



The Newsletter of The San Fernando Valley Branch

The Valley Scribe



Vol. 8

"Our Members' Voices"

November, 2014

No. 4

Next Meeting: November 1st, 1:00!



November's Speaker Catherine Pelonero Writing the Nonfiction Book: How to Write and Sell a True Story.

Catherine Pelonero is an author and playwright whose work has been produced across the United States, Canada and the United Kingdom. Pelonero is originally from Buffalo, New York, where she studied playwriting with Emanuel Fried. Her plays include *Family Names* and *Awesome Ghosts of Ontario* -- both published by Samuel French -- and the absurd comedy, *Another Effing Family Drama*, selected for Best of the Fringe at the 2011 Hollywood Fringe Festival. Other works have been finalists for the Heideman Award, the New Century Writer Award, and the Chesterfield Writers Film Project.

Kitty Genovese: A True Account of a Public Murder and its Private Consequences is her first nonfiction book. Published in March by Skyhorse, it recently landed her on Amazon's list of Top Ten Most Popular Authors in Biography and Memoir (Amazon Author Rank, September 7, 2014.) Pelonero spent six years researching the facts and personalities at the heart of the story. Written as a narrative, the book gives a personal, in depth look at the life of Kitty Genovese and a full account of the events, aftermath, and lasting legacy of this iconic murder case.

Catherine Pelonero is a member of the Dramatists Guild, the Actors Studio Playwrights & Directors Unit, and a Vice Chair of the Alliance of Los Angeles Playwrights (ALAP). She lives in Los Angeles with her husband, hockey broadcaster Josh Brewster, and their two sons.

At our November meeting, Pelonero will discuss the entire process of writing a true story: from concept to book proposal, pitching publishers to the actual writing of the book, as well as post-publication marketing and ongoing publicity.

Find out more about Catherine Pelonero at:

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4131760.Catherine_Pelonero

In This Issue

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(Click on title to jump to item)



**Daylight Savings Time
ends on November 2nd.
Set clocks back 1 hr!**

**Next Meeting:
OPEN MIC!**

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

October Review

Bernard Selling

by Ray Malus

If you go to the movies, you are, no doubt, familiar with “Movie Previews.” You know, those montages of short snippets from a soon-to-be-released film which are designed to make you want to see the actual movie. Watching an hour’s presentation by Bernard Selling is a lot like watching a Preview of... Bernard Selling.

Selling is a complex and intelligent man. His usual relationships with his audiences tend to be long-term — with Selling playing the role of teacher, coach or guru. In those settings there is a lot of time and latitude, so it is understandable that his talk was a bit ‘free-form’.

‘On stage’, Mr. Selling seems to be just about what he is ‘off stage’: charming, assured, knowledgeable. He started off with some background on himself and the several books he has for sale. (There is a very attractive offer at the end of this review.)

Then he stated some principles about writing:

“Academic writing is very different from creative writing.”

“Don’t write from your brain; write from your heart.”

“College graduates already have a strike against them, when it comes to creative writing.” (A trifle hyperbolic perhaps, but the point is well taken.)

The overall theme was a critique of orthodoxy: “Don’t write ‘right’; write ‘well.’”

There was some really valuable advice:

“Learn to be in touch with your sub-conscious, when you write.”

“Let your characters write their own story.”

“Every character has a set of characteristics to get him through life.”

Next, Selling moved into a kind of ‘clinic’ on the subject of ‘re-writing’, inviting questions from the audience.

Now, anyone who has done public speaking knows this is a risky gambit. Mr. Selling handled this exceptionally well, totally controlling the flow of information (even in the face of several audience members who insisted on *contributing*), ducking comments, and fielding legitimate questions with aplomb.

The problem here is that, even when he was



President's Message Nance Crawford

November is National Novel Writing Month; that’s “NaNoWriMo,” to the cognoscenti, of whom I was not one until my copy of *Writer’s Digest* arrived a couple of weeks ago. Now, of course, I (for the next ten minutes, at least) am an expert on the subject, having avidly slurped down the pertinent facts: a 50,000 word work of fiction can be produced in thirty days, at an average number of 1,666.66 words a day (don’t know about you, but that particular number gives me a chill that is entirely appropriate as I write this, in the month of October, so I guess I’m ahead of the game). At 250 words a page (old-fashioned manuscript style, double-spaced lines, of course), That’s 6.66 pages a day. Truly creepy, folks.

This is happening right under our noses. Close to half a million people sign up to participate in this marathon, including kids and teens. It’s a non-profit venture with on-line forums, pep talks from famous authors, “word sprinting” on Twitter and, “live write-ins organized by NaNo’s 651 Municipal Liaisons in communities around the globe,” to quote from my well-abused copy of *Writer’s Digest*. Of course, they’ve cleaned up the facts a little, claiming the event requires 1,667 words a day – but, I actually own a calculator and it did the real math. That many repetitions of “6” screams the necessity of a deskful of sanctified objects before attempting to participate. Of course, my computer, alone, would do the trick. I’ve blessed it out, often enough.

It sounds like an interesting idea, if I weren’t in the middle of recording *Dragon Solstice* for the holiday market via Audible, Amazon’s recorded books arm, while trying to finish the two final essays for *King’s Games: A Memoir of Richard III*, also for the holiday market (which actually started this week, at Costco).

I’m hanging onto the magazine and giving serious thought to taping it into my next year’s calendar. I’ve book marked www.NaNoWriMo.org, while checking it out. Now I’m exhausted.

Frankly, the idea of having to write 1,666... words before, or while cooking, a turkey dinner, much less after attempting to rise from the table to do the dishes, strikes me as being just a tad masochistic in the extreme.

Happy Bird Day! ☐

[Selling \(from pg2.\)](#)

answering a legitimate question about a member's writing, it was one-on-one, leaving the rest of the audience feeling a trifle 'voyeuristic'.

As if sensing this, Selling quickly moved into a free-form exposition of honestly fascinating topics, opinions and examples. (Here, my notes seem to turn into a very excited EKG and eventually flat-line.) If memory serves me, he discussed symbols in writing and film, and similarities in the crafts of acting, directing and writing.

As I have said, off stage and on, Bernard Selling is a charming and affable man. We chatted before the presentation. I told him that, by coincidence, he had been our speaker in October of 2010. On both occasions it was an hour well-spent. □

Bernard Selling has a new book available (in electronic format), *BLOODLETTING at the CREATIVE CORRAL, Rewriting Fiction and Creative Non-Fiction Stories*. E-copies are available by sending an email to bsell1@earthlink.net, and a check for \$4.00 to B. Selling, Box 1543, Topanga, CA 90290.



Sherry Lynn Harris's book *Adapting to Alzheimer's* is being released in November. It conveys a moving tribute to the loving bond between parent and child as she and her mother support one another through 18 years of Alzheimer's disease. She details immediately useful advice as

someone who has been there and knows from experience how to support a loved one through the various stages of the disease. Innovative ideas and true-life examples offer guidance and reassurance and also describe how the caregiver can support themselves throughout.

Andrea Gallagher, President of Senior Concerns said "Adapting to Alzheimer's is a must-have for anyone caring for a loved one with dementia. She offers hope and inspiration. Beautifully written, tremendously practical." Alzheimer's caregiver Ron Pellet commented "In this remarkable book, Sherry Harris takes the reader on a gripping, emotional journey. **It's truly the ultimate survival guide.**"

E-book also available, rated five stars at amazon.com.

R.I.P., My Kitty

Douglas William Douglas

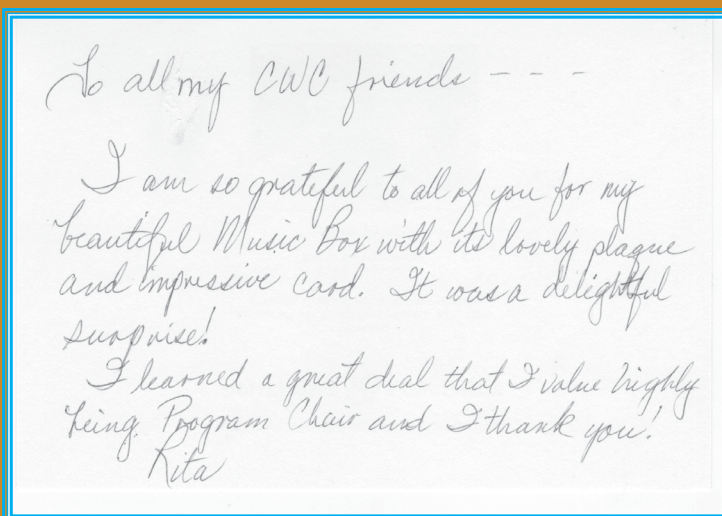
It began with a dream. Or a nightmare. I was standing in the street in front of my house. My kitty lay there looking up at me, meowing plaintively. Only her head was intact. Her body was squashed flat.

I woke up crying. I've never had that dream again, thankfully. It begs credibility anyway, since Luna never goes outside. Well, rarely. A few times I've let her roam the backyard while I sit on the patio, reading. She peaks her pretty calico head out the sliding screen door, then creeps, tentatively poking about, sniffing then chewing on a few plants. And then she runs inside and barfs on the living room carpet. Every time. You can wager a hundred dollars on it. A thousand.

The day after my dream, I was walking along Chatsworth Street near Encino Avenue when I spied a large, fluffy black cat curled up comfortably on the sidewalk, its head resting on its paws. I went over to pet it. It didn't move. It was dead. No blood, no gore, no visible injury. Just cold and still and peaceful there on the hot concrete. I was certain I'd awaken. But it was all too real. So I cried. Right there on that busy street, cars whizzing by.

I never called to have it picked up. I didn't want the poor thing's humans to forever worry and wonder what happened to their kitty. Never again would she jump up onto their lap begging for a jowl rub, or snuggle next to them in bed on a cold night, or stand on her little hind legs as her dish of Friskies Salmon Dinner, her favorite, is set down onto her sheet of newspaper. Every night at 5:30, they'll wonder, just for a moment, 'Where's kitty? Why isn't she meowing for her dinner?' Then they'll remember. And they'll cry. □

A Thank You From Rita





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 GRIFFIN

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"Published by Gwynedd Mercy University, The Griffin is a literary journal for the creative writer—subscribing to the belief that improving the human condition requires dedication to and respect for the individual and the community. We seek, therefore, works which explore universal qualities—truth, justice, integrity, compassion, mercy..." Publishes poetry, short stories, short plays, and reflections.

Established: 1999. Simultaneous Submissions: Yes. Guidelines available on website. Does not buy rights. Byline given. No payment. Writer can add publication to his/her cv.

Queries accepted by mail, e-mail. Sample copy available on website. Responds in 9 months to ms. Publishes an average of 12 months after acceptance. 50% freelance written.

Nonfiction

Needs: essays, general interest, historical, humor, inspirational, nostalgic, personal experience, religious, travel. Theme must reflect universal experience.

Submit complete ms via e-mail or on disk with a hard copy. Include short author bio.

Length: up to 2,500 words. Does not provide payment.

Fiction

All genres considered.

Needs: adventure, confessions, ethnic, experimental, fantasy, humorous, mystery, novel excerpts, religious, romance, science fiction, short stories, slice-of-life vignettes, suspense, short short stories.

Does not want: No slashers, graphic violence, or sex, however.

Submit complete ms via e-mail or on disk with a hard copy. Include short author bio.

Length: up to 2,500 words.

Poetry

Any style of well-crafted verse considered. Submit complete poems via e-mail or on disk with a hard copy.

Include short author bio.

Needs: avant-garde, free verse, haiku, light verse, traditional.

Max Number of Poems: 7. Length: between 3-35 lines.

THE HELIX

Central Connecticut State University English Dept.

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Contact: Collin Q. Glasow, Editor-in-Chief; Ashley Gravel, managing editor.

"The Helix is a Central Connecticut State University publication, and it puts out an issue every semester. It accepts submissions from all over the globe. The magazine features writing from CCSU students, writing from the Hartford County community, and an array of submissions from all over the world. The magazine publishes multiple genres of literature and art including: poetry, fiction, drama, nonfiction, paintings, photography, watercolor, collage, stencil, and computer-generated artwork. It is a student-run publication, and is funded by the university. Payment for all accepted submissions is a copy of The Helix. Visit helixmagazine.org/submit for complete information about submitting to The Helix. If you do not submit according to our guidelines, we will not consider your piece, but will instead ask you to resubmit your piece correctly. We only accept submissions through our submission manager, which can be found at the link above. For prose, the word limit is 3,000 words. We are not looking for any specific type of writing, but we still require quality work. To submit artwork, send all art to arthelixmag@gmail.com"

Queries accepted by e-mail

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Fiction

Literary. Send SASE for reply, return of ms or send a disposable copy of ms.

Pays 2 contributor's copies of current issue, 1 of subsequent issue.

Poetry

Open as to form and style, and to translations. Does not want to see anything "bland or formally clunky." Has published poetry by Brenda Marie Osbey, Geri Doran, Dennis Brutus, and Carole Satyamurti. Submit up to 6 poems at a time.

synchronicity: *the simultaneous occurrence of events that appear significantly related but have no discernible causal connection.*

I had finished this month's 'Right Brain' column, when I received some really great material from Dave Wetterberg. (Which we will print in installments) It so happened that some of our statements were quite divergent. Rather than create the impression that either piece was rebuttal, I am printing them both simultaneously. I believe they both have value, and truth. You may choose either course, or set your own.

Writing to the Right Brain

Ray Malus

The Voice On The Page

I have written many times, "When you write a story, you want to talk directly into your reader's ear." Always bear that in mind.

But if that is true, how do you represent that voice to the reader?

Note the way people relate stories. Pay attention at parties. Listen at Open Mics. Think about how media personalities and newscasters deal with story-telling.

What makes some of them more effective than others? The real 'standouts' are using more than the words on the page. They are using tone of voice, inflection. Most of all tempo. You must do the same.

You may well ask, "How can I control the speed at which my reader reads?"

Actually, there are several ways, and you should use them all.

The primary one, of course, is punctuation. Read the previous sentence, aloud. Notice the way you automatically paused at the commas. There is a whole family of these punctuation marks that provides the same service to a greater or lesser degree.

(This is where I, most often, run afoul of editors. They insist that there are strict rules for punctuation, and that we follow them. I maintain that, "Punctuation is there to serve the writer, not the other way around.")

Years ago, I would occasionally do 'voice-over' narrations. When you do these, "time is money," and re-takes are anathema. You need to read your copy correctly and meaningfully the first time.

If you ever get a chance to see a 'used' script (one which has been read from in a session), you will see that it is covered with extra punctuation and marks, which were penciled in by the reader. (There is no standard. Each reader/actor has his own system.)

So there I was, spending my whole day putting punctuation into a script to give it meaning, and my whole evening taking punctuation out of a manuscript, because some editor insisted I doggedly follow a rule parroted to him when he was a child by some spinster schoolmarm.

The paradox was absurd, and I decided to follow my own instincts and try to "put my voice on the page." I notice that more and more writers are making the same decision.

So what is this 'family' of punctuation? Well, it includes the comma (,), semi-colon (;), em-dash (—), and

Review and Refresh

Dave Wetterberg

Capitalization --- When? When Not?

When a word is used to refer to a member of a class larger than itself, the word is not capitalized. These words are usually preceded by possessive pronouns like a, an, the, my, his, her, their.

My mother (class = mothers)

the colonel (class = colonels)

their father (fathers)

the president of our club (presidents)

When one of these is used with a name that is normally capitalized, it is capitalized also because it is considered part of the name.

Mother Teresa

Colonel Whipple

Father Briggs

President Obama

President, when it refers to the President of the United States, however, is always capitalized.

We waited for the President's speech.

When a relative is described as one of a class of uncles, aunts, mothers, etc., the word is not capitalized.

My favorite uncle dropped in yesterday.

When the relative's name is used with the relationship, both are capitalized.

My Uncle Jim always gives the kids five dollars whenever he comes over.

When the same word is used in direct address in place of the proper name, the word is capitalized.

When are you coming outside to join us, Colonel?

The Comma --- Part One

Note: Let's get it straight. There is no rule that says you insert a comma somewhere within a sentence because of some vague notion that a comma belongs there. And there is no rule that says you insert a comma because you can feel a "hesitation" in the sentence. And there is no rule that says that when you're in doubt, plug a comma in "just to play it safe." (On the contrary, whenever you're in doubt, leave the comma out. You'll be right more times than you're wrong. I guarantee it.)

'Brain' cont'd from pg 5.

parentheses (Heck, you know what these look like); and the period (.), and paragraph mark.

Now, you probably have never thought of these marks as controlling tempo, but that's exactly what they do. Even just physically, they break the steady march of words, and make you pause.

Of course, they also have an agreed-upon significance syntactically. But don't overlook their usefulness as tempo 'breaks'.

There is a hierarchy to these marks. It has some flexibility, but usually they are used in the order I listed, shortest to longest. Each writer must make his own decision as to how they are used, but it should be consistent throughout the entire work.

Obviously, one shouldn't just scatter commas all over the place, but not because of some arbitrary rule. It's because these marks do, slow, things, down. (See what I mean?) You will often find yourself removing earlier punctuation because it dilutes a pause later in the sentence.

The period is self-explanatory. You've expressed a complete thought. But how long or complicated is that thought? In general, long, complex sentences give a feeling of 'slowness', while short, choppy ones give a feeling of speed.

It has even become common to use [gulp] incomplete sentences.

Paragraph marks really put on the brakes. The orthodox reason for starting a new paragraph is; "...there is a change in time or place in the passage, or if different people are introduced."

But paragraphs are also major breaks in tempo. See?

Commas, em-dashes and parentheses are also indicators of 'tone'. They set-off parenthetical sections. These are used to indicate that the delineated part (the thing between the marks) is really outside of the main thought. Read that last sentence aloud, and notice how your tone changed.

The same is true of 'scare quotes', those single quotes that are used so often lately. They indicate that the word or phrase is being used in other than its usual way — kind of like the speaker wiggling two fingers to indicate "quote."

Lastly, your narrative can dictate tempo. Suppose you want to indicate the passage of time:

Frank and Ellie gazed mutely at each other for several minutes. Finally Ellie could contain herself no longer.

That's fine. But it's far better to actually use up some of that time so the reader feels the pause.

Frank and Ellie gazed mutely at each other for several minutes.

Outside the diner, cars honked, people got rich — or poor, and Earth continued its journey around the Sun.

Finally Ellie could contain herself no longer.

The best way to use all this? Read your work aloud! To a third person. At Open Mic. Take your voice off the page, and see what it sounds like ...in your reader's ear!-rm-

'Refresh' cont'd from pg 5.

The Comma with Items in a Series Something New ... NOT!

Put a comma before each item in a series when the series has more than two items.

The only dissenters of the plan were Bill Murphy, Al Newman, and Mark Kitahara.

Some would say leave the last comma out, that this rule has changed, that it should be:

The only dissenters were Bill Murphy, Al Newman and Mark Kitahara.

I don't know where this notion came from. I have five composition textbooks in my personal library, including Strunk's Elements of Style, that rule that the comma goes there.

The Comma and the Appositive

An appositive is a word or a word group placed after a noun that identifies or supplements the noun.

Commas are necessary to set off an appositive. ("Set off" means one before and one after.)

I haven't seen Tillie and Barbara, two of my closest college chums, since 1977.

In some cases commas are not necessary when the proper name comes first and the appositive shows a close relationship.

My brother Bob and my sister Sue are in the Air Force.

A reverse order would call for commas, however.

Bob, my brother, and Sue, my sister, are in the Air Force.

The Comma in the Compound Sentence

The conjunctions and, but, or, for, nor, so, and yet are the only words that can join sentences together correctly. When they do, a comma before the conjunction is necessary.

The car raced off after the shooting, but a bystander got the license number.

If the compound sentence is a short one, the commas may be left out.

The dog barked and Melissa screamed.

Sometimes the pronoun 'it' is confused with a conjunction and is used incorrectly as a conjunction.

He looked down at the map, it was drenched. (incorrect)

The following are examples of the pronoun 'it' used correctly in the same situation:

He looked down at the map, but it was drenched.

He looked down at the map. It was drenched.

He looked down at the map; it was drenched. □

Definitions from JRK

Illegiterati (pl.)
noun

the bastards that rejected my manuscript!

Singular: *Illegiteratus*

. (See also: *Ediots*)

Fear and Safety

Keyle Birnberg

It's Sunday, a special day when Grandfather comes to visit, his hand in his back pocket intending to hide the surprise he always brings for me. This time *grand-pe're* gives me a shiny old coin.

"Keep it always within your reach," He says. "If you are afraid, rubbing the coin between your fingers will chase away the darkness of the night and you will not fear what you don't understand".

I keep the velvet box with Grandfather's coin next to my notebook and pen at all times. When sleep eludes me, I search in the dark. Touching the coin makes me feel safe,

I see the black night sliding outside my bedroom-door advancing toward my bed. I feel the fear circling around me, and something or someone is lurking in the shadows... making my body shake with anxiety. But I know it's the wind that makes my trees shake. Naked branches knock loudly on the glass windowpanes. Shaking with fear I cover my head with Dad's heavy 'eiderdown' quilt, trapping the fear in the dark space inside.

My hand trembles. Slowly I grope the space near the night lamp. I reach for Grandfather's coin, rubbing the crest with my thumb. It feels warm and safety returns to guard my disturbing dreams. In one of my dreams I see Grandfather having a glass of Earl Gray tea in the kitchen — his lips pursed into a circle, blowing the hot steam like a transparent see-through veil of gray, a cube of sugar between his teeth.

Now, evil has changed the world we used to know, but dreaming is free.

I can still dream that... I'm safe where I live, that my space is calm, and pretend that wars do not exist... That people of different shapes and skin shades still connect with mutual respect letting all voices mingle in harmony despite hate, sarcasm and irony.

I dream that I can hear dialog between the stars where space is flexible and forms connect with exceptional finesse.

I can dream of a world where nuclear dust does not fall tinting my hair red, or blinding my eyes with floating human cells.

God created mobility of galaxies, connecting forms with perfection, where planets meet on the other side of time celebrating celestial mysteries. I dream that from a safe distance I can hear dialog between the stars where space is flexible and everything connects with the seasons.

I still search for my dream but all I find is a cold whisper sobbing the passing of a somber puff in the cruel silence of the night.

I stretch my hands up to touch the space in heaven where God once lived, but all I find is a dark space between my blankets, keeping my chills away. I hear the scratch, scratch on my window panes; it is the wind, rude, uninvited and cold, waking me up from a distant freeze dressed in snow-white transparent bundles.

I sit up holding Grandfather's coin in a tight fist, not letting the gold of safety tarnish with sadness. I open my hand to discover that the coin is not gold anymore...but slippery silver-like greenish metal with values and powers unknown. □



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 are they 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 umber compost spread abundantly
on rows of nascent corn in sultry fields
that reeks on steamy summer afternoons.
'Cause Daylight Saving Time's a *pile of crap*.

I have printed *The
Saved Hours* be-
fore, (Think of it as
my 'seasonal hit'.)
... and yet we still
have DST.
I try.



I MUST CONTROL MY STRESSES

Norman Molesko

My mind becomes active
in a twinkling of a second.
Roaring, explosive.

Thoughts flow.
Emotions race on.
Ideas go wild.

I can't wait
Can't hesitate.
Can't slow down.

Need to be energized now,
to be effective now.
So much yet to be done.

Becoming impatient.
Fighting against time.
So much yet to be done.

Here and there pings in my chest.
Neural sensations in my arms.
I listen to these stresses in my body.

Now I don't care about what
I was thinking had to be done.
I require a mid-course correction.

I will intentionally slow down
to a lifestyle I can easily manage.
I will immediately moderate my pace.



The Pumpkin Patch
Lillian Rodich

chill shakes us and mixes with laughter
Courtne Alexis and I crunch through dried grass
and open our mouths to the wind

pumpkins roll in the sawdust
their orange faces grooved and scarred
topped by jaunty green caps

*I want that little baby one,
just as big as my hand. Courtne chants
then I want THAT one!*
and I see a candy-smeared face
peeking around a sixty pound giant
I want THAT one!

bells ring
tinkling silver bells
we look over toward mushrooms of dust
where Indians pound out their rhythm
on beaded drums
as they begin to dance

their chant beckons us to join them
eagerly we do
Alexis Courtne and I skip into the circle
Courtne's face is painted
a bright feather quivers in her hair
while the drum rhythm captures us
and we move into the dance

pumpkins roll in the wind
and we hop over little ones
while our dancing circle grows larger
the steps are simple
stamp walk walk stamp walk

and we turn

toward the hot apple cider
toward stacks of corn stalks
toward a sea of pumpkins
alive and glowing
rippling in the wind

then we look up
at a purple and gold sky
diamonds shining in the dusk
and there
in the middle
the largest round orange pumpkin
of them all

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

December 6th, 1 p.m. — TBA
David Stifel — Producing Your Own Audio Book
Open Mic: 1:00 p.m. (Sign-ups start at 12:30)
Details on our website: 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

This Month's BIRTHDAYS!

Judith Miller

Rita Keeley Brown Nov. 13

Nov. 21

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.

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.

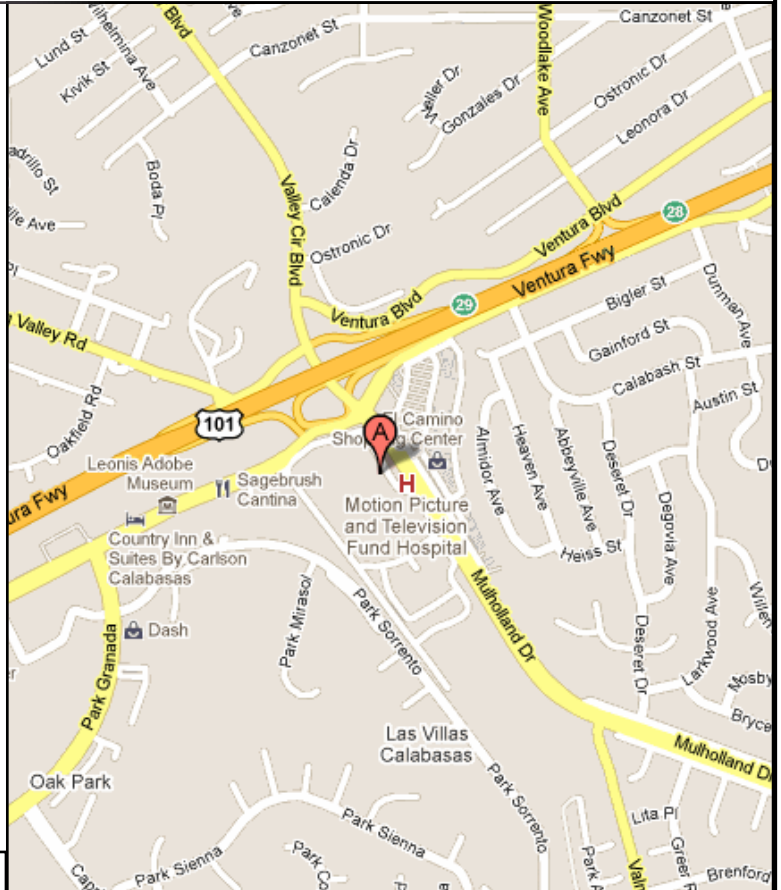
Parking is free in any of the lots.

(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

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

is published monthly.

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

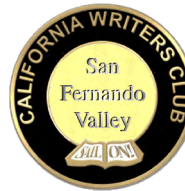
Editor

[Ray Malus](#)

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Columnists	Nance Crawford, Ray Malus
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California Writers Club San Fernando Valley Branch

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LOTS of great information at our

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www.cwc-sfv.org