



William Stafford Archivists Convert Pages to Posterity

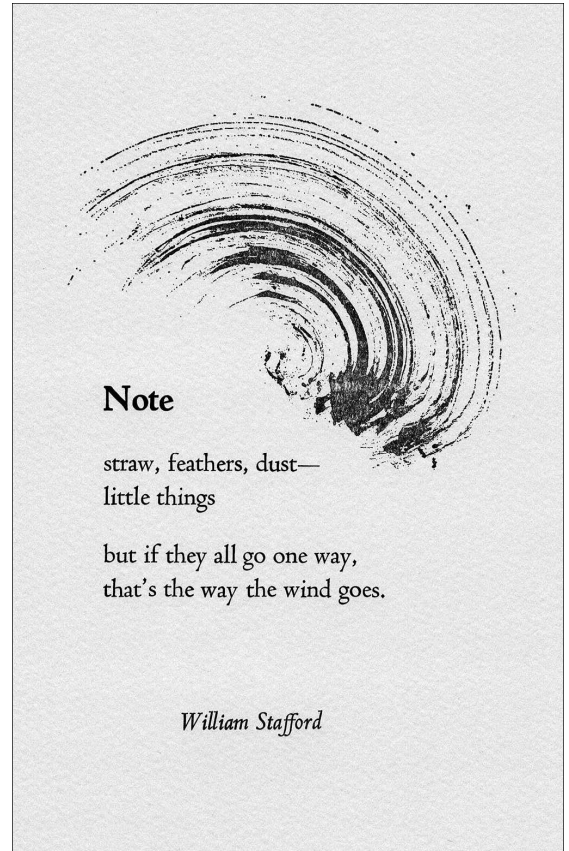
By Paul Merchant

When I was invited to write a column for this newsletter, the time seemed right. Over the last decade, the activities of the William Stafford Archives have been somewhat public, but mostly invisible. I am happy to take this opportunity to share with the Friends of William Stafford some of our behind-the-scenes work, beginning with a summary of our visible activities since 1993.

These activities have taken two forms—three annual symposia on the South Campus of Lewis & Clark College, intended as introductions to some of the archive's materials, and the following list of publications undertaken wholly by the Archives or with substantial archival support.

Eleven collections of poetry and prose include *The Methow River Poems*, *Even in Quiet Places*, and *Crossing Unmarked Snow*, Kim Stafford's new edition of *Down in My Heart*, the collection *The Way It Is: New and Selected Poems*, the revised edition of *A Scripture of Leaves*, introduced by Wendell Berry, *The Answers Are Inside the Mountains*, Kim Stafford's edition of his father's pacifist writings, *Every War Has Two Losers*, British editions of *Holding Onto the Grass* and *Traveling Through the Dark*, and most recently, Lars Nordström's volume of Swedish translations from William Stafford. In addition, Kim Stafford's memoir, *Early Morning*, drew in part on archival sources, and we were able to provide some details for the revised edition of Judith Kitchen's *Writing the World*.

Understanding William Stafford, and Lewis & Clark's 2000 exhibit of the college's newly acquired Carter Burden Collection, was accompanied by Doug Erickson and Paul Merchant's catalogue that included a preliminary bibliography of William Stafford's work. On an exciting parallel journey that began in collaboration with William Stafford, the team of Vincent Wixon, Michael Markee, and Patty Wixon, all members of FWS, have been producing videos, audio cassettes, and compact disks of William Stafford: *What the River Says* (video), *The Life of the Poem* (video), *The*



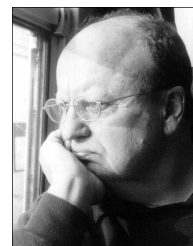
Note

straw, feathers, dust—
little things

but if they all go one way,
that's the way the wind goes.

William Stafford

"Note" copyright 1998 by the Estate of William Stafford, Reprinted from *The Way It Is: New & Selected Poems* by William Stafford, with the permission of Graywolf Press. This is a copy of the broadside available from FWS. See Pages 6-7 for more on broadsides.



**Introducing
A New Feature:
Report From
The Archives**

Methow River Poems (audio cassette and video), *The Last Reading* (audio cassette and CD), and, most recently, *The Unknown Good in Our Enemies* (CD).

The less visible activities at the Archives have involved many dedicated volunteers, associates, and assistants, who have lent their considerable talents and energies to a variety of cataloguing and

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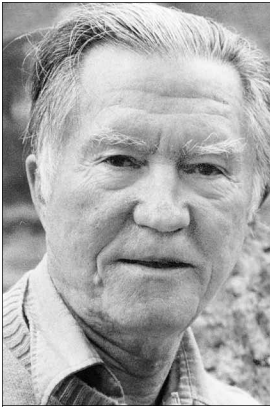


Photo: Kim Stafford

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Remembrance of Unexpected Meeting with Stafford Inspires Tribute

By Gerald Tiffany



Gerald Tiffany

Editor's Note: Gerald Tiffany, who teaches English at Wenatchee Valley College, spoke the following tribute to William Stafford on January 22, 2004, as part of the First Annual William Stafford Memorial Poetry Celebration at the college in Wenatchee, Washington. Tiffany, who has been teaching since 1980, includes among his memorable teachers, in addition to Stafford, the novelist, John Irving, and current Poet Laureate,

Louise Glück. His essays, poems, research, and translations have been published in numerous journals, magazines, and anthologies. We thank him for permission to reprint his talk, and welcome him as a new member of FWS.

William Stafford sneaked up on me early one morning 24 years ago, while I was minding my own business. I was in my second year as a teaching assistant at Eastern Washington University at Cheney, trying to figure out how to tell my students what I thought I knew about grammar and punctuation. This took untold hours, and I found myself at six o'clock most mornings in my tiny, shared office, poring over English handbooks, trying to plant the terminology of prescriptive grammar deep enough in my head to be able to explain misplaced modifiers and passive voice.

So there I was, early one morning in 1980, minding my own business, my back to the door, staring out the window into the dark, waiting for the first rays of sun to touch the small drifts of volcanic ash from the May eruption of Mt. St. Helen's, that moved like soft fingers in the window wells. The light from the hallway dimmed. My reflection in the window went dark. I spun around and saw in my doorway a man whose picture I had only seen in books. Possessed of lightning wit and never at a loss for words, I said, "You're William Stafford!"

"Yes, I am." He gestured at the only chair. "May I sit down?" There he was, standing in my office, his aura blazing, asking if he could take a seat. As a young student of poetry, the sudden appearance of Abraham Lincoln could not have been more profound.

"Of course. Yes. Why are you here?" (When a messenger of the Almighty pays a call, I always like to have the presence of mind to enquire as to the purpose of the visit.) "I want to ask you how often you write poetry," he said. I shuffled, hedged, looked at the floor. "Whenever the spirit moves me," I replied, unable to meet his eyes.

Looking directly at me, William Stafford said quietly, "Every day I start writing at four a.m. I write poetry for at least two hours at that same time every day. I do this because I'm a writer." In his hand, he held a half dozen sheets of paper, which he placed on the table between us. They were my poems, and he wanted to talk about them.

For English 210 at Cheney

We could read everything – clouds, gophers,
people, all in between, the river
writing all day and all night on sandbars,
wind tousling leaves in a pattern.
What does it mean, the world?

There are sunken ponds on the
highland, dark sockets looking out,
with reeds down there, and caucuses of blackbirds
all summer. In winter the secret frogs
wait in the mud, and everything gets ready
to try again. We like to watch.

And inside our lives there's a drama. We can't
tell when the next revelation
will come. The world has us in a story
being told at a slow pace, with surprises.
You don't know what's going to happen.
We're learning to read. We're learning together.

William Stafford

"For English 210 at Cheney," published in Willow Springs Magazine, Vol. 8, Spring 1981. Used with permission of the Estate of William Stafford.

Nearly a quarter century has passed since that morning, but I still remember how William Stafford centered his remarks on a poem I had written for my father, who died when I was 17. It was a long poem titled "Remembrance," and in the final stanzas, I had made reference to several black vultures *dignified as pall bearers*, who circled above the edge of a precipice where my mother sat alone, *watching them and a shattered doe*. Stafford told me the poem reminded him of one he had written, called "Traveling Through the Dark."

I wish I could have told him I knew his poem, that I had read it before I met him. But I hadn't. William Stafford came to me knowing more about my poetry than I knew about his. Back then I was more in love with writing what I thought was poetry, than reading what great living poets actually wrote. "Remembrance" was no great shakes as a poem. It didn't shimmer and reverberate; it wasn't luminous; but it was deeply, personally, mine.

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Stafford Remembrance ...

Continued from Page 2

And Stafford, in that wonderful, easy-going way of his, encouraged me by saying it reminded him of one of his.

William Stafford spent two days visiting our classes, leading workshops and giving readings. When he visited Cheney, he gladly spoke to all of us, from entering freshmen to exiting grad students. The real-life poets I had met before, had impressed me with their flamboyance, and their wild and often self-destructive lifestyles. But Stafford didn't read his poems in bars. He was destructive of nothing, most certainly not himself. William Stafford was brilliant, kind, and generous – a person who read poetry in our local churches.

During the intervening decades I studied a number of Stafford's poems in close detail, as well as those of other very good poets.

I have come to see that their work is often about how to live as a poet, how to read the world before our eyes the way a scholar reads a book, how to see the world always from the stance of a poet, how to dredge up the courage to find something to say every morning at four o'clock.

In spring of 1981, *Willow Springs* printed "For English 210 at Cheney." I don't doubt he wrote it hours before sunrise in some Cheney motel. I surmise Stafford visited Sophomore Composition that day wanting to tell students, in the fifty minutes he had, how writers use their eyes and frame their minds to present a poem the world has shown them how to write. He tells us in this particular poem that throughout our whole lives we learn how to read and savor the poem of the world just outside ourselves, and we do this by learning together. What greater

Report From the Archives ...

Continued from Page 1

organizational tasks. This is unglamorous and unheralded work that has greatly enhanced the research value of the collection. William Stafford kept almost every page of his daily writings from 1951, when he was a graduate student at the University of Iowa, right up to the memorable poem of his last day, August 28, 1993.

Each of these 20,000 pages is an invaluable guide, almost always headed with the full date, including the year. Each year's output was gathered into one or sometimes two folders or boxes, in approximate chronological order, though every year is to some extent disarranged by Stafford's later return to past pages, and even that shuffled order has been preserved. Other papers include nearly one hundred thousand pages of correspondence, the documentary copies of his published volumes, originals of most of his prose essays, and six thousand typescripts, including copies of poems used in workshops and at readings.

The first and most important curators of this large collection were Kim Stafford, Diane McDevitt, and Patty and Vince Wixon, who gathered, boxed, and tabulated the materials, which were initially housed in an office above Fat City Cafe in Multnomah Village.

About eight years ago Peter Sears, a tireless friend to Oregon literature and to William Stafford, suggested I might offer Kim some help with his father's archives. The suggestion happened to coincide with a request from the University of Michigan Press for a new volume of William Stafford prose, and an agreement with Graywolf Press for a new collection of selected poems.

Vince Wixon and I quickly plunged into the selecting and editing tasks that would take us into almost every corner of the Archives. From the beginning, Dorothy, Kim, Kit and Barbara Stafford,

have shown the generosity characteristic of their family, in opening the materials so freely to our archival and editorial explorations.

Since their transfer to a private house, the Archives have received a wide range of help. Numerous volunteers contributed enormous time and energy to cataloguing, indexing, and transferring recorded readings and interviews to eighty-eight compact disks that should be a treasure trove for future research. We owe a huge debt of gratitude to Vince and Patty Wixon, Diane McDevitt, Jill Teasley, Loretta Johnson, and Beverly Butterworth, as well as Emily Teitsworth, Abel Kloster, and Sam Jordan.

Finally, we have all enjoyed the enormous success of *How The Ink Feels*, the on-going Friends of William Stafford traveling exhibit of broadsides, long under the expert care of board member Nancy Winklesky, which includes many examples from the Archives collection. At the same time, we have taken vicarious pleasure in the seven splendid Stafford broadsides (one from each decade of his writing life) produced in his memory by the Friends.

I have no doubt that future scholars will be grateful to the many associates of the Archives who helped to blaze trails through the mass of materials, and I look forward to sharing more reports from the archives with readers of this newsletter.

In upcoming columns, I intend to explore some particular aspects of the collection not mentioned above, such as the thirteen thousand negatives and prints of William Stafford photographs. I shall also report on the outcome of current discussions about finding a permanent home for the archives, and provide guides to segments of the collections as they become accessible to readers and researchers.

The Answers Are Inside The Mountains: A Review

By Joan Maiers

The latest gift for Stafford readers, *The Answers Are Inside The Mountains*, comes from the Stafford archives and University of Michigan Press. It is a collection of priceless and enduring writing. Thanks go to editors Paul Merchant and Vincent Wixon, who deserve special praise for choices winnowed from boxes of daily writing, poetry drafts, teaching notes, and tape scripts of conversations.

Drawing on their sensibilities as poets and archive specialists, they arrange Stafford's material into three sections, *Being a Poet: Comments and Interviews, Workshops and Poetry Classes*, and *Daily Writing*. Here, readers will discover cogent observations about journal writing and revising. Throughout a dialogue with Richard Hugo, titled "An Indulgence with Loss," a spirit of congenial mentoring prevails.

In "Speaking of Writing," Stafford recommends "...entering the moment and looking around the way a traveler finds a new country for the first time without knowing even its name."

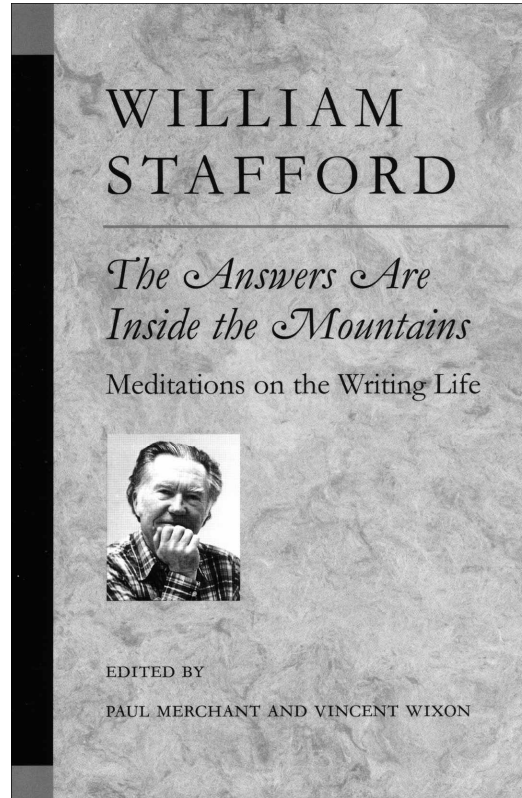
This book provides generous and continual, but not overbearing, endorsements for becoming a friendly wanderer in the world. The following statement from "Three Days, Four Poems: An Interview with Vincent Wixon and Michael Markee" exemplifies the Stafford outlook – "The ability to be lost is a precious thing for an artist."

Whitman Quote Announces International Poetry Day

"I say we had better look our nation searchingly in the face, like a physician diagnosing some deep disease."

This quote from Walt Whitman's "Democratic Vistas" is how Sam Hamill begins his invitation to poets and poetry lovers to commemorate September 11 this year, by making it an International Day of Poetry.

Hamill, who founded Poets Against the War in 2003, reminds us all that "the many faces and voices of poetry in the world connect us all to one great family. The uses of our art are countless, but the political remains one of our responsibilities."



Elsewhere, in "Over the Mountains," Stafford observes, "The world we all came from reaches out; its trees/ embrace; its rocks come down to cover / us again ... It wants us back."

Such a sentiment permeates Stafford's writing, most notably in "The Animal that Drank Up Sound." Through this poem, the reader can collaborate in Stafford's exploration of that ultimate wilderness territory: death and rebirth. The poet's metaphors stun young and old alike, especially in his joint venture with illustrator Debra Frasier, who convinced her publisher to tape record the poem with a musical background.

Of special significance, in view of today's climate of censorship, is Stafford's description of the poem's political impact in Iran during the 1970s, when he decided not to read "The Animal That Drank Up Sound."

Like the book, this review closes with lines from the poem, "Just Thinking." ... Let the bucket of memory down into the well,/bring it up. Cool. Cool minutes. No / stirring, no plans. Just being there. / This is what the whole thing is about.

Joan Maiers, a writing instructor at Marylhurst University in Portland, Oregon, taught "Seeing Through the Light: The Literature of William Stafford" in 1994. Her poetry has been widely published in literary magazines, and is featured in the summer issue of Calyx.

Poets Against the War is calling for the organization of poetry readings in public places, particularly libraries, around the world on September 11, not only to commemorate the events of our own 2002 tragedy, but to remember the overthrow of the Allende government in Chile, and the Attica prison riots, which also occurred on September 11 in their respective years.

For the full text of Hamill's declaration, and to read more about Poets Against the War, goto www.poetsagainsthewar.org.

On Horses, Peanut Brittle, and Poems of Exuberance

Poet Louis Zukosky's "It's a gay li-ife" goes like this:

*There'snaw-thing
lak po-ee try
It's a delicacy
for a horse:*

*There'snaw-thing
lak pea-nut-brittle
It's a delicacy
for the molars.*

Manhattan-born Zukofsky (1904–78) was fond of and had a high opinion of the horses that pulled the cabs and drays around the streets of old New York.

I've been enamored of this poem ever since a former teacher of mine, poet Basil Bunting (1900–85), whose own poems evoke the rich landscape and heritage of his native Northumbria in Britain, introduced me to it. According to Bunting, Zukofsky used to walk around the city chanting this poem. And I myself have often recited it to open or close a poetry reading.

Here's what I know and like about horses: Their eyes are so intelligent that, coupled with their size, they frighten me; I like their smell of dust and straw; and I like to see them run *without* saddles. To my shame, I probably know more about peanut brittle.

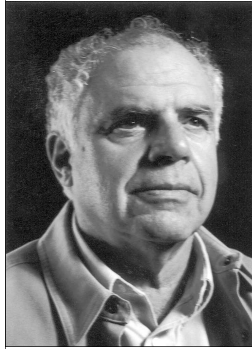
I also know *a little* about poetry (emphasis on "a little" here), and I believe the distressing time in which we currently live demands that we return to poems of exuberance, like Zukofsky's. Limericks, too, might help:

*I once knew a man from Wheeling
Who was endowed with such great feeling,
That when he read on the door,
"Don't spit on the floor,"
He jumped up and spat on the ceiling.*

We need to get out those dusty collections and anthologies of ours and read poems that make us smile, even though they may not be "great poems." Of course, if you really like a poem, it's always a great poem, and you and I can name scores of these.

The humorous poems of Edward Lear (1812–88), Ogden Nash (1902–71), and Lewis Carroll (1832–98), to name but three poets famous for writing verses that make us smile, won't stop the madness of our time, but they can lessen the malaise that sometimes seem to overwhelm us.

From the Chair



Joseph Soldati

These days I'm ready for "There Was An Old Man Who Supposed" (Lear) for *The Hunting of the Snark* and "Twinkle, twinkle little bat" (Carroll) and for "The cow is of the bovine ilk; / one end is moo, the other milk" (Nash).

Of course, milk is probably not the convivial beverage our times require, or so, I believe, Henry Aldrich (1647-1701) proves in "ACatch:"

*If all be true that I do think
There are Five Reasons we should drink;
Good wine, a Friend, or being Dry,
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.*

When the absurdities and the nastiness of the world weigh us down, let's go to the poems that make us twinkle. William Stafford's "We Interrupt to Bring You," one of the funniest he ever wrote, is such a poem, beginning

*It will be coming toward Earth, and
a cameraman who happens to be on Mt. Palomar or
somewhere will catch it, live, for the news,
and I'll be going to the bathroom or something
and miss it; ...*

(Quotations: Zukofsky, All: *The Collected Short Poems, 1923-1958*, p. 48; Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland*, Norton edition, p. 57; Nash, "The Cow," *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, 4th ed. p.1328; Aldrich, *The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse*, p. 932; Stafford, *The Way It Is*, pp. 199-200)

And now a word from one of our National Advisors

"I think it's bad when poets say, I don't believe in the beautiful anymore. Look at the world. Well, I say you're looking the wrong way. ...Poets should traffic in the ideal. That's what a poet is; an angel who traffics in the ideal. ...For me, as far back as I can remember, I was trying to hear a kind of hum, trying to feel it, and if I could hear or feel that hum, then the words just came... If I don't hear the hum, then I have to make the poem out of words. But if I hear it very clearly, then the perfect words, like birds, will come and perch on that line ...But if my hearing is off – if it's a little broken – and I'm faking it, then I'm putting words in there, kind of making the illusion that there is something underneath. I'm interested in the frequency under the words."

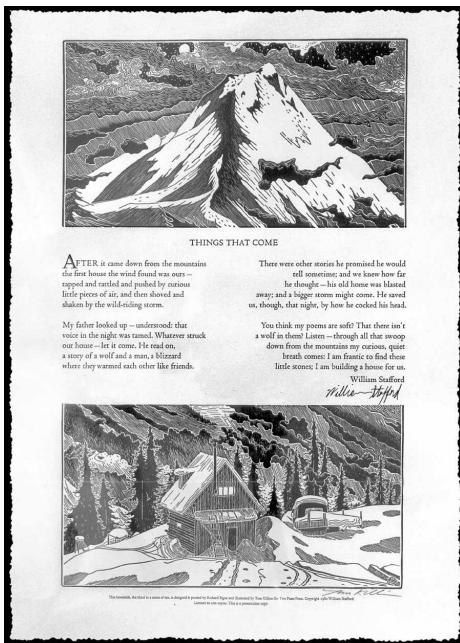
From a radio interview with Li-Young Lee

Have You Ever Wondered ...

By Sulima Malzin

WHAT, EXACTLY, IS A LETTERPRESS BROADSIDE?

For 500 years after Johann Gutenberg cast his first piece of moveable type, the letterpress industry was synonymous with the word “printing.” Up until the advent of offset printing, everything, from books to artistic work, was printed by handset letterpresses.



By the late 1930s, offset printing took hold and these wonderful old machines were shunted off to specialty printing tasks like embossments, foil stamping, die cutting and art prints. Thus, printing became an affordable way for poets to promote their work. By the '60s, the letterpress had been completely replaced, as serigraphs and engraved lithographs became the

trend for poetic art. Over the years, the industry has raced headlong toward a totally digital universe, leaving behind the tactile beauty of fine printing.

So what place then, some might wonder, does an antiquated thousand-pound, hand-cranked press have today in our fast-paced world? Maybe there is something more to an art with 500 years of history, something dependable that offers a kind of timeless value and comfort, in the same way that good poetry does. When we become overwhelmed by life's pace, when our hearts feel empty or our humanity compromised, we often look for something historically solid to hold on to. In times past, the printed word was revered not only for its beauty, but its power. It was felt that as long as there were simple, hand-operated printing presses available to the citizenry, free speech could never be completely abridged.

Today a new generation of artists, designers, and craftspeople has quietly emerged. They are the gallery printers and small presses, who specialize in the fine, slow art of the letterpress, creating col-

Two examples, poems by William Stafford (left) and Stanley Kunitz, are letterpress broadsides from the FWS traveling exhibition, How the Ink Feels. Another one, by Rita Dove, is on Page 8.

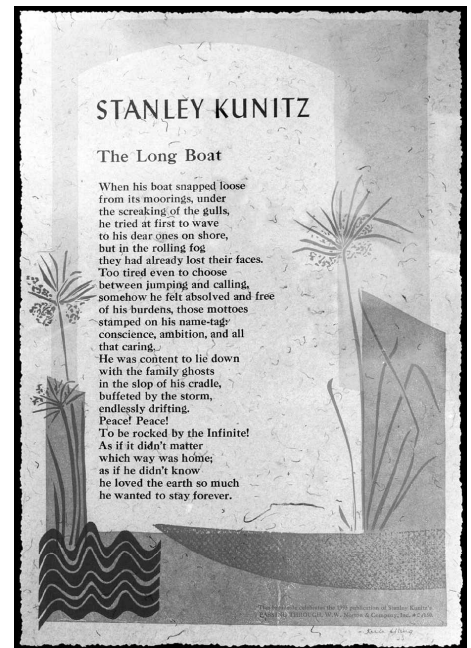
lections of beautiful letterpress works that are sometimes signed by the authors. This small press movement has become a vehicle for the integration of image, text, and texture in the form of beautiful, high-quality poetry broadsides, printed on a variety of exquisite papers—a feast for the senses.

And where does the term “broadside” come from? Originally “broadside” was a naval or military term used to describe the devastating blow that resulted when a ship simultaneously fired all its cannons on one side directly at another ship. Later, with the advent of printing, the name “broadside” was given to a single sheet of paper, the size of a printer’s “broadsheet,” printed on one side and used to disseminate information. In Shakespeare’s time, actors’ lines were printed on broadsides and as the precursor to newspapers, they predated the concept of objective reporting. Most often the posting of these sheets acted as broadsides in the original sense, against political opponents.

Today “broadside” has come to mean a limited edition print with literary content; basically a poster bearing a poem, and usually an image. Letterpress broadsides are the most durable and are often deemed the most beautiful. Many letterpress broadside studios sell them framed and signed for between \$175 and \$650.

So what could be more natural than an antiquated, hand-cranked piece of equipment with a five-hundred-year history. printing William Stafford’s timeless poetry, on fine, often hand-made paper? What better reminder that we are indeed earth dwellers ... letting the world speak everything to us.

To view or order Stafford broadsides available from FWS, visit our website, www.williamstafford.org.



WHAT DOES FWS DO WITH MY MEMBERSHIP DONATION, AND HOW DO I BENEFIT?

One of the most direct benefits of membership in the Friends of William Stafford is the one you're holding in your hand. The newsletter brings us together, even though we are a geographically scattered community. At a cost of just under \$8 per year per member, the newsletter supports the FWS mission by sharing poetry as well as news and literary information to encourage and enrich a broad community of readers and writers.

In January, we surveyed the membership and learned from the 24% who responded that the newsletter is important and that we seem to be bringing you, our readers, much of what you want. Please don't feel you need to wait for another survey to give us your feedback and suggestions. We are always open to new ideas.

What the survey confirmed most strongly was that across a colorful landscape of work and other life interests, our common thread is the deep regard we share for William Stafford, his work and his life, and that reprinting his poems and using them to anchor articles is one of our strengths. Poetry from other poets is well received too, and we encourage those of you who write (especially as your work is published or you receive an award) to let us know.

In 2003, we were given the designation of 501(c)(3) by the IRS. This means that we have full non-profit status and that any and all donations you make to the Friends of William Stafford are tax-deductible to you, and tax-exempt for us.

The Trouble With Reading

When a goat likes a book, the whole book is gone,
and the meaning has to go find an author again.
But when we read, it's just print – deciphering,
like frost on a window: we learn the meaning
but lose what the frost is, and all that world
pressed so desperately behind.

So some time let's discover how the ink
feels, to be clutching all that eternity onto
page after page. But maybe it is better not
to know; ignorance, that wide country,
rewards you just to accept it. You plunge;
it holds you. And you have become a rich darkness.

William Stafford

"The Trouble with Reading" copyright 1991, 1998 by the Estate of William Stafford. Reprinted from *The Way It Is: New & Selected Poems* with the permission of Graywolf Press, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

Moreover, Oregon residents who give a matching gift to the Oregon Cultural Trust, can receive a 100% Oregon Tax Credit—that is, a dollar for dollar reduction of your tax liability up to \$500 for an individual, \$1,000 for couples filing jointly, and an 80% credit for business donations up to \$2,500. To learn more about OCT, you may visit their website at www.culturaltrust.org or call 503-986-0088.

The business of FWS is managed by a 100 percent volunteer board, which means that every penny of your donation is used to keep our organization running. In addition to the nuts and bolts of office supplies and tax audits, we count on your dollars to cover costs of printing and mailing the newsletter, maintain the website, keep the traveling broadside exhibit traveling, and support the ever-expanding Stafford Birthday Events. Your donations have also made it possible for us to help fund special projects such as the exhibit "*Ask Me: Poetry In Public Places*" staged last year in and around Lewiston, Idaho. You may retrieve a copy of our July 2003 newsletter, which features a report on that project, from our website.

Our 503(c)(3) status makes us eligible to apply for grants from foundations that fund non-profits. Grants will allow us to expand our services to the literary arts community and fund other creative projects in keeping with our mission. However, grant writing is a difficult and time-consuming endeavor, and we welcome help from any of our members who have that expertise. Please contact board president, Joseph Soldati, through the FWS e-mail or P.O. Box.

HOW DOES THE INK REALLY FEEL?

In his poem, "The Trouble With Reading," Bill Stafford invites us to discover how the ink feels as it clutches all that eternity. Our traveling broadside exhibit, *How the Ink Feels*, could not be better titled. The 64 pieces that comprise this impressive exhibit represent the work of forty-one of our country's finest and most endeared writers and artists, including Naomi Shihab Nye, Barry Lopez, Richard Hugo, Denise Levertov, and William Stafford.

While I cannot speak for others who have experienced it, I can report that I was privileged to feel the ink for the first time a few years ago while the broadside exhibit was on display at the Lake Oswego Heritage House. *How the Ink Feels* was the backdrop for the first Stafford Birthday Celebration event I ever attended, and while I was moved by the sense of community in the room, what I remember most was feeling truly embraced by the walls and their sweeping depth of feeling. I returned several times to revisit certain pieces during the exhibit's stay, and encouraged many of my friends to do the same. (*See related article, Page 8.*)

In Idaho, Summer Students Learn *How The Ink Feels*; Where Would You Like to See it Next Year?

By Nancy Winklesky

The Friends of William Stafford traveling broadside exhibit, *How the Ink Feels: An Exhibition of Letterpress Broadsides by Distinguished Artists and Writers*, was on display through July in Boise, Idaho, at the Log Cabin Literary Center, where it exposed young students to the extraordinary work of prize-winning writers and artists representing a broad range of ethnic voices.

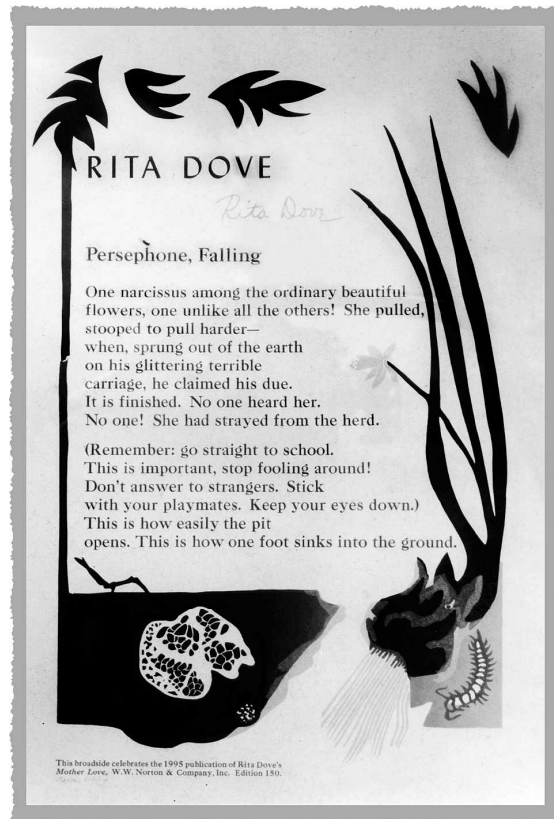
Bringing *Ink* to beautifully natural settings like this one, truly reflects the mission of our organization. While the exhibit is not intended to be limited to academic venues, it has proven to be very useful as a teaching tool for art, paper making, and letterpress printing, as well as poetry and literature.

The exhibit, consisting of 64 matted and framed letterpress broadsides which beautifully illuminate poetry and prose selections by well-known writers, was given over to the care of FWS in 1999. Since then, it has been hosted for an entire fall term at Western Oregon University as part of their interdisciplinary studies and has been shared by faculty and students at three colleges and local schools in Walla Walla, Washington. The exhibit has visited New Hampshire, Georgia, Iowa, and Wyoming, as well as Idaho, providing a backdrop for many, well-attended poetry readings. It has also been brought to small communities in Oregon. Praise for *How The Ink Feels* comes from a wide variety of sources around the country.

One newspaper article focused on Stafford's poem, "The Trouble with Reading," which is framed showing an early, hand corrected draft alongside the final version. "You can see this process made visible, line-outs and all, ... other lines moved to the top of the poem and the part about deciphering the frost moved down."

Quoting from another newspaper article: "My first impression was of the incredible craftsmanship ... a fairly intimate collaboration" and "James Agee's 'We Soldiers of All Nations' and E. Ethelbert Miller's 'We are All Black Poets at Night' sparked discussions among students and faculty."

A student guest registry from the Thorne-Sagendorph Art Gallery at Keene State College in Keene, New Hampshire, where *Ink* was exhibited in late 2003, contains these comments: "A great exhibit on poetry. Special edition prints make a difference for sure. ... I didn't know what to expect. What a wonderful surprise. I will return to spend more time reading the poems and appreciating how the beautiful artwork relates." "... Thank you for introducing me to William Stafford and also Karla Elling—both new to me."



These are the kind of experiences we want our exhibit of *How The Ink Feels* to continue to facilitate. We invite you to share your ideas and suggestions for possible locations for future venues with us here at FWS. In addition to academic settings, libraries and cultur-

al museums have hosted the exhibit and it is very suitable for professional buildings, where space is often available for displaying this kind of high-quality work. As Exhibit Coordinator, I welcome your email through our website, to exhibits@williamstafford.org, or you may write to me in care of FWS, PO Box 592, Lake Oswego, Oregon 97034 .

Again, we thank those who have entrusted the Friends of William Stafford with the stewardship of these fine letterpress broadsides—the Estate of William Stafford, Sandy Tilcock (lone goose press), Karla Elling (Mummy Mountain Press), Carlos Reyes (Trask House Books), Naomi Shihab Nye, Ingrid Wendt and Paulann Petersen.

We look forward to continuing to foster the spirit of William Stafford and contribute to the free expression of literature and conscience through this exhibit.

How the Ink Feels will be on display at the Prichard Art Gallery at the University of Idaho in Moscow from August 20 through October 5. To learn how your organization can host this exhibit, go to our website, www.williamstafford.org.

News, Notes & Opportunities

FWS MEMBERS CLAIM TOP THREE PRIZES in Columbia Riverkeeper Poetry Contest: One of our newest members, Daniel Skach-Mills, was this year's first place winner in the 6th Annual Love of a River poetry contest. Second place went to Joan Maiers, and third to Jane Glazer. Skach-Mills also won first place in 2002. Congratulations to all.

U.S./JAPAN CREATIVE ARTISTS' PROGRAM Up to five six-month residencies, which include stipends for living and housing expenses, transportation, and language study, are awarded annually to U.S. artists to live in Japan and work on independent projects that advance their artistic goals. The residencies are sponsored by the Japan-U.S. Friendship Commission, in conjunction with the National Endowments for the Arts. Published poets, fiction writers, and creative nonfiction writers who are U.S. citizens or permanent residents are eligible. For an application and complete guidelines, email artists@jusfc.gov or call the commission at 202-418-9800

FWS MEMBERS AWARDED MULTIPLE PRIZES AT OREGON STATE POETRY ASSOCIATION'S SPRING CONFERENCE. David Hedges, Christine Delea, Penelope Scambley Schott and Eleanor Berry were among the 28 winners and 27 honorable mentions receiving recognition and cash prizes in the OSPA spring poetry contest's eight adult division categories. Each claimed more than one win. Winners in the Student Poetry Contest division were also named. Several of these young poets read their winning entries at the Lake Oswego Festival of the Arts. For a complete list of winners, and for information about their fall conference and poetry contests, see OSPA's website, www.oregonpoets.org.

LITERARY ARTS gives annual fellowships ranging from \$500 to \$3,000 to Oregon writers to initiate, develop, or complete literary projects in poetry, fiction, or creative nonfiction. In addition, it offers Women Writers Fellowships in the same amounts to women whose work explores experiences of race, class, physical disability, or sexual orientation. Visit www.literary-arts.org for complete details and guidelines or call them at 503-227-2583. Recipients of this year's fellowships will be announced at the Oregon Book Awards Ceremony November 18 in Portland. Author Rick Bass will host the event.

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD is the annual literary arts contest that explores the human spiritual quest. The Lake Oswego (OR) United Church of Christ sponsors the contest and will accept submissions until September 1. Obtain applications at www.loucc.org. FWS member David Hedges was the winner of last year's \$500 first prize.

FWS MEMBER ELEANOR BERRY of Lyons was recently elected president of the Oregon State Poetry Association for 2004–2005, succeeding Marianne Kleckacz. A prize-winning poet, Berry is active in the Oregon poetry community, and has served as director of the Second Sunday Series of readings at Stayton's Art Gone Wild Gallery. She has been an organizer for National Poetry Month readings at independent bookstores in Bend, Salem and Eugene, and organized the William Stafford Birthday Celebration in Salem last January. Sharon Roso of Portland, OSPA's contest coordinator, will serve as Vice President.

THE TENTH BIENNIAL GERALDINE R. DODGE POETRY FESTIVAL, scheduled for September 30 through October 3 is at a new location this year—Duke Farms in Hillsborough, New Jersey. The largest poetry event in North America, the festival is a celebration of poetry that immerses participants in four days of readings, conversations, and performances featuring an international array of poets and other artists, including storytellers and musicians. For complete details see www.dodgepoetryfestival.org.

THE 17TH ANNUAL SUMMER FISHTRAP, "promoting clear thinking and good writing in and about the west," was held in July at Wallowa Lake, Oregon. With a theme of "Discovery," workshops focused on poetry, storytelling, songwriting, short fiction, and memoir. The theme sparked an examination of exile and extinction, asking naturalists what discovery does to plants and animals, and listening to writers who explore the self, tasting the sweet and bitter of discovery's fruits. To learn more about Fishtrap and upcoming activities there, including Winter Fishtrap, visit www.fishtrap.org.

PORTLAND ARTS & LECTURE SERIES begins October 6, with popular fiction writer T.C. Boyle in the spotlight. Among several special events this fall will be a Literary Arts Benefit featuring well-known essayist David Sedaris. For a list of the complete series, visit www.literary-arts.com.

THE GROVE REVIEW 2004 POETRY CONTEST will award \$1,000 and publication in the journal to the winning poet for an original and unpublished poem. The contest deadline is October 1. Send your entry to *The Grove Review* 2004 Poetry Contest, 1631 NE Broadway, PMB #137, Portland, OR 97232. For complete contest guidelines go to www.thegroverevue.org. *The Grove Review* literary journal is also accepting submissions for poetry, fiction, black & white photography, and black & white art work for its Inaugural Edition, Fall/Winter 2004.

FWS Hosted Stafford Tribute and Poetry Readings During Lake Oswego Festival of the Arts

The memory of Lake Oswego, Oregon's longtime resident poet, William Stafford, was honored during the community's 41st annual Festival of the Arts. Poetry was part of the Arts Chronicle Exhibit in the Lakewood Center. FWS board member, Patricia Carver served as coordinator of the poetry portion of this major exhibit and arranged for an impressive lineup of poetry readings and readers.

The Festival is a subdivision of the Lakewood Center for the Arts, which is committed to arts education, performance, and exhibition of regional arts. The Arts Chronicle Room, in addition to the poetry display, was filled with a wide variety of watercolors and oil paintings, collage, calligraphy, sculpture and basket weaving. Eight area poets were invited to write a poem especially for the occasion. The Poems by Maggie Chula, Jane Glazer,

Have a Stafford story you'd like to share? Send it to us for our next issue

Before we compile our next FWS Newsletter, we invite your submissions of brief personal musings and memories of Mr. William Stafford for publication in that issue. Please send them to news@williamstafford.org or PO Box 592, Lake Oswego, OR 97034.

David Hedges, Don Hynes Joan Maiers, Sherron Norlen, Paulann Petersen, and Primus St. John were displayed in the Arts Chronicle Room. They and other local poets read their work and Stafford's at a series of events held throughout the weekend.

The kickoff was a pre-festival poetry reading on Thursday, June 24, at the Lake Oswego Public Library, co-sponsored by the library and Friends of William Stafford. Paulann Petersen hosted this event, with poets Maggie Chula and Primus St. John as featured readers. Petersen, a former student and friend of the late poet, reminds us that waiting in each of Stafford's poems is an invitation, an extension of hospitality. His poems tell us that a community exists, one that includes us. Our inclusion is a simple result of our engagement at that moment, with one of his poems.

Poem a Fitting Tribute to Stafford on Eleventh Anniversary of His Death

The invitation to write a poem specifically for the Lake Oswego Festival of the Arts requested that the poet speak to the local or regional landscape in some way. Paulann Peterson responded by writing "Home Address – for William Stafford." It seems a fitting tribute as we mark the anniversary of Stafford's death on August 28, 1993.

Home Address

— for William Stafford

Locals say you seemed unlikely
for a famous guy. They'd see you at Wizer's,
at Safeway buying milk, and long ago,
in the old library – that cubbyhole of shelves
in the police station's back room.

That was before the new library opened on 4th,
the one you dedicated with a poem.

You'd be walking or pedaling your bike,
a rucksack on your back, your gaze ready
to meet each person as a separate, luminous being.
Making a point to talk with strangers,
you turned newcomers into new friends.
Then, So long ... and you were on your way.

Neighbors watched their kids
cartwheel across the grass with yours,
while you and Dorothy planted the cedars
that would one day shelter your house
with forest shade. All the nearby kids
grew up as your next-door neighbors:
from September to June, they whooped and ran
not far from your backdoor – on the playground
of the grade school where Dorothy taught.

At the post office, folks bumped into you
sending off batches of poems, or replies
to the mail that had reached you just hours before.
Across each envelope's upper left,
in your bold upright hand, you wrote
Sunningdale Road, Lake Oswego.
On every outbound message,
your signal was clear: this is home.

Paulann Petersen, 2004
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P.O. Box 592, Lake Oswego, Oregon 97034
Web: www.williamstafford.org • e-mail: friends@williamstafford.org

MISSION STATEMENT

Our mission is to provide ongoing education in literature, particularly in poetry, in a way that will encourage and enrich a broad community of readers and writers. In the spirit of William Stafford's gifts as a teacher, we are also devoted to the free expression of literature and conscience. We seek ways to share his work and advance the spirit of his teaching and literary witness. We direct our work toward education in local communities, to contribute to the poet's legacy for generations to come.

BECOME A FRIEND OF WILLIAM STAFFORD

William Stafford's work ended with his death in 1993, but through the *Friends of William Stafford*, his gifts as a teacher continue. He traveled widely in pursuit of the free expression of literature and conscience. We continue to spread his work by advancing the spirit of his teaching in "a plain unmarked envelope passing through the world," By becoming a *Friend of William Stafford*, you will be contributing to his legacy for generations to come. Lifetime or annual donation includes:

- Newsletters that let you know about activities of *Friends of William Stafford*
- A forum to promote poetry in your community
- Opportunities to volunteer for *Friends of William Stafford* projects
- A network of other poets, writers, and poetry organizations

Your donations support our newsletter and web site and the traveling broadside exhibit, *How The Ink Feels*, as well as the reading, writing and enjoyment of poetry.

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- Publicize Events

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• • •

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 or mail to:
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 Lake Oswego, OR 97034

Globescope

Grass is our flag. It whispers, "Asia, Asia, Dakota, Dakota, Prairie, Steppe." All over the world it leans above rivers—Volga, Amazon, Ganges—a grass like wheat and its friend the wind, carrying our message everywhere, leaf by leaf.

It is a good flag. But sometimes others hover above and all around us, relying on some great Beowulf satellite infallibly orbited, loaded with warheads, patrolling, lashing a laser and ready against all enemies.

Then, glancing from their high place, those warriors feel pity for us quelled millions, hostages to someone or some policy poised over us. Warriors can't think that way for long; it does no good to tolerate waverers.

But grass is our flag, with its little song carrying a breath, and a pause, and a breath again, a voice in the world like a mother holding her child in its cradle and caring—the song of life that all things utter to the world's people.

And many will join. The breath of our lives is a pledge across years to each other: whatever happens, we are faithful in that world story where the rivers flow and the wind discovers its great following, and the grass whispers.

William Stafford

"Globescope" (from the text printed in A Scripture of Leaves, Brethren Press 1989, revised edition 1999). Used with permission from The Estate of William Stafford.

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