



The Newsletter of The San Fernando Valley Branch



The Valley Scribe

"Our Members' Voices"

Vol. 6

November, 2013

No. 3

Next Meeting: November 2nd, 1:00!



November's Speaker:
Beverly Gray
**"Writing a Life;
Promoting a Life"**

In the words of a famous biographer, "It is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one."

Our speaker for the November meeting, Beverly Gray, is an expert on the subject. For example she has written biographies of Roger Corman, the Renowned Producer of those B-movies cult

classics and Ron Howard, Producer of so many Oscar-winning classic films. The title of her presentation is **Writing a Life; Promoting a Life**. She will explore with us the challenges of researching, writing, and publishing a biography with an interesting focus on resurrecting an out-of-print book through today's options in self-publishing and social media.

Beverly has written six produced screenplays and now teaches screenwriting workshops at UCLA's famous Writers Extension program. She has a very popular blog, "Beverly in Movieland" (www.beverlyinmovieland.com) which covers movies, moviemaking, and growing up Hollywood-adjacent. You won't want to miss this dynamic presentation.

— Rita Keeley Brown

Reminder: Daylight Savings Time ends — November 3rd. FALL BACK!



President's Message Nance Crawford

Growing up writing, a tattered library card for company, it never occurred to me that I needed more than pencil, paper, typewriter, postage stamps, and envelopes in order to carve a career. Marriage, kids, divorce,

marriage, kids, widowhood, waitressing, marriage, etc., I managed to fill four file cabinets to overflow without figuring out what to do with all that stuff. I would have been grateful to have been hit (but barely injured) by an Agent's BMW on the corner of Melrose and Highland: immeasurable guilt might open the door to episodic TV. That didn't work out, either.

Then I discovered CWC-SFV, supportive colleagues, and Writer Weekends.

The West Coast Writers Conference Digital Author and Self-Publishing Conference was one I'm sorry you missed — unless

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Psychology- cum- Criminology...

...and maybe a touch of philology¹ from our October meeting speaker, Joan Blacher, Ph.D. A licensed psychotherapist, Dr. Blacher explained how she went from writing

scholarly articles and an award-winning counseling primer, *Difficult Teens: A Parent's Guide to Coping*, to penning murder mysteries in hopes of avoiding the plague of research. But to no avail. Her fiction led to even more in-depth investigation into the world of criminology.

In *Murder Canyon*, *Lethal Lake*, and the soon to be published *Death on the Run* (I kick myself for not asking why she didn't name it *Fatal Forest*), her protagonist, Ardis Jensen, a former forensic psychologist turned college counselor, assists the police in rooting out the murderer in an otherwise quiet rural town that bears a striking resemblance to the Ventura County burg of Somis where Dr. Blacher currently resides.

She pointed out that emotions are what differentiate fiction from non-fiction, and she uses the tried and true techniques of detailed character summaries, plot outline and unique descriptive setting (which itself can mold a character) before she ever puts pen to paper. Other authors using this method include Michael Connelly, Sue Grafton and Elizabeth George (author note: Ms. George has published an excellent primer, *Write Away*, detailing this strategy).

Just add some twists and turns, frustrations, disappointments, mayhem, a contrarian villain, and a shocking, socko ending, and you'll be the next Joan Blacher (or even the next John Grisham). Oh, and having your manuscript accepted by the first publisher you send it to doesn't hurt. No, I'm not the least bit jealous. Really...REALLY. —Doug Douglas

(For more information, go to: <http://www.joanblacher.com>)

¹The branch of knowledge that deals with the structure, historical development, and relationships of a language or languages.

(President — from pg 1.)

you are our Ester Benjamin Shifrin, panelist, or Rita Brown, Paula Diggs, Andrea Polk, or Gabriella Owens — who were holding the fort at our CWC-SFV information table (and didn't mention seeing you); in exchange, they arranged their schedules to attend the seminars that most interested them. Engaging, charming, they attracted and engaged a great many interested passers-by, for which we all owe them an enthusiastic, "Thanks!"

We came away with heightened perspectives. Personally, I discovered my novel, "Dragon Solstice," is actually the centerpiece of a trilogy. All because one of the seminar leaders suggested we ask ourselves, "What do you really want to accomplish and how will you go about doing it?"

You've attended an especially effective writer's conference when there are more take-aways running around inside your head than there are give-aways in the carry- bag-with-logo someone shoved at you as you left the registration area.

Finding two new novels doing cartwheels in one's head is worth the price of a weekend of volunteerism. It doesn't get much better than that.

This is our CWC-SFV Book Fair Year.

Since we hold a Book Fair only every other year our December meeting will be our latest Book Fair. It will feature our member authors who have published works in the last two years. Members who have published during that time-frame must sign-up with Rita Keeley Brown at ritakeeleybrown@yahoo.com or Karen Gorback at Karen.gorback@gmail.com by November 1st as space and time are limited. Sign-up forms will be available again at the October meeting.

There will also be a table for other published member authors who have works they would like to have on display and available for sale. They, too, must contact Rita or Karen to reserve display space for their works.

This will be a great opportunity to do your shopping for the holiday season with signed copies of great books, socialize with members and guests, and get a jump on that busiest of seasons. Don't miss it!! — Rita Keeley Brown



As always, please check the websites for more information before submitting. When you see "ms" or "mss" this means manuscript and manuscripts respectively. Best wishes and good luck to all!

Dead of Winter

Needs: Limit six poems per poet. Poet must not have been previously published in *anderbo.com*.

Deadline: December 15 Prize: \$500.

E-mail: editors@toasted-cheese.com.

Website: www.toasted-cheese.com.

Contact: Stephanie Lenz, editor.

The contest is a winter-themed horror fiction contest with a new topic each year. Topic and word limit announced October 1. The topic is usually geared toward a supernatural theme. Categories: Short stories. No entry fee. Results announced January 31. Winners notified by e-mail. List of winners on website.

Judged By: 2 Toasted Cheese editors who blind judge each contest. Each judge uses her own criteria to rate entries.

Prize: Amazon gift certificates and publication in *Toasted Cheese*. Also offers honorable mention. Entries must be unpublished. Accepts inquiries by e-mail. Cover letter should include name, address, e-mail, word count, and title. Word limit varies each year. Open to any writer. Guidelines available in October on website.

Tips: "Follow online submission guidelines."

DAVID SCHWARTZ FICTION PRIZE **cream city review**

Dept. of English, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee
PO Box 413, Milwaukee, WI 53201

Phone: (414) 229-4708

E-mail: info@creamcityreview.org.

Website: www.creamcityreview.org.

Contact: Ching-In Chen, editor-in-chief.

cream city review is a volunteer based, non-profit literary magazine devoted to publishing memorable and energetic pieces that push the boundaries of "literature." Continually seeking to explore the relationship between form and content, the magazine features fiction, poetry, creative non-fiction, comics, reviews of contemporary literature and criticism, as well as author interviews and artwork.

Prize: \$1,000. **Costs:** \$15

Deadline: December 31.

Requirements: Prize submissions must be typed,

double-spaced (poetry may be single-spaced), and include the author's name and address. Simultaneous submissions are acceptable as long as *cream city review* is notified in the event the manuscript is accepted elsewhere.

JANE ADDAMS CHILDREN'S BOOK AWARDS

777 United Nations Plaza, 6th floor

New York, NY 10017

Website: www.janeaddamspeace.org.

About: The Jane Addams Children's Book Awards are given annually to the children's books published the preceding year that effectively promote the cause of peace, social justice, world community, and the equality of the sexes and all races as well as meeting conventional standards for excellence.

Judged By: A national committee of WILPF members concerned with children's books and their social values is responsible for making the changes each year.

Children's: Jane Addams Peace Association, Inc./ Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 777 United Nations Plaza 6th floor. New York, NY 10017. (212) 682-8830. Fax: (212) 286-8211. E-mail: japa@igc.org. Website: www.janeaddamspeace.org.

Contact: Linda Belle. "Two copies of published books the previous year only." Annual award. Estab. 1953. Previously published submissions only. Submissions made by author, author's agent, person, group or publisher, submitted by the publisher. Must be published January 1-December 31 of preceding year. Deadline for entries: December 31. Check website for all submission information. Cash awards and certificate, \$1,000 to winners (winning book) and \$500 each to Honor Book winners (split between author and illustrator, if necessary). Judging by national committee from various N.S. regions (all are members of W.I.L.P.F.). The award ceremony is held in New York the third Friday October annually.

Deadline: December 31.

See website for specific details on guidelines that books must fulfill.

ANDERBO POETRY PRIZE

Anderbo Poetry Prize

270 Lafayette St., Suite 705

New York NY 10012

E-mail: rrofihe@yahoo.com.

Submission E-mail: editors@anderbo.com.

Website: www.anderbo.com.

Contact: Rick Rofihe.

Prize: \$500, publication on *anderbo.com*.

Costs: \$10

Established: 2005

Deadline: December 15.

Mail submissions to Anderbo Poetry Prize with SASE.

UNCOVER THE MYSTERY
BUT DON'T SPOIL
THE SECRETS!



by SHANE SALERNO
SALINGER
A NEW FEATURE DOCUMENTARY

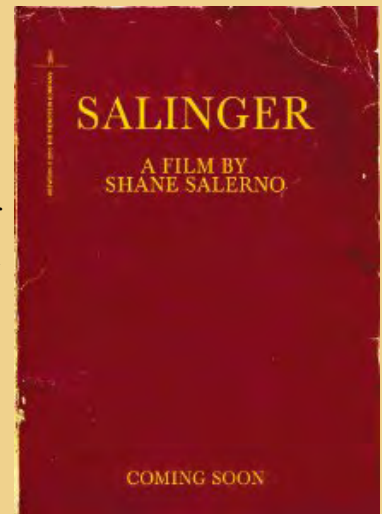
Film Review: "Salinger" By Scott Gitlen

How gladly should genius suffer fools? Some say not at all. Upon the first edition publication of J. D. Salinger's *Catcher In The Rye*, the first time hardcover author demanded the publisher remove his photograph from the book jacket. At that time, spurning photography was incomprehensible to common folk in the literary world. Today, TMZ and crass internet scamsters prove notoriety is an endgame failure.

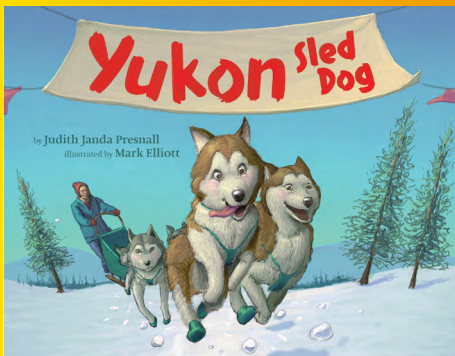
Merely three years ago, the reclusive writer passed on at age 91, leaving a legacy of yet unpublished fiction.

According to its writer-director, Shane Salerno, J. D. Salinger discovered the ideal use for very young girls: as time-travel machines conceived to replicate his own pre-WWII innocence. Prior to the war, he began writing his eponymous achievement in his early twenties whilst pursuing playwright Eugene O'Neil's daughter Oona, then 16. Salinger's appetite for time travel predated his induction and landing at Omaha Beach. Without so much as a Dear John letter, at age eighteen Oona left him for Charlie Chaplin (age 54). Thus, H. G. Wells invented time travel in 1895, but true breaking the time barrier was a higher men's privilege. Salinger repeatedly plunged through the one true portal Harlan Ellison merely metaphorically granted Captain James T. Kirk in his genius episode, "The City on the Edge of Forever." The Weinstein Company's release presented Salinger's partial list of nymphets, along with clear mention their parents permitted Jerry's private time with their daughters. Interviewed as part of this parade were two unapologetic senior citizen ladies who even now find no fault with their Salinger intimacies. On camera interviewee Philip Seymour Hoffman, whose portrayal in *Doubt* (2008) (a presumed pedophile priest squirming under the scrutiny of the magnificent Meryl Streep and wide-eyed Amy Adams), touches on Salinger's aversion to publicity.

For its clear portrayal of the early years of rejection letters and how an established writer goes about his craft, after it is re-cut by Harvey Weinstein, this movie deserves every California Writers Club member's attendance, even if they have no need for a spanking new time machine. -SG



Member New Book Release Judith Presnall



Cover Art copyright by Mark Elliott, 2013

YUKON SLED DOG tells the story of a puppy training to be on a team for competition in sled races. Qualities of a sled dog include loving to run, strength, obedience, and getting along with teammates. **YUKON** is Judy's 32nd traditionally published book. It is her first fiction book. The picture book, illustrated by Mark Elliott, is published by Two Lions, an imprint of Amazon Children's Publishing. See Judy's other books at www.judithjandapresnall.com

YUKON SLED DOG

(Oct. 2013 — Two Lions/Imprint of Amazon Children's Publishing)
I WONDER ... Seven eBook series (2013 — Learning Island)



Information, Please!

Last month, we sent you your User ID and Password, and I explained how to use them. Several people have. A few have taken the survey. The results so far are enlightening. But, of course, we need more data.

Last month, I also promised to tell you some of the benefits of the On-Line Directory.

The first benefit is that the directory is always current. I have been a member of CWC for seven years. In that time, I have participated in the production and distribution of four different branch directories.

They were:

- hard to produce.
- expensive to reproduce.
- time consuming to distribute.
- incorrect almost as soon as they were printed.

People's information constantly changes. Folks move. They get married. Area codes get re-zoned. Email addresses change. It happens all the time.

Now, of course, only a small percentage of the listings changed... but which ones?

And how do you notify people? Who do you notify?

With an on-line directory, one person makes the change, and everybody instantly has the new information — including the State Membership Chair, and Treasurer.

And who is the 'one person' who makes the change? Well, ideally, *it's YOU*. You can edit all the fields in your information record. Just sign on, click on 'Edit My Record,' make the changes and 'Save' them, and it's done. It's just that simple! You don't have to call somebody and spell your new email address; you just enter it. You don't need to rely on someone else's ability to find the time to make the change. It's done!

And if it's wrong, change it again!

Of course, we know that unfamiliar computer programs can be intimidating, so an Officer of the branch can do this for you. But I assure you, it's far more reliable to do it yourself.

(This is true Statewide, and is one of the reasons the mailing of our second *Literary Review*

went so much more smoothly than the first iteration.)

But this is only the first benefit of the on-line directory. The second is flexibility.

You can search by first, last, middle or partial name. Remember that nice gal you met at the meeting? What was her name. Sherry? Sheryl? Shirley? Sharon? Something like that.

Do a search for members with 'sh' in their name. (You'll find eight.) 'She'? Only three. See? It's easy.

You can search by genre. Want to know who else writes Memoir? Do a search by genre. (Choose 'Other Search Choices' and then 'memoir.') There are eleven.

Want to know who lives near you? Do a search by Zip Code.

Find out who's having a birthday. See who is an 'Associate' or 'Active.' Or a 'Life' member.

... and be able to get in touch with them by mail, phone or email.

There are even more benefits — and they're kind of 'geeky.' (You can already do every one of these things on the web, but with the on-line directory, they're really easy.)

Find the member listing you're interested in. Notice that some of the text is in red. Those are links!

Want to know what the person has done in their career? Click on the name! A new window opens that does a Google search for the person.

Want to know how to get to their home? Click on their address!

A window opens that shows a Google map to their home.

Want to send them an email? Copy and paste their email address into a message. Or, better yet, click on the address. If your computer has a default email program, a new message will open up — already addressed to the person.

As I say, you can already do all of this. But putting it all together in one place is really convenient.

Hmmm. "If your computer has a default email program..."

I suppose I should really explain that...

But, as you can see, I'm about out of space for this month. I promise I'll start with that next time. .-rm=-

Enter (partial) First or Last Name:

Include only current Members ☒

Other search choices:

- ☒ Name
- ☐ Genre
- ☐ Birth Month (1 - 12)
- ☐ Status (ass'ciate, A'ctive, or L'ife, etc.)
- ☐ Zip Code

(Click on Name to open Google Search.)
(Click on Address to open Google map. Click on Email to send message.)

Member Num: 200051 Name: **Ray Malus**
 Birthday: March 21 Status: Active Hide: No (N)
 Address: **4621 Esparto Rd., Woodland Hills, CA 91364**
 Telephone:
 Email: **rmalus@roadrunner.com**
 Genres: Stageplays/Fiction/NonF/ Poetry/Humor/Commentary/Humor

On being human by Howard Goldstein

Listen! Here he comes again, that different drummer of yours. And there you go... off in your own private world. Writing, drawing or painting images in your unique style. Exhilarated, frightened, wondering and alone. Set apart by your ability, individual perception, and the world's opinions. Why? Is it true that everyone else is sane and all creative artists are crazy?

What is this curious naiveté that drives the artist, and is so strangely regarded by everyone else?

"Who cares?" you may say. "It's my thing, and I do the best I can."

That's fine for the artist, but what about everyone else? In spite of themselves, most people place a special value upon both artist and works of art.

They do so, not necessarily out of love for either, nor with any special regard for an artist's intelligence. Those qualities are not always present.

What then *is* the special quality the public values in art and artist? Can it be that the creative individual, by daring to take a chance upon his or her self—risking being wrong and appearing foolish in the eyes of all—emerges as courageous, and thus appeals to every spirit? Is the innermost wish of each of us to be heroic the magic ingredient the world admires and sometimes envies? If so, then empathy and vulnerability—the essence of "humanity"—constitute the long-sought secret ingredient of art. Then, as with all things beautiful and wonderful, the magic of art must reside in its transient and indefinable qualities.

The quality of empathic "humanity" does not come easily to an artist. What an artist sells is *self*, and the unique personal vision derived from his or her self. The more "selfishly" unique the style, the closer to personal perfection... *and the more alone the individual*.

To be truly unique is to stand alone with your perception in the realization there is no other like you. The miracle of achieving one's aesthetic goals must often be measured by years of dedication to a jealous Muse. Such a heavy price deserves a fair reward. But that reward is elusive.

The artist may count the concept and its pursuit as a reward. The world may refer to it alternately as "folly" or "fine art." The artist considers the finished work to be its own reward. Smiling, the world humors the egoist and the "speculative" work. The artist considers publication to be a reward. The world asks if it is self-published by the artist, or printed and marketed by a professional publisher. The artist considers a sale of the work to be a reward. The world asks where the work appears on the popularity charts. The reward cycle continues, but has long since become relatively unimportant to the artist, who is hard at work on the next piece... and the next.

There is a story of an artist who accepted a rush assignment. Upon delivery, the client expressed his delight with the work and took pen in hand to write the check. However, upon hearing the price, he exploded, screaming, "HOW MUCH?" And then, expecting to bargain for an hourly rate, he asked guilefully, "How long did it take you to do the work?"

Calmly, the artist stated her age, "Forty seven years."

Listen! There's that drum again, signaling the eternal quest for personal and universal truth. And you follow, accepting that you may be wrong—but following anyhow—because in that direction lies the bright promise of truth.

A single, perfect graphic line or phrase... waiting... just for you.

TURKEY DAY

Keyle Birnberg-Goldstein

We never celebrated Thanksgiving in Quito, South America.

Now, I am a new student at Bais Jacob in Brooklyn, New York.

At recess, everybody is talking about going somewhere for Thanksgiving.

It must be a skiing resort, I think.

"Attention, attention," my teacher Mrs. Cohen says. "All the overseas students are invited to Mrs. Goldman's house for Thanksgiving."

"YAAY," a roar of applause from my classmates.

Mrs. Goldman is driving me to her house trying to explain on the way, this American Holiday.

I don't have the nerve to tell her that in Quito I was taking French as my second language.

"Comprende?" she asks. Probably that is the only word she knows in Spanish. We get out of her huge car in front of a beautiful big white house with tall pillars in the front. It reminds me a little of our house in Quito, except ours has no pillars, but the biggest green lawn in the front. I feel tears in my eyes wishing I was home instead.

She opens white double doors to a marble entryway. Beyond I see a big table all set-up with 12 places. Mrs. Goldman points to a chair and I sit with the other girls. She brings a big tray — in the middle I see a sun-tanned turkey with parsley socks on its legs and round potatoes all around it.

"Pass the gravy," someone says. "I am not going to be a good guest."

I think to myself...I am homesick and very shy. I want to slide down from the chair just like those flat, rubber-like cartoon characters on T.V.

"Excuse me, please excuse me."

I get up going to the big dinning room window behind me. Everybody is laughing; my face is red and hot

But I don't care. I see white ivory soap-like flakes falling down gently from the sky. I had never seen such beautiful 'snow' in my whole life. In Quito only the high Andes Mountains wore tiaras of solid ice, but never in tiny lightweight pieces falling in slow motion like I see out the window. Who cares about that stupid big bird being honored, when I can see the snow falling for the first time in my life?

Behind me I hear forks and knives scratching the surface of gold-edged white Rosenthal china, just like Mama uses for special occasions at home.

Mrs. Goldman calls for my attention, asking me to join the guests who are beginning to clean everything off the table.

My stomach growls with hunger.

There is nothing left of the Thanksgiving feast. The turkey carcass is bare, its bones sticking-up like long match-sticks.

"Pardon, petite fille — tene le fromage." Mrs. Goldman hands me a small piece of cheese.

"Merci," au revoir Madam.

SOUFFLE, GREEN GODDESS AND SOUP

By Yolanda Fintor

Spring showers fall heavily against windows streaked with dust. These cool days arouse a longing for the aroma of soup simmering on the stove and cookies baking in the oven. Such cravings are a throwback to my childhood when Mom's soup, brimming with homemade noodles, pushed back the wet, sunless gloom. On this dark day there is no fighting the genetic programming that makes me head for the kitchen rather than the fireplace.

I reach for my jumble of recipes crunched together in a well-worn wooden box, its self-announced label faded to a shadow. It is time to re-acquaint myself with forgotten favorites, to sift out the space-takers, time-wasters and the just plain tasteless. I finger through the index cards, having eschewed a computer file. Many are dog-eared, yellow with age and stained by remnants of unrecognizable foods. Other cards are still white, virginal, full of promise.

It occurs to me that a collection of recipes can compare to a lifelong accumulation of friends. A smattering of recipes, like significant friends, are treasured and timeless. The combination of ingredients is just right when allowed to simmer unhurriedly to reach depth of flavor, as in marinara sauce or beef stew. Long-lasting friendships develop this way.

Mmm, this Green Goddess dressing is a classic from the 1960s. It's basic ingredients are accented with herbs. It became *the* salad dressing of the era and was included in almost every cookbook of the decade. I remember serving it for my first formal dinner party. As I recall, the meat entre was overdone but the salad brought raves.

I'll have to try it again. It's always good to revisit old friends.

What am I doing with this souffle recipe? No one in my family likes souffle. Too much air, not enough substance, they say. They liken this dish to an airhead friend who was about as interesting as a stalk of broccoli. That person is out of our

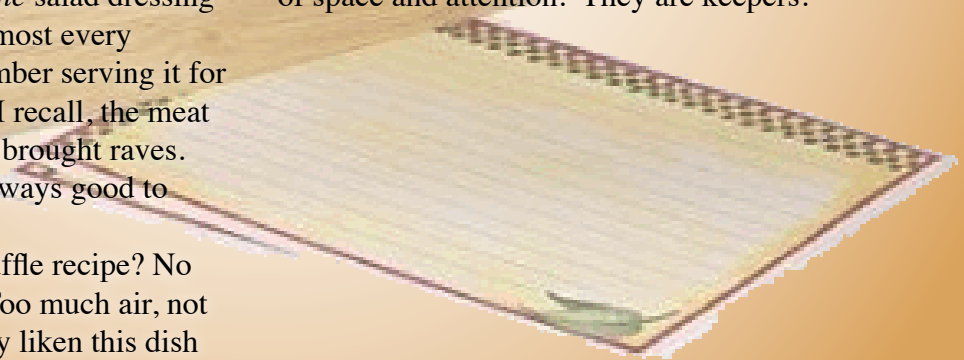
lives now and this recipe, also is on its way to oblivion.

Ah, here are my soup and stew recipes. I will keep all of these. Thick or thin, soups are dependable and hearty. Like true friends, they nourish the soul. I think of my friend Janis who was willing to fly 2,000 miles to be with me when my husband needed a quadruple bypass. Then there was the time my neighbors cooked meals for my family when I needed emergency surgery.

There are certain recipes a few of us keep trying to perfect. For me, it's the lemon meringue pie. No matter how beautifully the egg whites mound over the filling, once the pie is out of the oven, it slowly deflates as it cools down. One relationship I had did exactly that; it peaked to an exciting pitch, then shrank to a disappointing flat finish.

My favorite category is devoted entirely to chocolate-based recipes, mostly shared by family and friends: Margie's Walnut Brownies, Angie's Hot Fudge Sauce, Barbara's Chocolate Pecan Pie, Sue's Chocolate Chip Cookies, Mom's Devil's Food Cake, Grandma's Chocolate Angel Food Cake, and on and on. I have to agree with another chocolate lover who said, "There are four food groups: milk chocolate, dark chocolate, white chocolate and chocolate truffles."

This recipe box is bulging. Do I really need all these recipes? Don't a majority of them take up precious space? Definitely. But certain recipes, like certain people are worth any amount of space and attention. They are keepers!



Post-Thanksgiving Thought *Erica Stux*

*I was most diligent in feeling thankful
for a lavish meal, for the ability to lead
an active life with no major setbacks,
and for living in a lovely area
with mostly sunny skies.*

*Now, until next year's turkey day,
I feel free to grumble, gripe, and grouse
about every trivial disappointment.*



The Saved Hours Ray Malus

Where do the saved hours go?
To molder, like a "time withholding tax,"
in interest-free required Term Accounts
and, anxious, await for filings in the Fall,
when they will be repaid to us again?

Where do the saved hours go?
To languish with un-baptized Cath'lic babes
in Limbo, disconnected from the earth,
in barrenness, not heaven, neither hell,
eternally condemned and scorned by God?

Where do the saved hours go?
Far banished to some seedy summer camp
to vainly master useless arts and crafts,
excluded from the family barbecues,
from roisterous days and stinging sunburned
nights?

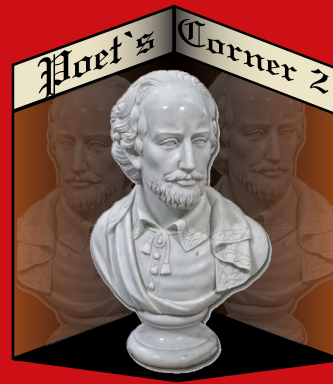
Where do the saved hours go?
To slave in some Dickensian stockade,
to earn release through months of servile
toil?
Or to be tutored in the arts of crime
To earn a paltry ladle-full of gruel?

Where do the saved hours go?
To sit, with snotty lips and tearful eyes,
in barren rooms in city shopping malls,
with all the missing children who have strayed
from guardians by glitzy sales seduced?

Where do the saved hours go?
To lurk with all the missing un-matched socks
and half-remembered dreams and nagging
guilts
that skitter in the woodwork in the dark,
and threaten as we cower in our beds?

Or do the saved hours dance
and caper with the other hours saved
like carnival confetti in the air
that sputs and darts on gigg'ling summer
winds,
and swoop where useful hours cannot go?

Oh no! The saved hours lie
like steaming compost strewn prolifically
on rows of nascent crops in sultry fields
that reeks on sultry summer afternoons.
'Cause Daylight Saving Time's a pile of crap.



***Tango
Lillian Rodich***

***night's arms
embrace dancers
and the Tango begins
music pulsing with
their heartbeats
imprisoned personalities***

***twist of her leg
locked to his
by a pointed patent pump.
swish of silk
and black lace caressing
cold alabaster limbs***

***an arrogant rose
attached to her polished helmet
a brittle chignon
motionless
in the syncopated rhythm***

***expressionless austerity dances
with haunting authority
personality struggling to be free
still imprisoned
by the violin's strings***



• The Bulletin Board •

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 Andrea Polk, VP-Membership, at the meeting entrance or e-mail andipolk4@gmail.com.

MEETINGS

ARE HELD AT 1:00 P.M.
ON THE 1st SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH

Katzenberg Pavilion, Motion Picture & Television Fund
23388 Mulholland Drive, Woodland Hills, CA 91364
(Directions & Map on last page)

UPCOMING MEETINGS

November 2nd, 1 p.m. — "Writing a Life; Promoting a Life"
December 7th, 1 p.m. — BOOK FAIR!!

Open Mic: 1:00 p.m. (Sign-ups start at 12:30)
Details on our website: CWC-SFV.ORG

Do YOU have a website?
Be the
'Member Website of the Month'!
Send your URL to:
cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com

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
cwc-sfv@roadrunner.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, Ray Malus, or to the President, Nance Crawford.

- 500 words or fewer
- 800 words or fewer
- Limited to 40 lines

Articles/Essays
Short Stories
Poetry

Submission deadline is the FIFTEENTH of the previous month. ("Beware the Ides....")

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.

BIRTHDAYS!

November

Judith Miller

Rita Keeley Brown

13th

21st

The Fine Print

San Fernando Valley Branch of California Writers Club meets at:

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

Directions:

From the 101 Freeway exit on Mulholland Drive South. Proceed to Steven Spielberg Drive and turn right into the campus.

(If questioned at the gate, tell the official that you are attending a CWC meeting.) At the 'T', turn left and follow the road to the large parking lot on the left for Villa Katzenberg.

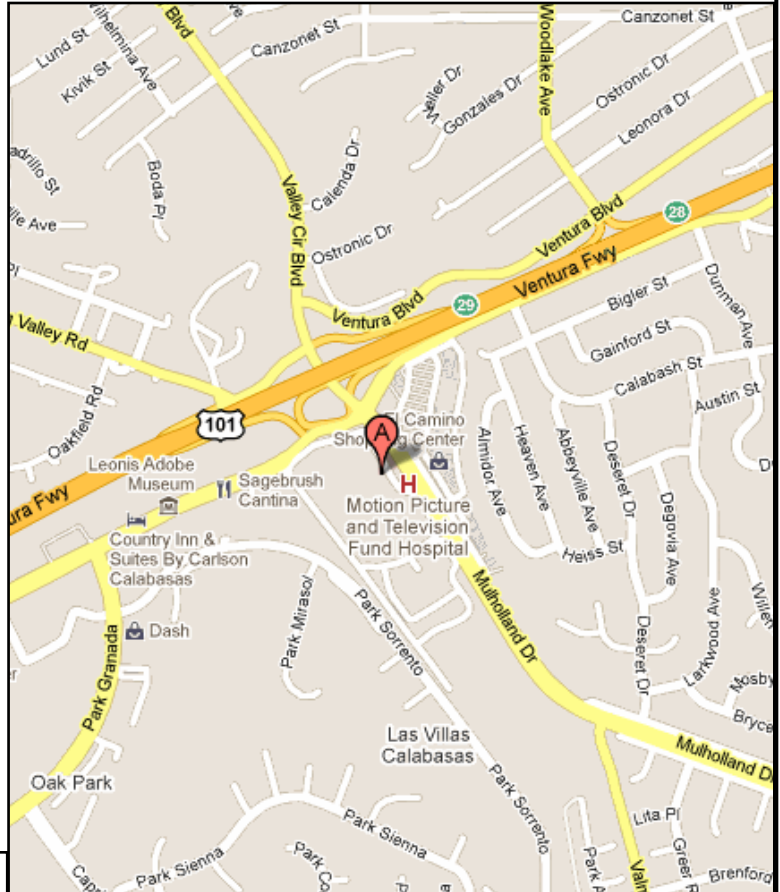
Parking is free in any of the lots.

(Please do NOT park on any of the streets.

You will be ticketed!)

Interactive maps at:

<http://cwc-sfv.org/Meetings/Location.php>



The Valley Scribe

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of
California Writers Club

is published monthly.

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

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California Writers Club San Fernando Valley Branch

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