



The Valley Scribe



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

Hear Author Jonathan Maberry's Presentation: "The Genre of You"

The San Fernando Valley Branch of the California Writers Club is pleased to welcome bestselling author Jonathan Maberry as the keynote speaker on Saturday, March 5 at 1:00 pm via Zoom, with a presentation titled "The Genre of You." If you also enjoy writing in multiple genres or have considered branching out, you don't want to miss this special presentation.



Maberry is a New York Times bestselling author, a five-time Bram Stoker Award-winner, 3-time Scribe Award winner, Inkpot Award winner, and comic book writer. His vampire apocalypse book series, V-WARS, was a Netflix original series. He writes in multiple genres including suspense, thriller, horror, science fiction, fantasy, and action—for adults, teens and middle grades.

His novels include the *Joe Ledger* thriller series, *Bewilderness*, *Ink*, *Glimpse*, the *Pine Deep Trilogy*, the *Rot & Ruin* series, the *Dead of Night* series, *Mars One*, *Ghostwalkers: A Deadlands Novel*, *Kagen the Damned*, and many others, including his first epic fantasy, *Kagen the Damned*. He is the editor of many anthologies including *The X-Files*, *Aliens: Bug Hunt*, *Don't Turn Out the Lights*, *Aliens vs Predator: Ultimate Prey*, *Hardboiled Horror*, *Nights of the Living Dead* (co-edited with George A. Romero), and others. His comics include *Black Panther*:

Doom War, *Captain America*, *Pandemica*, *Highway to Hell*, *Bad Blood* and *The Punisher*.

Mayberry is the president of the International Association of Media Tie-in Writers, and the editor of *Weird Tales Magazine*. His workshop, THE GENRE OF YOU, will draw on his experiences in writing in multiple genres as well as writing material that blurs genre distinctions. This embracing of cross-genre and multi-genre writing has been the foundation for a lucrative and satisfying career as a professional

storyteller—and it's a process any serious writer can follow. Visit with Jonathan Maberry online at www.jonathanmaberry.com

Please note that all members of the CWC-SFV will receive a Zoom invitation to this presentation. Members of other CWC branches should contact VP/Zoom host Monte Swann by noon on March 4 at cwcsfhost@gmail.com for an invitation. Other guests may purchase single-day admission at www.cwc-sfv.org by noon on March 4 which will be followed by a Zoom invitation. We regret that we cannot accommodate late requests.

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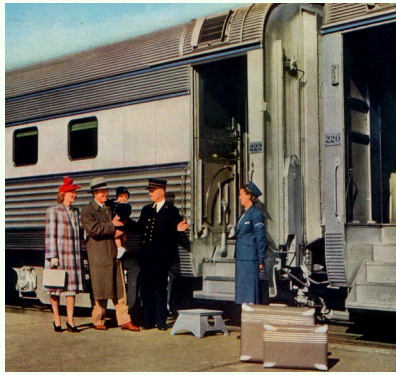
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A Wondrous Gift



Although I grew up in the San Fernando Valley, I was born in Cleveland, Ohio. I still remember my mom stuffing me into a straight-jacket type of snowsuit for the long walk to kindergarten during the winter. Flying snow stung my chubby cheeks like a million needles.

In December, 1957, weary of the frigid temperature, my dad decided we needed to follow the sun for a week-long break in California, traveling via the double-decker Santa Fe El Capitan. Memories of the three-day journey remain vivid. While I'm certain my parents did not enjoy the sleepless nights in economy class, it was great fun for my brother and me. We dared each other to stand as long as possible on the loud, windy platforms between cars and screamed in terror as the track rushed beneath our feet somewhere in middle America.

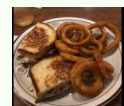
We stayed at the Hollywoodland Motel, across from CBS studios. Over the next several days, we gorged on hot dogs and pastries at the original Farmers' Market, slurped egg creams at Canter's Deli and took a self-guided tour of the stars' homes in Beverly Hills. But the best part of the trip was swimming in the motel's small courtyard pool. Swimming in December. Imagine that!



The next year, the entire family including grandparents, moved to L.A; and two years later, we emigrated over the hill to the Valley, where I grew up. Who knew that the memories locked away from those early years would inspire my work today, as I enjoy an encore career in writing?

But isn't that the wondrous gift to all of us who are writers? Our daily lives are the splashes of color on pallets from which we create literary works of art. What fun— even more fun than screaming in terror on windy car connectors of the double decker El Capitan, with track rushing beneath my feet somewhere in middle America.

Karen Gorback, Ph.D., CWC-SFV President





There's that moment when you open your email and you see those words that say, "Congratulations, after careful review and consideration we have decided to publish your work." It's a wonderful moment for a writer, until you read the small print. Attorney Kendall Jones joined our club meeting in February to provide us with all the red flags writers should look for before signing a contract. Here are ten useful tips.

- * Contracts are not written in stone. They can be changed by the writer. If a company does not allow you to do so—Walk away! The right of what to do with your work is the most important power a writer has. Never give agents more power over your work than they need to have.
- * Don't fall for the "I'll get you a copyright" scheme. Once you put your work in a tangible form, you automatically have the copyright to it (tangible = computer, print, handwritten, typewriting, etc.). Register your work with the [library of congress](https://www.copyright.gov/help/faq/faq-register.html) (<https://www.copyright.gov/help/faq/faq-register.html>), which gives your work additional protection. Be careful with giving publishing rights and for how long. If you do allow the publisher to get copyright for you, make sure they get it in the author's name, not theirs.
- * If a publisher is local but wants to insert worldwide rights into the contract, ask yourself: why do they need these rights if they can only publish the book in the USA? Also, royalties rights can be passed on to your descendants in your will, but if you've already given copyrights to an agent, you can't bequeath the rights.
- * If a contract includes capitalized words, their meaning should be explained somewhere in the contract. If they are not—proceed with caution, Ask for the meaning to be inserted into the contract.
- * Try to negotiate consulting rights that will give you a say in what person will narrate your audio book.
- * Be sure to examine the termination rules, such as what happens to the rights once the contract is terminated. For example, if the company declares bankruptcy, the rights should legally revert to you.
- * Look for the Reserved rights clause and beware if the contract includes a merchandising rights section, as that right has a separate contract. There is also a separate contract for entertainment rights. It is not recommended to give a publisher those rights unless they are negotiated separately.
- * Remember that the more content you submit to the local publisher, the more the finished product will reflect your work. In other words, if you can provide your own illustrations, a cover page you designed yourself, etc., you will have more control over your work in future negotiations.
- * Check to see if you can include the right to review and make changes to the contract, charges and the way the accounting is done. It is preferable that the accounting is done twice a year.

Still not sure about the contract you just received? If you would welcome further contract assistance, Kendall invites you to connect her at: Kendall@kendalljoneslaw.com.

Matrix Theater Opens Spring Season With A Hit British Production

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By Elaine Mura

The American premiere of ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'RE HAPPY rolls out Rogue Machine's new season at the Matrix Theatre. Following a well-received British run, author Daf James' tender, touching, and timely play has arrived in Los Angeles just in time to greet spring. "Fundamentally, this is a play about love," opines playwright James. "I hope it will give people an insight into adoption, challenge presumptions across class, and give audiences a chance to interrogate their own sense of social responsibility. It seems to me that we're increasingly in need of stories of hope and redemption." Director Cameron Watson adds his perspective: "Coming through the pandemic and living through everything all experienced and continue to, the title certainly resonates...it is possible there is still happiness...I loved that it is a story about love." To quote artistic director John Flynn, "We live in a changed world (which) will never be what it was just two years ago...can this enforced change be a catalyst? Can we make a better world?"



It's present-day England, and Abbie and Josh are in love. Maybe it's time to think about marriage. And children. The happy couple then make a decision which will shape many lives: perhaps it's time to look beyond genes and consider creating a safe, loving home for one of the world's many lost children, a child who doesn't have the family which Abbie and Josh want to provide. As they navigate the adoption maze, their commitment grows – and finally they are matched with Tyler, a four-year-old girl whose mother Kelly is unable to care for her.

Skillfully helmed by director Cameron Watson, this ode to life is an actor's dream, offering juicy roles to the three talented principals, Rori Flynn (Abbie/Emma), Christian Telesmar (Josh/Liam), and Alexandra Hellquist (Tyler/Counselor/Kelly). The production team has created a theater-in-the-round to showcase the story – and it's an entirely new look for the Matrix Theatre. Congratulations, Stephanie Kerley Schwartz (scenic design), Jared A. Sayeg (lighting design), Christopher Moscatiello (sound design), Michelle Hanzelova (graphic design), Kate Bergh (costume design), Ron Bottitta (dialect coach), and Bjorn Johnson (fight director). Your team effort is an unqualified success.



ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'RE HAPPY follows the long and circuitous journey between wanting and getting in the adoption universe. The play touches upon the many factors that feed into successfully adopting a child – but also into issues like loss, grief, and boundless love. Daf James has also managed to squeeze lots of gentle chuckles into the entire process. ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'RE HAPPY is character-driven, with plot taking second chair to the thoughts and feelings of each of the trio of actors. Kudos to the strong casting and direction. Daf James tries his best to pose the right questions – and possible answers – in his thought-provoking piece.

This is a tale which taps into humanity and what constitutes love – the love between partners, spouses, parents, children. Now and again, audience members get to briefly participate. Audience alert: The play runs for 90 minutes with no intermission. In addition, the Matrix Theatre follows current COVID-19 protocols. Proof of full vaccination and masks indoors are mandatory.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'RE HAPPY runs through April 10, 2022, with performances at 8 p.m. on Fridays, Saturdays, and Mondays, and at 3 p.m. on Sundays. The [Rogue Machine](#) performs in the Matrix Theatre, 7657 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Tickets are \$45. There will be four "Pay-What-You-Can" performances with minimums starting at \$10 and going up to \$20. Check website for dates. For information and reservations, call 855-585-5185 or go [online](#).

When March rolls around, I hear the call of the looney limerick verse. Thus, every March, I ask SFV members to send me a limerick for the March issue of *The Valley Scribe*. Some SFV members have hundreds, thousands of limerick in their portfolio. Surprisingly, several SFV folks aren't familiar with the limerick genre, so I usually send them to the nearest online dictionary where they learn that a limerick is: a humorous, frequently bawdy, verse of three long and contains two short lines rhyming aabba, popularized by Edward Lear, and a kind of humorous verse of five lines, in which the first, second, and fifth lines rhyme with each other, and the third and fourth lines, which are shorter, form a rhymed couplet. Limerick newbies learn that a limerick's rhythm is similar to a Irish jig—it's got a beat that sets a toe a-tappin'. Here's the 2022 crop from some obligin' members as we near St. Patrick's Day.

Kathy Highcove, editor



There once was a gal named Lori
Who carefully crafted each story
Her words were unique
Only hers to speak
Whether poetry or allegory

There once was a well-dressed guy
Who often forgot his new tie
Dressed to the hilt
He was so well built
He required no glib alibi

There once was a bird in the sky
Who always wanted to fly
She started too soon
On her way to the moon
no time left to wave goodbye

Lillian Rodich



There once was a man named Dwight
Whose story he struggled to write,
The words didn't flow, the writing went slow
After ten years, he had nothing to show.

He finally wised up, and with no time to dally,
he joined with the writers of the San Fernando Valley.
In less than a year, and with much more conviction
He's written ten books, all of them fiction.

Monte Swann



INNOCENT'S LAMENT

There was a young Miss new to Cork
Who discovered her beau was a dork
Who preferred drink to food
Though he never was rude
When he reached for a pint before fork

Nance Crawford

A fellow from Westlake Village
Was into plunder and pillage
'Til he met a cop
Who said, "Gotta stop"
Now he's eating prison silage

There was a gentleman named Mitch
Who was blessed with wanderer's itch
He loved to explore
The Pacific coast shore
Now he sells Redondo Beach kitsch

Sara, who was from Reseda
Was born to become a leader
Now this young cutie
Evolved to a beauty
Who's a top restaurant greeter

Geoffrey, known as a "blighter"
Who'd often pull an all-nighter
In search of a theme
To flesh out a scheme
Now's a "bildungsroman" writer

A femme with the cognomen Kath
was a doctor, naturopath
She prescribed sugar pills,
"To cure all one's ills
And, "Never, ever take a bath."

Michael Edelstein



Why do the grey cats smile twice in the sunlight
Why tulip eyes they keep on glowing tonight

I do not know
I know it more than any
Thing I thought I know
It's all a mystery to me
If all I know
When things are secrets to see

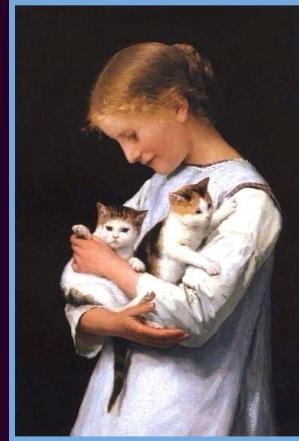
This day would be
This day we say
A day that only dreams about us

Tuesday's child is full of grace
Tuesday's child with only face
Tuesday's child will what to say
We always know on Tuesday

Tuesday's child wears skylit eyes
Tuesday's child won't have to hide
Tuesday's child you can't replace
Oh when will it be Tuesday?

Why do the tree mice always climb under fences
I wish that they would come and try it again

I thought I know
I thought I told the way
How everything would go
Why is a mystery you see
Days for you
When sent to me
No one needs to finally forget
When the eye leaves won't grow high
I wish that all the lemons find it



Tuesday's child is full of grace
Tuesday's child with only face
Tuesday's child will what to say
We only know on Tuesday

Tuesday's child the day you know
Tuesday's child the answer why
Tuesday's child so here or there
Oh when will it be Tuesday?

Tuesday's child smiles orange things
Tuesday's child knows what you mean
Tuesday's child like many days
Oh when will it be Tuesday?

Tuesday's child is full of grace
Tuesday's child won't have to hide
Tuesday's child with daisy eyes
Oh when will it be Tuesday?

There is just one Rose
The lane was full of reasons
Anyone could know
Now it's a Day like your smile

Michael Rains

otherwether.bandcamp.com/track/Tuesdays-child

March Madness

By Leslie Kaplan

Every Saturday night, I go to a basketball game followed by a dance at the Broadwood Hotel in downtown Philadelphia. The season begins from October through the mad month of March. I'm about eighteen years old and dancing is my first love. I'm not what you call an ardent sports fan. The Harlem Globetrotters are playing against the South Philadelphia Hebrew Association known as the Spas. Just picture the big black giants against little short Jewish guys.

It's St. Patrick's day, so I search through my wardrobe and find the only green dress that I own. As far as I'm concerned, everybody is Irish on St. Patrick's day. So I'm all dressed up for dancing and even my eyes have a touch of green eye shadow to match my dress for this Irish holiday.

Much to my pleasure, the basket ball game is like watching a graceful comic ballet. A short guy named Red Klotz dribbles right under the wide open legs of a seven foot Globetrotter. It's very funny and entertaining. The Globetrotters and the Spas perform frequently by popular demand.

The game ends, the dance commences and most of us who know each other are dancing our feet off to the rhythm of the big band on the same wooden basketball floor.

All danced out, a group of us decide to go to an Irish pub called the House of Murphy. We sit around a piano bar, drink green whiskey and sing all of the Irish songs that most of us know, starting with *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. We aren't concerned about the howling wind, or the bramble bushes rolling down the street, typical for the season. We leave the pub...happy, as Irish whiskey can make one feel. Basketball as I experience it, along with St. Patrick's Day and the winds, are all a part of March Madness. Since those wonderful days, many moons ago, every March I will pull on my only green sweater, go to an Irish pub, drink some green whiskey, sing all the Irish songs I can remember, reminisce about the Harlem Globetrotters, and remember my old gang as we serenaded each other after dancing our feet off.

AND THAT'S WHAT I CALL MARCH MADNESS!

An All-American Institution: The Harlem Globetrotters

Leslie's story introduced a very impressive group of professional Black basketball players: The Harlem Globetrotters. If you're not familiar with this famous group, who have entertained audiences all over the US and the world, I've gathered up a bit of background information from Wikipedia. *Kathy Highcove, editor*

The **Harlem Globetrotters** is an American exhibition basketball team. They combine athleticism, theater, and comedy in their style of play. Created by Abe Saperstein in 1927 in Chicago, Illinois, the team adopted the name *Harlem* because of its connotations as a major African-American community.

Over the years they have played more than 26,000 exhibition games in 124 countries and territories, mostly against deliberately ineffective opponents, such as the Washington Generals (1953–1995) and the New York Nationals (1995–present). The team's signature song is Brother Bones' whistled version of "Sweet Georgia Brown", and their mascot an anthropomorphized globe named "Globie".

The Globetrotters gradually worked comic routines into their act—a direction the team has credited to Reece "Goose" Tatum,^[9] who joined in 1941—and eventually became known more for entertainment than sports. The Globetrotters' acts often feature incredible coordination and skillful handling of one or more basketballs, such as passing or juggling balls between players, balancing or spinning balls on their fingertips, and making unusually difficult shots. Seeing them in action is an unforgettable experience. The team is currently owned by Herschend Family Entertainment



The Harlem Globetrotters in 1944.

Mad March Birthdays

By
Heather Bradshaw

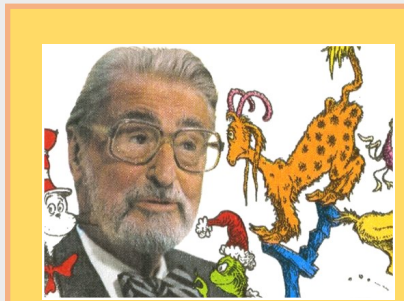
March birthdays, I've had a few. Fifty-six to be precise counting this 2022. So I was tickled to see that I share a birthday (March 26) with playwright, Tennessee Williams, *A Streetcar Named Desire* (often short-listed as one of America's greatest plays), also poet, Robert Frost, *A Boy's Will*, and feminist icon, Erica Jong, *Fear of Flying*. With thirty other days in March aside from my birthday (did I mention it's my birthday this month?), there are many, many more notable writers to highlight

But before we get into that, I would like you to know that I don't just create the list and disappear into the garden to do some weeding and chat with the squirrels. Oh, no. From January's birthday list, for example, I picked up *Woman in White* by Wilkie Collins and enjoyed it so much I also bought his book, *Moonstone*, which is considered to be the very first mystery/detective novel. As well as both books being highly entertaining, his characters' thoughts on women and "foreigners" (other Europeans) are amusing, fashioned in the context of an Englishman in the 19th century.

At times, I find his writing to be laugh-out-loud funny, you know that awkward moment when you're reading in a quiet café and let out a huge guffaw, only to have the baristas and other customers regard you with suspicion and annoyance. You wish you could share the joke with them but it would be impossible without explaining the first two hundred pages of the book and all the characters' foibles and relations to each other, which you do consider briefly, but in the end return sheepishly to your book, lips pressed firmly together to prevent any further embarrassing outbursts, for the time being anyway.

While reading Collins, I was reminded of Charles Dickens, who also makes me chuckle, and, as it turns out, they were great friends, for a while at least, until Dickens got fed up of his friend's sexual proclivities. I would love to have been there the day Collins showed Dickens the book of his new play, *The Lighthouse*, and then Dickens, after reading it, immediately taking apart his drawing room to put on, as well as act in, the play. What creative energy!

You may be curious to know if *The Lighthouse*, a story about two lighthouse men isolated on a small, bleak rock, with one of them a murderer, is based on the 2021 movie of the same name with William DaFoe and Robert Pattinson without Collins giving the screenwriter any credit? Could be. Or maybe it was the other way around. Hm. The jury is out, however, I have ordered Wilkie's play to do a fo-



Theodor Seuss Geisel was
born on March 2, 1904

rensic comparison in true 19th century detective style. Let's get on with the March birthday list:

We have, Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*, Dr. Seuss, *Oh, the Places You'll Go*, John Irving, *The World According to Garp*, Tom Wolfe, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, award-winning children's authors, Patricia Maclachlan, *Sarah, Plain and Tall*, and Virginia Hamilton, *M. C. Higgins, the Great*, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, WWI soldier and anti-war

poet, Wilfred Owen, *Anthem for Doomed Youth*, James Ellroy, *The Black Dahlia*, Julia Cameron, *The Artist's Way*, Beat Generation writers, Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*, and Gregory Nunzio Corso, *The Vestal Lady on Brattle*, Alice Hoffman, *Practical Magic*, Anna Sewell, *Black Beauty*, and French poet and essayist, Sully Prudhomme, who was the first winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1901 (over Leo Tolstoy!).

We also have poet Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was disinherited by her father when she married philosopher-poet Robert Browning. Nothing personal, mind you, her father disinherited any of his twelve children who married. For the sake of Elizabeth's health, she and her husband escaped the chill of London and her father, and moved to Florence. It was Robert who encouraged Elizabeth to include her love sonnets in her second volume of *Poems*, so thank you, Bob. Imagine the intellectual discourse in that household.

Another famous writing couple, Lady Isabel Burton, and her husband, explorer Sir Richard Francis Burton were born in March. Sir Richard, famous for his adventuresome life of derring-do, was an anything-goes sort of fellow; he provided the world with English translations of *The Karma Sutra*, *Arabian Nights* and *The Perfumed Garden*. I wonder what Lady Isabel thought of it all. Did he bring his work home with him? At any rate, after he died, she destroyed one of his manuscripts, which she must have felt went too far ...

A prolific travel writer herself, Lady Isabel was also an antivivisectionist, which is why we won't mention birthday boy, Rene Descartes: *I think therefore I am* will cut up defenseless animals while they are alive. No, he doesn't deserve a spot on our page.

On that note, assuming the only thing you will slice up this month is your cake, Happy Birthday to our members celebrating in March!

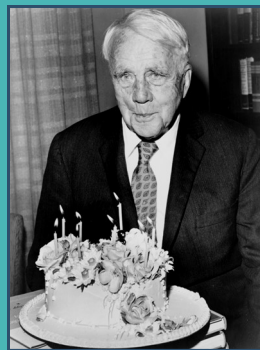
(Continued on page 9)

More March Birthday Celebrants

Fire And Ice By Robert Frost



Elizabeth Barrett Browning



Robert Frost

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet 43)

By Elizabeth Barret Browning

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.*



Lady Isabel Burton

"I have no leisure to think of style or of polish, or to select the best language, the best English - no time to shine as an authoress. I must just think aloud, so as not to keep the public waiting. "

Lady Isabel Burton

Robert Browning

Meeting at Night

By Robert Browning

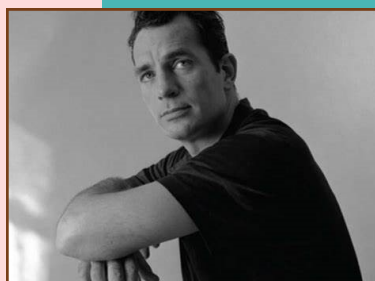
*The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.*

*Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!*



**"Cease, man, to mourn, to weep, to wail;
Enjoy thy shining hour of sun;
We dance along Death's icy brink;
But is the dance less full of fun?"**

Sir Richard Francis Burton



"The only people for me are the mad ones: the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who... burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow Roman candles. "

Jack Kerouac



SAN FERNANDO

Valley Writers

A BRANCH OF THE CALIFORNIA WRITERS CLUB



Whether you have been published or have always wanted to write, please join the San Fernando Valley branch of the California Writers Club for monthly Zoom meetings to learn more about the craft and business of writing. This series is free for members from any branch of the California Writers Club. Please visit cwc-sfv.org for membership information or single-lecture admission.

CWC-SFV SPEAKERS FOR 2022

APRIL 2, 2022
Lynne Thompson, Poet Laureate
For the City of Los Angeles
Celebrate the joy of poetry with our city's acclaimed Poet Laureate.

MAY 7, 2022
SFV Member Anat Goian-Wenick
"Turn Your Novel Into A Screen Play"
Want to see your novel come to life on the big or little screen? Zoom with the CWC-SFV and learn how!

JUNE 2, 2022
Pamela Semuels Young
"Write Your Next Page Turner"
Whether you write mysteries, romances or non-fiction, learn the tips and tricks best-selling authors use to keep readers turning pages.

ZOOM PROTOCOL: KEEP OUR MEETINGS SAFE

Dear CWC Members:

When you receive a Zoom invitation to a meeting, it is meant only for you. Please do not forward it to other writers, friends, favorite uncles, your BFF, or even Grandma. Forwarding the link opens the Zoom room to unknown visitors and the potential for someone to interrupt our meeting with vile "Zoom bombing." If you've ever experienced this phenomenon, it's extremely unpleasant. We have been very successful keeping our meetings safe for you, but you need to be vigilant too.

If other CWC members would like to join us, please direct them to our VP/Zoom host Monte Swann at cwcsfvhost@gmail.com. They will receive a free invitation.

If other guests would like to attend, please direct them to our website at www.cwc-sfv.org. After purchasing admission for a single lecture, they will receive a Zoom link from Monte.

Thank you for helping keep our Zoom meetings fun and safe.

Karen Gorback, CWC-SFV President



MARCH WINDS

wind whipped sky
confusion of clouds
racing along
the mountain's rim

air filled with harvested perfume
rushes through my thoughts and arms

wind's cool crisp voice
whistles in the distance
freezing my protests
in an icy corridor

later
wind subdued
whispers among bushes
gently moves hidden leaves
sand and petals
and chilled
words of controversy

Lillian Rodich 3/22

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As our city of Los Angeles eases into Spring, 2022, our SFV Branch of the Californians Writers Club, will continue to gather online for Zoom meetings. But, in then the near future, we are sure to be meeting in person, once again, in the Saban Community Room



Located in the Saban Center for Health and Wellness
On the grounds of the Motion Picture & Television Fund



Contact us at: <https://cwc-sfv.org/>

And visit us on Facebook at:

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