



The Newsletter of The San Fernando Valley Branch

# The Valley Scribe

"Our Members' Voices"

Vol. 8

September, 2014

No. 2

## Next Meeting: September 6<sup>th</sup>, 1:00!

### September's Speaker

David Congalton  
Screenwriting and  
Chasing A Dream

David Congalton is a San Luis Obispo-based screenwriter, author, and radio talk show host. He wrote the script for the 2014 feature film comedy, *Authors Anonymous*, starring Kaley Cuoco, Chris Klein, and the late Dennis Farina.

A second screenplay *Seven Sisters* is currently in pre-production with director Danny Leiner and production is scheduled to begin later in 2014.

Congalton is also a popular radio talk show host on the Central Coast, currently in his 23rd year of broadcasting.

From 1994 to 2005, he served as director of the Central Coast Writers Conference at Cuesta College and has also been a newspaper columnist, published nonfiction author, and freelance magazine writer. □



(Click on title to jump to item)

**Next Meeting:**

**OPEN MIC!**

**Sign up for 5 minutes  
of FAME. 12:30 SHARP!**



**Doo-bee doo-bee DUES be due dis month.**  
Renew your membership!

Bring your \$45 to the  
Welcome Table at our  
September meeting,  
or

Mail your check to:  
CWC-SFV,  
9625 Fullbright Ave.,  
Chatsworth, CA 91311

Remember, members who renew AFTER SEPT 30, will be charged a \$20 reinstatement fee.

# OFFICIAL NOTICE

## Proposed Amendment to Branch By-laws

At our September sixth meeting, members will be asked to vote on two proposed amendments to our by-laws.

1. We would like to separate Elected board positions (President, Vice president, Secretary, Treasurer) from appointed ones (Directors and Chairs.)

### Moved that:

#### ARTICLE VI: OFFICERS

*Vice-President/Membership - Assists the President and assumes the duties of President in his or her absence. In the event the Vice President/Membership cannot or should fail to perform the duties of the President in his/her absence, then the Vice President/Programs shall assume those duties. Invites guests at meetings to become active members; receives, validates, and processes membership applications; provides copies of member information to all officers [ ... ]*

*Vice-President/Program Chair - Secures speakers for the monthly meetings and confirms engagements prior to the meetings; writes up a speaker column for the monthly newsletters; introduces the speaker at the meetings and confirms engagements[ ... ]*

### Be changed to:

*Vice-President — Assists the President and assumes the duties of President in his or her absence.*

*Membership Chair — Invites guests at meetings to become active members; receives, validates, and processes membership applications; provides copies of member information to all officers [ ... ]*

*Program Chair — Secures speakers for the monthly meetings and confirms engagements prior to the meetings; writes up a speaker column for the monthly newsletters; introduces the speaker at the meetings and confirms engagements [ ... ]*

### Moved that:

#### ARTICLE XI: QUORUM

### Be augmented by:

#### Section 4.

*Although a member may serve in multiple board positions, unless voting an additional member's proxy, the member counts as only one 'seat,' and casts only a single vote.*

**The San Fernando Valley Branch Board Of Directors unanimously recommends passage of these two amendments.**

*(Our By-laws state that:*

*Section 1: Amendment to these Bylaws shall require that the proposed amendment: (a) Be published in the branch newsletter no less than two (2) weeks prior to a regular scheduled meeting; and (b) Be submitted in writing as a motion, read at a regularly scheduled meeting, and be approved by a majority of the members present at the meeting.)*

*Click here to read our By-laws:*

<http://cwc-sfv.org/About/Bylaws.pdf>

## August Meeting

### MY COLLEAGUE, MY FRIEND! BY RAY MALUS



There seems to be a subtle movement afoot in CWC, and I welcome and applaud it: the recognition that we are more than book merchants and performers; we are colleagues, associates and friends.

At the Central Board level, there is now an Annual CWC Picnic (initiated by, then President, Bob Garfinkle) which accompanies the July meeting, and a Presidents' Reception (initiated by current President David George) which accompanies the January one. Neither of these are lavish affairs (Where does one go to find a good bacchanal, now-a-days?), but they are a strong affirmation that we are more than a 'commercial' association hell-bent to sell yet another copy of our latest dreadful. We are a group of creative people interested in sharing ideas techniques and experiences.

Quite spontaneously San Fernando Valley Branch has taken the same road with our, now traditional, Mid-summer Meet and Mingle Meeting. This is an August get-together with no other purpose than to let the members mix and get to know each other. There is no Speaker, no open mic, no business session, just camaraderie and friendship. (Yes, there were a few 'gunners' who felt that selling a copy or two of their latest was imperative. My opinion: If it will make that much of a difference in their yearly 'bottom line,' then I can tolerate the breach of etiquette.)

For the rest of us, it was a happy re-connecting time. The 'finger-food buffet' was bounteous. The punch was tangy and refreshing. (Who forgot to spike that stuff?!) We did kind of bend the 'no program' rule by showing a really entertaining 'Tour Of Our California Branches' Power Point presentation (which was donated by our State Secretary, Joyce Krieg), but the assemblage seemed to consider it a 'plus.'

September's meeting will be back to business as usual, with a speaker, Open Mic, announcements by our Board, yadda, yadda, yadda.

It's great stuff.

It's what we're here for.

But I'm certain part of me is gonna be looking forward to next August. --rm--



I WANT YOU...

AND  
SO  
DO  
WE

Want to hobnob with authors, editors and agents? Want to be the first to know what will be our schedule of programs? Want to earn the gratitude of all your fellow members?

Why not become our Program Chair.

It's no secret that our monthly programs are one of the prime benefits of membership in CWC. They're the focus of our meetings, and (besides the food) people's main reason for attending.

The Program Chair makes all this possible.

*"Secures speakers for the monthly meetings and confirms engagements prior to the meetings; writes up a speaker column for the monthly newsletters; introduces the speaker at the meetings; procures a gift and presents same after the presentation; follows up with a thank-you letter or email. Suggested qualifications. Outgoing demeanor, reliable, organizational skills, ability to interact with people easily, accountability."*

Is that you? Could it be you?

Rita Brown has done an excellent job for the past several years. We commend and thank her. But she has to get on with other concerns, and is retiring. We need someone to come in and make this essential job their own! Please consider serving in this capacity.

We also need a Public Relations Chair. Duties include writing and sending out a monthly press release about our club and its activities. Our P.R. Chair is one of the official "Voices Of CWC-SFV."

If either of these positions sounds interesting, please speak to any member of the Board.

**GET INVOLVED!!**

**DO IT NOW!!**

(Wanna know who does what at CWC-SFV?

Go to: [http://cwc-sfv.org/L\\_Ds/index.php](http://cwc-sfv.org/L_Ds/index.php))



## Creating Oomph in the Middle of a Novel

By Ethel Ann Shaffer

The middle of anything can be humdrum, such as the middle of the night, unless you have a nightmare or a happy dream; the middle of a comfortable romance, unless an argument occurs or an old flame shows up; the middle of a date, after the getting-to-know-you period has run its course and a decision is made whether to continue the relationship or snuggle up with a good book. Such is the dilemma of the middle of a novel, and why addressing the “unless factor” is so important.

Although much has been written about good beginnings and satisfying endings, clues to enhancing the middle of novels are seldom discussed. Why is that when middles are significant to the development of relationships and can change ho-hum to hmmm? Midstream is also a good time to examine relationships, add richness, or change the direction of the story in order to make it better.

Revealing a long-hidden secret about one of the characters, like an illness, a past love affair, a personality flaw, or some type of vulnerability can provide the energy needed to add the excitement that will make readers want to read on.

Complex characters do complex things, and none of them have to abide by rules. In real life, people step out of character all of the time, depending on their past experiences and their present expectations. Living people are not robots any more than characters in a novel have to be. We are all touchy, feeling individuals who do absurd things—and not always on impulse. Sometimes we just want to be daring. Making your characters step out of their defined roles in the middle of a novel just may provide the oomph that will turn your novel into a page-turner. □

### What The Heck Is A ‘Lit Cake?’

No, it’s not just a Birthday Cake with candles burning all over it.

No, it’s not a Baba au Rhum with enough booze to knock you flat on your kiester.

A ‘Lit Cake’ is a peculiarly CWC invention. It’s a cake decorated with a literary theme.

Each year, at the State CWC Picnic (which accompanies the July Central Board Meeting) we hold a Lit Cake Contest.

This years winner was Elaine Webster (CWC Marin), for her entry, “Moby Dick.”

Elaine took home kudos, a hundred clams, and our congratulations. □

*Elaine Webster  
and Moby Dick.  
If you squint it  
does look like  
a whale — but  
it tasted much  
better.*



### Oh Norman Molesko

Oh, she sez.

Hmm. I thought she said something.

I looked up at her in a quizzical way.

I was perplexed.

What did she actually say?

My thoughts became confused.

It’s not so simple

to understand her at times.

What did she mean by what she said?

Was she agreeing with me on some point?

Was she giving me information?

Did she remember something  
that she had forgotten?

Was she angry or happy with me?

Was she sighing or hurting?

Or was she saying NO to me?

Or YES to me about something?

Without my hearing aids on,  
I miss out on understanding things.

So I took the approach that  
she was talking to herself,  
or telling me some sweet nothings,  
since Oh can stand for the number zero,  
meaning nothing.



*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!*

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis IN 46202.

Phone: (317) 634-1100

E-mail: [editor@saturdayeveningpost.com](mailto:editor@saturdayeveningpost.com)

Website: [www.saturdayeveningpost.com](http://www.saturdayeveningpost.com)

“The Saturday Evening Post has forged a tradition of ‘forefront journalism.’ The Saturday Evening Post continues to stand at the journalistic forefront with its coverage of health, nutrition, and preventive medicine.”

Covers: Bimonthly general interest, family-oriented magazine focusing on lifestyle, physical fitness, and preventive medicine.

Established: 1728 [sic]. Simultaneous Submissions: Yes. Buys all rights. Circulation: 355,537. Byline given. Pays on publication. Queries accepted by mail, fax. Responds in 3 weeks to queries. Responds in 6 weeks to mss.

Publishes ms an average of 3 months after acceptance.

30% freelance written.

Submit seasonal material 4 months in advance.

#### **Nonfiction.**

Needs: how-to, gardening, home improvement, humor, interview, medical, health, fitness.

No political articles or articles containing sexual innuendo or hypersophistication.

Buys mss/year: 25

Submission Method: Send complete ms. Length: 1,000-2,500 words.

Pays \$25-400.

#### **Columns/Departments.**

Travel (destinations), Post Scripts (well-known humorists), Post People (activities of celebrities). Length 750-1,500.

Buys 16 mss/year. Pays \$150 minimum, negotiable maximum.

#### **Fiction — Query.**

**Poetry — Needs: light verse.**

**Fillers — Needs: anecdotes, short humor.**

Buys 200 mss/year. Length: 300 words. Pays \$15.

### CHICAGO REVIEW

Taft House, 935 E. 60th St., Chicago, IL 60637

E-mail: [chicago-review@uchicago.edu](mailto:chicago-review@uchicago.edu). Website: <http://humanities.uchicago.edu/orgs/review>.

**Contact:** Chalcey Wilding, managing editor.

Established: 1946. Simultaneous Submissions: Yes. Guidelines available on website. Queries accepted by mail, online submission form.

#### **Nonfiction.**

Needs: essays

Chicago Review publishes a wide range of critical essays, but does not typically consider memoir nonfiction.

Submission Method: Query before submitting nonfiction.

Length: “Chicago Review publishes reviews of varying lengths: from notes (150-500 words) to regular book reviews (800-1200 words) to review essays (1200-6000 words).”

#### **Fiction.**

“We will consider work in any literary style, but are typically less interested in traditional narrative approaches.”

Needs: experimental

Submit one short story or up to 5 short short stories submitted in one file. Submit via online submissions manager or postal mail. Prefers electronic submissions.

Length: no more than 5,000 words. Pays in contributor’s copies.

#### **Poetry.**

Submit via online submission form or postal mail. Include cover letter.

Length: no strict length requirements, but the poetry editors prefer to read at least 3 pages of work. Pays in contributor’s copies. □

### Kudos to Karen Gorback,

whose article titled,

“Headed for the Future -- A Boomer’s Guide to Returning to College.”

appeared in the Spring 2014 issue of the *Journal of Certified Senior Advisors*.

(<http://bit.ly/1zpq6Ow>)

Karen may be contacted at:

[karen@karengorback.com](mailto:karen@karengorback.com)



## Writing to the Right Brain

Ray Malus

### “... translucent ivory, blushed with coral.”

In using that phrase as the title, I’ve kind of given away the game. But it’s so pretty... Maybe if I digress a bit, you’ll forget it for a while.

In a previous column, I said vocabulary “... is more like a collection of socket wrenches and Allen keys.” That’s true. And the larger your collection, the better off you are.

I say that because I honestly believe no two words are exactly alike. I know the dictionary lists words as synonyms, but that doesn’t imply that they are identical, only that they *signify* the same thing. To the Left Brain they may be interchangeable; to the Right Brain, they are not.

Words carry far more than meaning. They carry nuance, and context. They have a cadence and a tone, and associations. ‘Red,’ ‘Ruddy,’ and ‘Rosy’ may all be synonyms, but they evoke different images and reactions.

Moreover, the context in which a word is used can change its meaning. When I say, “Things are looking rosy,” it has nothing to do with the color red.

Here’s a game for writers to play: How many ways can “he” “go” into a room?

He walked into the room.

He burst into the room.

He strode into the room.

He slunk into the room.

He sidled into the room.

He charged into the room.

He tiptoed into the room.

He moseyed into the room.

He sashayed into the room.

On and on and on...

The dictionary lists all these (and a lot more) as synonyms. And, to the Left Brain, they probably are equivalent. But to the Right Brain, they are very different. They evoke entirely different images and colors.

As writers, we are like pastel artists, mixing shades and nuance.

Notice I didn’t include, “He *ambulated* into the room.” That’s because chances are this phrase will not evoke an image. Why not? Because *ambulated* is not a familiar word. You probably know it (or can figure it out), but while you do it gets stuck in the Left Brain, and never gets to the Right Brain.

This is the dilemma we face. We have large vocabularies; they are our tool-kit. But we must tailor our words to our audience. I know writers who seem to revel in demonstrating their knowledge of arcane words. This is fine for non-fiction, but dangerous in narrative writing.

Ok. I’ve probably distracted you enough. Back to the title!

Earlier, I said, “Words carry far more than meaning. They carry nuance, and context. They have a cadence and a tone, and associations.”

Let’s suppose we’re describing the central woman character in your story. She is beautiful. The male protagonist adores her. The reader must see her through his eyes, and be just as enraptured.

In particular, we’re describing her skin, her complexion. It’s pale — with a hint of pink:

“Her skin was pale, with a hint of pink.”

Like it?

No. I didn’t think so. It’s just *awful*. The image (pale?) is weak... and the *sound* (“hint of pink”!?) is just revolting. Remember, you’re murmuring into your reader’s ear. This isn’t a murmur; it’s a ‘wet willy.’

First, let’s deal with that ‘pale’ part. We need a real image. I’ve often seen ‘alabaster’ used. It’s nice, but for me, it’s a mineral — cold, hard. I lean toward ‘ivory.’ It’s more organic, a little softer, and not quite as harshly white as marble.

But even ivory is a little hard; so let’s soften it a bit — kind of like smudging it with the tip of your finger. We’ll say, “translucent ivory.” I like that.

“Her skin was translucent ivory, with a hint of pink.”

Now that ‘pink’ thing. We have lots of choices here: “rose,” “wine,” “carmine,” ... I like “coral.” It says the right thing, and it *feels* good when you say it — kind of like a kiss.

“Her skin was translucent ivory, with a hint of coral.”

Well, I think we’d all agree that we’ve made progress.

But that “with a hint of” part still bothers me.

I chose to use “blushed with.” Here’s why:

First, it’s a verb. (Verbs are good!) Second, it’s a lovely image. Third, it not only describes her complexion, but the word ‘blush’ implies her vulnerability and modesty.

It also has a nice resonance with words like “lush” and “blessed.” (Really. This stuff *does* matter!)

In addition, it’s another ‘kiss’ word.

So now we have, “Her skin was translucent ivory, blushed with coral.” I don’t know about you, but I am *very* happy with that.

I know this may seem arduous to you. That’s because I’m taking the time to explain it. In practice, writers do this all the time, and it’s fairly automatic.

It’s also what separates the great ones from the great mass.

You decide: “... pale, with a hint of pink,” or, “... translucent ivory, blushed with coral.” —rm—

# Around The State

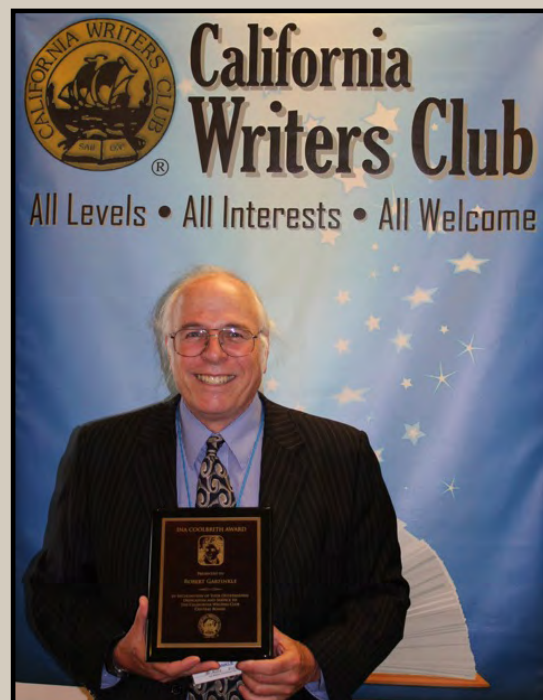


*The Ina Coolbrith Award*

## *Garfinkle Garners Coolbrith*

At our July Central Board meeting, Robert A. (Bob) Garfinkle was awarded the highest honor California Writers Club can bestow, The Ina Coolbrith Award. The award is given periodically, to "... honor a member for exemplary service to CWC and / or the Central Board." A long-time member of CWC, Bob is a co-founder of the Freemont Branch. He served

two terms as State president of our Club, and spearheaded the successful legal fight against the California Writers Coalition. However, it is as the founder of the California Writers Club Annual Picnic that Bob will always be most fondly remembered. Kudos and thanks for many jobs excellently done! □



*Bob Garfinkle with the award.*

## *Let It Be Recorded...*



### A COLLECTION OF MEMOIRS

BY THE ACADEMY FOR ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE

FROM THE  
HIGH DESERT BRANCH OF THE CALIFORNIA WRITERS CLUB

## **Memoir Project Rescues the Past for Future Generations**

**By Roberta Smith and Bob Isbill** *(Excerpted)*

*Apple Valley, CA* – History is lost every day when people pass away without recording the important events in their lives. With this in mind, the High Desert Branch of the California Writers Club initiated the Dorothy C. Blakely Memoir Project and many positive things occurred. Thirty-three high school students at the Academy for Academic Excellence received instruction in memoir writing. These young people connected with seniors and learned about events that were before their time. They fashioned what they learned into stories and afterward could call themselves authors. The result is a wonderful book titled "Let It Be Recorded . . . A Collection of Memoirs."

The book can be found on Amazon, or copies can be purchased by contacting the HDCWC at [hdcwc-web@yahoo.com](mailto:hdcwc-web@yahoo.com). Donations can also be made at that web site to help the HDCWC with this unique intergenerational project. □



## Small Friends

By Mary Freeman

Dawn revealed another sunny day and the sunbeams streaming through the window woke Beth. The tiny blue house reverberated with Daddy's snoring. Momma had left Beth's red plaid thermos filled with milk next to graham crackers wrapped in wax paper on the coffee table. Four-year-old Beth sat in front of the RCA television watching the Indian Chief test pattern with the volume turned off. She waited for the Indian to move like Chief Thunderthud on Howdy Doody.

A faint scritch noise came from the kitchen. Beth bravely investigated and saw the tiny creature staring at her from under the bright yellow and chrome kitchen chair. She got down, slowly crawled closer to get a better look and sat on the floor. The mouse did not scurry away but approached her hesitantly, his little nose and whiskers twitching in anticipation of the treasure in Beth's hand.

"Don't be scared. I won't hurt you. Do you want some?" She broke off a piece of cracker and dropped it. Both eyed each other for some time. The mouse quickly grabbed the morsel and disappeared under the stove. Beth heard footsteps approaching and scrambled back to the TV.

"Good morning sweetie. I see you found your snack. You are such a good girl for letting us sleep." Momma went into the kitchen to fix breakfast and the aroma of coffee percolating wafted through the house.

"How's the Boss this morning?" Daddy rushed past Beth not waiting for an answer. "Only toast and coffee. Have to leave early for a meeting. This tie?"

"It's my favorite tie." Momma stirred her coffee.

"Why does she sit in front of that television every morning? Nothing broadcasts until late afternoon."

"She's lonely. Too young for school and bored since she read all her books. I'll take her to the library later. Pot roast for dinner?"

"Sounds good." Daddy kissed the air and went out the back door.

"Howard! It's after us! Save us!"

He came running. Standing on a kitchen chair, screaming and pointing, Momma held Beth in her arms. Daddy grabbed the broom and swung bravely.

"It's okay Momma. He's such a tiny mouse." Beth pleaded, "Don't hurt him Daddy."

"There it is! Filthy and disgusting," Momma shouted as Daddy whirled and struck out with the broom again. Tiny nails scratched on the linoleum floor as the rodent made his escape.

"That G.D. mouse got away again! Well, I'll buy traps and catch that S.O.B if it's the last G.D. thing I do!" Daddy stomped out.

Every morning, Beth made her way into the kitchen grasping broken pieces of her graham cracker. He waited for her in the same spot where she found him the first time. Sitting on the floor she strew the crumbs in a line. Cautiously, the mouse snacked his way to her then sat on his haunches cleaning his whiskers. Their secret meetings had become their morning ritual and broke up as soon as they heard Momma coming.

Beth whispered, "This is our secret. Right Whiskers? Don't forget to stay away from those traps no matter how good the cheese smells. Uh oh here comes Momma. See you tomorrow." Whiskers scurried away and Beth ran to the couch picking up her book.

"How's the Boss this morning?" Daddy said on his way to the kitchen. "Mmmm coffee. The library was a good idea; at least she's not staring at the TV this morning. Did you check the traps? Never mind I'll do it tonight."

Momma smiled, "How does chicken sound for dinner?"

"Sounds good." Daddy kissed the air and went out the back door.

When Daddy arrived home from work, Beth was busy mixing mud pies in the backyard and putting them on the walkway to dry. "How's the Boss tonight?" Daddy said, as he opened the back door. She could hear Momma and Daddy's muffled voices in the kitchen.

"Eureka! I got him! That G.D mouse is no match for me." Daddy emerged from the house carrying the trap at arms-length, swiftly threw the mouse in the trashcan and slammed the lid.

"I'm the great white hunter," he announced as he went back inside.

Beth rinsed her hands in the water hose and quietly went to her room. She found a shoe box in her closet, lined the inside with her favorite dolly blanket and unobtrusively walked outside. Whiskers was stiff when she rescued his body and put him in his coffin. Her little fingers trembled as she dug in the dirt under the oleander. When she placed the box in the hole, tears filled her eyes and she sobbed in silence as she scooped the dirt to cover up the tiny grave. □



## My Sexy Computer — The APPLE of My Eye

Leslie Kaplan

He waits for me to “turn him on.” I watch him warming up. I love the way he says, “You’ve got mail,” (or is it “... male”?) He’s my lover these days and sometimes keeps me up very late at night.

Trying to entice him, I stare at his face, flirting shamelessly with the hope that he’ll help me create a masterpiece. I speak to him. “Dear Mac, tell me what to write today.”

He is silent. I love deep silent men ... sometimes, but not when I need help. He usually comes through for me just as I’m about to give up. In his own silent way, he eggs me on.

“Think, think, think!” My brain is on a trampoline going up and down, up and down. I concentrate hard.

“Okay! You’re starting to heat up! And so am I! I’ll just begin writing anything before you decide to turn out the lights and go to sleep leaving me unfulfilled and very frustrated. So here I go.”

*Once upon a time there lived a little girl in the city of brotherly love known as Philadelphia. She would look up at the sky and imagine that the cloud formations were of people or animals who have died and gone to heaven.*

*And she believed this with all her heart. When no one could hear her she would speak to them, the clouds that is. She once looked up and saw her Daddy lying down peacefully on a fluffy white cloud so she smiled up at him and said,*

*“Hello Daddy, you look happy resting in the sky on your marshmallow bed. I’m so happy to see. But ... I miss you so much!”*

*Sometimes she saw her bunny rabbit, Snowball, who ran away from home and never came back.*

*She would take her drawing book and sketch the cloud formations turning them into recognizable people and animals.*

“Mac, you did it again! It’s just a silly little childhood memory, but you have a way of looking at me long enough until something unplanned happens. Like a new baby. I just hope that next time we meet face to face, I can think of something more grown up to write about. Because when you say, ‘You’ve got mail,’ you really turn me on, making me feel ...”

“VERY SEXY!” \_ □



**Colorado Cloud Paintings**

Lillian Rodich

cloud shadows  
cool mountain slopes  
in August's warm dawn

clouds piled like snow  
gently cover young aspens  
on the Rockies' rim

rain air redolent  
with damp earth smells  
dark veils of moisture  
linger at dusk

nimbus clouds float  
like great gray parachutes  
down over the springs

cumulus clouds billow  
into a zoo of shapes  
constantly transforming  
the sky's landscape

lonely wisps of clouds  
drift like feathers  
suddenly abandoned within  
a vast canopy above us

~//~

sunlight polishes the blue  
into gleaming perfection  
trims clouds with silver  
or burns

through gray masses  
like smoke radiating  
into an endless dome  
smudging its perfection

~//~

blue paint white paint gray paint  
great blobs  
trails of feather wisps  
brush strokes in arcs  
skylscapes

**The Night Will Slip  
Away ...**Keyle Birnberg-  
Goldstein

The night will slip away ...  
Wearing clouds of silent-smoke  
Shrouding the trees in mystery

The night will slip away ...  
In circles ... going around over and under  
Playing hide and seek  
With the greens of grassy blades

The night will slip away ...  
In secret solitude  
like a vision well invented  
Of unknown magnitude

The night will slip away ...  
like a restless soul searcher  
Unlocking breezes of the mind  
Releasing the hinges of my scars  
Lost in the past without rhythm

The night will slip away ...  
Bruising dormant tangled flowers  
Stepping on lazy snails  
Feasting on temporal confusion

The night will slip away ...  
Naked, insolent, and rude  
Leaving behind a multitude of shadows-  
Misty gentle tears fall  
A reminder that nothing is permanent

And when dawn finally appears  
Bleaching the night with silver tears  
The night will slip away ...  
In the intense clutter of the unknown  
Soaking tops of mountains  
With unfinished mysteries  
A throbbing echo left behind ...



*Jesus And Me*  
Ray Malus

*"Do you know Jesus?" the young fellow asked, with a dazzling Colgate smile.  
"Well, I know 'about' Him...", I said; he said, "Sit down, friend, let's talk for a while."  
He told me how Jesus had befriended him, and now they both traveled around.  
And I couldn't see Him, 'cause I wasn't "saved," but Jesus was something he'd "found."*

*I told him about how, when I was a boy, I'd learned to love God from afar.  
That viewing our God, the Creator of all, as a 'buddy' struck me as bizarre.  
I told him the Gospel had told me to go, in modest seclusion, to pray.  
With pity, he looked at me, just shook his head, and sadly, he walked away.*

*That night, as I lay vainly trying to sleep, I wondered why God hated me.  
And how many times a man should be saved, before he was fit company  
for Jesus. I wondered why this three-piece suit of a Christian should treat me with scorn.  
And how I could possibly be a disciple of God, when I wasn't "Reborn."*

*I thought of Saint Paul and the vision he saw on that day at Damascus's gate.  
If Jesus would tell me the right road to take, I sure wouldn't hesitate.  
But there was no message, no vision, no email, and He never called on the phone.  
I prayed in the darkness as I'd been instructed, and Jesus just let me alone.*

*I figure He thinks that I'm doing Ok with Tradition and Scripture and Prayer.  
Perhaps there are people who have greater need, and He feels like He's better off there.  
Or maybe those people are having more fun, and maybe He thinks I'm too prim.  
So he "stays with the action," but hey, that's Ok. That's just my relation with him.*

*If Jesus should want me to be his best bud, I'd have no objection at all.  
(Though I wouldn't be much of a challenge for Him in 'one-on-one' basketball.)  
And, compared to the things that He's said and He's seen, I don't guess I have much to tell.  
But, if I wouldn't bore him or seem like a jerk, I think, as a 'bud,' He'd be swell.*

*And I told Him all that, and lots of things more, when I murmured my prayers in the night.  
"Hey Jesus, tomorrow, let's go to the beach, the surf'll be out of sight!"  
But He never did call, so I just read a book, and occasionally muttered a prayer.  
And stayed in the house for the rest of the day, (See, I thought He might look for me there).*

*And late in the evening, I reached the conclusion that maybe not "one size fits all."  
I realized, if Jesus wants me for a 'pal,' well, He knows that He just has to call.  
So until He does call me, I'll pray from a distance, and follow obediently.*

*And no grinning, Colgate-smile, three-piece disciple is any more holy than me!*



# 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](mailto:andipolk4@gmail.com).

## MEETINGS

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

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

## UPCOMING MEETINGS

September 6<sup>th</sup>, 1 p.m. — David Congalton  
Screenwriting and Chasing a Dream  
Open Mic: 1:00 p.m. (Sign-ups start at 12:30)  
Details on our website: [CWC-SFV.ORG](http://CWC-SFV.ORG)

Check out our writers on the  
**So-Cal Writers Showcase.**

<http://www.socalwritersshowcase.com/>

Do YOU have a website?  
Be the

'Member Website of the Month'!  
Send your URL to:

[cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com](mailto:cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com)

## This Month's BIRTHDAYS!

|                    |         |
|--------------------|---------|
| Dr. Gagik Melikyan | Sept. 3 |
| Leslie Kaplan      | Sept 17 |
| Sheila Moss        | Sept 21 |
| Colin Gallagher    | Sept 27 |

## 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](mailto: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
- 150 words or fewer

Articles/Essays  
Short Stories

Poetry  
Book Release Notices

Regular Features:  
Submissions:

Submission deadlines:  
TENTH of the previous month.  
FIFTEENTH of the previous month.

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

### 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.

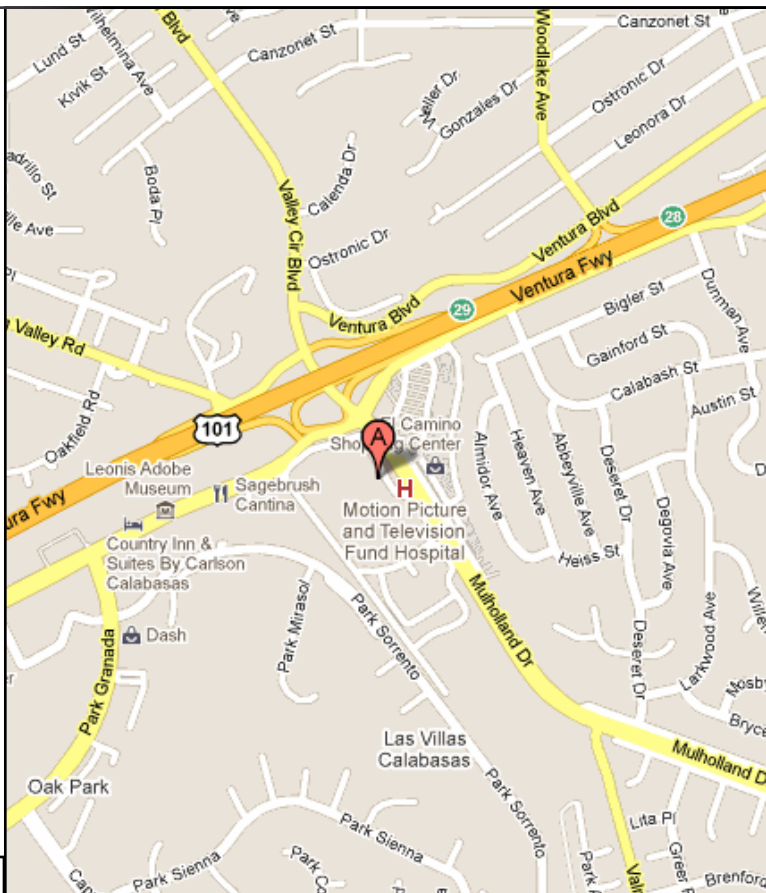
Parking is free in any of the lots.

(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

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(See Bulletin Board: "SUBMISSIONS")

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[Ray Malus](#)

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LOTS of great information at our

Website:

[www.cwc-sfv.org](http://www.cwc-sfv.org)