



The Valley Scribe

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



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On July 12th, did you see the Supermoon?



Or perhaps you took note of the giant moon on the evenings of July 13, 14 or 15. I hope you did look up one of those nights and witnessed the startling sight. The Supermoon won't come again for several months. And why does this phenomenon come only once in a blue moon?

According to NASA, Supermoons will happen when: "A full moon coincides with the moon's closest approach to Earth in its elliptical orbit, a point known as perigee. During every 27-day orbit around Earth, the moon reaches both its perigee, about 226,000 miles (363,300 km) from Earth, and its farthest point, or apogee, about 251,000 miles (405,500 km) from Earth. Supermoons happen when a full moon comes within at least 90% of the perigee."

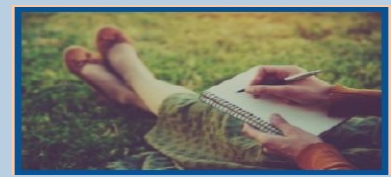
Around the world, the Supermoon has other names such as Buck moon, Flower moon, and Blood moon. The full moon has inspired countless poems through the centuries. Here's a well-known Chinese poem written by Li Bai, (701-762), a famous Tang Dynasty poet:

*Moonlight reflected off the front of my bed
Could it actually be the frost on the ground?
I look up to view the bright moon,
And look down to reminisce about my hometown.*

On that nostalgic note, I hope you all will enjoy your club's August issue and perhaps find your own writing inspirations in the coming months of our CWC-SFV meetings. Sail on, silvery moon,

Kathy Highcove *The Valley Scribe* Editor





According to FarmersAlmanac.com, “The *Dog Days of Summer* are from July 3 to August 11 each year. They’re usually the hottest and most unbearable days of the season.” Although some believe the phrase refers to summer weeks so hot that they’re “not fit for a dog,” that’s not its etymology at all.

To learn more about the origin of the Dog Days, go outside and look up on a clear, starry night through August 11 to see the brightest star in the sky – Sirius, the Dog Star. It’s part of the constellation *Canis Major*, the *Greater Dog*. Its bright glow is attributed to the sun’s proximity to Sirius during this time of year. Ancient Romans thought the bright star radiated heat, like the sun, making these six weeks especially hot.

Back on earth, the Dog Days mean something entirely different to me, having nothing to do with the weather. The summer months are a special time to catch up on writing projects that have been patiently waiting for my attention since early spring, when I was extraordinarily busy writing legislative proposals for my volunteer job in the California Senior Legislature.

I never imagined that my writing prowess would carry me to Sacramento! But in June, 2021, I wrote a legislative proposal that was authored by State

Assemblymember Carlos Villapudua and is currently winding its way through the California State Senate, having received no opposition in the State Assembly.

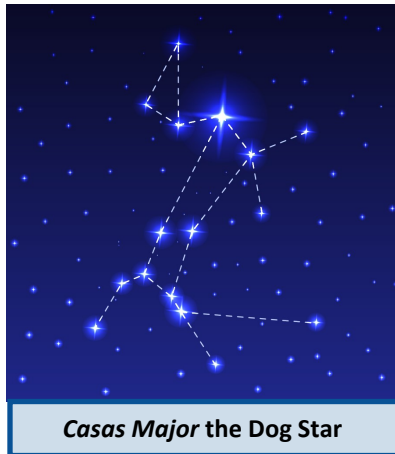
Its number is AB 2069; and if signed by the governor later this year, it will provide scholarships to individuals studying to become home health aides throughout California. If you’d like to follow its progress through the legislature, here’s a link: [AB 2069](#).

Now that my 2022 CSL proposals

have been put to bed, I’m desperate to get back to the novel I’m writing, in addition to finding a publisher for my new picture book manuscript titled “Mazel’s Mishpacha.” There never seems to be enough hours in the day. Each time I postpone one writing project for another, my muse yells at me like Tom Hanks in *A League of Their Own*, who shouts at Madonna’s character, “There’s no crying in baseball!”

Mine screams, “There’s no stalling in literature!”

So, whatever your plans during the Dog Days of Summer, I hope it’s a special time to rest, refresh, watch baseball (or baseball movies), and catch up on your own writing projects. And I hope your muse is a lot less grumpy than mine!



YOUR MEMBERSHIP MATTERS

AND SO DOES YOUR SUPPORT
PLEASE PAY YOUR 2022 DUES
AND RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP



A CWC-SFV Membership Offers Many Benefits

- ◆ Membership in one CWC branch provides access to meetings at the 21 other CWC branches and also at a discounted rate to join a second branch.
- ◆ Membership is the least expensive education on the planet for writers at all stages of their careers. A small membership fee buys a myriad of learning opportunities from the best and brightest in the craft and business of writing.
- ◆ Writing is a solitary pursuit, but membership buys the support of a critique group to provide you with the encouragement you need to keep writing!
- ◆ And if you're looking for publishing opportunities, membership allows you to submit articles to be considered for publication in the club's monthly newsletter, the Valley Scribe, as well as the CWC Bulletin and Literary Magazine.
- ◆ Occasionally, you'll have access to "Members Only" events, like this summer's presentation by bestselling author, Dean Koontz.
- ◆ Finally, membership is your golden ticket to leadership opportunities! Your board welcomes your creativity. Help increase our club's visibility by volunteering to update our Facebook page, send out press releases, and more. What would you like to do? Your time is precious and will always be valued and appreciated by your CWC peers.
- ◆ Dues are: \$45 for renewals; \$65 for new members. New member dues must be accompanied by the application on the website. **Members must renew by September 30 or they will need to reapply as a new member.**
- ◆ There are three ways to pay your dues:
 1. Mail a check to CWC-San Fernando Valley, P.O. Box 564, Woodland Hills, CA 91262-9998
 2. Use PayPal with your credit card at cwc-sfv.org. Click on "Membership Information", then on "Click Here for Dues Information".
 3. Set up a Zelle payment directly from your bank to sfv.cwc@gmail.com.

Any questions or concerns? Email me at karen.gorback@gmail.com or call me at 805-300-2078.



OUR 2002-3 MEMBERSHIP RAFFLE WINNER: SAM GLENN



Longtime SFV member Sam Glenn has won a free year of CWC-SFV membership! Congrats, Sam! To learn more about our winner, please read the following bio, written by a member of his critique group, Geri Jabara.

A native of Arkansas, Sam was raised in Arlington, VA. He received his Music degree from The Eastman School of Music. He has performed in the Army Band and as a professional musician in Washington, D.C. as well as Los Angeles.

Then the writing bug bit him. First some songs, and then a few scripts.

He and his wife Cathy published their first book for children. “Alawishes.” Next came “Honey in the Toy Shop.”

Cathy’s illness forced the books to be put on hold and led to the necessity of Sam’s taking a full time job in the printing business but always with that dream of writing and publishing. Their garage was converted into a print shop with their daughter Tammy. Two more books were added. *Kabazoo* and *The Funny Little Riverboat*. Also an audio product called *Radio Drama for Kids* that lasted for several years.

Sam has been a member of CWC for fifteen years. Four of his short stories were included in Bernard Selling’s “Writing From Deeper Within,” as examples of life writing. Two of his favorite authors are Robert Fulghum and Dave Barry. He always looks forward to the Saturday morning critique group with Geri Jabara, Ilan Sendowski, Michael Savage and Yolanda Fintor. He values their constructive feedback to help each other improve their writing skills.

For your listening pleasure, Sam can be heard in local venues. He’s currently playing saxophone, clarinet and flute in the Big Band Alumni, Riverboat Dixie Jazz Band, Harry Selvin’s Orchestra and with his own group, The Sammy Glenn Trio.

VIBRATIONS

By Sam Glenn

My latest YouTube searches are about vibrations. This is fun. Good ones, bad ones and in-between ...

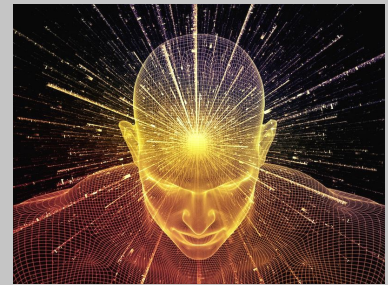
Tesla said: “Secrets of the universe are energy, frequency and vibration.”
Einstein: “All things in the universe vibrate at a certain level.”

Let’s see, it says 432 Hz (the sound that vibrates at 432 times per second) is the natural frequency of the universe. Cosmic healing powers. I’ll go along with that because I know that 2 to 8Hz is good for sleeping. 6Hz enhances areas of the brain.

I can try some of this out with this new app I found: a sound generator. Reproduces any sound. I like the 432 Hz. Pleasing. 880Hz is kind of high. 40Hz good for the frontal lobe. That’s a real low tone.

What’s this? 528Hz induces testosterone levels. TESTOSTERONE LEVELS ??

Oh, no!! I just ruined my brand new speakers when I cranked up the volume!



GREAT NEWS FOR THE COMING YEAR

Your CWC-SFV Board voted on July 9, 2022 to reinstate a board position which had been previously titled "Member at Large." This was the first board position I held in 2008-09, when I was invited by the late Board President Dave Wetterberg to join the leadership team. As the Member at Large, I also served as the CWC SoCal representative for our club.

By a unanimous vote, the current board authorized me to invite member Phyllis Butcher to fill this position. Happily, Phyllis accepted and will be the board's Member at Large, serving as the MPTF Relations Chairperson. Phyllis' contributions will help the CWC-SFV develop a stronger relationship with the Motion Picture and Television Fund residential community, where she chairs their volunteer board. Welcome, Phyllis.

Karen Gorback, Ph. D.
CWC-SFV President

A NEW CHAIR IN THE BOARDROOM



Phyllis Butcher
MPTF Relations Chair

My primary focus is volunteering at the Motion Picture and Television Fund, which I have been doing in both unofficial and official capacities for over 20 years. I am currently serving my first term as President of the MPTF Volunteer Guild.

For over 12 years I have had the pleasure of writing content for the monthly Volunteer Guild newsletter, *The Spotlight*. This outreach has motivated me to move on to other writing challenges. I hope to concentrate on mastering the short story, but in the interim I enjoy writing essays and flash fiction. If I had to choose a particular genre, it would be humor; I like to leave 'em laughing.

I am most grateful to Ray DeTournay for encouraging me to join CWC-SFV, which has been a most welcoming and rewarding experience.

—Phyllis Butcher



Whether you have been published or have always wanted to write, please join us for monthly Saturday meetings via Zoom to learn more about the craft and business of writing. See www.cwc-sfv.org for membership information and single lecture admission prices. This series is free for CWC-SFV members.

CWC-SFV SPEAKERS FALL 2022



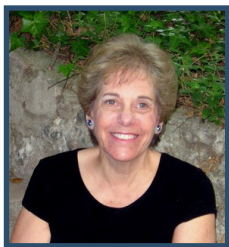
SEPTEMBER 10, 2022

Christobel Kent

“Writing Setting: From Italy to Britain”

By sharing her own journey from her first book set in Italy to becoming a Sunday Times bestselling author, Christobel Kent explores the importance of setting in our stories.

Follow Christobel on Instagram @christobelkentnovelist



OCTOBER 1, 2022

Beverly Olevin

“Power of the Pen: Short Stories and Beyond”

Author, memoirist, playwright, and director, Beverly Olevin hopes to inspire you to craft your own tale by discussing what makes a short story great as well as making a memoir come to life. Visit www.beverlyolevin.com for more info.

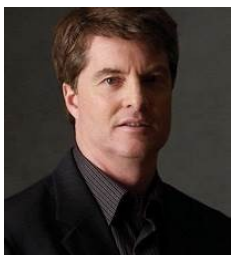


NOVEMBER 5, 2022

Vincent Virom Coppola

“The Power of Myth in Story Telling”

UCLA Professor and author, Vincent Virom Coppola will take us on a journey to the heart and soul of a story, however that story is told, whether on stage, screen, or on an iPad, and in that truly see the power of Myth.



DECEMBER 3, 2022

Dacre Stoker

“Stoker on Stoker: The Mysteries Behind the Research and Writing of Dracula”

Blow the dust of Bram Stoker’s *Dracula* and read it again, Stoker’s great-grandnephew will be here to share the story behind the story of the greatest vampire tale ever. Visit www.dacrestoker.com for more info.

Crime in Cairo – A Different Sort of Justice

By Elaine Mura

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Lady Justice on Cairo Crime - Photo by Ekaterina Bolovtsova



Cairo Airport – Photo by [Quang Nguyen-Vinh](#) on pexels.com

I can't begin to express my unbridled enthusiasm at the chance to return to Egypt after a hiatus of decades. Nothing in my experience can hold a candle to the great pyramids and the Sphinx, and I could spend hours just contemplating the lives those mummies and sarcophagus socialites must have led. So it was with anticipation that I boarded my very long plane flight to Cairo from Los Angeles via Vienna. Courtesy of the pandemic, we were asked to come an extra hour early for international flights. Crowds swarmed LAX, and TSA really had its hands full.

And then the trip began with lots of waiting. There were three to four hours in my home airport – and five hours waiting because of my delayed Egypt Air flight in Vienna. It seemed as if the day would never end. Or maybe it was two days. I lost track of time with hourly changes and strange light denoting day and night popping up here and there as we flew over the frigid ice cap. By the time Cairo came into sight from above, I'd racked up nearly 24 hours of travel time; and I was dog-tired from having done nothing but eat for all those hours. They do serve a full menu on Austrian Airlines.

Exhausted, I opted for a comfortable and relaxing wheelchair in order to ease the

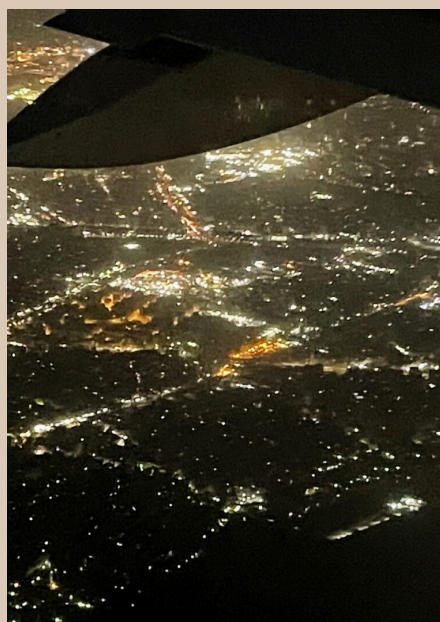
pain of walking miles with my carry-on bags, which probably weighed more than I did. I waited patiently for the airline to provide me with a wheelchair and someone to push me through the mobs of people arriving from all over the world.

In order to enter Egypt, travelers must purchase a visa upon their entry into the country. It is certainly a bargain at \$25 and can be purchased right in the airport just before going through passport control. My wheelchair nanny asked for the \$25 (U.S., of course) and scurried off to pick up my visa while I waited. I watched him go to the cashier and return with a small white card which he flashed in front of my nose, telling me it was my visa while he grabbed my passport to hand to the fellows at passport control. From my wheelchair, they were probably six feet above me.

I had originally planned to go to Egypt in 2020, but somehow a global pandemic got in the way: You know what they say about the best laid plans. I sent for my Egyptian visa in 2019,

and it was stamped inside my passport.

But, of course, I never used it; and it had long ago expired. In the midst of my journey through the airport, I was met by a representative of my tour company who was sent to ferry me to my hotel. After bidding my wheelchair and "driver" a fond farewell, we went to our vehicle to motor to downtown Cairo. Just after I got settled into the van, the tour rep asked for my passport so that he could scan it for the tour company headquarters who would be arranging my month-long trip. It was then that the truth dawned. Searching through the many pages in my passport, I was unable to locate that elusive visa that I had



Cairo from the Air – Photo by Elaine L. Mura

(Continued on page 8)



Back to Cairo Airport – Photo by [Quang Nguyen-Vinh](#) on pexels.com

(Continued from page 7)

never really touched – and it turned out that passport control stamped the expired 2020 visa. My tour rep immediately contacted the company and told me the bad news. I had entered Egypt, but I might never leave due to the



Downtown Cairo – Photo by [Sophia Valkova](#) on [Unsplash](#)

absence of legal paperwork

So off we went, back to the airport to attempt to correct the unfortunate “mistake.” That was when I had the opportunity to meet the exemplary airport police chief and his crew.

Everyone scurried about with maximum efficiency – and, lo and behold, they managed to locate my wheelchair nanny. It seems that he took my money and faked a visa which, in my worn out state, I never noticed – especially since, after all, passport control stamped my passport. The police were extremely upset by his treatment of a bona fide tourist, and they let him know it. When he tried to sidle up to me to apologize, they briskly shoved him several feet away.

Then, to cap off my unusual entry into Egypt, the bottom line rose to meet me. The chief told me that I must determine how the airport employee would be punished. It was then and there that I discovered one of the quirks of Middle Eastern justice. The victim gets to decide what happens to the guilty party. Try as I might – and more than uncomfortable because of looming cultural issues – I was “it.” Would he lose his job? Go to jail? Lots of thoughts rushed through my mind. What was an appropriate punishment for the crime? It certainly did not feel good holding a stranger’s fate in my hands. This was a middle aged man who probably had a wife and several children depending on him. But this was also a man who cheated me and had probably cheated multiple other wheelchair passengers (many who may have been handicapped or elderly). What to do?



Final Destination: Cairo Marriott Hotel – Photo by Elaine L. Mura

Finally, I weighed the multiple factors separately and together. This was one of those surprising and unforeseen things that happens when you travel. I finally resolved my thoughts, made my statement (in Arabic and English), and offered up my solution to the conundrum. Travel is nothing if not broadening, but I guess that all’s well that ends well. What would you have done in my shoes? What penalty would you have offered?

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Divorce Review – Why Do Marriages Fail?

By Elaine Mura

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Laura Walker, Anthony Backman, Ian Nemser, and Bri Ana Wagner in A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO DIVORCE -
Photo by Shelby Janes

der what happened to make three once-loving couples tear their marriages asunder. In the course of some intriguing exchanges, nice guy Brian (Ian Nemser) finds out that his soon-to-be-ex Carol (Laura Walker) might have been searching for something a little friskier in their sex life. Just maybe she's found it – at least on her cell phone. Meanwhile, they play tug-of-war over the television remote. On the other hand, attorney Ken (Anthony Backman) may have been a little too frisky for Tanya (Bri Anna Wagner), his sexy wife – that is, too frisky with the wrong partner. But the angrier they get, the hotter their relationship grows. Go figure. Meanwhile, taciturn Doug (Corbin Timbrook) bides his time with one word remarks aimed at his therapist wife Angie (Marie Pettit Gregson). Each person in the room has had some time to figure out blame, shame, and guilt with perfect precision. All the while waiting for that elusive divorce mediator who manages to do his job even when not there.

Director Marc Antonio Pritchett does a skillful job of fielding these free-for-all marital battles with an eye to their inherent humor – but also to their potentially poignant underpinnings. A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO DIVORCE is, above all, a hilarious and witty study of marriage with all its stresses and strengths. At the same time, the play is about very real, believable people facing the loss of life plans they made for their happily-ever-after, plans they never expected to end so abruptly.



Marie Pettit Gregson and Corbin Timbrook – Photo by Shelby Janes

Kudos to a supremely talented and professional cast who wring every chuckle and every tear out of playwright Gould's lines. From the stingy plain set waiting for emotional volcanoes to lend it color to Douglas Gabrielle's clever lighting pinpointing the different stages of every relationship, A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO DIVORCE knocks the ball out of the park. This is a production for everyone – dating couples, couples planning a happily-ever-after wedding, happily married couples, happily (or unhappily) divorced couples, and anyone and everyone who enjoys a good show which is entertaining, often uproarious, and enlightening as it digs into the inner workings of its characters. You're in for a treat.

A FUNNY THINGS HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO DIVORCE runs through September 11, 2022, with performances at 8 p.m. on Saturdays and at 3 p.m. on Sundays. The Two Roads Theatre is located at 4348 Tujunga Avenue, Studio City, CA 91604. Tickets are \$40. For information and reservations, go [online](#).

Playwright Jeff Gould seems to have a special talent for writing comedies about couples. Sex and marriage have always intrigued Gould – and now he is turning to divorce. After a string of successful plays including "It's Just Sex," "Is There Sex After Marriage?" and "The Marriage Zone," Gould decided it was time to examine the dynamics of marriages that don't make it. Originally developed by SkyPilot Theatre Company and scheduled to open in March 2020, a funny thing happened on the way to the opening of A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO DIVORCE. But, not to be deterred by a little thing like a worldwide pandemic, this elusive play finally found a home at the Two Roads Theatre, where it opened to July fireworks – just a week late.

Six people sit in the stark meeting room, all waiting for a divorce mediator to settle their differences and end their misery. Like you, they begin to won-



Corbin Timbrook, Ian Nemser, and Anthony Backman – Photo by Shelby Janes

WHO'S FLYING OUT THE WINDOW?

By Scott Struman

"Your poem is trash!" I scream at a teenage boy in my weekly poetry group at the library on the third floor. "My time is too valuable to spend on crap like yours!"

The other six members of the poetry group stare at me. Someone whispers about me, something like. "He's been going downhill for several months."

How dare someone say anything like that about me? I think to myself. *I'm at the top of my game.*

A 42-year-old woman reads a poem associating a lost love with a butterfly flying away.

"If I were you, I'd bomb that butterfly in a nuclear holocaust," I say to the lady.

"What's wrong with you, Mitch?" she asks.

"Nothing's wrong with me. I'm doing fine. I'm always fine. I've never not been fine! I'm so goddamn fine that I have a monopoly on the word!"

"Maybe you're not so fine," she says. "You know you've been writing some dark poems lately."

"My poems aren't dark! They're honest! It's not my fault you're so damn sensitive that you can't handle the truth. If I want to write a poem about placing a hamster in the garbage disposal, that's my right!"

The next guy, 45-years-old, reads a poem about his goldfish who jumped out of the fish bowl and died on the hardwood floor.

"That poem is so weak," I say to him.

"Maybe if you put the goldfish in a turkey

sandwich and forced your son to eat it ... now, *that* would be a good poem!"

"Mister Conner, are you sure everything is O.K. with you?" a 50-year-old man asks me.

"Of course! I told you I was fine," I reply. "I'm always fine, goddamn it! How could I *not* be fine? I have my own apartment and I eat two meals a day and I drink coffee and I write poems and many of my poems have been published!"

"Have you been published since the Corona Virus broke out?" asks a 56-year-old woman.

"Why do you ask?" I respond.

"Well, I heard that lots of poetry magazines have gone out of business because of the pandemic."

"What's that got to do with me? Is this the Spanish Inquisition?"

"I heard you haven't been published since you moved to Northridge," says a 35-year-old man.

"Leave me alone, you bastards! You're all trying to destroy me!" I yell. Then I run for the library's third floor window and dive into it ... but the glass is too thick for me to break through so I fall backward, down on the marble floor.

"Are you O.K.?" a woman librarian asks me.

"Of course I'm O.K.," I say. "I'm fine. I'm always fine."



PLEASE
RETURN
TO
LIBRARY
BOOKS



WRITERS WITH AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

By Heather Bradshaw



“It’s bloody hot innit?” as they were complaining in the UK last month. For a couple of days, the temperature was over 100F, or 40C as they put it, with no air conditioning and snug houses built to retain heat. Railroad tracks, roads and runways buckled under the blistering sun but not my mother. Curtains closed, she ate ice cream, sat with a fan blowing in her face, and her feet planted in a bowl of cold water. She complained it was 30 C (whatever that is) in the house all day. “Too hot even to read” What?!

Thankfully, here in Southern California we have relief from our scorching days and can spend the days indoors, at home, at work, at the mall or playing bingo, without breaking a sweat. Why, we can even read books by writers with August birthdays.

Let’s start with author **Mary Shelley** and her husband English romantic poet, **Percy Bysshe Shelley** who both celebrated August birthdays.



During what was supposed to be a summer vacation for the Shelleys at Lake Geneva, *Frankenstein* was born. After reading horror stories while being trapped for days inside their

villa by inclement weather, their friend and fellow holidaymaker Lord Byron challenged his mates to write a horror story better than the ones they had read.

Mary struggled to come up with an idea until one dark and stormy night, as she tossed and turned, sleep eluding her, “(She) saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life.”

One Perfect Parker



Rose By Dorothy

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet—
One perfect rose.
I knew the language of the floweret;
"My fragile leaves," it said, "his heart enclose."
Love long has taken for his amulet
One perfect rose.
Why is it no one ever sent me yet
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.



Thando Mgqolozana, *Hear Me Alon*

Also celebrating, we have **Herman Melville**, *Moby Dick*, **Guy de Maupassant**, *Boule de Suif* (*Ball of Fat*), children’s author and my inspiration when I was a wee one, **Enid Blyton**, the *Famous Five* series, and **Danielle Steel**, *Safe Harbour*,

(Continued on page 12)

and **P.L. Travers**,
Mary Poppins.



Then, **Alfred Hitchcock**, and **Julia Child**, seen here auditioning for *Psycho*



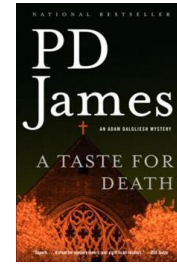
Charles Bukowski, *Ham on Rye*, **Frank McCourt**, *Angela's Ashes*, about which my Irish grandmother said they were poor but they never licked fish and chip newspaper.

Pulitzer Prize winner, **Annie Proulx**, *Brokeback Mountain*, **Ray Bradbury**, *Fahrenheit 451*, **A.S. Byatt**, *Possession*, **Jorge Luis Borges**, *The Book of Sand*, **Paulo Coelho**, *The Alchemist*, **Frederick Forsyth**, *The Day of the Jackal*, **Martin Amis**, **Julio Cortazar**, *Rayuela (Hopscotch)*, **Jeanette Winterson**, *Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal?*

H.P. Lovecraft, *The Call of Cthulhu*, who, as well as suffering from night terrors about **being** abducted by flying monsters, was “frightened of invertebrates, marine life in general, temperatures

below freezing, fat people, people of other races, race-mixing, slums, percussion instruments, caves, cellars, old age, great expanses of time, monumental architecture, non-Euclidean geometry, deserts, oceans, rats, dogs, the New England countryside, New York City, fungi and molds, viscous substances, medical experiments, dreams, brittle textures, gelatinous textures, the color gray, plant life of diverse sorts, memory lapses, old books, heredity, mists, gases, whistling, whispering.”

P.D. James, *A Taste for Death*.

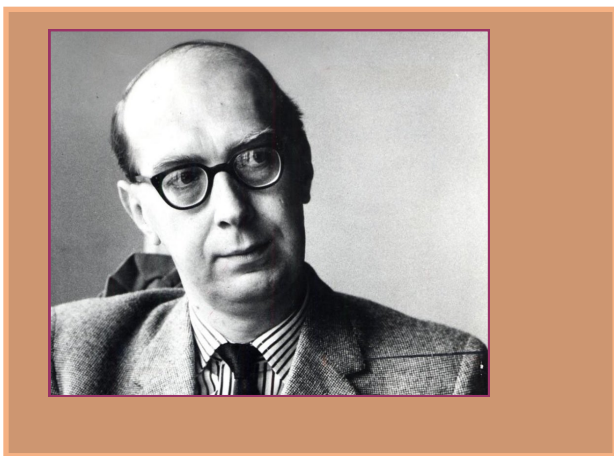


Also, poet **Alfred Tennyson**, whose famous quotes include: "Rage, rage against the dying of the light," "Nature, red in tooth and claw," and "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."



Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*.

“You can easily judge the character of a man by how he treats those who can do nothing for him.”



This August birthday list ends with poet **Phillip Larkin**, whose first book of poetry, *The North Ship* was published in 1946. Let's take a closer look at this writer with the help of Wiki:

Philip Arthur Larkin (9 August 1922 – 2 December 1985) was an English poet, novelist, and librarian. His first book of poetry, *The North Ship*, was published in 1945, followed by two novels, *Jill* (1946) and *A Girl in Winter* (1947), and he came to prominence in 1955 with the publication of his second collection of poems, *The Less Deceived*, followed by *The Whitsun Weddings* (1964) and *High Windows* (1974).

The North Ship

I saw three ships go sailing by,
Over the sea, the lifting sea,
And the wind rose in the morning sky,
And one was rigged for a long journey.

The first ship turned towards the west,
Over the sea, the running sea,
And by the wind was all possessed
And carried to a rich country.

The second ship turned towards the east,
Over the sea, the quaking sea,
And the wind hunted it like a beast
To anchor in captivity.

The third ship drove towards the north,
Over the sea, the darkening sea,
But no breath of wind came forth,
And the decks shone frostily.

The northern sky rose high and black
Over the proud unfruitful sea,
East and west the ships came back
Happily or unhappily:

But the third went wide and far
Into an unforgiving sea
Under a fire-spilling star,
And it was rigged for a long journey.



Happy Birthday to our members celebrating a birthday in August, and Kathy Highcove, our indomitable editor!

Sources: My mother, www.biography.com, Gettyimages, www.poetryfoundation.com, <http://britannica.com>, www.thoughtco.com,

Colorado Cloud Paintings

cloud shadows
cool mountain slopes
in August's warm dawn

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

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

nimbus clouds float
like great gray parachutes
down over the Springs

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

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



sunlight polishes the blue
into gleaming perfection
trims clouds with silver
or burns
through gray masses
like smoke radiating
into an endless dome
smudging its perfection

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

Lillian Rodich

CWC-SFV INFORMATION

EXECUTIVE BOARD OFFICERS

President

Karen Gorback, Ph. D.

Vice President and Zoom Host

Monte Swann

Secretary

Elaine Mura

Treasurer

Anat Golan

OUR WEBSITE:

[HTTPS://CWC-SFV.ORG](https://CWC-SFV.ORG)

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Heather Bradshaw

Editor of *The Valley Scribe*

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Michael Rains

MPTF Relations Chair

Phyllis Butcher

CWC-SFV monthly Zoom meetings are scheduled at 1 p.m., on the first Saturday of each month and each meeting will feature a speaker. All CWC-SFV members will receive a Zoom invitation to a presentation.

Members of other CWC branches should contact Monte Swann at cwcsfvhost@gmail.com for an invitation to a Zoom meeting. After purchasing admission, guests will receive a Zoom link that will enable them to join the meeting.