gestured emptily with her hands.

After puzzling for a while, I realized what had happened. My father had simply meant that he would share his meal — eating the roast beef, and giving me his cottage cheese — a custom born of a life of enforced thrift.

I waited a respectful time, then folded my napkin, and told June I'd be back in a few minutes.

I took the elevator up to the floor where their room was, and knocked on his door. He opened it, and let me in.

"Look Dad, I don't know what I said, but I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

He grabbed me in that giant bear hug of his. We held each other for a few moments, then he held me at arms length.

"It's OK, Son."

Then a terrible thing happened. His eyes grew moist. He said, "Just don't ever tell me I don't know what I just said." As he did, his voice cracked.

Like the room was being shaken, my world tumbled — cascaded end-over-end. When it settled down again, I had lost my childhood — and our positions were reversed forever. I saw my father as he really was: just a man, aging, shrunken, stooped. A man who knew with certainty that time was stealing his life... and was dreadfully afraid.

I pulled him to me, and held him. Through my own tears, I comforted him — I the parent, he the child. After a while, we went to join June for dessert.

My feelings for him hadn't changed — just my perception of him. And I think I loved him even more as a mortal, than I had when he was a god. □

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ABOUT THIS ISSUE:

If you notice, there's a recurrent visual theme to this issue: a long road, leading off into...

Well, some might see it as a sunset. I see it as a sunrise.

There's a bright future ahead for SFV — especially, with our re-discovered unity. I invite you to celebrate it with me.

Celebrate it with stories, opinion, poetry! Celebrate it with music — the dance of words on a page! Celebrate it with community!
It's Party Time!

ENJOY the issue!

— Ray



A Big Thank You

To **Gagik Melikyan** for the extraordinarily good goodies.
And to **Gagik** and **Doug Douglas** for help with the room set-up.
And to **Erica Stux** for help with refreshment set-up.
Much appreciated!

FREE BEER!!

Setting up for meetings is a large task. If you can help, please come at 11:30.

You'll get to hobnob with friends, help the Club and earn our eternal gratitude.
(OK. We lied about the beer.)

MISSION STATEMENT OF THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY BRANCH

The San Fernando Valley Branch is one of eighteen Branches throughout California, organized and operating under the auspices of The California Writers Club.

We are a non-profit professional organization whose goal is to provide a friendly and inclusive environment for members to meet and network; to provide professional speakers who will aid in writing, publishing, and marketing members' endeavors; and other writing-related opportunities that will further members' writing enjoyment and careers.

• The Bulletin Board •

MEETINGS ...
ARE HELD AT 12:30 P.M.
ON THE 3RD SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH
(September — June)
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
June 4: GALA West Valley Mixer (at Motion Picture Fund)
June 18: Eric Stone — “Taking Your Novel From Idea To Finished Work”

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 khighcove@yahoo.com

Please type “SUBMISSION” in the subject line.
 If submitting a hard copy, please bring it to the meeting and hand it to the Editor, Kathy Highcove, or to the President, Yolanda Fintor.

Articles/Essays
 Short Stories
 Poetry

- 500 words or less
- 800 words or less
- Limited to 40 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 e-mail address or a phone number.
 Writings will not be returned and may be included in future issues.

The Fine Print

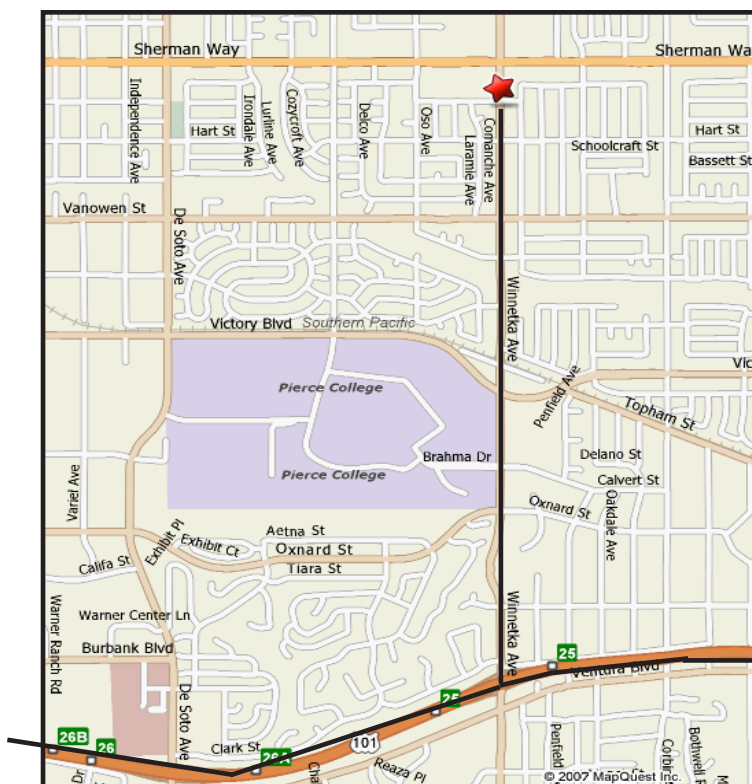
ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS **7136 WINNETKA AVE** **CANOGA PARK, CA 91306**

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.



The Valley Scribe

the Newsletter of the
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of
California Writers Club

is published monthly.

We solicit submissions from members.
(See Bulletin Board: "SUBMISSIONS")

Editor
[Ray Malus](#)

Staff

Proofreaders Judy Presnall, Stephanie Sharf,
Sharron Malus
Columnists Stephanie Sharf, Ken Watts,
Ray Malus

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California Writers Club San Fernando Valley Branch

EXECUTIVE BOARD & BOARD MEMBERS

President, Stephanie Sharf stephaniesharf@yahoo.com
VP-Membership, Lenora Smalley membership@cw-c-sfv.org
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Secretary, Ken Watts onemomoe@earthlink.net
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Pre-Session Leader, Ray Malus cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com
Program Chair, Stephanie Sharf stephaniesharf@yahoo.com
Hospitality Chair, Pirhiya Goldstein
pirhiya_goldstein@yahoo.com

Webmaster, Ray Malus cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com

Website: www.cwc-sfv.org