

# friends of WILLIAM STAFFORD

A Newsletter For Poets & Poetry  
Volume 11, Issue 2 - Fall 2006

## BOARD OF TRUSTEES

CHAIR: SHELLEY REECE  
Portland

TIM BARNES  
Portland

ELIZABETH BARTON  
Vancouver

PATRICIA CARVER  
Lake Oswego

DON COLBURN  
Portland

MARTHA GATCHELL  
Drain

SULIMA MALZIN  
King City

PAULANN PETERSEN  
Portland

DENNIS SCHMIDLING  
Lake Oswego

HELEN SCHMIDLING  
Lake Oswego

JOSEPH SOLDATI  
Portland

ANN STALEY  
Corvallis

RICH WANDSCHNEIDER  
Enterprise

NANCY WINKLESKY  
Oregon City

PATTY WIXON  
Ashland

SHARON WOOD WORTMAN  
Portland

## NATIONAL ADVISORS:

Marvin Bell

Robert Bly

Kurt Brown

Lucille Clifton

James DePreist

Donald Hall

Maxine Kumin

Li-Young Lee

Ursula K. LeGuin

Chris Merrill

W. S. Merwin

Naomi Shihab Nye

Gary Snyder

## How the Ink Feels in Alaska— A Journey Not Unlike Writing A Poem

by Nancy Winklesky

In the spring of 2004, plans to bring to Utah our traveling broadside exhibit, *How the Ink Feels*, fell through. Making some hasty contacts, we were able to get the truck carrying the 71 letterpress broadsides to head west instead of south from Rock Springs, Wyoming to Boise, Idaho.

There, at the Literary Log Cabin, where the exhibit space was new and available, the show got to spend the summer (see FWS summer 2004 newsletter), and it was then that Charlotte Fox, Executive Director of the Alaska State Council on the Arts in Anchorage, Alaska, just happened to be visiting Boise.

Right here at this intersection, where our stumbling along had led us, is where I think of William Stafford, and recall a paragraph in *Crossing Unmarked Snow*.

*"Each poem is a miracle that has been invited to happen. But these words, after they come, you look at what's there. Why these? Why not some calculated careful contenders? Because these chosen ones must survive as they were made, by the reckless impulse of a fallible but susceptible person. I must be willingly fallible in order to deserve a place in the realm where miracles happen."*

By way of a miracle, it would seem, *How the Ink Feels*, a huge exhibit housed in four wooden crates weighing 750 pounds, had, in spite of all manner of pre-planning, found its way to Boise. While the willingness for whatever came next was certainly there, what actually came next was far past our

*"Touring a traveling exhibit requires a desire for adventure, to be open to the unexpected, at times not unlike writing a poem - the way the inked words journey across the white page causing twists and turnabouts that end in a surprising place."*

~ Nancy Winklesky

boundary of expectations, not only in logistics, but, especially, in funding for shipping expenses.

FWS didn't know Charlotte Fox and she didn't know us. Fox, however, knew Stafford's work and had met him during one of his many teaching trips to Alaska. She also knew all the fields of study embodied in our traveling show—art, paper making, poetry, literature, and letterpress printing. Her first e-mail about the exhibit was short and ended with "...would love to bring it to Alaska. Please let me know how to pursue this."

On June 29, 2004, e-mails began flying back and forth. The first proposal was for a three month tour, then five, and finally a six month tour in an ever-widening circle as Fox engaged art agencies in the cities of Ketchikan, Juneau, Homer, Kodiak and Fairbanks to take part.

In addition to hanging the show and planning the events that would accompany the month-long exhibitions, each of the directors of these local art agencies first, in order to cover all of the shipping expenses, had to apply for a grant facilitated by the Rasmuson Foundation, called the Harper Performing

*continued on 3*

## Summer Visitors from Out of Town

By Paul Merchant

In the first week of June I was very happy to host Doug and Margaret Stow, of Paper Crane Press in Half Moon Bay, California. As many readers will know, Paper Crane Press is responsible for one of the most successful broadside projects of recent years, the portfolio of seven William Stafford poems, one from each decade of his publishing life: *The World Speaks Everything to Us: Seven Poems 1930s to 1990s*.

The project began in 1999 when Doug proposed the idea of a broadside to the Friends of William Stafford. The result was a letterpress printing of “A Ritual to Read to Each Other,” in two editions on two sizes of paper.

In 2000, this was followed by “Why I Am Happy,” which carried a delightful vignette by Barbara Stafford, and in 2001 by “Earth Dweller.” The project was now on a roll, and 2002 saw two broadsides: “Note,” with a vivid calligraphic swirl by Barbara Stafford, and “A Story That Could Be True.” It was around this time that Patty Wixon, who had first responded to Doug’s suggestion, now began to talk with him about putting together a portfolio.

At once it occurred to us that the five poems already printed happened to be from five different decades of William Stafford’s career. The two decades not represented were the ‘30s and the ‘90s, at each end of the chronological spectrum.

We began to talk of a seven-sheet portfolio, and from various sources we were able to assemble a total of twenty-six copies of all five poems already published, making it possible to put together a set of portfolios letter A-Z.

The poems rounding out the portfolio, in the most pleasing symmetry, were “To Shuman Heink,” Stafford’s first published poem known to us, and “You Reading This, Be Ready,” written in the last week of his life. The combination of fine printing and serendipity has resulted in a publishing venture that could probably not be repeated.

Doug and Margaret spent some hours in the Archives, looking at poem drafts, typescripts, correspondence, travel journals, and broadsides from other presses, and our conversation ranged widely with digressions resulting from almost every item. After lunch we drove to the William Stafford Walkway in Foothills Park in Lake Oswego and admired Frank Boyden’s Stonehenge of incised stones. We walked around and through the circle, reading all the aphorisms and poems, enjoying a perfect summer day along the Willamette.

A few days after their visit, a packet arrived at the Archives, of items printed at Paper Crane Press: a portfolio of ten bookmarks, all

### REPORT FROM



### THE ARCHIVES

different in dimensions, design, color of card stock, and typography, bearing quotations about books and reading from Thomas a Kempis, Lady Montague, Goethe, Jane Austen, Thomas Carlyle, Abraham Cowley, Henry Miller, Jaques Barzun, Fred Locker, and Jesse Lee Bennet.

Along with these came three little keepsake volumes: a tribute to P.G. Wodehouse, Doug Stow’s delicious *Baseball Haiku*, and a truly miniature volume presenting three thoughts on financial success. The whole collection was a testament to the printers’ wit and sensitivity, and I envied Doug and Margaret their creative life at the Paper Crane.

My other visitor, later in the month, was poet and translator Fred Marchant, of Suffolk University in Boston, where he directs a newly

*continued on 3*

### ANY MORNING

Just lying on the couch and being happy.  
Only humming a little, the quiet sound in the head.  
Trouble is busy elsewhere at the moment, it has  
so much to do in the world.

People who might judge are mostly asleep; they can’t  
monitor you all the time, and sometimes they forget.  
When dawn flows over the hedge you can  
get up and act busy.

Little corners like this, pieces of Heaven  
left lying around, can be picked up and saved.  
People won’t even see that you have them,  
they are so light and easy to hide.

Later in the day you can act like the others.  
You can shake your head. You can frown.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

*continued from 2*

opened Poetry Center, part of an equally new library building in downtown Boston.

Fred was here for a second visit, gathering materials for his edition of William Stafford's early poems, to be published by Graywolf Press in 2007. Fred is the perfect choice to edit this collection. As the first serving Marine officer to be granted an honorable discharge as a conscientious objector in Vietnam, he is well placed to assess the poems written by Stafford at CPS camp in the early 1940s, and as an educator and workshop leader he will bring an authoritative perspective to the second formative influence on William Stafford's early career, his years as a high school teacher and young college professor.

The days with Fred were filled with talk and discoveries. It was important that he, too, should see the stones in Foothills Park, and we also drove out to the site of CPS camp at Wyeth, east of Cascade Locks, where Kemper Nomland and Kermit Sheets were assigned before they joined William Everson, Glen Coffield, William Eshelman and Martin Ponch at Waldport. There, at the Fine Arts camp, the Untide Press published its ambitious series of volumes,

## ***How the Ink Feels in Alaska – A Journey Not Unlike Writing A Poem***

*continued from 1*

Arts Touring Grant. This was no small task, but thanks to everyone's hard work, within months the exhibit was on its way to Alaska.

Due to Fox's enthusiasm for the project, the Alaska State Council on the Arts sponsored the statewide tour. At the local level, numerous community agencies and businesses offered support in various ways, including the awarding of some grants. The brief notes that follow are excerpts from e-mails and final reports from the local art directors.

**SEPTEMBER – HOMER:** In an article in the Homer News, Janet Bowen, Homer Council on the Arts director, is quoted as saying "Charlotte Fox, executive director of the Alaska State Council on the Arts, saw the show 'outside' and fell in love with it".

Bowen wrote to me that a number of related events were scheduled, including an open mic poetry night, co-sponsored with the Friends of the Homer Library, and a seminar titled "Poetry to Image/Image to Poetry," presented by two local artists. The guestbook was signed by visitors from across the lower 48 and from as far away as New Delhi, India.

**OCTOBER – JUNEAU:** While in Juneau, in addition to being featured as a First Friday arts event, *How the Ink Feels* was also used as a classroom for local educators and students. A former student of Stafford's, Sitka author John Straley was scheduled to teach a writing workshop, "The Legacy of William Stafford and Writing Every Day."

and the journals *The Illiterati* and *The Compass* printed early poetry and prose by William Stafford.

Fred's edition will have a substantial introduction exploring Stafford's early development and will present a selection of around 100 of his first poems, only a small handful of which are currently in print.

These poems range from Stafford's apprentice years in Kansas through the CPS years in Arkansas and California, to the summer of 1950 when he took leave from teaching at Lewis & Clark College and began the dissertation at the University of Iowa that grew into *West of Your City* and *Traveling through the Dark*.

Fred's collection will cover the decade or so leading up to the earliest poems in *The Way It Is*, and should offer revealing glimpses into the years of work and experimentation that preceded Stafford's receiving the National Book Award.

**SINCE THE STOWS' SUMMER VISIT, PAPER CRANE PRESS HAS PRINTED "ANY MORNING," FRIENDS OF WILLIAM STAFFORD'S NEWEST BROADSIDE – THE FIRST IN WHAT WE HOPE WILL BECOME OUR SECOND SERIES. TO ORDER, SEE PAGE 13.**

**NOVEMBER – FAIRBANKS:** At the Fairbanks Art Association Bear Gallery, there was a First Friday reception for *Ink* which included playing the video and tapes of works by William Stafford that accompany the exhibit through the generosity of TTTD Productions.

The month also featured a book signing by David Marusek of his debut novel *Counting Heads*. During The Reading Series live reading event and book launch for the anthology *Alaska Reader*, nine local authors read and signed books. A number of art and literary organizations met and held meetings in the gallery during the show.

To quote from a final report, "The various works of out of the state

---



---

*"...As a staff member at the UofA Fairbanks Summer Sessions where William Stafford participated in the Midnight Sun Writer's Conference, how thrilled I was that he would wander through my office daily, to get a cup of coffee or ask me to handle some small chore. To me, he was a true celebrity – slightly ruffled, unassuming, smart...."*

-Charlotte Fox, Executive Director, ASCA

---



---

*continued on 4*

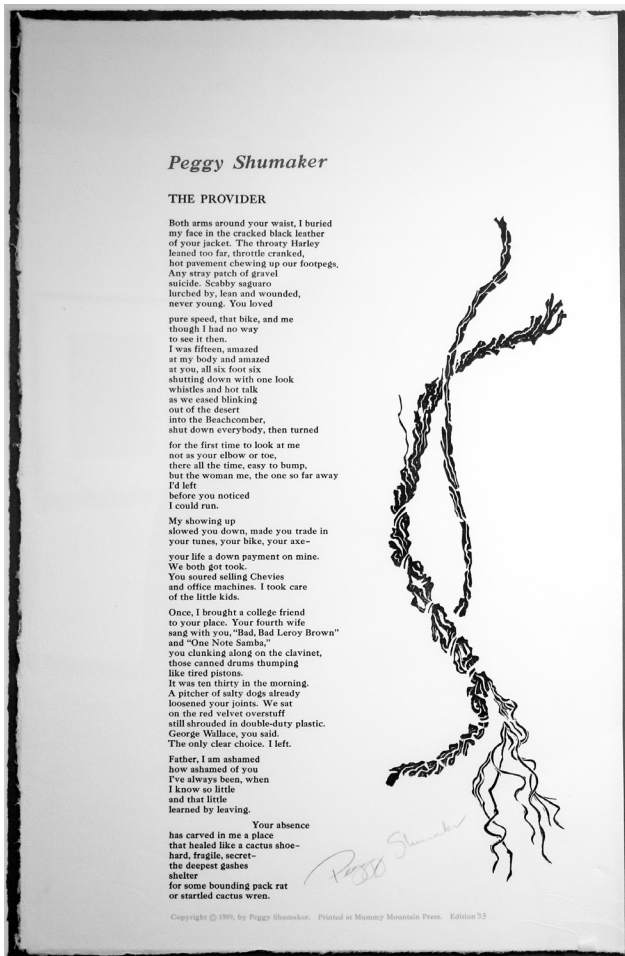
continued from 3

authors and artists gave the opportunity for a UAF film student to create a stop-action film noting the taking down of an earlier show and the process of hanging this exhibit through its opening reception." Classes from the University of Alaska Fairbanks visited the exhibit, and the Fairbanks Art Association (500 members) was pleased to find one of their own authors, Peggy Schumaker, represented in *How the Ink Feels*.

**DECEMBER – KODIAK:** Here the exhibit was on display in two locations, half in the Baranof Museum and half in the Gerald C. Wilson Auditorium where the holiday performance of "Joy," was attended by 500 people.

Because of the holiday season, time for working with students was limited, so in February the Kodiak Arts Council brought the poet Mark Otuteye to Kodiak from San Francisco. Thirty-five teachers attended a workshop for teachers and about ninety attended a Saturday morning workshop for the public. The Kodiak Arts Council report stated that the exhibit in December and the February poetry event touched a segment of their community that they are not often able to reach, and the exhibit itself brought in many local artists who were grateful to have work from the "outside" on display.

Photo/Dennis Schmidling



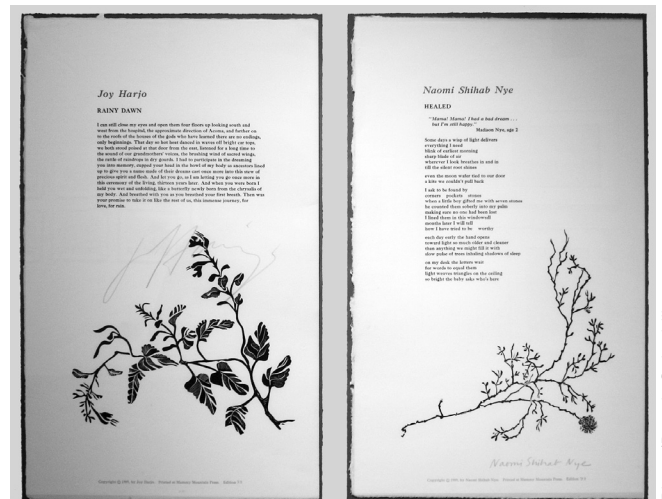
**JANUARY – KETCHIKAN:** The Ketchikan Area Arts and Humanities Council worked closely with the Outreach Coordinator of the Tongass Historical Museum to prepare a teacher's activity guide with proposed outreach activities. These activities were broken down into 5 age groups.

"All Ages" viewers were asked to compare and contrast the letterpress broadsides in *Ink* at the Mainstay Gallery to linocut prints at *Raucous! Everything Raven* on display at the Tongass Historical Museum. For ages 5 to 7, there were scavenger hunts, such as "Which poem is a day of the week?" Other activities asked questions of young students, such as "How do pictures relate to words?" The Ketchikan Arts Council also produced a technical and historical explanation of the letterpress process.

**FEBRUARY – ANCHORAGE:** A First Friday event was held at the UAA/APU Consortium where the exhibit was on display. The print making department of UAA gave a demonstration by making prints of an Arlitia Jones poem.

Each Friday a special event was held in connection to the month-long exhibition which included Jones, who gave a reading and facilitated a discussion, *Poetry in the Real World*. John Straley also read and led a discussion, and at a closing reception co-hosted by the Alaska Library Association, many Alaskan authors signed their books. To quote the final report from Anchorage, "All of the events were well attended and audience response was very enthusiastic."

I think about the tremendous work done "up north" - the planning, the collaboration, the coordination, and the execution of the tour itself, and on the "outside" - the original efforts of poets, artists, papermakers, and printers to produce the individual exhibit pieces. When I look at the resulting workshops, events and interested people just walking through the door into one of these galleries, I find myself in agreement with Janet Bowen's quote in the Homer News referencing this great adventure - "It's huge!"



To see how the *Ink* exhibit spent its summer vacation, see page 12.



## From the Chair

by Shelley Reece

When John Barr's essay "American Poetry in the New Century" from *Poetry* (September 2006) jostles against William Stafford's poetic practice, as expressed in *Crossing Unmarked Snow*, I feel some friction, and I bristle a bit. As president of the Poetry Foundation, Barr, responsible for administering the "historic Ruth Lilly gift," is eager for *something new*

in poetry and a large *general audience* for it. American poets, he says, are writing too much like each other and for each other, a poetic practice he claims is "stagnant" and shows "fatigue." He asserts that modernism is in the DNA of MFA programs. Modernism, the engine that drives poetry today, is "a tired engine." He laments that poetry is absent from the public dialogues of our day.

The effect of poetry being located mainly in MFA programs, Barr believes, is to graduate "thousands of students who think of poetry as a career." As a result there is an abundance of poetry of an extremely limited variety—poetry that is not "robust, resonant, nor . . . entertaining." (Is he familiar with Billy Collins' poems?) He concludes that poetry has a morale problem, that there is *intellectual and spiritual stagnation in the art form*. He wants poets to be seeking out fresh experience or new knowledge for the benefit of their poetry.

While Barr concedes he doesn't know how the next poetry will look, he believes it will be based on "the human spirit responding" and "an evolution of the sensibility based on lived experience." He complains of an atmosphere of intimidation in the MFA experience, which can confuse writing poetry "as a career with the writing of a poem as a need or impulse." The one valid impulse, he says, for writing a poem is the need "to share: wonder or anguish or anger or ecstasy. But always wonder."

He exhorts poets to "live broadly, write boldly." They need to pay as much attention to how they live as to what they write. Rather than celebrate the Protean form and staying power of the lyric, he believes the ubiquity of the lyric poem today, "is another sign of poverty in the art form." Barr's final plea is for poetry "to find its public again, and address it."

William Stafford would heartily affirm that poetry needs to come from the center of a writer's life (as in *You Must Revise Your Life*), and then find its public just as the public finds its poems, like in Stafford's "Methow River poems" project. Stafford says plainly, "poetry is right there at the edge where your life is interacting with the materials of your experiences," though he doesn't claim that writers need new adventures, like African safaris, to help them write. Writing can come from just the feeling of being in the wilderness.

*continued on 12*

### The Way I Write

In the mornings I lie partly propped up  
the way Thomas Jefferson did when he slept  
at Monticello. Then I stop and  
look away like Emily Dickinson when  
she was thinking about the carriage and the fly.

When someone disturbs me I come back  
like Pascal from those infinite spaces,  
but I don't have his great reassurances  
of math following along with me; so somehow  
the world around me is even scarier.

Besides, the world on fire of Saint Teresa  
surrounds me, and the wild faces Dante  
awakened on his descent through those dark  
forbidden caverns. But over my roof bends  
my own kind sky and the mouse-nibble sound of now.

The sky has waited a long time  
for this day. Trees have reached out,  
the river has scrambled to get where it is.  
And here I bring my little mind  
to the edge of the ocean and let it think.

My head lolls to one side as thoughts  
pour onto the page, important  
additions but immediately obsolete, like waves.  
The ocean and I have many pebbles  
to find and wash off and roll into shape.

"What happens to all these rocks?" They  
become sand. "And then?" My hand stops.  
Thomas Jefferson, Emily Dickinson,  
Pascal, Dante – they all pause too.  
The sky waits. I lean forward and write.

∞ WILLIAM STAFFORD

## Learning About Teaching and Writing is Theme Of Essay

**Editor's note:** *The following excerpts are taken from an essay written by FWS member Rita Ott-Ramstad and read at the September poetry potluck (see pages 8-9). Ott-Ramstad lives with her husband and family in Brightwood, Oregon. She is a curriculum coordinator and an English instructor at the Center for Advanced Learning, a charter high school operated by four public school districts in the Gresham area. She says, "I met Stafford only once, through the Oregon Writing Project at Lewis and Clark College in the summer of 1991. (I do not count the time I went to one of his readings while in high school and had such trouble staying awake!)"*

"Every January, readers and writers across the nation gather to celebrate the life and work of Oregon poet William Stafford. Local writers share a Stafford poem or two, talk about his influence on their life and work, and read a poem of their own that has some connection to Stafford. When I was first asked to read at such an event, I wondered – as I confessed at that reading – what I could have of value to say, having had very few direct experiences with Stafford and only superficial knowledge of his work. I felt a bit like an imposter but I wanted to participate and figured I could wing it, could "pass" as a Stafford devotee, could find some way in which I might connect Stafford's work to my own. Little did I know that the decision to do so would be, as the risk of sounding overly dramatic, life changing.

It was not, of course, that the events of that afternoon struck like a meteor into the landscape of my life, forever changing its geography. I did not suddenly see some light and quit my job, begin writing in a different way, or drastically change the workings of my daily life. The changes have been subtle, small, and generally not particularly noteworthy of themselves. They have been a bit like Stafford's poems: small, quiet, their real meaning revealed most clearly in their cumulative effect.

At that first event I spoke of frustrations with teaching ... I did not really address my frustrations with trying to be both a teacher and a writer ... I had tried various schemes for finding a way to do both things well, but none had worked. ... so at the end of the afternoon I bought two books of his essays, *Writing the Australian Crawl* and *You Must Revise Your Life*. ... I hoped the latter might be some type of instructional manual that would not just compel me to revise my life but also show me how. ... Despite a whole section on teaching, I found it to be of little help... I knew I needed to change direction, ... and Stafford wasn't showing me the way. Then, in *Writing the Australian Crawl*, I read "A Way of Writing," and the path appeared.

In this essay, Stafford proposes an approach to writing known to anyone familiar with his life. I knew about his habits of writing

every day, writing uncritically, and writing without a predetermined purpose in order to see where the writing would take him. In this essay, however, I saw what could be not only a way of writing, but also a way of teaching. ... "

Reading his opening paragraphs and substituting the word *teacher* for *writer*, Ott-Ramstad writes "I felt as if I were crossing the border into a new country."

*"A (teacher) is not so much someone who has something to say as he is someone who has found a process that will bring about new things he would not have thought of if he had not started to say them... One thing would lead to another; the world would give and give and give."*

"What if I could teach as I have learned to write? What if my teaching were less about trying to say something and more about finding things to say? Would my classroom ... become a world that could give and give and give? I read further:

*"One implication is the importance of just plain receptivity ... If I let the process go on things will occur to me that were not at all in my mind when I started. These things, odd or trivial as they may be, are somehow connected. And if I let them string out, surprising things will happen."*

I read this, and I instantly knew it to be true of teaching as well as writing. My best teaching had happened when I remained open to letting things develop as they would... then I run into the Stafford tenet I find most difficult to transfer to my teaching: I must be willing to fail. ...

*"If I am to keep on writing, I cannot bother to insist on high standards. I must get into action... By 'standards' ... I am thinking about such matters as social significance, positive values, consistency, etc. I resolutely disregard these. Something better, greater is happening! ... I am making something new, something that has not been judged before. Later others – and maybe I myself – will make judgments. Now, I am headlong to discover."*

It seemed reckless, probably irresponsible to do something without knowing if it would work. ... Why is it acceptable to do things we know will not work and dangerous to try things that might? Because the former things feel safe, because they are the things we have always done, because they are the things other teachers approve of. ... no one questions my actions... In fact, I am likely to be praised. When failure comes – as it does for too many students – I am not the one blamed for the failure; they are. But, if I venture into "new

*continued on 7*

## From Bill – Some Thoughts About Teachers and Teaching

*What follows was reprinted from Hungry Mind Review 15 (fall 1990) and used in the recent Stafford Studies workshop, Crossing Unmarked Snow, led by Ann Staley and Paulann Petersen at Lewis & Clark College in Portland, Oregon.*

### **Eighth-Grade Art**

Certain people gave off an electric field. Near them, your hair stood up. All day their bodies lived cooped in the little cage of their clothes, and if you touched them they would fly away.

The new teacher was like that. I sat near her desk and watched while she slowly lifted up a bright painting of horses alive and prancing – “*The Horse Fair*, by Rosa Bonheur,” she said. I would never forget. “*The Angelus*,” she said. I looked at the bowed heads, the dark world around them. A strong feeling of goodness flooded my mind. The teacher leaned forward; she tenderly looked at the class.

Some people, maybe treated coldly when young, turn hard and selfish, to survive. But they also may need someone soft as a teddy bear, for a companion.

On the way home from school, the forgiving trees, Norway maple and elm, leaned over me, holding out new branches for a little light, a little rain. All they need, really, is time – the rest they can work out, waiting in a bad year, getting generous when any invitation from the air even hints at being friendly. They wait for an invitation, and God reaches for them sometimes on a stormy night. They were waiting, just like *The Angelus*, or sometimes like the *The Horse Fair*.

At home I told my mother about Rosa Bonheur and about the pictures. “Do you think you will be an artist?” she asked. And I said maybe.

“Did you like the teacher?”

“Yes.”

*continued from 6*

territory,’ ‘headlong to discover’ and it doesn’t quite work, then the failure belongs to me....it occurred to me that if failure is going to come either way, there is little real risk in trying something new. And, as long as I can live with some discomfort and blame, there is the possibility of discovering ‘something better, greater’ – something that will actually work for more of my students. Rather than hope to avoid failure altogether, I began to accept that failure in teaching, as in writing, is inevitable, and that a willingness to endure one kind of failure may be the only way to avoid other, more troubling kinds.

### **Miss Pinkerton**

“We’ll do some thinking.” The room went quiet. Afternoon was the time: we dimmed the light and sat in a circle. Then we thought. You weren’t to try any certain way; you stayed relaxed and let the world become itself while friends around you breathed alone.

Beyond the curtain the town shone bright there in the sun. Partway in the sky trees and the water tower waited; and houses leading toward home began to accept whatever their place was, each of them.

The world loomed forth in every head – We shared it all, not crowding each other. Slowly the clock ticked away time, and the years were coming. On the blackboard words repeated, stiller and stiller.

When Principal Raymond rang the bell we all came back. It was time. Miss Pinkerton helped; finding coats and lining us up and opening the door. “Remember where Asia is.” Then it was all right not to think anymore.

♣ WILLIAM STAFFORD

I learned that in teaching, as well as writing, I have to be willing to enter what Stafford calls a ‘precious little area of confusion’ in which I ‘do not know what I am going to say and then I find out what I am going to say,’ ...Doing so has not been easy. ...Frustration still consumes some parts of most days... but many days are marked more by the delight of discovery, for both my students and me. The deeper we enter into this place, the less they feel like hostages I have been ordered to march down a road and the more they feel like fellow travelers on a journey through an intriguing foreign land.”

## CELEBRATING COMMUNITY WITH A POETRY POTLUCK IN THE PARK

by Sulima Malzin

In Lake Oswego's Foothills Park, among the Stafford Stones and the poetry banners that mark the walkway to them, about 70 Friends of William Stafford, their guests, and even a few curious passers-by, came together on what was surely the most beautiful afternoon of early autumn to celebrate the FWS community that has grown out of our love for William Stafford and his legacy.

Photo/Dennis Schmidling



Part of the picnic crowd enjoying a poem by David Hedges

People came to walk and talk, to eat, drink, and be merry in the company of old friends and new acquaintances. No strangers here, only friends who hadn't met, coming to share poetry, to hear about and speak of William Stafford and his work, to be among others who didn't need to have the thread explained. There were elders and infants. It was a crowd Bill would have enjoyed.

The afternoon was filled to overflowing with introductions, greetings, laughter and spirited conversations. It was a feast for the senses in which FWS members got to put faces with many of the names they had only heard or seen written. They got to share extraordinary food in true 'potluck' fashion, to hear a variety of speakers, including Dorothy Stafford, and Oregon's new Poet Laureate, comment and reflect on Bill and the places where their life journeys intersected with his.

At the end of the afternoon, nine of them got to leave with beautiful gift baskets filled with donated books, audio and video recordings, and a number of broadsides. The baskets were "raffled off" with winners' names drawn from the baskets in which they had deposited their ticket stubs.

The donated prize baskets came from a variety of sources and included a signed first edition of *My Name is William Tell*, from FWS and Jim Hepworth of Confluence Press, and a first-edition hardback of *Stories That Could Be True* from Don Colburn. Shelley Reece and Martha Gatchell donated the John Laursen vintage collaboration

broadside "Ask Me" by William Stafford and Henk Pander. Sharon Wood Wortman put together the *Bridges Collection*, and Vince and Patty Wixon and Mike and Janet Markee donated the *William Stafford Media Collection*.

A *Book and Broadside* basket, donated by Paulann Petersen and Ron Talney, contained a variety of work by Oregon authors and photographers and The *Lawson Inada Collection* contained his letterpress broadside, "Grandmother" as well as a DVD documentary based on poems in Inada's *Legends from Camp*, and copies of historical Japanese internment documents.

The *Oregon Author's Collection* held an out-of-print and very collectible anthology in three volumes called *Twelve Oregon Poets*, and the chapbook compiled from the Trinity Episcopal Exhibit, *Peace, Peace to the far and to the near*. It also contained signed copies of books by FWS poets Paul Merchant, Joseph A. Soldati, Don Colburn, Rita Ott-Ramstad, Paulann Petersen, Peter Sears, and Vince Wixon. The broadside "A Ritual To Read To Each Other" was a gift from the Friends of William Stafford.

The afternoon was a pleasant mix of featured guest speakers and impromptu sharing from the audience, who wandered about and relaxed under the pavilion canopy. FWS Chair Shelley Reece welcomed Dorothy Stafford, then Paul Merchant, keeper of the Archives, poet Peter Sears, who was a founding member of FWS, and Rita Ott-Ramstad, winner of the 2003 Stafford/Hall Award.

Photo/Dennis Schmidling



Barbara Stafford Wilson sharing a laugh with the audience

Joan Maiers ad libbing before she reads



Photo/Dennis Schmidling





Lawson Inada reminiscing about Bill

CLOSING LINES FROM "PIECING THINGS TOGETHER"

*But much had been shared,  
unsaid:*

*About how it can be  
to piece things together;*

*about how it can be  
to try to make ends meet;*

*about how poetry can be  
a source of insulation;*

*and about how warmth  
can be readily generated*

*among friends on a common road.*

LAWSON FUSAO INADA  
22 SEPTEMBER 2006

Following a 15-minute intermission, it was time to turn the microphone over to Paulann Petersen who playfully introduced Oregon Poet Laureate Lawson Inada, "... *the guy who became my mentor ... the guy who had willingly driven over to Klamath Falls some 30 years ago to get a Big Mac because they didn't have a McDonald's in Ashland yet...*"

Referencing Inada's love of jazz and his frequent performances with jazz artists, she described him as "*elegant, hip, savvy, as continental as Dexter Gordon round about midnight.*" What a treat for those present to hear Lawson Inada read a poem he had just written for the Stafford family and this occasion just two days earlier, called "Piecing Things Together." In it he recalls an unannounced visit from Bill on a weekend afternoon when he was in the yard piecing together some carpet remnants (in that style of the '70s) for his family's living room. "*As tenants on the farm, / we made-do last winter / with minimal insulation / and the lone source of heat / an imposing oil stove / with black chimney pipe / poking through the ceiling.*" In his inimitable style, Inada goes on to tell of hearing "*Why, hello there, Lawson!*" and looking up to see Bill approaching from the road. "*He just needed some country / between conference proceedings, / and here I was, of all people.*"

After a number of people from the audience had come forward to share thoughts and to read some of their own and Stafford's poetry, the afternoon drew to a close with the drawings for the prize baskets. Folks gathered their bowls and platters, mostly empty now, said their goodbyes and *see you next years* and set off for home.

Sharon Wood Wortman, who spear-headed the event and put together a hard-working committee of board members and their spouses, plus Lake Oswego Lifetime Friend, Scot Siegel, declared herself *tired, but very happy with the outcome.* Our thanks to Sharon. And yes, FWS will be doing it again next year - see page 15.



Helen Schmidling overseeing the raffle table



## Oregon Book Awards Honors Two FWS Writers for Contributions to Literary Culture

Photo/Dennis Schmidling



Paulann Petersen

Author Barry Lopez, who received the very first Oregon Book Award in Literary Nonfiction in 1987 for *Arctic Dreams*, will serve as Master of Ceremonies for the Portland Literary Arts 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Oregon Book Awards ceremony at Portland Art Museum on December 1, 2006.

The ceremony, to be followed by a reception and book-signing, will celebrate the year's finest accomplishments of Oregon writers in the genres of poetry, fiction,

literary nonfiction, drama and young readers' literature, as well as overall contributions to the state's literary culture.

FWS National Advisor **Ursula K. LeGuin**, an internationally acclaimed author of numerous books of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, translation and children's literature, will receive the **Charles Erskine Scott Wood Distinguished Writer Award**, which is given to an author in recognition of a distinguished career in Oregon letters. LeGuin has served on the boards of many literary organizations and had, until recently, been ineligible for this honor due to her former board position with Literary Arts.

FWS board member **Paulann Petersen** will be the recipient of **The Stewart H. Holbrook Legacy Award**, which is presented to an Oregon writer who has made "outstanding contributions to Oregon's literary life."

In addition to having published three books of poetry, *The Wild Awake*, *Blood Silk*, and *A Bride of Narrow Escape*, Petersen has received a Wallace Stegner fellowship and two Carolyn Kizer Poetry awards. She has, since 1998, served on the board of the Friends of William Stafford, and has been the creative force behind the Stafford Birthday Celebrations, held throughout the country during the month of January. Petersen is also a finalist for the Stafford/Hall Award for Poetry, for her most recent book, *A Bride of Narrow Escape*.

2003 Holbrook award recipient David Hedges, who is a Lifetime member of FWS and President Emeritus of the Oregon State Poetry Association, said, "Over the years, I've watched the seed Paulann planted grow from a good idea to a national phenomenon with events all over Oregon and southwest Washington and throughout the country."

A former high school teacher, Petersen, in addition to her role on the FWS board, has taught for the Oregon Writers Workshop, Mountain Writers Center, Northwest Writing Institute and other organizations. Her journeys to Turkey with her husband Ken are the focus of her second book, *Blood Silk*.

### Read at the Award Dinner, May 1996

Beware when you honor an artist.  
You are praising danger.  
You are holding out your hand  
to the dead and the unborn.  
You are counting on what cannot be counted.

The poet's measures serve anarchic joy.  
The story-teller tells one story: freedom.

Above all beware of honoring women artists.  
For the housewife will fill the house with lions  
and in with the grandmother  
come bears, wild horses, great horned owls, coyotes.

URSULA LEGUIN

### The New Cosmology

So it's true: the poplar and I  
are sisters, daughters of an ancient star,  
every last thing

so much the same  
(harp, toothpick, linnnet, sleet)  
that whatever I touch

is touching me, *whatever*  
is a cousin  
unremote. Even the metaphors –

ruby as blood, blood  
as river, river as dream: all are true.  
Just as the poets promised.

PAULANN PETERSEN

## FWS Board Welcomes New Addition, Tim Barnes

Tim Barnes, a Portland resident and a 20-year veteran of the English Department at Portland Community College, recently became the newest member of the board of Friends of William Stafford.

Holding a deep affection for Stafford and his work, Barnes feels that he converges with him in several understandings - that the Northwest is a vivid and particular place, that writing is a way of engaging the world, of finding “what the world is trying to be”, and that poetry and justice are intrinsically related.

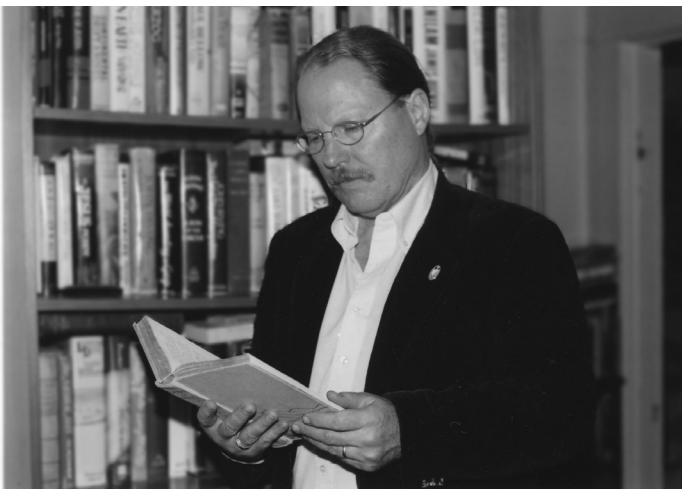
Born in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California, Barnes grew up in Palo Alto, the son of two writers; his mother a novelist and his father a scriptwriter who died when Barnes was only five, during the Red scare. He earned a BA in English literature from San Jose State and an MA in American literature from Portland State University after coming to Oregon in 1974. In 1999 he was granted a fellowship from Oregon Literary Arts, and has served on the boards of the Oregon Council of Teachers of English and the Oregon Cultural Heritage Commission.

A number of magazines and journals have published his poems, essays, and reviews, and he has two chapbooks, *Star Hill Farm and The Grain of What is Gone* and *Falling Through Leaves*. Barnes has also collaborated with the painter Angelina Marino on two art books, *Mother and the Mangos*, an illustrated poem, and *Laughter Loves Us Like This*, a bound book of broadsides. He is the co-author of *Wood Works: The Life and Writing of Charles Erskine Scott Wood*.

The father of two grown children, Cait and Gabe, and grandfather to Jaxon, Tim Barnes and his wife Ilka share their close-in southeast Portland home and garden with their Pinto Noir (Jaleo) and Lorca, their cat.

Barnes hopes that his service to the board will allow him to “to keep myself and others in touch with that extraordinary sense of ordinary transcendence that Bill breathed.”

Photo/Ilka Kuznik



## Kansas, Maybe for Stafford

Open country, flat, a line of telephone wires  
Stitched to the sky way over there. The cluster  
Of poplars could mean a ranch in the distance,  
Kin folk, the spread of a certain surmise:  
A lawn, clothes stirring on a line to the wide  
Will some call wind, a barn, a roan in a corral,  
And a few old machines, harrow and plow,  
Rusting toward heaven, a place in the ground.

That's as close as you get. You never meet  
The man who sometimes climbs into a pickup,  
Lights a cigarette, squints a cloud, leans back  
And drives out to a field level as living  
To fix a fence that holds it all--in and out  
With a toothed wire that sometimes sings.

TIM BARNES

## Several FWS Authors Publish This Year

Friends of William Stafford board members and Friends at large who have recently published books include Don Colburn, *Another Way to Begin* and *As If Gravity Were A Theory*; Joseph A. Soldati, *Apocalypse Clam*; Paulann Petersen, *A Bride of Narrow Escape*; Sharon Wood Wortman (with her husband Ed Wortman), *The Third Edition of The Portland Bridge Book*; Willa Schneberg, *Storytelling in Cambodia*; Vincent Wixon, *The Square Grove*; and Paul Merchant, *Some Business of Affinity*. All have received excellent reviews.

Paul Merchant and Wendy Swanson taught the *Hands on Chapbook Class* at Lewis & Clark's William Stafford Center this fall, guiding eleven eager students through the process of designing and self-publishing little books of their work. Four of the eleven were FWS members.

Doug Barricklow wrote *Life Imitates French Poetry*, Sulima Malzin, *Arms Filled With Bittersweet*, George Staley, *Two and Thirteen*, and Ron Talney, *The Broken World*.

As space permits, this newsletter looks forward to reprinting, along with other submissions from Friends, poems from these collections.

## Interest And Ideas Abound for Restoring the Methow River Poems

Following the publication of our feature story on the Methow River Poems in the last issue of this newsletter, (volume 11, issue 1, Spring 2006) FWS received numerous responses indicating an interest in restoring these roadside treasures. Several monetary contributions were received, earmarked for the restoration project.

Over the summer, Betty Barton met with Amanda Westcott, the young Washington woman who had taken on the possible restoration of the damaged poems as her senior project at the Vancouver School of Arts and Academics, and they talked at length.

The number of committed volunteers and interested parties for the “Methow River Task Force” has grown to 15 and includes teachers, poets, artists, attorneys, forest rangers, and Friends of William Stafford, not just from Oregon and Washington, but from Alaska, Texas, and Connecticut, as well.

At their November meeting, the FWS board discussed ways in which our organization might wish to participate in the restoration project. Many ideas surfaced, in particular the publication of materials such as a brochure that could be made available at the ranger stations and the bed and breakfast establishments in the area, and perhaps a special edition of *The Methow River Poems* that could be sold for fundraising purposes. Both of these projects might come to fruition with grants from arts and humanities funding sources or special donations from philanthropic Friends.

The project is an exciting one to contemplate and the board expects to discuss it further when they meet again in February. We'll keep you posted.

## From the Chair...

*continued from 5*

In writing quite early every morning, Stafford says “I start letting whatever swims into my attention get written down on the page,” and “I don't try for being relevant to current experience.” Instead, he encourages a state of relaxed receptivity, welcoming whatever comes along. “Lower your standards and begin there,” he advises.

Stafford doesn't see writing as the creation of a particular art form, let's say the lyric; he sees it as a kind of dizzying struggle with the *nowness of experience*. He often pledges his allegiance to language. In his words, “I feel that I'm sniffing my way forward into the development of the language.” Then, *publication has to come incidentally*.

William Stafford believed that an individual poem is not so important as achieving *the kind of concurrence and concordance with yourself from which the best and the original and the larger-than-civilization poems come*. Last, he advises, “Get into the center of your life and write it.” I like that advice.



Photo/Dennis Schmidling

## From Alaska to the Oregon Coast: *Ink* Exhibit Spends June and July in Newport

The Upstairs Gallery at the Newport Visual Arts Center in the coastal town of Newport, Oregon was the setting this summer for *How The Ink Feels*.

Given the number of tourists who visit the beach at Newport each summer, it wasn't surprising to have the guest book signed, on some days, by as many as 50-60 people. Not surprisingly, visitors hailed from all parts of the country, but many from Oregon and Washington, too.

The gallery faces the Pacific Ocean and is itself stunning, with lots of space to wander. Add that the exhibit was beautifully hung and that the massive shipping crates were scattered about, available for contemplative leaning, and you have the perfect setting for a thoughtful afternoon immersed in truth and beauty.

On Saturday, July 15<sup>th</sup>, Oregon's Poet Laureate Lawson Inada led a workshop in the afternoon and offered a multi-media presentation in the evening following a reception from 5:30 to 7pm.

The Center's administrator, Texas native Nancy Jane Reid, chose to reproduce the Stafford broadside, *Geography Lessons*, as the exhibit's official invitation and memento. She expressed gratitude to the Oregon Coast Council for the Arts, Writers on the Edge, and the Friends of William Stafford for “making it all happen.”

The Friends of William Stafford are very pleased with this year's response to our traveling exhibit, *How The Ink Feels*, and we look forward to continuing to bring it to the public. Once returned from Alaska, *Ink* spent April at the Salem Library in Salem, Oregon, and then, upon leaving Newport, went on to the Hutchinson/Reno Humanities Council in Hutchinson, Kansas. It is now finishing out its travels for the year at Luther State College in Wayne, Nebraska. Our thanks to everyone who helped make this happen.

## The Way It Is

There's a thread you follow. It goes among  
things that change. But it doesn't change.  
People wonder about what you are pursuing.  
You have to explain about the thread.  
But it is hard for others to see.  
While you hold it you can't get lost.  
Tragedies happen; people get hurt  
or die; and you suffer and get old.  
Nothing you do can stop time's unfolding.  
You don't ever let go of the thread.

∞ WILLIAM STAFFORD

## "The Way It Is" Written in Stone at Lake Oswego's Stafford Commons

"The Way It Is" has now been written in stone for all to see – all, that is, who pass by the new Stafford Commons at Second Avenue and B Street in Stafford's adopted home town of Lake Oswego, Oregon.

Unveiled on August 31, 2006, the stone sculpture designed by artist Frank Boyden, who also created the Stafford Stones in Foothills Park, bears the poem's complete text and stands in front of Stafford Commons, the mixed-use development put together by Drew Prell and Jim Morton.

Prell decided to donate the sculpture to Lake Oswego's permanent art collection as a way to honor the late poet and to give passers-by something to enjoy and to think about.

Referring to William Stafford as "probably the greatest poet Oregon has ever had," Prell hopes that such public exposure to his work will help people gain more understanding and appreciation for how important he has been to Oregon and to the country.

## 'Tis The Season For Giving Artistic & Poetic Gifts

With the holidays almost upon us, what better way to gift the poets and poetry lovers in your life than with a **Gift Membership** to the Friends of William Stafford? An acknowledgement card from us will be sent to the recipient(s) along with a copy of this newsletter, and subsequent issues for the next year (unless you wish to enroll them for a Lifetime). Just send in the membership form on page 15, marked 'gift'.

Perhaps you'd like to gift certain special people with **Ask Me**, the vintage (offset printed) broadside featuring text by William Stafford and art by Henk Pander.

You may want to choose from **our current selection of regular letterpress broadsides**, including the newest addition, *Any Morning*. Sorry, but *A Ritual to Read to Each Other* and *To Shuman Heink* are no longer available individually. The entire set of seven can be purchased only in **the collector's limited edition portfolio, The World Speaks Everything to Us**. Placed between high quality covers with fine paper separation sheets, it also includes a collaborative foreward by Paul Merchant, and Vince and Patty Wixon.

Friends of William Stafford is a 501(c)(3) organization. Your tax-deductible contributions are always welcome and sincerely appreciated. **We wish you all good holidays and best wishes for the New Year.**

**For your convenience, you may copy this order form and send it with your check or money order, made out to Friends of William Stafford, to the address indicated. \*Prices include shipping.**

### Vintage Broadside(s)

\_\_\_ **Ask Me** @ \$65 (numbered) or \$130 each (lettered)\*

**Send order to: FWS c/o Joseph Soldati, 1511 SW Park Avenue #817, Portland, Oregon 97201**

### Individual Letterpress Broadsides @ \$10 each + \$4.05 shipping for up to 5 broadsides to one address.

\_\_\_ *Why I Am Happy* \_\_\_ *Earth Dweller* \_\_\_ *A Story That Could Be True*

\_\_\_ *You Reading This, Be Ready* \_\_\_ *Note* \_\_\_ *Any Morning*

**Send order to: FWS, c/o Patty Wixon, 126 Church Street, Ashland, Oregon 97520**

### Collector's Portfolio of Letterpress Broadsides, *The World Speaks Everything to Us*

\_\_\_ \$300 - of which \$100 is eligible as a tax deduction.\*

**Send order to: FWS, c/o Patty Wixon, 126 Church Street, Ashland, Oregon 97520**

## FWS Board Treasurer Retires

Photo/Dennis Schmiedling



It was with reluctance and regret that the board of Friends of William Stafford accepted the resignation of Elizabeth (Betty) Barton, to become effective at the end of December.

Both Betty and her husband George are Lifetime members of FWS and she has served as treasurer since 2002. Through their Advised Fund, the Barton Family has made a number of

special donations to FWS, the latest being \$1,500 to support the broadside exhibit, *How The Ink Feels*.

The Bartons, she now a retired tutor of dyslexic students and he a retired neurologist, served together in the Peace Corps in Tunisia, where the youngest of their five grown children was born. The couple makes their home in Vancouver, Washington, where Betty organizes readings as part of the January Birthday events.

Betty was a lively presence on the board and deeply appreciated, not only for her attention to detail, but for her wit and creativity. She will most certainly be missed.

## PERMISSIONS

"Any Morning," written in December 1992, appeared in *The Ohio Review 50* (Summer 1993), and was printed in letterpress by Paper Crane Press this year as a Friends of William Stafford broadside; reprinted by permission of The Estate of William Stafford.

"Miss Pinkerton," written in November 1983, first appeared in the anthology, *Practices of the Wind*, in 1988; reprinted by permission of The Estate of William Stafford.

"Old Prof" © 1996 by the Estate of William Stafford, reprinted from *Even in Quiet Places*, by permission of Confluence Press

"The Way I Write" and "The Way It Is" © 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.

"The New Cosmology" by Paulann Petersen, reprinted from *The Wild Awake*, with author's permission.

"Kansas, Maybe - for Stafford," by Tim Barnes, printed with author's permission.

"Read at the Awards Dinner" © 1999 by Ursula LeGuin, reprinted from *Sixty Odd: new poems*, by arrangement with Shambhala Publications, Inc., Boston, MA.

## NEWS, NOTES, AND OPPORTUNITIES



The Friends of William Stafford continues to seek a new Exhibit Coordinator, or perhaps two people as Co-ordinators, for *How The Ink Feels* - people who love the arts and could share the work of arranging for exhibit sites and serve as liaisons between FWS and the exhibit hosts. While this is a challenging volunteer position, it is one that brings great personal rewards. Please contact Nancy Winklesky at 503-655-1443 if you have the slightest interest in considering this opportunity.

**MARK YOUR CALENDARS.** SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16<sup>TH</sup>, 2007 will be the date for the second annual FWS Poetry Potluck Picnic in the Park. Again, we will gather at Lake Oswego's beautiful Foothills Park on the Willamette River for fellowship, food, fun, poetry and prizes. Watch for details.

**CONGRATULATIONS TO FWS NATIONAL ADVISOR, DONALD HALL, THE NEW U.S. POET LAUREATE.** We look forward to profiling him in an upcoming newsletter.

And speaking of poet laureates ... **JACK PRELUTSKY IS THE INAUGURAL WINNER OF THE CHILDREN'S POET LAUREATE AWARD** from the Poetry Foundation. "Prelutsky has been charming children and adults with his witty, musical poems for nearly 40 years." To learn more about this new award, visit [www.poetryfoundation.org](http://www.poetryfoundation.org)

**WRITING AT THE WAVE CREST – A WINTER WRITING WORKSHOP IN CANNON BEACH, OREGON** will be held January 12-16. It will be led by Joanna Rose and Steven Allred and will focus on writing generated throughout the long weekend. For more information or to reserve space [wavecrestwriting@gmail.com](mailto:wavecrestwriting@gmail.com).

**MARY, AN ONLINE JOURNAL OF FICTION, LITERARY NONFICTION, AND POETRY** affiliated with Saint Mary's College of California, is seeking submissions. Pays \$50 per accepted work, with submissions read through February 1st. Visit [www.maryjournal.org](http://www.maryjournal.org).



## BECOME A *Friend of William Stafford*

### MISSION OF FWS

IN THE SPIRIT OF WILLIAM STAFFORD, *we are committed to the free expression of literature and conscience. We seek to share Stafford's work and advance the spirit of his teaching and literary witness. We strive to provide ongoing education in poetry and literature in local schools and communities in ways that will encourage and enrich a broad spectrum of readers and writers. In doing so, we hope to contribute to William Stafford's legacy for generations to come.*

### WHY JOIN?

BY JOINING THE FRIENDS OF WILLIAM STAFFORD, you become part of an international community of poetry lovers and writers with broad access to other poetry organizations and events. As a Friend, you'll receive a subscription to our triannual newsletter, filled with poetry and poetry news. In addition, your contribution provides vital funding for our traveling broadside exhibit, *How The Ink Feels*, supports the annual William Stafford Birthday Celebration Readings, maintains our web site, [www.williamstafford.org](http://www.williamstafford.org), and helps initiate new projects. We always welcome your volunteer services.

To join the Friends of William Stafford, renew your friendship, or make a donation, please fill out this form and mail to: FWS, P.O. Box 592, Lake Oswego, OR 97034. Checks payable to "Friends of William Stafford."

### JOIN OR RENEW:

(Please check ALL appropriate boxes)

- New     Renewal     Gift  
 Standard Annual \$25     Lifetime \$150  
 Student \$10     Retired Annual \$10

*Please add \$5.00/year outside the U.S.*

Name\* \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Country\*\* \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (    ) \_\_\_\_\_

May we list this information (or any part of it) in a "friends-only" directory of which you will receive a copy? \_\_\_\_\_

\*If this *friendship* is a gift, please add your name and address on the line below so that we may send an acknowledgement to the recipient and to you. \*\*If you reside outside the United States, please add any additional postal codes we may need to ensure that you receive your mail.

Giver's Name & Address: \_\_\_\_\_

How did you hear of FWS? \_\_\_\_\_

Volunteer opportunities:  Organize poetry readings in your community;  Event help;  Distribute posters/flyers;  Publicize events;  Other (describe): \_\_\_\_\_

### New Annual Friends May-Nov. 2006

Steve Arndt  
 Ron Bloodworth  
 Richard Brown  
 Delores Dinneen  
 Anne Dosskey  
 Jeanette Egger  
 Marcia Ferguson  
 James Fleming  
 Karen Heywood  
 Ranier & Susan Hummel  
 Steve Jones  
 Juanita Laush  
 Paula J. Lowden  
 Pru McDonald  
 Susan M. Watson  
 Stephen Pearce

### New Lifetime Friends May-Nov. 2006

Dale Biron  
 Courtney Cloyd  
 George Staley



### FRIENDS OF WILLIAM STAFFORD newsletter®

is published three times a year.

Editor: Sulima Malzin  
 Designer: Susan Gillespie  
 Webmaster:  
 Andrew McCall

Please email comments, letters, news, and information on poetry events, awards, etc. to: [news@williamstafford.org](mailto:news@williamstafford.org) or mail to:  
 Friends of William Stafford  
 P.O. Box 592  
 Lake Oswego, OR 97034



## Old Prof

He wants to go north. His life has become observations about what others have said, and he wants to go north. Up there far enough you might hear the world, not what people say. Maybe a road will discover those reasons that the real travelers had.

Sometimes he looks at the map above Moose Jaw and thinks about silence up there. Late at night he opens an atlas and follows the last road, then hovers at a ghost town, letting the snow have whatever it wants. Silence extends farther and farther, till dawn finds the same page and nothing has moved all night, except that his head has bowed and rested on his arms.

Rousing to get started, he has his coffee. He sets forth toward class. Instead of the north, he lets an aspirin whisper through his veins.

© WILLIAM STAFFORD

## *friends of* WILLIAM STAFFORD

P.O. Box 592 Lake Oswego, OR 97034  
[www.williamstafford.org](http://www.williamstafford.org) | [friends@williamstafford.org](mailto:friends@williamstafford.org)

First Annual Poetry Potluck Picnic  
Is Huge Success pp. 8-9



Paulann Petersen Honored at  
Oregon Book Awards p. 10



New Stafford Broadside Available  
for Holiday Ordering p. 13

---

Please notify sender of change of address