



CONTENTS

- 2 President's Message
- 3 Abercrombie Review
- 4&5 Slate of Officers
- 6 Jack London Award
- 7 Summer Events
- 8 Take Note
- 9 Review and Refresh
- 10 Crime in Rhyme
- 11 John Klawitter
- 12 Immortal Angelyne
- 13 A Daughter's Farewell
- 15 Parental Reassurance
Then ,,, And Now
- 16 SVF Board Changes
Editor's Message
Map & Meeting Info

IMPORTANT !

**Renewal dues for current members is \$45. Accepting cash or checks made out to CWC-SFV from July 1st through September 30th. In October, the rate rises to \$65 each. Send dues to Mary Freeman
9625 Fullbright Ave.
Chatsworth, CA 91311**

VOLUME 5, ISSUE 10

The Valley Scribe

Newsletter of the San Fernando Valley Branch
of the California Writers Club

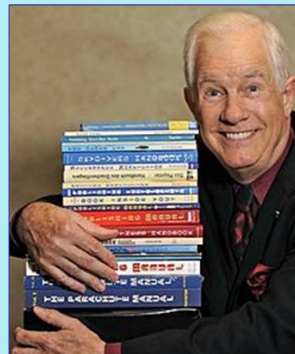
JUNE 2013

Falling Into Font

Dan Poynter, our June speaker, almost literally fell into the world of publishing in the early 1960s.

Sky diving, his first true love, made him an expert in parachute construction. In between dives, he worked as a parachute design specialist for an Oakland company. His column in Parachute Magazine segued into books on parachutes and sky diving.

But young Poynter liked to try out new aerial sports and, in 1973, he discovered hang gliding. Unable to find enough info on the brand new sport, he wrote the first book on the subject of hang gliding. First came the sport, the thrill of diving through the air, and eventually Dan dove into the many challenges of running a publishing business.



Dan Poynter and his own stack of self-published books.

This adventurer and avid sportsman doesn't do anything half way. As he continues to participate in dives and glides, he also continues to expand his writing career and his publishing endeavors.

Promotion in all its forms has become his new area of expertise. Now, in 2013, the era of the social network, the busy Poynter edits, blogs and speaks fervently about the e-book and self-publishing industry.

Come on Saturday to hear Dan Poynter speak on the new ways to promote your book using the new tools of the social media.

His topic: **Book Promotion 2013: Keeping Up With the Changes..**

—KH

west valley whimsicals

A Schwartz / Highcove Production

Broaden Your Book's Horizons



Is your life as a new author getting a bit tedious? When you first published your book, it was so exciting! You wanted to tell everyone about your new book.

You went dutifully everywhere, selling copies of your story. But it's not so much fun anymore. Need a change? A new scene?



How would you like to sit on a warm beach with a frosty drink and a box of your books nearby? The lifeguard would surely like to read your story. You never know, so no matter where you go for this summer, be prepared!

—KH



Executive Board

President ... Yolanda Fintor

Vice-president/Membership ... Andrea Polk

Vice-president/Programs ... Rita Keeley Brown

Treasurer ... Mary Rubio Freeman

Secretary ... Gary Wosk

Board of Directors

Publicity ... Karen Gorback

Editor ... Kathy Highcove

Webmaster/Photographer ... Ray Malus

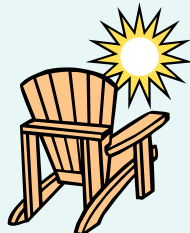
Critique Group Facilitator ... Andrea Polk

Critique Group Consultant ... Lillian Rodich

Member-at-Large ... Judy Presnall

Open Mike ... Bill Sorrells

Hospitality Chair ... Marganit Lish



June 2013 President's Message

My term as president of CWC-SFV has given me a new understanding of our mission of nurturing local writers, an insight into the workings of the branch as part of a larger organization, and administration for a board of directors without whose support I could not have attained some important goals. I won't name those hard-working volunteers here because you all know who they are. If you don't know, you have not been reading the *Scribe*.

My presidency began with the exciting unification of West Valley and SFV branches. Other events stand out: The Book Bazaar featuring the club's published authors. The passing of a beloved friend and founder of our San Fernando Valley branch, Betty Freeman.

Betty was a resident of the Motion Picture and Television Fund and was instrumental in procuring our lovely free meeting room. Other long-time members who are remembered and missed are Helen Katzman and Art Yuwiler

We are 70 members strong and growing. New guests appear at every meeting, finding us in local publications and on our website. Attendance has increased. Speakers have engaged our members and guests in spirited conversation during Q and A.

We have four lively critique groups with more to come. Many members join our club to be eligible for a SFV critique group. For the first time in the history of the club, the talented writing of each group was showcased monthly in *The Valley Scribe*.

During my term—2011 to 2013—several SFV members were the recipients of various awards in genres covering poetry, play writing, and non-fiction books.

As part of our community outreach efforts, our branch partnered with the Valley Regional Library and presented a writing workshop series. It is my hope that we will continue to participate in more outreach programs, perhaps in the form of student scholarships to upcoming and future writers.

In this final message, I say goodbye to the office of presidency, but not to CWC-SFV. I will work for the continued success of a club I have held dear to my heart since I joined in 1986. So let's sail onward!

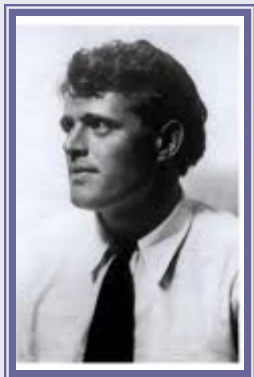
— Yolanda Fintor



SFV Jack London Award Honorees

- 1987 Joan Jones
- 1989 Betty Freeman
- 1991 Yolanda Fintor
- 1993 Margie Davidson
- 1995 Diana Johnson
- 1997 Judith Presnall
- 1998 Ken Wilkins
- 1999 Ethel Ann Pemberton
- 2000 Dave Wetterberg
- 2001 Dean Stewart
- 2002 Lenora Smalley
- 2003 Jo-ed Griffith
- 2004 Elaine Shevin
- 2005 Art Yuwiler
- 2007 Cara Alson
- 2009 Kathy Highcove
- 2011 Ray Malus
- 2013 Andrea Polk

It's June and time to reward the worthy. Every branch in the CWC gives out the Jack London Award to the deserving few. Here's the list of past winners.



Learn about the recipient of the 2013 CWC-SFV Jack London Award on page 6.

Barbara Abercrombie says,

Sad, but oh, so true. A writer's inspiration comes and goes, "It goes up and down, up and down, just like a seesaw," said speaker Barbara Abercrombie, "until it suddenly stops and leaves you stranded with a deadline to meet."

What stops inspiration's flow? Writer's block, which was Abercrombie's main topic at our May meeting. First, a definition, although most writers are all too familiar with writer's block: Composition screeches to a halt because, inconveniently and unexpectedly, The Wall is back. The Wall is built with a writer's self-doubts, worries, pessimism, and plain old procrastination.

How does a writer kick it down? Writer's block or The Wall happens to be a subject well-researched by author and writing coach Abercrombie. She's even written a book on the subject: ***Kicking in the Wall; 5 Minute Exercises: A Key to Overcoming Writers Block.***

Abercrombie shared some of the book's helpful content with her attentive audience. For example, here's how a writer might self-destruct his inspiration:

I can't write anything right now because:

1. Nothing original comes to mind.
2. My writing time is limited.
3. I'm too busy taking care of this or that.
4. I have to check my e-mail, Facebook and Twitter.
5. I have to respond to e-mail, Facebook and Twitter
6. I need to update my webpage right now.
7. I worry that no one will want to read my story.
8. Or, I worry that the wrong people WILL want to read my story.

And thus, The Wall is built. To kick down The Wall, Abercrombie gave us several demolition suggestions in the form of five-minute exercises.

- Start a note to your mom or your best friend, such as, *I saw the biggest lizard ever in my garden today. It looked like a miniature dinosaur ... which reminded me of the dinosaur museum in ...*
- Choose a "barnacle"—some habit or insecurity that's slowing you down in some way. For example: *I wish I knew how to make small talk at a party. I always head for a corner, avoiding ...*
- Write about the fabric of your life. Fabric as in metaphor. Is the



fabric fraying, stretching to cover a big space, or tucked in tightly ... maybe too tightly. Is the fabric silk or serge, cashmere or cotton, ironed or wrinkled?

- Or, to extend the simile, write about a time your life's fabric unraveled. That subject could well extend beyond five minutes. Try it and see.
- Write a list in your journal of ten ordinary things you did yesterday. If you don't have a journal, start one.

Abercrombie told us that she was inspired by this quote by rock musician Patti Smith who published her memoir, ***Just Kids***, in 2110: "I would go as far as I could and hit a wall, my own imagined limitations." Her friend, actor Sam Shepard, advised, "When you hit a wall, just kick it in!" That suggestion worked for Patty every time her memoir hit The Wall.

That's a spiffy quote, but I prefer this Barbara Abercrombie quote which aptly sums up her talk to our MPTF audience:

DEADLINE

"With the five minute limit to write a scene you don't have time to plan or figure it out or try to make it perfect. All you can do is write. You can write a very short scene in five minutes or you can wander away from the prompt into a subject or memoir that surprises you. A lot can happen in five minutes. Sometimes you just come up with ranting or whining. That's okay. It's a small investment of your time. It's just an exercise. Anything you can use from it is all gravy. And the rest is just the literary equivalent of doing push-ups, making you a stronger writer."

In conclusion, kids, just write.

—Kathy Highcove

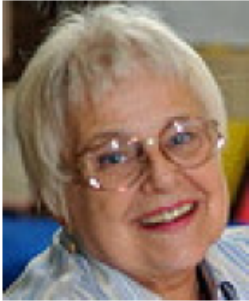
California Writers Club — San Fernando Valley Branch

Slate of Officers — 2013-2015

These are the members brought forward by the nominating committee.

Elections will be held at the regular June 1st meeting (1:00), at the Motion Picture Television Fund, Villa Katzenberg 23388 Mulholland Drive, Woodland Hills, CA 91364. (See <http://cwc-sfv.org> for details.) At that time, additional nominations will be accepted from the floor. (A nominee must accept in person.)

The Nominating Committee recommends this slate of candidates.



President - Nance Crawford

I began acting professionally at age six, followed into the business world by my brothers, Bobby and Johnny – the victims and performers of my first attempts at play writing. The first produced play was "Adventures in Rio," presented by my sixth grade graduating class. At sixteen, my adaptation of "The Land of Oz," spectacularly produced and directed by John Ingle at Hollywood High as the annual holiday program, was the delight of the student body, 1,500 young kids bused in from East L.A., and the L.A. Times. My senior year Creative Writing project, "Jessica and the Devil," a full-length musical with composer Russell Horton was later produced by a small theater in Hollywood.

So, I got married, (two kids), divorced, married again, (three more kids), was widowed – and survived. Credit whatever sanity I retain to my tenacious, unfocused ability to write after coming home from office work: country songs, poems, TV and film script samples, a novel – everything lauded, nothing purchased; for some reason, agents interested in my work were about to retire or managed to drop dead before landing a deal.

I kept plugging along, joined a theater workshop, wrote four plays that received "workshop productions," met my husband, actor David Stifel, began performing and directing in local theater, all the while writing whatever struck my fancy.

Presently, I am promoting "Dragon Solstice," a novelization of "The Christmas Dragon," a full-length musical written with the late composer Malcolm Atterbury Jr. First published online as an audio book, electronic and print versions will soon be available for the holiday market. Watch my web page develop: www.NanceCrawford.com

Vice President (Membership) — Andrea (Andi) Polk (Standing for re-election)

Andrea, or "Andi" as she prefers, still lives where she grew up on the family property. Her parents and paternal grandparents built two homes in 1951, on a treeless, three-acre wheat field in the San Fernando Valley. This land was soon filled with fruit trees, vegetable gardens, and lots of animals. She and her two brothers grew up there and later she and her husband raised their two children in her grandparents' home. Currently, she is writing about her life during the San Fernando Valley's transition years, 1951-1960.



Upon graduation from what is now California State University, Northridge, (CSUN) in 1969, with a degree in history, Andi worked as a proofreader specializing in bibliographies and footnotes for publications by the Office of the Chancellor of The California State Colleges (later Universities). Additionally, she was assigned various research projects, which ultimately led her into the Human Resources field.

After working within the full range of personnel functions, she moved to CSUN and expanded her administrative work in supervisory and management training and staff development.

Andi retired in 2000 and taught Advanced Placement history and civics at The Pilgrim School, a college prep private school in Los Angeles. At present she devotes her time reading history, writing her family history, and improving the old Valley homestead. (*Editor's note: Andi is our Jack London Award winner for 2013.*)



Vice President (Programs)- Rita Keeley Brown (Standing for re-election)

I grew up the youngest of six children in Nebraska and came to California to go to UCLA majoring in Music, with a minor in English. My first year of college was at Northwestern University in Chicago. Arriving here in the sunshine, palm trees, one wardrobe for the year, ocean to snow in an hour or so, I decided I had shivered and shoveled my last and was never going to leave. That still is my goal. Following a career in music – performing as a soloist on the marimba—I married and raised six children of my own. This led me into careers in education and business. I feel like I have now finally found out what I want to be when I grow up—a writer.

I like to write nonfiction. I have written a biography of a Chinese man who was sold as a young child telling of his search for his true identity. This book is titled A Pawn of Fate. Another book soon to be available is entitled Good Luck, Mrs. Brown. It is a memoir of our family life when my husband became mentally ill. It tells of our family experience in dealing with this tragedy. I have also written many short stories and poetry and am still studying all aspects of this wonderful craft of writing. Several articles and stories have appeared in our newsletter In Focus.

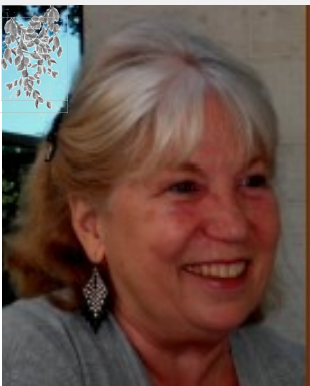
Secretary — Gabriella (Gabe) Owens

I was supposed to spend my life lounging on the French Riviera with a fancy cocktail in my hand, but somehow I got turned around and ended up in California with a glass of wine instead. Which is pretty darn close, except for that pesky working thing.

I'm past that wonderful, awful stage of raising kids. My husband of 30 years, Greg, and I are now into that really fun spoiling grandkids part of life. (Fill them full of sugar, tire them out and spoil them rotten. When they become totally impossible, hand them back.) We also have an assortment of rescued pets and a small vineyard in the backyard.

As a member of the California Writers Club, I'm enjoying writing and sharing my jokes and stories with others. I'm hoping one day writing will replace the blasted job. My first book, BBQ PIZZA: A Flaming Exposé on Macho Cooking was published in April of 2013.

Some of you have read this hoping to understand the workings of this author's mind. Let me clarify for you: This author is a few sandwiches short of a picnic. Why do you think I had to make all those pizzas? There just weren't enough sandwiches to go around. Not to mention a banana split sandwich just doesn't sound appetizing.



Treasurer — Mary (Rubio) Freeman (Standing for re-election)

Mary has not submitted a bio, but is a long-term past member, and our current Treasurer.

Editor's note: candidate slate assembled and presented by Ray Malus

Our Friend Andi



Andi is always busy - busy helping out in all our SFV club activities.



Andi welcomes all our guests at her welcome table. Visitors and members alike get a big smile, a name tag, and a raffle ticket.

An appropriate quote from the CWC founder:

I would rather be ashes than dust! I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry-rot. I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. The proper function of man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time.

Jack London

**She's a winner!
We're so
fortunate to
have Andi Polk
as our friend.**

—KH



Our Membership Chair not only manages our critique groups, she actively participates in her own group.

And every month, there sits Andi at a SFV Board meeting.

She contributes to the board discussion while keeping a sharp eye on the activity at her welcome table. If Andi spots someone who looks lost, she'll quickly make them feel at home.



Jack London Award Recipient, Andrea Polk, the Step-up Gal

Our San Fernando Branch of the California Writers Club has many members that shine. Every two years, one such member who has shown extraordinary commitment of volunteer time is chosen to receive the Jack London Award as a special thank you from our club. This year that recognition falls to Andrea Polk, better known as Andi.

As membership chair, Andi has always gone that extra step. She designed and produced colorful name tags, created eye-catching PR cards for members to hand out to prospective guests and streamlined sign-in sheets at the registration table.

Wherever she sees a need she steps in. When our long-time critique group coordinator wanted to step down, Andi not only stepped up, she jumped in tracking and placing members who wanted to join a critique group.

When we had our Book Bazaar last year, Andi stepped up again. She felt it important to put up signs to guide visitors to our location on the Motion Picture Television Fund campus. But she didn't wait for someone else to make and stake them. She did the job herself.

If any board member has a concern that needs attention, Andi readily becomes a problem solver. No doubt her work history as administration supervisor in management training has much to do with this attribute. Lucky us!

Andi's roots in the San Fernando Valley run deep. She is currently writing a historical tome about the Valley which has been her home since 1951.

Andi is the epitome of tact, enthusiasm and dedication. Her positive attitude and bright smile light up each meeting as she greets members and guests. CWC-SFV is proud to present Andrea Polk as the recipient of the 2013 Jack London Award.

—Yolanda Fintor

summer events



California Writers Club – San Fernando Valley Chapter
a co-sponsor of...



Two Days of Education for Writers of Fiction, Narrative Nonfiction, and Memoir

Eight information-packed seminars over two days will feature leading Southern California publishing professionals discussing today's hot topics. Speakers include: literary agents, publishers, book publicists, published authors, social media experts, editors, writing instructors, and more.



DAY ONE SATURDAY, JULY 20 The Business of Writing

- Book promotion today—what's working best
- How to build your Author's Platform
- Why some books sell and others don't
- Learn how to write the perfect pitch

DAY TWO SUNDAY, JULY 21 The Craft of Writing

- Master self-editing skills — a workshop
- Write the selling memoir
- Women writing about women for women
- How to avoid the 3 Big Rejections — a workshop with Shelly Lowenkopf

As a co-sponsor, CWC members are eligible for a special discount.
To receive, go to registration page on website, click on

CWC - SFV

Use Password: **July2013DiscPg4U**

Discounts apply to Weekend, One-Day, and Session passes. *Valid through June 24.*

View all sessions and speakers at: www.PIPWWritersWeekend.com

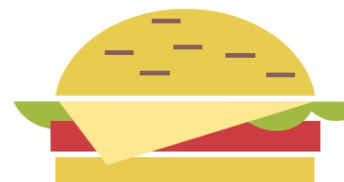
California Writers Club

Picnic & LitCake!



Food 'n' Fun
Open Mic
Literary Cake-
Decorating Contest
Details & Directions:
www.calwriters.org

Saturday, July 20
1:00 – 4:00 p.m.
Joaquin Miller Park,
Oakland





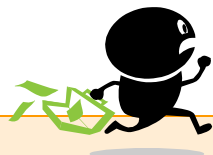
Ester Shifren is a Nominee For a Global eBook Award

Ester Shifren's book, *Hiding in a Cave of Trunks*, a memoir about her childhood experiences in Shanghai, has been accepted into nomination for each category specified by The Global eBook Awards! Dan Poynter's company distributes these awards.

The Global eBook Awards honor and bring attention to the future of book publishing: ebooks. Now in its second year, the awards are given in 72 specific categories. They are open to all publishers large and small so that a winner is the best in its ebook category not just the best of small or regionally—published eBooks. Most eBooks are also available as printed books.

Meanwhile Ester is currently on a book promotion tour. She's speaking to groups in Toronto, Canada, and Buffalo, New York. She reports that she's sold several copies of *Hiding in A Cave of Trunks* to several enthusiastic audiences, and the book is already selling on Kindle. It's clear that word is spreading on Ester's memoir. Looks like her determined efforts to promote her book are paying off.

—KH



Godzilla! Godzilla! Run!

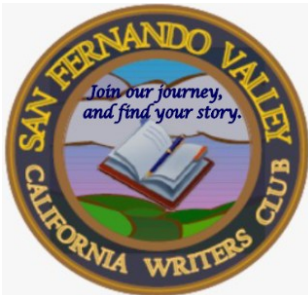
A young boy who can't get enough of his favorite humungous reptilian on-screen monsters, loves to hang out in an aging movie theatre. Here he meets a strange man who changes his life. That's the start of Gary Wosk's short fiction story, "[Godzilla Versus The Allerton Theatre](#)."

The story, inspired by a cinematic experience in Gary's childhood, will be featured in the anthology ***Attack! Of the B-Movie Monsters: A Tribute to the Films of the 50s***. Publisher Grinning Skull Press has not yet announced a release date for the digital and paperback book.

"Anyone who knows me personally knows I have a thing for the giant critter movies of the 1950s," said editor Harrison Graves. "We've all seen them (or at least one of them) at least once; some of us tuning in every time they're on. I love them all, and I thought it would be great to pay a tribute to these screen classics."

Coincidentally, the late father of member Claude Baxter's wife, Eleanor, was a projectionist at the theatre until 1934. Gary and Claude are in the same SFV critique group.

—GW



Kathy Highcove and Gary Wosk co-designed this new club logo. Gary plans to use the colorful symbol on all his press releases and correspondence as SFV publicity chair.

take note



Andrea Polk

San Fernando Valley Historian

Andrea Polk confessed, "I love dirt," during her slide presentation to the Southern California Garden Club's May meeting. She proved it by revealing carefully researched, but little known facts regarding the agricultural history of the San Fernando Valley. This presentation is a sneak preview to Andrea's future book, we've been told.

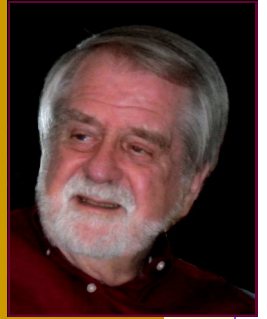
But back to the show—Did you know that millions of years ago, the Pacific coastline began at Nevada's doorstep? Or that Valley soil is not clay, but a mixture of sandstone, limestone and shale? Or that the San Fernando Valley once boasted the largest olive groves in the world? These facts are but a few tidbits of information about the Valley's growth and development presented in her speech and accompanying slide show.

Andi's enthusiasm and love of her topic held the rapt attention of her audience and left them begging for more. The Garden Club promised she would be invited back. Hopefully, she'll have her book in hand.

—Yolanda Fintor

Review and Refresh

By Dave Wetterberg



Imagery: Literal and Figurative

The Literal Image

A literal image is a sensory image drawn without the aid of comparison.

No similes. No metaphors.

The fireman staggered from the building seriously burned and black with soot.

The Figurative Image

A figurative image utilizes a comparison (a metaphor or a simile) to assist in the description.

Dad came thundering in the front door. (metaphor - thunder image)

Sensory Images

In life we experience the world through our five senses. We see it, hear it, touch it, smell it, and taste it. And a writer tries to show the world to his readers as *he experiences* it (nonfiction), or as *he imagines* it (fiction), through *sensory images*. An *image* in everyday language is commonly thought of as *visual*, as a *picture*, something we can see, such as this *visual image*:

The dewdrop hung precariously on the edge of the tea leaf.

In reading and writing, however, the term *image* takes on all of the five senses.

This writer uses an *auditory image*, an image of sound ...

The school band played a collection of noises introduced as "Amazing Grace."

This one uses a *tactile image*, an image of touch (feeling) ...

His throat pained him every time he swallowed, like sandpaper was rubbing it.

A writer might use a *labial image*, an image of taste ...

The wine had the faint taste of something metallic ...

...or an *olfactory image*, an image of smell ...

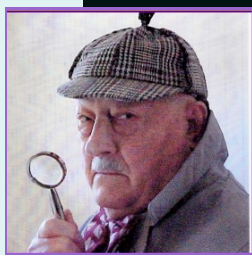
Surrounded by a cloud of cologne, Moya, the new secretary, leaned over my desk.



Show, Don't Tell

Imagery makes the difference between the writer who *shows*, on the one hand, and the writer who *tells*, on the other. Telling, or narrative without imagery, tends to be vague and general, like *I walked into the back yard*. But deepened with *sensory images*, the backyard scene crystallizes:

I walked into the backyard, and the heavy storm door slammed behind me. (sound image)
Six frightened sparrows disappeared off the sidewalk into the branches of Kempton's scrawny maple tree next door and stared at me. (visual image) *I breathed in and caught the aroma of apple pie drifting out from Ma Kempton's kitchen window. (olfactory image)* *The flavor of cinnamon toast lingered in my mouth, (labial image)* *and my tongue was still warm from the last sip of my morning coffee. (tactile image)*



CRIME IN RHYME

by KEN WILKINS

ONE FOR THE ROAD

Now he traveled the country in his motor home
From Florida's Keys to Alaska's Nome.

He'd camp each night at a different park
Hoping he would find a widow to spark.

He'd win them over with his wit and charm
And they never felt he would do them harm.

After wining and dining throughout the night
He'd slip them a Mickey when the time was right.

They'd learn in the morning why he didn't linger
As diamonds were missing from off their finger.

He loved by the dozens and stole by the score
Then pawned their jewelry at the nearest store.

Now it just so happened in an Oregon town
That his luck ran out and the axe came down.

He wooed a widow that he'd met in Maine
But didn't remember 'til he felt the pain.

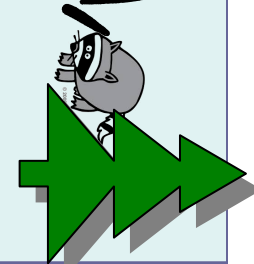
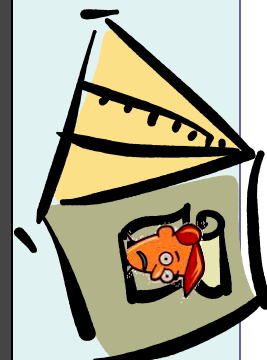
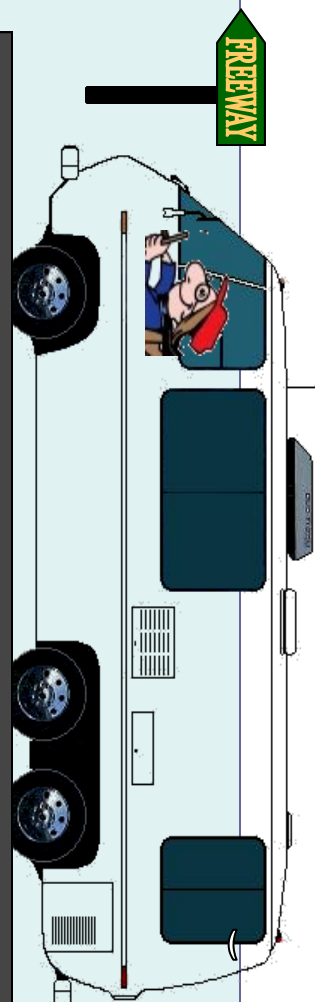
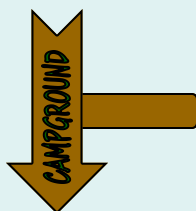
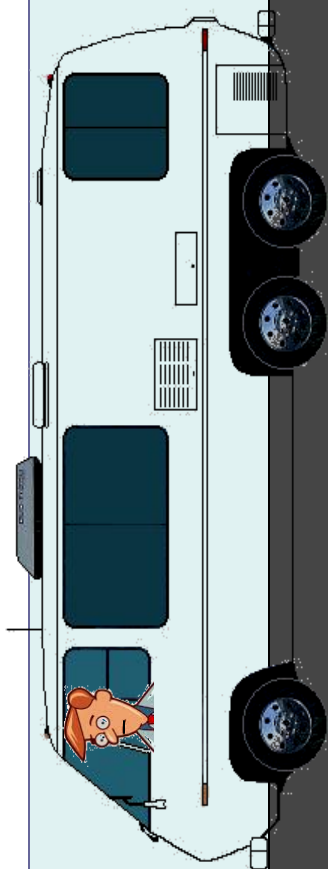
She was out of camp in the early morn
Having traveled far when the day was born.

He awoke at dawn, stripped of clothes and cash
Reading a note that was taped to his dash.

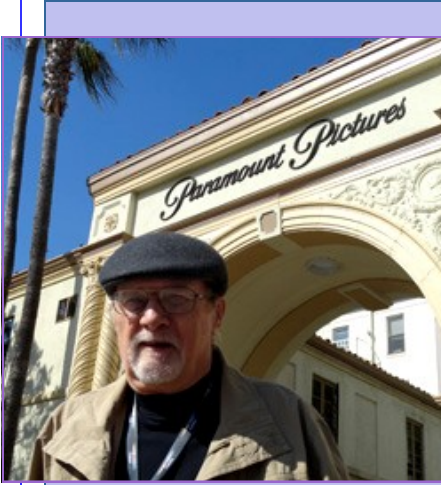
"That blow on the head was punishment tame
If we meet again, you'll get more of the same."

"As for your shorts and pants, if you're still alive
You'll find them strewn along Interstate Five."

*As appeared in A BOUQUET OF MEMORIES
Anthology of Poetry, The Poetry Center
Awarded: POET LAUREATE, certificate of Recognition*



How to succeed in the writing business? John Klawitter says, "Write good, write fast, get lucky."



John Klawitter

But a Hollywood writer's long term success is certainly more than luck. In this town's creative industries, only the hardest workers and the most persistent writing talents can make a decent living. There's nothing mystical or magical about pounding out a new proposal or a new novel or a new pilot for a new studio employer. And even if you write good material really fast, you can sink from sight really fast in Lalaland.

Writer John Klawitter must possess key survivor qualities. For several decades he's found work as a writer, producer and director. His several novels, fiction and non-fiction, are based on his years surviving as a creative person in the ad biz and in show biz. He often adapts his novels to screen plays which he then peddles around town. That's not just luck. That's canny enterprise and networking know-how. Fast footwork. Or maybe fast finger work.

His non-fiction works include *Tinsel Wilderness*, winner of the 2009 Epic Author's Award for Best Non-Fiction, and *Headslap*, the sports bio of NFL Superstar Deacon Jones. His novel *Hollywood Havoc* won an Epic Author's Award for Best Action/Thriller.

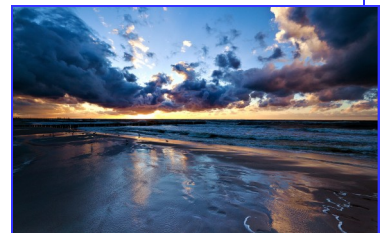
Klawitter has worked as a creative director for Disney Studios and as an independent creative resource for Warner Bros, Universal Studios, Paramount, the Disney Channel, and several Indy production companies including Hanna Barbera, Franke Films, Pink Planet Productions, Eyeline Films and Zoiyu Productions. His films and television specials have appeared on NBC, the BBC, and the Disney Channel. He has written many memorable song lyrics, advertising jingles and television show openings, including *Disney's Wonderful World of Color*, *Now & Then*, and *The Bugs Bunny/Road Runner Show*.

He won an EMMY award for *Scene Politic: 1968*, a political documentary he produced and directed. And in 2009 his books *Hollywood Havoc* and his book of lessons on how to survive as a creative person, *Tinsel Wilderness*, both won EPPIE Awards. *Hollywood Havoc* for Best Action/Thriller Novel and *Tinsel Wilderness* for Best Non-Fiction Book. EPPIE Awards are given to e-book authors.

What's up now, John? "My latest, latest—my new novel, *The Save Your Planet Show*, comes out from Double Dragon in June or July. A small bunch of retired folks are approached by a slick sort of fellow who confides that he is the host of an inter-galactic game show, *The Save Your Planet Show*, and they are the only humans alive who can save the earth."

For more info on SFV member John Klawitter, go to johnklawitter.com, or read an interview at <http://kevinmccorrytv.webs.com/klawitter.htm>. To see his books, visit www.johnklawitter.com. Production credits are at imdb.com and dga.org.

And if you enjoy music videos on YouTube, take a look at his just released production of musician Mark Henderson's lovely ballad *Come to the Water*. Click on <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jvgt5JI9mCw>



—Kathy Highcove

IMMORTAL ANGELYNE

by John Klawitter

www.johnklawitter.com

Oh, talking about people growing older (which we weren't, but are now,) how many of you have heard of Angelyne, the blonde lady with the come hither look, one hand idly resting on the pink wheel of her pink Corvette as she blows you a kiss? You know, the famous Angelyne who in the 1970s tooled up and down Sunset Boulevard, glowing in her tight pink blouse and tight pink short shorts? If you have no idea who I'm talking about, it might be worth a Google.

Back then her billboards were everywhere around Hollywood, craftily placed near the studios and towering over The Strip. And there was Angelyne, looking down on the hubbub and madness of show biz, her pouty red lips seeming to beg for just one more something, her marvelous breasts spilling out over her rosy décolletage.

Rumor back then was that she had a sugar daddy who paid for the billboards, hoping to fulfill her dream that she might land a role and end up on the silver screen. To my knowledge, she never did. She was the original Kardashian girl, never got a lead role in a movie but had those billboards plastered all over the Strip and on a good night you might see her in person at a stop light at the corner of Hollywood and Vine and she just might blow you a pouty kiss or at least wave in your direction, and so she was famous, in her own way, without ever having an actual film career.

Well, flash forward to 2013—I saw her two weeks ago, work-

ing a parking lot in an Osh hardware store in Woodland Hills! No, no, no—honest! Hang with me here for a minute: This was at the west end of the San Fernando Valley near my hillside home studio, a long way from Old Hollywood, relatively speaking, but of course Angelyne had the latest model of her hot pink steed to convey her about. She was still the stellar attraction, still had matrons and their daughters and old men like me huff-



ing across the parking lot to see her. And she was still curvaceously plump, still brimming out of her impossibly tight pink outfit. Unbelievable,

I know, but true.

What on earth was she doing? I asked myself, and in a flash

headed over there to see for myself: Yes, there she was, gathering quite a crowd as they swarmed over to buy Angelyne t-shirts. Yep, she was selling t-shirts out of the back of that shiny hot pink Corvette.

"You'll like the Andy Warhol one," she told me. "I always was Andy's favorite subject." She paused, thinking back, maybe about that other blonde Warhol icon. "Well, one of his favorite ..."

Now maybe you think this is one of those sad nostalgia stories about one of those crippled old bag ladies wandering around Tinseltown with broken dreams, and although it easily might be, somehow I don't feel it is. Here is Angelyne, forty years later, as Ripley always said, **Believe it or not!** My God, her makeup was so thick I was afraid her face would crack, but it didn't and she was still flirty and flouncy and somehow she made everything work and the show went on. She was sexy Angelyne, the legendary Hollywood Billboard Queen, bigger than life and looking like she belonged in a

Marvel comic book for super-heroines.

I had to have one of those t-shirts, for old time's sake, you know. Cost me \$20. Don't tell the wife.

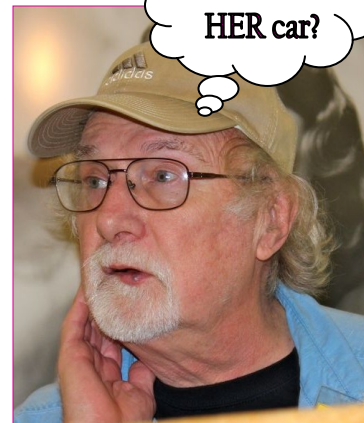


photo by Ray Malus

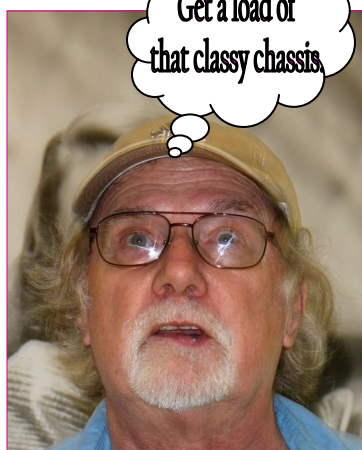
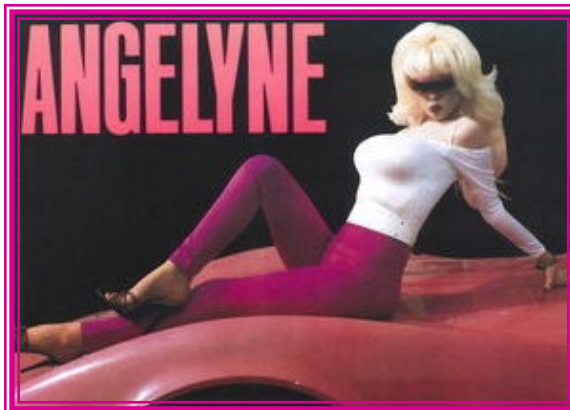


photo by Ray Malus

A Daughter's Farewell

By Giri Sular

An excerpt from an upcoming book: "In Search"



and commanded a great deal of respect. From where I sat I could see the grim set of his lips and his clenched jaw. He sat still and silent

in the front passenger seat. My mother, on the other hand, kept up a steady stream of comments about everything she spied from her window.

At the airport, there were carloads of relatives and friends who had come to bid goodbye to me. Unexpectedly, the flight was delayed by two hours. Most of the well-wishers departed after bidding me farewell. Now, all that were left were my closest family and Ravi's parents. Elated that I could spend that extra time with my family, I tried to dispel the shadow of the imminent separation.

My mother settled down on one of those hard orange plastic chairs and chattered away with Ravi's parents and my aunt and uncle. I sat across from them and didn't participate in the light-hearted conversation.

For the next two hours my mother did not budge from her chair and the smile never left her face as she animatedly conversed. I thought, *doesn't it bother her that her only child is leaving the country? Who knows how long before she sees me again?* I glanced across to my father and my heart squeezed in panic. *Would I be able to live without him? Without his strength? Without his support? Without his love?*

I watched him as he paced the airport floor, arms clasped behind his back, head bent down, as if in deep meditation. What was he thinking about? Sometimes, his pacing gained momentum; other times, his brows knitted together in deeper concentration. A few

(Continued on page 14)

16 January 1987. This date marks the day my life was dramatically and permanently changed. On this day I uprooted myself from my family and wrenched myself from my natural habitat. On this day I willingly surrendered myself into the arms of Ravi, my new husband and ... a total stranger. On this day, I was 25 years old and taking the biggest step of my young life: I was immigrating to a strange country, the USA, to build a new life with this stranger, my new husband.

That day there was only one cognizant thought that filtered through my confused state of mind. This thought hammered, pounded and reverberated in my head until it gave me a headache. *I'm going away, I'm going away, I'm going away ...* echoed unendingly in my mind.

My flight from Bombay to Singapore was at 6 p.m. As Reddy, our family's chauffeur, drove us to the airport, I sat in the back seat with my mother and stared at the back of my father's head. As always, his fine silvery hair was neatly combed. I didn't ever remember seeing his hair tousled and unkempt. How straight he held his back! At sixty, he was still very handsome

(Continued from page 13)

times he stopped in front of the Higgins & Bottom bookshop and seemed to be staring at his own reflection. Occasionally he looked across at me and smiled encouragingly. There was always a reciprocal smile on my lips. I knew that he needed me to appear content and committed to embarking on new life ... and leaving his paternal care.

I was going away to the USA: 10,000 miles away, thirteen and a half hours away. Oceans and continents would lie between us. I was going to a strange country, straight into the arms of a strange man.

Why had I married this stranger? At that moment I hated Ravi for making me leave my home and family. Then, in turn, I was angry with my father. *Why had he allowed me to marry Ravi? What lay before me? Ah! If only I had ...* For several minutes thereafter I journeyed through an impossibly pleasant terrain where the future was like a rich-colored rug that unrolled before me as I walked along.

Around 7:30 p.m. the overhead speakers announced first in Marathi, then in Hindi, followed by English, that it was boarding time for my flight. I picked up my bags and gathered my shawl around me. My entire body quivered as the tassels on the edge of my shawl brushed my bare arms. I bent down and touched my mother's feet, then my mother-in-law's feet, noticing their silver toe-rings that signified they were married women. I looked down at my feet and saw no matching pair on my own bare toes. It didn't feel strange. At that moment I didn't want to be reminded that I was a married woman.

My father approached and stood before me. I bent down and touched his feet. He lifted me by my shoulders and looked at me for what seemed an extraordinarily long time. It was as if he was trying to memo-

rize every detail of my face. I, in turn, scrutinized his face like I would never see him again. I noticed how white his hair had turned, the remarkably long eyelashes, the tea stains on his yellowed teeth, the leathery creases on his cheeks.

When I boarded the airplane I would be severing my family bonds like a limb tearing itself away from the trunk of a tree. I cried, sobbed, sniffled. At that moment all I wanted was to stay behind with my family in India.

I hugged my father feverishly. *When will I see him again? Will I see him again? Can he survive without me, his only daughter?* Questions tripped over one another in my mind as my father softly urged to me toward the gate.

When we reached the gate, he held my hand tightly. I looked down. His big hand had completely engulfed my own. My fingers were cold but he didn't have time to warm them. My last glimpse of my father was him in his navy blue suit with the white cuffs showing at the wrist, legs apart, arms locked together across his chest.

Did I feel the same way about leaving behind my mother? You know, I've often asked myself that question. But in all honesty I have to say "No!"

Even though my father was the dominating parental personality, almost domineering in some instances, he seemed somehow fragile and vulnerable at that moment. I was very afraid I'd see him no more.

These many years later I remember every little detail of that farewell. I can still hear my sobs and the voices on the loudspeakers. I can still feel my mother's right hand on my head as she blessed me and the subtle tightening of my father's fingers as he pushed me toward the gate. I can still see the restless crowds in the airport.

I remember all these things but have rarely gone back to question my decision to leave home. It was inevitable that I move on. But now I've begun to examine closely that critical time, the day when I left my home in India.



author **Giri Sulur**

Last year I asked *The Valley Scribe* members to send me some memorable advice their fathers gave them. I didn't have room for all submissions. Here's a moving response from Max Schwartz, a grandfather himself, on the topic of paternal advice. —KH

PATERNAL REASSURANCE

Dear Kathy, My first reaction to your request was how can I remember anything about my father since the last time I saw him alive was when I was six years old? I was crying as he left to return to the hospital, now called the City of Hope. I learned later he died from tuberculosis.

My mother made sure I always remembered and respected his memory. Every year we went to the cemetery, where I listened to her wailing "Why did you leave me, Sam? Why did you leave me?" Then an elderly man in a black hat would come to the grave site and pray in Hebrew to my dad. This was repeated on every anniversary of his death, or Yahrzeit, until I left for the army in 1943.

When our regiment lined up to board an old English merchant ship bound for England, our chaplain's aide passed out Bibles at the gangplank. I got the Jewish version. That's an ominous sign, I thought, as I pocketed the small book. Two days later while on the rough Atlantic swaying in our canvas hammocks in the ship's hold and as waves pounded the hull, I saw my father again. He told me not to worry.

Most of my comrades were intensely reading their Bibles, but I was being reassured by my father's spirit as I was certain a German torpedo would tear through the thin steel hull and explode in our midst. He was my Bible for the entire voyage and throughout the War in Europe and Pacific. He safely returned me home to raise a family, become a grandfather, and write this story about our fathers.

Written by Max Schwartz



Sam and six-year-old Max Schwartz at the Rose Parade in 1928

THEN ... AND NOW

By Leslie Kaplan

THEN

Seeing things clearly
Hearing the beat
A cool dancing fool
Singing like a songbird
Love fashion shopping
Was a frequent flyer
Great long/short term memory
Friendly and flirtatious
Love high heeled shoes
Long waistline
Love of standards music
Wore bikinis and shorts
Loved affection and sex
Traveled the world
Husbands and lovers
Loved performing
Had so many friends

NOW

Where are my glasses?
What did you say?
Staggering out of balance
Voice cracks out of pitch
Young clothes older body ... Oy!
Now a frequent pee-er
Is today Tuesday?
Still friendly and flirtatious
Don't like falling ... or flats
Short waistline
Today's music ... Oy!
No swim suits ... long pants
Gone but not forgotten
Travel to Costco and Ralph's
Like living alone now
Now a story teller ... write it
Friends die ... time goes by



I LOVE THE NOW...BUT I MISS THE THEN

SFV Board Changes

Karen Gorback, our Publicity Chair for the past two years, will pass the PR duties on to Gary Wosk this month. We thank Karen for spreading the word on our monthly meetings in the local publications. Several people have found their way to our meetings after reading her news releases.



Karen Gorback

Gary has filled in as Board Secretary and now will take on a more familiar role as our PR rep.



Gary Wosk

Gary has worked in this field for different publications and organizations. He'll bring a special expertise and his professional flourish to this SFV board position.

—KH

Editor closes the Book

All good things must come to an end. After five years of editing The Valley Scribe, I've decided to let a new editor have the rewarding experience of working with the talented writers of the SFV.

It's been lots of work but I've learned a good deal while planning and putting together the monthly issues. Editing the writing of our members has also helped me improve my own writing. Designing my own version of our newsletter has been a uniquely enjoyable experience.

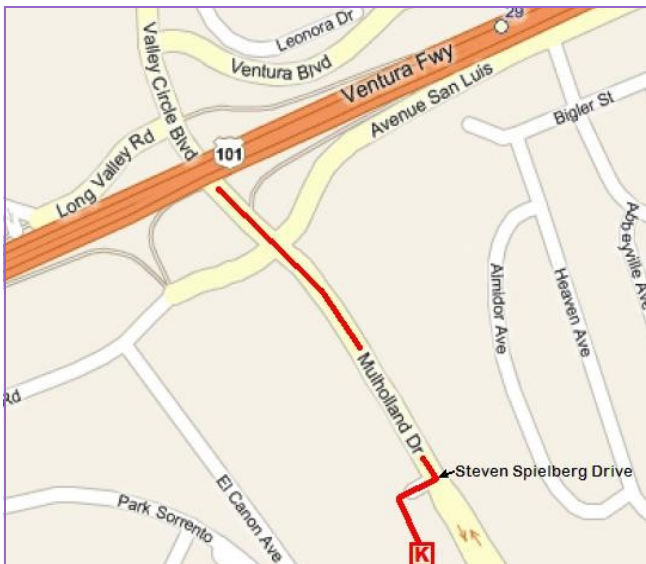
But now it's time to take a break and pay some attention to other projects. And honestly, folks, it's time to take a break from CWC Board meetings! I've been on the Board since a few of us first established a branch at the MPTE. Before I was editor, I served as publicity chair for a few years. Enough.

Sail on, my friends. I'll be here waving from the dock.

— Kathy Highcove



Kathy Highcove



Free parking is available in a large lot behind the Katzenberg Room. Look for the trombone statue — that's the parking lot nearest to the CWC-SFV.



MEETINGS

The California Writers Club meets the first Saturday of the month except July and August at the Motion Picture and Television Fund complex:

**Villa Katzenberg
23388 Mulholland Drive
Woodland Hills, Calif., 91364-2733**

NEXT MEETING:

June 1st, at 1 p.m.

Sign up for Open Mic starts at 12:30 p.m.

Contents copyrighted by the respective authors.
Unattributed articles copyrighted by CWC/SFV.

cwc-sfv.org