

The Newsletter of The San Fernando Valley Branch

# The Valley Scribe

"Our Members' Voices"



Vol. 8

June, 2015

No. 11

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

### June's Program

Deborah Edler Brown

*"The Freedom to Write Badly"*

(by the Speaker)

You gain strength, courage, and confidence," said Eleanor Roosevelt, "by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face....You must do the

thing you think you cannot do."

Good advice. But Deborah Edler Brown, our guest speaker for June, takes it a step further. "You must do the thing you don't want to do," she says. "And that is to write badly. Unless you risk writing badly, you can never surprise yourself with brilliance." It is this concept, "The Freedom to Write Badly," which she will address at our June 6th meeting.

Deborah is an award-winning poet and journalist, performer and storyteller, author and teacher. Her work has appeared in a number of anthologies and journals. She was a long-time reporter for *Time* magazine and is co-author of *Grandparents as Parents: A Survival Guide to Raising a Second Family*. Deborah was also the 1997 Head-to-Head Haiku Champion and a member of the 1998 Los Angeles National Poetry Slam Team. She was the 2005 recipient of *Kalliope's* Sue Saniel Elkind poetry prize and a nominee for the 2013 Pushcart Prize in Fiction. Deborah teaches private writing workshops in West Los Angeles and online.

"The Freedom to Write Badly," is a subject Brown feels very strongly about. Come join us and hear why! □

(For more, visit [deborahedlerbrown.com](http://deborahedlerbrown.com))

Next Meeting:

OPEN MIC!

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

## It's Not Too Early To Renew



Bring your check for \$45 to our June Meeting!  
'Early Birds' get better seats!

### In This Issue

Feature

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## May Review — Gayle Pool

by Ray Malus



Gayle Pool glowered into our meeting room like a Cosa Nostra enforcer. She wore trouble like a blood-spattered trench coat. Her obsidian shades couldn't hide an icy glare that could freeze two fingers of 'Jack' into bourbon sherbet.

Nah. That didn't happen! That's Gayle's *writing* persona. In person, she is more like a (rather tall) pixie — a smiling strawberry blond whose glasses are literally rose-colored.

This is the essence of "Writer as Character."

Upbeat, cheerful, and very insightful, she is an engrossing speaker who managed to make Aristotle's *The Poetics* seem as comfortable as a friend's email.

As writers, many of us seem to consider novels and screenplays 'respectable', while relegating the short story to 'eat at the card table'. Not so with Pool. She puts short stories at main table — right at the head. She is devoted to them.

She considers a novel a 'meal', and a short story an hors d'oeuvre — both fully nutritious and appealing, different only in size. She refers to 'shorts' as "day trips." Moreover, she points out, most television shows are, in fact, short stories.

To make her case, she draws on *The Poetics*.

Stories are made up of five balanced elements.

1. Plot
2. Characters
3. Setting
4. Dialogue
5. Meaning

**Plot.** (Construct a 'logline' — a short, one- or two-sentence summary of your story.)

Plot is everything.

*The perfect plot is simple, not complex.* — Aristotle.

Open with a bang, establishing the essence of the story, its tone, the situation, and a hint at the outcome. Just like a joke, set up a payoff. Then follow the basic structure: Beginning, middle, end.

Have one destination — a goal, a quest, a task. Perhaps, take a detour to an alternate destination. Finally arrive at your destination. Tell a story that has a point.



**Characters.** Make your characters seem real to you as well as your reader. Good characters will take on their own life and speak to you. Listen to them!

Write a biography for your major characters.

**Dialogue.** You can reveal an enormous amount of your story by letting the characters themselves tell it. Dialogue helps delineate the character, advances the plot, and provides a personal connection for the reader.

**Setting.** Choose a striking locale. The setting can be part of the character's challenge. It can also create an atmosphere that has its own life.

**Meaning.** Meaning is the thought behind the story, its theme, its purpose. Choose one that will resonate with your reader. Write a short summary (logline) to discover what you're writing about. When you're satisfied with it, keep to it. Here, Pool is adamant: "If you don't know what it's about, nobody else will either. Without a purpose, you're just writing entries in a journal."

All this was peppered with examples, and filled far more time than I have taken here. Fortunately, there was a little time left over. This was when we got to meet the character I described in the opening of this review.

I happen to love 'hard boiled' prose (think Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, Mickey Spillane), and Gayle Pool is a virtuoso. She read several passages from her *Johnny Casino* series, and the 'tough talk' was so authentic and delicious that one completely forgot that it was coming from the same person who had been teaching *The Poetics* a minute before. It was a perfect way to close.

I confess a prejudice for writers who mine the craft of writing, and share the proceeds. I also have a fondness for speakers who do an adroit presentation and manage to educate, entertain, and inspire. The person who introduced Gayle Pool's presentation said that Pool had inspired her to "... immediately start writing a short story." I agree.

Besides, if ya don't, she jus' might hafta' rub ya out. □

(To find out more about Gayle Poole, go to [www.gbpool.com](http://www.gbpool.com).)

### Sage Sayings from JRK

*Where the end justifies the means,  
morality is set by the agenda.*

-jrk





## *President's Message* Nance Crawford

It is never easy to say goodbye, although this is not that kind of final "Goodbye."

As those of you who attended the May meeting are aware, I will not be a candidate for re-election as president of CWC-SFV. I simply do not have the time. The responsibilities of the office have recently become a burden on my energy that I must release into the capable hands of others. Custodian of the gavel is not a job for a writer whose entire focus must be on the management of time.

It took forty years to get "King's Games: A Memoir of Richard III," into print – and that achievement would not have been possible without the California Writers Club-San Fernando Valley Branch. It is one thing to have been a published columnist for a major national publication in one's callow youth – and quite another to wake up one

morning, halfway across the globe from home, to find that an invitation to be interviewed on National Public Radio, as the result of one's long-standing literary theatrical obsession, is waiting in a laptop "In box."

I owe a great deal of that remarkable moment to what I have learned from attending meetings of CWC-SFV, and to the continuing encouragement of my fellow members. Writing may be a lonely business, but putting the results of those efforts out into the world is most assuredly not.

I now have four books in print, three of them also on Kindle, and one doing very well as an audio book at Audible.

Because people like us, like you, care enough about the printed word to band together, to share deeply personal creative effort, and to mentor others who are as clueless as we once were, there is the California Writers Club.

Thank you.

## SMILE!

California Writers Club, San Fernando Valley Branch, is providing this notice to inform our members, and guests at our events, that Still Photography may be taking place.

These pictures are occasionally posted on our website. If, for some reason, you don't want your likeness used, you must notify us in advance.

## Your BIO Page.

Every member of CWC-SFV is allotted a page on our website. This has many benefits: It's a small bit of promotion (It can have a link to your website, PLUS it has a button to do a Google search for your name!)

MORE IMPORTANT it links you to other Branch members. Your Bio Page can contain (up to) 300 words about you, PLUS your picture. (The picture should be a recent one and resemble what you really look like. No substituting a Robert Redford 8 x 10!)

From-time-to-time our webmaster sends out reminders to those members who have not submitted a picture or Bio.

Ray Malus will be happy to snap a picture at the meeting, but ONLY YOU can supply the information.

Please remember to send Bios to [CWC-SFV@roadrunner.com](mailto:CWC-SFV@roadrunner.com). If you are in doubt as to whether we have a Bio for you, simply go to <http://cwc-sfv.org/Members> and click on your name.

*Laws are not meant to protect us from our leaders.  
They are meant to protect our leaders from themselves.*

— jrk

# ELECTIONS!

*The 2015 Nominating committee of the San Fernando Valley Branch of California Writers Club is pleased to recommend the following Slate of Officers for the term July, 2015 - July 2017.*

<i>President</i>	<i>Andrea Polk (Current Vice President)</i>
<i>Vice President</i>	<i>(no recommendation)</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Doug Douglas (Current Member-at-Large)</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Mary Freeman (Incumbent)</i>

*Elections will take place at the General Meeting, June 6, 2015, at 1:30 PM in The Katzenberg Pavilion of the Woodland Hills Motion Picture Fund.*

*(See last page of this Newsletter for directions.)*

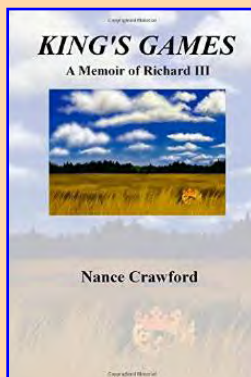
*At that time, nominations will also be accepted from the floor.*

*Please secure agreement from a candidate before nominating them.*

*The Membership wishes to thank the Committee (Yolanda Fintor [Chair], Rita Brown, Gary Wosk) for its service.*

*The Members of The San Fernando Valley Branch express their gratitude to the retiring Board:*

*Nance Crawford — President*  
*Andrea Polk — Vice President, Critique Group Coordinator, and Membership Chair*  
*Gabriella Owens — Secretary*  
*Mary Freeman — Treasurer*  
*Samantha Berley — Program Chair*  
*Kay Henden — Media Relations*  
*Doug Douglas — Member-At-Large*  
*Ann Hansell — Hospitality Chair*  
*Bill Sorrells — Pre-Session Leader*  
*Ray Malus — Webmaster, Newsletter Editor, Central Board Rep., MRMS Admin.*



Nance Crawford's *KING'S GAMES A Memoir of Richard III*, published by Solstice Libris, is now available on Amazon. The first edition contains both the verse play and detailed historical reference material, along with informative commentaries by the author.

Richard III has been dead for two years, and Frances Lovell, his closest friend, is on the run from the forces of Henry VII. Taking refuge in a hidden cell in his home, he remembers his history with Richard as he waits for an opportunity to escape to France.

"... an epic play and source guide ... A must read for Shakespeare lovers and an excellent source book for students everywhere."

— Paul Elliott, Novelist/Playwright

FIVE STARS ON [AMAZON.COM!](http://AMAZON.COM)

"I was not disappointed ...The exquisite lyricism of the verse washes over us ...an enthralling read."

— Peter Colley, Playwright, *I'll Be Back By Midnight*



# Review and Refresh

Dave Wetterberg

## Word Choice

In writing, we refer to straightforward, unadorned language as *literal* language .

*Chief Gordon appeared in the doorway, his clothes and his skin charred from the smoke and flames.*

The dictionary provides literal, objective, core meanings of words, regardless of the word's associations. For example, the words *belly*, *tummy*, *gut*, *abdomen*, and *mid-section* are all literally and accurately defined as digestive organs. But the dictionary doesn't take into account what the words are associated with. The writer must take this into account himself.

<i>This word...</i>	<i>...is associated with...</i>
<i>belly</i>	<i>dancing, beer</i>
<i>abdomen</i>	<i>doctors, medical charts, health class</i>
<i>tummy</i>	<i>babies, cribs, warmth</i>
<i>gut</i>	<i>sweat, beer, blue-collar workers</i>
<i>mid-section</i>	<i>exercise rooms, boxing</i>

Finding the appropriate word for the context is essential to writers. For example, the following underlined words are inappropriate for the context of the sentence.

*The champ took a hard right to his tummy.*

*The baby's little gut peeked out from his jammies.*

A thesaurus is indispensable in finding the right word for the appropriate context. Most computers have one. Similar aids are also available, like Rodale's *The Synonym Finder*.

"A writer should eliminate one-third of the words he writes without losing any content."

Mark Twain said that. Here are some suggestions for learning this essential skill.

Combine sentences.

Original: *His name was Artimus. He was a crazy friend of mine. He tripped over a garbage can one Halloween evening.* [20 wds.]

Revision: *One Halloween evening my friend Artimus tripped over a garbage can.* [11 wds.]

Use short openings.

Original: *Because she was so disappointed, she sulked all evening.* [9 wds.]

Revision: *Disappointed, she sulked all evening.* [5 wds.]

Avoid *There is/There are/There was/There were* openings.

Original: *There was a group of teenagers on the bus laughing and socializing.* [12 wds.]

Revision: *Some teenagers laughed and socialized on the bus.* [8 wds.]

Be careful of *which* and *who*.

Original: *The apples, which were finally ripe, begged to be picked.* [10 wds ]

Revision: *The apples, finally ripe, begged to be picked.* 8 wds

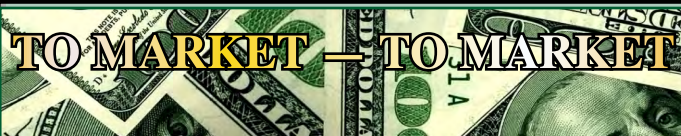
Original: *Sam, who was my best friend, became a high school dropout.* [11 wds.]

Revision: *My best friend Sam became a high school dropout.* [9 wds.]

Delete meaningless modifiers.

Original: *I was very nervous when I was about to meet the President.* [12 wds]

Revision: *About to meet the President, I was nervous.* [9 wds.]



*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!*

### **FAMILY CIRCLE**

Meredith Corp., 805 Third Ave., 24th Floor, New York, NY 10022

**Website:** [www.familycircle.com](http://www.familycircle.com).

**Contact:** Cassie Kreitner, Editorial Assistant. Lisa Kelsey, Art Director.

A national women's service magazine which covers many stages of a woman's life, along with her everyday concerns about social, family, and health issues. Submissions should focus on families with children ages 8-16. Magazine published every 3 weeks.

Established: 1932. Guidelines available online. Buys one-time rights, buys all rights. Circulation: 4.2 million. Byline given. Offers 20% kill fee. For back issues, send \$6.95 to P.O. Box 3156, Harlan, IA 51537.

Responds in 2 months to queries. Responds in 2 months to mss. 80% freelance written. Submit seasonal material 4 months in advance.

Editorial lead time 4 months.

**Nonfiction:** Needs: essays, opinion, personal experience women's interest subjects such as family and personal relationships, children, physical and mental health, nutrition and self-improvement. No fiction or poetry. Buys mss/year: 200.

Submission Method: Submit detailed outline, 2 clips, cover letter describing your publishing history, SASE or IRCs. Length: 1,000-2,500 words. Pays \$1/word.

### **GARBLED TRANSMISSIONS MAGAZINE**

5813 NW 20th St., Margate, FL 33063

**E-mail:** [jamesrobertpayne@yahoo.com](mailto:jamesrobertpayne@yahoo.com). **Submission E-mail:** [editor@garbledtransmission.com](mailto:editor@garbledtransmission.com). **Website:** [www.garbledtransmission.com](http://www.garbledtransmission.com).

**Contact:** James Payne, Editor In Chief.

Daily online literary magazine featuring fiction and book, movie, and comic book reviews.

"Stories should have a dark/strange/twisted slant to them and should be original ideas, or have such a twist to them that they redefine the genre. We like authors with an original voice. That being said, we like Stephen King, Richard Matheson, Neil Gaiman, A. Lee Martinez, Chuck Palahniuk, and Clive Barker. Movies and TV shows that inspire us include "Lost," The Matrix, Fight Club, 3:10 to Yuma, Dark City, The Sixth Sense, "X-Files," and Super 8."

Established: 2011. Simultaneous Submissions: Yes. Purchases first electronic rights. Circulation: 3,000-4,000. Byline given. No kill fee. Queries accepted by e-mail.

Sample copy and guidelines available on website. Publish period after acceptance: Responds "typically in 1 week, but may take a month" to queries and mss. 90% freelance written. Editorial lead time 1 month.

**Nonfiction:** New product, opinion, movie, comic, and book reviews. "No romance or corny sci-fi or fantasy. Nothing contrived or a blatant rip-off."

Submission Method: Send complete ms. Submit via e-mail with subject line "Garbled Transmissions Submission."

Length: 500-3,000 for reviews.

**Fiction:** Fantasy, science fiction, western, comic books. No romance. Buys 72-120 mss/year. Send complete ms. Submit via e-mail with subject line "Garbled Transmissions Submission." Length: 500-15,000 words.

### **GOTHIC CITY PRESS**

Sacred City Productions, Ltd., 5781 Springwood Ct., Mentor on the Lake, OH 44060

Phone: (440) 290-9325. **E-mail:** [info@gothiccitypress.com](mailto:info@gothiccitypress.com). **Submission E-mail:** [info@gothiccitypress.com](mailto:info@gothiccitypress.com).

**Website:** [www.gothiccitypress.com](http://www.gothiccitypress.com)

Contact: Erin and Colleen Garlock, Editors/Owners.

Gothic City Press is a print and online imprint dedicated to creative endeavors using the back drop of all things Gothic or urban as inspiration.

"We are looking for a wide range of fiction from aspiring and established authors who have something to say and a story with substance. Delivering the reader with rich details to a new world or a place they would not otherwise visit in real life is our primary goal."

Established: 2013. Simultaneous Submissions: Yes. Guidelines available online. Buys first rights for 2 months. After that period, the author is free to republish the story elsewhere.

Byline given. Queries accepted by online submission form. Please allow for 2 weeks to review work. If it's been 2 weeks, a single inquiry letter will suffice. Gothic City Press guarantees a response of acceptance, rejection, or under consideration.

Fiction: Gothic City Press's fiction focus is on dark fiction for publication in short story anthologies. "We tend to favor stories that have dark overtones, though this is not a requirement."

**Needs:** adventure, fantasy, horror, humorous, mystery, religious, science fiction, suspense.

Send complete ms via online submission form. Looking for 500-8,000 word stories. Pays \$10 for stories over 500 words, \$20 for stories over 2,000 words. Once royalties earned by the publication equal the total amount paid out to all contributors, the contributors will receive a 50/50 pro-rate share of the anthology's earnings, if any, relevant to the number of contributors. A royalty breakdown sheet will be supplied at the end of a project.

Tips

"We are very interested in submissions from first-time authors and authors with a very limited record."



## Calling All Clouds

Douglas William Douglas

(With special thanks to Leslie Kaplan)

Sometimes I wish my telephone was more like a cloud. Clouds don't ring while you're in the shower or on the can. They're nice and quiet and even if they did want to get in touch with you, you can bet your beeebers it would be good news, not some huckster trying to sell you a timeshare.

Clouds don't vibrate, they don't send you a crazy bill with mistakes and taxes and a million surcharges on it, and they don't get full of static whenever it rains (although I guess thunder and lightning is kind of like that, but whatever).

Maybe when I'm nearing the end and have the time, I'll just lie down in the grass, look up, and talk to the clouds. There's a much better chance that someone who cares will listen than ever happens over the phone. □

## Cold Snow

Ray Malus

Cold snow is dry as dust. Sifts down like confectioners' sugar. Drapes like fine linen. Shrouds of carved alabaster.

It falls so gently, so quietly, that it banishes the sense of sound.

But if a zephyr happens by, cold snow will dance with it. Swirling dervish. Mute ghostly banshee.

Sandy watched it through the window, sitting in 'his' chair. It brought no joy.

The room was chilly. Chinks around the doors and windows. The panes themselves radiated cold.

The gas heater in the wall of the cabin gave an oily, hot-metal scent that mingled with that of the last few cans of soup Sandy had heated, making them seem substantial. It did its best, alternately 'whumping' on, to heat, and ticking as it cooled. But, like a single flame in a dark room it could only reach so far — as far as the thermostat on the wall adjacent to it. The rest of the room, where 'his' chair squatted, was ghostly chill.

One wall held a muscular stone fireplace, but Sandy was no lumberjack, so for thirty years it had served mostly as a place for his and Lydia's Christmas stockings. Nothing there, now.

Lydia hadn't hung them this year.

Lydia! A chill of despair crept into him, made him shiver.

It was probably warmer up in the loft.

The loft — where decades ago he and Lydia had made raucous love in the cramped twin bed, and later giggled in embarrassment.

Where they'd planned, and dreamed, sometimes fought.

Where they'd always made up.

Where they'd nursed each other through colds, and flu, nausea, diarrhea, fever.

Where he'd once lain awake for six hours, waiting for her to accidentally roll over on the little jewelry case that held a fire-opal ring.

Where, in later years, they'd just held cool dry hands as they slept.

Outside, dusk was falling. The snow had stopped. Neon purple and green clouds hung overhead, draping a third-quarter moon. Sandy ached at their beauty.

The cabin had always been their retreat, so he and Lydia had come out here when it was obvious there was little time left.

Sandy thought of the loft. He hadn't been up there in months. Near the end, Lydia had been too weak to climb the ladder, so she slept on the sofa, Sandy in the chair next to her — what had become 'his' chair— still holding her hand in his.

Now, she was gone, and the tiny bed was too large...

... and he was just so very, very weary.

He stared down at his empty hand.

The heater 'whumped' and hissed, startling him. He gazed out the window.

The snow had taken on a glacial, blue tint. The sky was deep violet.

Sandy watched as the sun set.

Tonight, clouds would play tag with the moon, and tomorrow the sun would bake the cold snow into a crusty meringue.

And Sandy would sit in 'his' chair. □



## Forever Springtime

Keyle Birnberg

Mom and I are having brunch 'al fresco'. The rust brick patio patterns remind her of a dress she once had. Her teary eyes slowly search for the Argentinean swallows in the California trees.

"Remember your favorite rust feather hat?" I ask. Her laughter, a melody of all seasons softly rings in my ears.

"My favorite hat was a black and white plaid, with a see-thru, red-veil covering my eyes." A faint smile curves her lips...

"Oh, yes, I remember now. It was my favorite too," I whisper.

My eyes follow hers trying to see the beauty she finds in every tree.

Pale leaves like lettuce buds wave at her rusty memory. Mom remembers yesterday, tells me treasured family memories embroidered with nostalgic secrets, a smile always ready when tears visit my eyes.

Her eternal youth held together with the erect carriage of a dancer floats around me and I must admit that she is younger than I ever was.

Time flies in a rush. Suddenly, night paints the sky with giant brush-strokes of blue leaving transparent pieces of white clouds here and there, covering plants, flowers and trees. After dinner, Mom's plate is untouched.

"Why, Mom?"

"I am not hungry, but very tired."

I slightly open the door to the guest bed-room; I see Mom's petite form is already there seated in the middle of the mattress in the dark... where her beauty can't be noticed. Her delicate alabaster face and natural long lashes blink, temporarily hiding the luminous brilliance of her light caramel eyes. The perfect M of her lips is not smiling. Her light-brown-copper hair reaches her bare shoulders like a mink cape. She shivers, covering her body with a light blanket.

She is surrounded by several purses. Her hands moving... searching for something precious to her and only then I realize that she is looking for her long lost jewelry. She always refused to believe that delinquents in Quito had climbed to the second floor balcony of the master-bedroom, stealing all her jewelry, leaving all the fakes behind. These crooks knew all about good gold bracelets, like her Harry Winston watch Dad had purchased at a pawn-shop, together with the faint yellow, rough huge crystal named Anastasia Nikolevna. Nobody knows how these precious pieces ended up in a small pawn shop in Quito. Dad always believed the provenance of these pieces to be accurate, never bothering to check with experts in gemology. Mom, of course believed it all, except for the huge yellow 'diamond' she lost when running for safety after a bullfight 'stampida' almost took our lives away. My Nanny Rosario saved me holding my hand very tight almost dislocating it from my arm pit. Mom remembers this big yellow ring sans the stone.

The crooks had taken all necklaces, rings, and pins. They had also taken Dad's Baume & Mercier watch, which he'd bought for himself at Tiffany & Co. And a fake blue-face watch purchased at Sears, warranted to have been worn by the astronauts on their unbelievable walk on THE MOON. I stop in mid-air before touching the chandelier's light and step backwards into the dark hallway. Next morning we start packing.

Hers is no ordinary visit... it never is. Soon, she will fly back home to Quito, where all imaginary lines meet in the very center of the world.

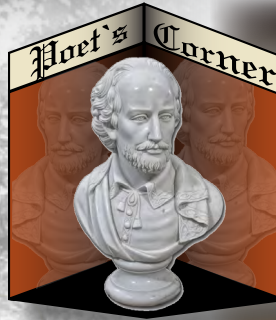
In my garden she says goodbye once more to daffodils, irises, roses, and ladybugs, waves to birds and trees, closing her eyes to capture for safekeeping the magic of all she sees.

With veiled anguished smiles, holding back a million tears, I help Mom pack our memories in her suitcase of forever spring.

It's easy convincing her to stay until Mother's Day. Her suitcase bulging with laughter and tears is already waiting at the front door...

Days are flying like the wind until late May, when the silver bird in the sky separates us one more time. □





## LOVE WHISPERS

by Larry Levine

They were in love.  
But they couldn't say so.  
Because they were married to other people,  
who they also loved.

So, they said other things, instead:

"You are a treasure in my life."

"In life, timing is everything."

"I may not see you every day,

or speak with you every day.

But I think about you every day

– often."

"Me too."

They exchanged emails frequently  
and spoke on the phone regularly  
– always at the office,  
or on a cell phone in the car.  
They went to restaurants for dinner  
once a month  
and it always was difficult to say  
"goodbye."

They couldn't kiss,  
or even hold hands.

At most, there was a parting hug  
— sometimes halting and awkward,  
— sometimes lingering.

Then she was pregnant.  
And everything changed.  
She would raise her child  
with her husband.  
He would move to the  
fringes of her life.

And their silent dream  
would become an echo of  
a whisper of  
their love.

## Changing Times Lillian Rodich

when times grow dark  
I retreat into books  
allow music to enter my soul  
until my thoughts begin to clear  
until I can open my eyes  
and recognize pain  
while the flow of tears  
releases sadness

when times bring joy  
I open each door and window  
speak to the sun  
dance in the wind  
gain energy in its arms  
laugh with the joy of it  
paint my dreams on a mirror  
and smile through the colors

## TO GO ON WITH MY LIFE

Norman Molesko

Hello, my friends.

It's great talking to all of you.  
I am thoughtful, I am mindful  
that I am on top of the heap...  
the heap of years being here,  
seeing things, feeling things,  
thinking things, experiencing  
much in my time, hoping and  
toiling, conceiving and achieving,  
laughing and crying.

I say, TO GO ON WITH MY LIFE.

It is better to feel alive than  
to moan and groan about things.

As I take my evening walk and look up at the sky,  
nature is revealing transient, ever-changing images  
of the heavens above with such glory and splendor.  
This is the time that I still can enjoy and relish  
the fantastic beauties and wonders of nature.

Yes, this is my time

TO GO ON WITH MY LIFE.



## 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

June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1 p.m.  
Deborah Edler Brown — The Freedom to Write Badly  
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!

Marganit Lish

June 6

Nance Crawford

June 20

### 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.  
(We regret that we cannot accept 'hard copy' submissions.  
We simply do not have the personnel to re-type them.)

Size limits (with a tiny bit of latitude):  
- 500 words or fewer  
- 800 words or fewer  
- Limited to 40 lines

Articles/Essays  
Short Stories  
Poetry  
Book Release Notices

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

Regular Features:  
Submissions:

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.

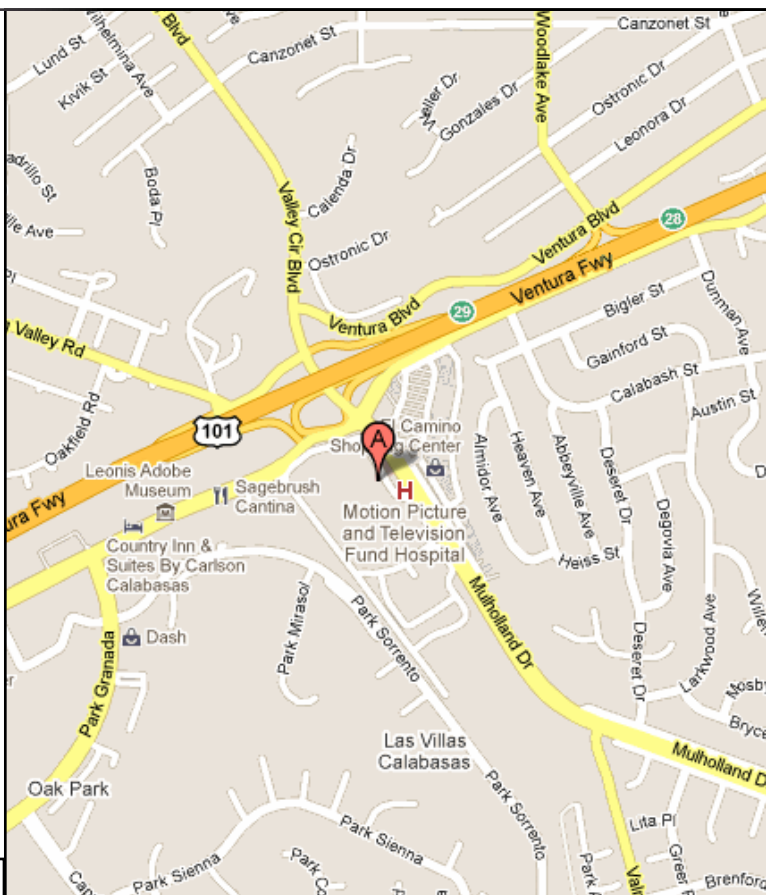
Parking is free in any of the lots.

(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")

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LOTS of great information at our

Website:

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