



# Chaparral updrafts

from the  
California Federation  
of Chaparral Poets, Inc.

serving California poets for over 65 years

Volume 67, No. 9 • December, 2006

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## Three poets join AAP's chancellor board

The Academy of American Poets announced on December 14 the election of Lyn Hejinian, Sharon Olds, and Carl Phillips to its board of chancellors. They were chosen by current chancellors Frank Bidart, Rita Dove, Robert Hass, Susan Howe, Galway

Kinnell, Philip Levine, Nathaniel Mackey, Robert Pinsky, Kay Ryan, Gary Snyder, Gerald Stern, James Tate, Ellen Bryant Voigt, and C. K. Williams.

Hejinian's books of poetry include *The Fatalist* (Omnidawn Publishing, 2003), *A Border Comedy* (Granary Books, 2001), *Happily* (Post-Apollo Press, 2000), *The Cold of Poetry* (Sun and Moon Press, 1994), *The Cell* (Sun and Moon Press, 1992), and *My Life* (Sun and Moon Press, 1987). She lives in Berkeley, California.

Olds is the author of eight poetry collections, including the National Book Critics Circle Award-winning *The Dead and the Living* (Knopf, 1984) and *The Father* (Knopf, 1992), which was shortlisted for the T. S. Eliot Prize. She teaches in New York University's graduate creative writing program.

Phillips's most recent book of poetry is *Riding Westward* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2006). *Quiver*

## Donald Hall, new US poet laureate, true to his standards

by Mike Pride, *St. Petersburg Times*

The short cold days of winter have come to northern New England, and Donald Hall dreads them. He is the nation's poet laureate, a man made for this job, a poet seasoned to speak about essential things - what poetry means in our age, what poetry is, and isn't. Hall is also a 78-year-old man, bowed, slowed but not quite stilled, wishing he were 70 again.

He writes little now, or seems to. When I visited him recently, he said he had a couple of poems under way and was thinking about another. You can't trust what poets tell you about their works in progress because they delight in exaggerating their misery, but Hall is famous for his industry. He has almost always had dozens of poems in various stages of revision. Some mornings now, he works on his memoirs, but others he spends reading and dozing in the blue chair in the living room of what was once his mother's family's farmhouse.

Age has not diminished Hall's standards for poetry, including his own. The Nov. 13 *New Yorker*

continued on page four: 'Interview'

*of Arrows: Selected Poems 1986-2006* is forthcoming from Farrar, Straus and Giroux next year. He is a professor of African and Afro-American studies at Washington University in St. Louis, where he also teaches in the creative writing program. The Academy's board of chancellors was established in 1946. Former chancellors have included W. H. Auden, John Berryman, Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Lowell, Marianne Moore, and James Merrill, among others.

—as reported by *Poets & Writers, Inc.*

## Board to choose site of 2008 convention at January meeting

Carried over from the October meeting is an especially important piece of business: where to hold the CFCP, Inc. Convention in 2008. Several hotels have submitted bids; your input is needed on this vital topic. Chapter presidents (or their representatives), along with state officers and committee chairs, are voting members at Board meetings, and the contribution of their thinking is needed in planning events for the future. In addition, all CFCP members are welcome to attend, especially members of local area chapters. We urge you to show your support by attending!

The next CFCP, Inc. Board Meeting has been set for January 20, 2007 at the Marriott Ontario Airport Hotel, 2200 E. Holt Boulevard, Ontario, 91761. The telephone number is 1 909-975-5000. The meeting will begin at 11:00 am in room 320 with a break for lunch.

Many issues and concerns have been put forward for the Board to consider and act upon. Come and give your input!

There are many specific details yet to be worked out regarding plans for the 2007 convention, and additional volunteers for the Convention Committee are still needed. Since this is the third year in which the convention has been developed without a local host committee, the Board now recognizes the need for an adequate team of helpers. The local chapter is already heavily involved, but needs volunteers from other chapters to assist them. Don't wait to be asked;

continued on back page: 'Board'

# Chaparral updrafts

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Please send news and information items to the editor one month in advance of intended publication date.

For questions involving membership, either new or renewal, please contact the treasurer.

Be sure to visit our new web site:

<http://www.ChaparralPoets.org>

## The Final Poem

Bread Loaf, late August, the chemistry  
of a New England fall already  
inviting the swamp maples to flare.

Magisterial in the white wicker rocker  
Robert Frost at rest after giving  
a savage reading

holding nothing back, his rage  
at dying, *not yet*, as he barged  
his chair forth, then back, *don't sit*

*there mumbling in the shadows, call  
yourselves poets?* All  
but a handful scattered. Fate

rearranged us happy few at his feet.  
He rocked us until midnight. I took  
away these close-lipped dicta. *Look*

*up from the page. Pause between poems.  
Say something about the next one.  
Otherwise the audience*

*will coast, they can't take in  
half of what you're giving them.*  
Reaching for the knob of his cane

he rose, and flung this exit line:  
*Make every poem your final poem.*

— Maxine Kumin

## 2006 Frost Medal goes to Maxine Kumin

The Board of Governors of the Poetry Society of America recently announced Maxine Kumin as the recipient of the 2006 Frost Medal.

Maxine Kumin's fifteenth poetry collection, *Jack and Other New Poems*, appeared in 2005 in her 80th year. Her *Selected Poems: 1960-1990* (Norton, 1997) was a *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year in 1997. In 1994, *Looking for Luck* won the Poets' Prize; the following year, it was awarded the Aiken Taylor Poetry Prize. Her other awards include the Ruth E. Lilly Poetry Prize, the Pulitzer Prize, and the Harvard Arts Medal for 2005. She served as Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress (now titled Poet Laureate) in 1980-81. The universities at which she has taught include Princeton, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Columbia, and Brandeis. She has also served on the Bread Loaf and Sewanee Writers' Conference faculties. Kumin is now distinguished poet in residence at the New England College M.F.A. in Poetry program. She and her husband live with their dogs on a horse farm in central New Hampshire, where for many years they bred and raised Arabians and competed in distance rides.



Maxine Kumin

### *Are you a good organizer? The Convention Committee needs you!*

The Convention Committee is looking for a Display Area coordinator—please consider volunteering to help in this way.

In the interest of efficiency, the Board has revised the way the Display Area will be managed. Individuals will no longer be expected to be solely responsible for their own materials; instead, two or three volunteers will be on duty at all times, with one of them acting as cashier. All people leaving the display area will need to pass the cashier's desk and make payment there. Each person who plans to have books or other items for display/sale should volunteer at least two hours of their time, and provide in advance a list of all items they have for sale and the price of each.

The coordinator would not need to be present at all times, but would be the organizer of the schedule, and the general contact person.

The Frost Medal is awarded annually at the discretion of the Board of Governors of the PSA for distinguished lifetime service to American poetry. The \$2,500 prize is provided by a contribution from Jack Stadler, PSA Treasurer Emeritus.

**The Shelley Memorial Award** of more than \$3,500, established by the will of the late Mary P. Sears, is given to a living American poet selected with

reference to genius and need.

George Stanley of Vancouver, British Columbia, has been selected as the recipient of the 2006 Shelley Memorial Award. Recent recipients of this prestigious award include Lyn Hejinian, Yusef Komunyakaa, Angela Jackson, Marie Ponsot, Jean Valentine, Frank Bidart, Lucille Clifton, Alan Dugan, Etheridge Knight, Kenneth Koch, Robert Pinsky, Cathy Song, and Anne Waldman.

George Stanley was born into an Irish Catholic family in San Francisco in 1934. After briefly attending the University of Utah in Salt Lake City (1952-53), enlisting in the U.S. Army (1953-56), and returning to San Francisco, he met Jack Spicer in 1957. Having showed Spicer a copy of his poem "Pablito at the Corrida," Stanley was invited to join the Magic Workshop, which Spicer had just created at the San Francisco Public Library. There he met Robert Duncan, who, along with Jack Spicer, became his mentor. In 1971, he moved to Vancouver where he worked temporary jobs in bookstores and warehouses until, in 1976, he was hired to teach English at Northwest Community College in Terrace, British Columbia, where he remained until 1991. After leaving Terrace—which Stanley calls his second Rome—he took a teaching position at Capilano College in Vancouver, which he would hold for eleven years. George Stanley is now retired and lives in Vancouver. His works include *Opening Day* (Oolichan, 1983), *Gentle Northern Summer* (New Star, 1995), *A Tall, Serious Girl: Selected Poems 1957- 2000* (Qua Books, 2003), and most recently, the chapbook *Seniors* (Nomados, 2006).

# Monthly Contest Winners

on the topic of *Invitation to a Waltz*

## Care to Dance?

This step, together, step  
of dying

pairs reluctant partners  
swaying to the hiss

and wail of freakish notes  
that test our will to follow

each tormented pattern  
of dementia and pain

as strains of the Blue Danube  
waltz in our memories.

If only we could  
decline this invitation,

and proceed  
to the final dance

when each graceful step  
takes us into the light.

—Del Todey Turner, Waterloo, IA  
*First Place, October*

## Last Waltz

Come join me, my dear, in a waltz to October,  
A time of nostalgia, a seasonal farewell.  
We'll move to a meter reflective and sober  
And whisper a lyric that all lovers tell.  
The past the most prominent part of our present,  
A lifetime of memories comforts us now.  
Let us glow in the setting sun's rays iridescent  
As the leaves of our own season fall from the bough.

—Jack Fullbeck, Covina, CA  
*Second Place, October*

## With You

We float in circle on the floor,  
Our steps precise and neat.  
We have no weight, we only feel  
The rhythm of our feet.

Your smile lights up my yearning heart,  
As gracefully we dance,  
We're lost inside a magic world  
Of music and romance.

The waltz is over now, my love,  
But mem'ries linger on  
Of that sweet night and all we had,  
And why the love is gone.

—Norberta Fullen, Bishop, CA  
*Third Place, October*

## Winners of the 96th Annual Poetry Society of America Awards

### The Frost Medal

Maxine Kumin

*Finalists: John Isles, The Arcadia Negotiations; Wayne Miller, The Book of Props; Emily Rosko, Weather Inventions*

### The Shelley Memorial Award

George Stanley

*Judged by Sonia Sanchez and Joshua Clover*

### The Writer Magazine/Emily Dickinson Award

Nicole Cooley

*Judged by Gerald Stern*

### Louise Louis/Emily F. Bourne Student Poetry Award

*Judged by Prageeta Sharma*

Katherine Browning

### Cecil Hemley Memorial Award

Rusty Morrison

*Judged by Cal Bedient*

*(\$500) Richmond, CA*

### George Bogin Memorial Award

*Judged by Marie Howe*

Kevin Pruffer

*Finalists: Susan Briante and Jill McDonough*

### Lyric Poetry Award

Alice Jones

*Judged by Toi Derricotte*

*(\$500) Oakland, CA*

### Robert H. Winner Memorial Award

*Judged by Jean Valentine*

Daneen Wardrop

### Lucille Medwick Memorial Award

Lynne Knight

*Judged by Grace Schulman*

*(\$500) Berkeley, CA*

*Finalists: Amy Dryansky, Somewhere Honey from Those Bees; J.C. Todd, What's Left*

### Norma Farber First Book Award

*Judged by Medbh McGuckian*

Cammy Thomas

### Alice Fay Di Castagnola Award

G.C. Waldrep

*Judged by Forrest Gander*

*(\$1000) Deep Springs, CA*

### William Carlos Williams Award

*Judged by Marjorie Welsh*

*Finalists: Ethan Paquin, The Violence (Ahsakta Press); Aaron Shurin, Involuntary Lyrics (Omnidawn Press)*

Brenda Hillman  
*Kensington, CA*

# Interview with Donald Hall, new US poet laureate

*continued from page one*

published his *Maples*, a poem that condenses nearly his entire lifespan into 22 lines while also striking the themes of his lifework: decline and loss, place, nature, mankind's addiction to wanton destruction.

The poem begins with its narrator as a boy too young to work the farm. Instead he pumps away the summer days on a swing his grandfather hung from a fat maple branch. *Maples* ends with these lines, written in the same farmhouse, in the shade of the same maple tree:

Sixty years after the swing, a lofty half-dead tree  
drops branches on the grass. I call tree people  
to tear out dead limbs for next year's sake,  
fearing the wind and ice storms of winter,  
dreading broken trees, and bones, and cities.

Hall and the maple and the fate of the world converge in this poem. In its last sentence his fears for the sick tree become his fears for himself and for civilization. Even the maple, so sturdy, so renewable each spring, so majestic in the landscape, only seems permanent. Even Donald Hall cannot outwork time.

What he says about poetry is what he has always said. The laureateship is not his first soapbox. He was a columnist for *American Poetry Review*, a prolific critic, the general editor of the University of Michigan's long-running *Poets on Poetry* series. As a critic, he knocked down pedestals, sang unsung poets and held up a single ethic about a poet's role in society.

"I suggest that poets have a duty to write good poems and that their duty ends there," he once wrote.

His advice to poets: "Remember what matters. Remember that you work to make a star that will burn — outside you and even for a while after you — high in the sky."

And: "The poet's role is to sit at his desk every morning and make poems until they are perfect."

In an essay on his friend and contemporary, Galway Kinnell, Hall wrote that during a conversation Kinnell paused and said slowly: "I don't have any interest in any poem to which the poet didn't bring the whole of his life to bear at the moment of writing."

## 'Treated like royalty'

Hall's farmhouse is white with green trim. The rocky dirt driveway is horseshoe-shaped. It curves around a maple tree — the one in the poem — before arriving at the front porch and the kitchen door. Opposite the house stands a weathered barn, long a relic but for its second

life in Hall's poetry.

It is easy to cite these specifics about the homestead but difficult to explain the aura of the place to people from away. It is a country house, modest, not grand, a place with a past and also a place in the past. The country around it has changed little, except in its uses, or lack of uses. If anything, the demise of farming has turned the land further back to nature than it was a century ago. There are other houses like Hall's, and yet his is distinctive in a way that houses in suburbia and even today's expansive "country houses" on 5-acre lots are not.

I have known Hall for more than a quarter-century, visited his farmhouse many times and written often about him and his late wife, the poet Jane Kenyon. And yet as I drove up to see him again, I felt guilty.

Like almost anyone, Hall appreciates public recognition. He is grateful to have been named poet laureate. But he is also weary of the celebrity surrounding his appointment — the media interviews, the public appearances.

"When I go someplace now, I'm treated like royalty," he said. "I feel as if people are curtsying to me."

I didn't curtsy, but I did have my tape recorder with me. Knowing Hall's penchant for pleasures of the mouth, I had made him a liverwurst and onion sandwich for lunch, his choice. It was a bribe, and we both knew it.

During our interview, Hall described his view of the modern popular culture and poetry's place in opposition to it. It is a culture of sameness and duplication, an accelerating, computer-driven frenzy of information, he said. Poetry must ignore all this and be what it has always been.

"It's the private rather than the public," Hall said. "It is homemade. Each poem is something different. Part of the problem in this age is that everything you look at exists in multiple copies. Poems are one at a time."

This is by no means a new place for poetry in the culture.

"Wordsworth's poetry was a refuge from an industrial age that was just beginning," Hall said. "Since that time, I think poetry has been a refuge. The forces of duplication and many-ness are greater than ever before and will presumably continue to become greater."

Posed against this "continuous aggravation of information and sameness," and in a world of human strife without end, poetry's function has remained constant. "Poetry can't do anything about anything," Hall said. "Poetry makes nothing happen." What the best poetry can do,

in his view, is convey two things: beauty and feeling. "By means of its beauty it is practicing the emotions."

Years ago, in a positive review of a book by his contemporary, Adrienne Rich, Hall singled out one phrase from one poem as violating this core belief of his. The phrase was "The failure to want our freedom passionately enough," and Hall wrote that it was "language about emotion, which embodies no emotion."

As students in Cambridge more than half a century ago, Hall and Rich dated briefly, even doubling once with Robert Bly and his date. Hall remembers being "awful" on one of these dates, starting an argument with Bly that turned violent, but he and Rich later became friends. They are now statesman and stateswoman of American poetry.

In accepting a special citation at this year's National Book Awards banquet, Rich told the audience that poetry is often seen as "inequitable or unprofitable and hence useless."

She went on: "Either way, poets are advised to hang our heads or fold our tents. Yet, in fact, throughout the world transfusions of poetic language can and do quite literally keep bodies and souls together."

The argument about whether poetry matters in the modern world, and how it matters, is an old one. In a 1989 essay for *Harper's*, Hall recounted — and discounted — the parade down the decades of critical laments proclaiming the death of poetry.

"There are a thousand ways to love a poem," he wrote. "The best poets make up new ways, and the new ways take getting used to."

## Poetry and place

During his three decades at Eagle Pond Farm, there have been at least four Donald Halls: the poet in middle age coming into his own; the poet husband, as he and Kenyon loved, wrote and prospered in the same farmhouse; the widower poet in grief after Kenyon's death; and, now, the wizened poet.

All these Donald Halls have been poets of place. And his is a familiar place in American poetry: rural northern New England.

Any poet is sensitive to labels. To call someone a New England poet or a regional poet is to suggest that his or her work will appeal principally to those who live where the poet lives. Hall's large body of work includes many poems that refer to place either tangentially or not at all. But when I asked him about the limits of place in his poetry, he turned the question around.

*continued on page nine: 'Hall'*

## More and more, writers and editors say Adios to SASEs

by Matthew Pitt

The rituals involved in submitting work to literary magazines are almost as precise and complicated as those of the writing process itself. Most writers take great care in signing cover letters, applying proper postage, self-addressing their stamped envelopes, even patiently centering binder clips as if dressing a child for the first day of school. But a growing number of magazines are switching to an online submission process, making those rituals—not to mention the U.S. Postal Service—unnecessary.

Proponents of online submissions say the process saves money on postage and paper and cuts down on response times, since it curtails much of the administrative work involved in logging, assigning, and distributing manuscripts once they are received by a magazine. It also reduces the chances of submissions being lost. Online submission systems usually notify writers once their work is received. After setting up accounts, writers can also log on to the journal's Web site, determine whether their work is still under consideration, or review what they have previously submitted.

Last August, the Council of Literary Magazines and Presses (CLMP) unveiled Submission Manager, an online software system that makes submitting manuscripts a cheaper, less protracted process for writers, while offering greater efficiency to literary journal staffs. Designed by *One Story* webmaster Devin Emke, the software allows writers to submit electronic manuscripts and enter their own contact information directly into a journal's database—in effect, logging their own submissions. A number of magazines, such as *A Public Space*, *Fence*, *jubilat*, and *Ploughshares*, are using the software. Others, like *Glimmer Train Stories*, use customized online systems.

Jeb Livingood, the faculty adviser to *Meridian*, a literary magazine produced by MFA students at the University of Virginia, says his online submission system provides a level of access that “gives our submissions and contests an amount of transparency they didn't have before.” Using Submission Manager, a journal editor can also access previous editorial notes to see whether an author's past submissions have shown promise. “This way authors can develop a relationship with a magazine,” says Hannah Tinti, the editor of *One Story*.

Emke originally designed Submission Manager for *One Story* in 2002, but over time he recognized a demand for “an off-the-shelf, commercial product.” After CLMP offered to market a more generic version of the software, several of the organization's member journals

began beta-testing the software in late 2005. The software was finally made available to all of CLMP's members last summer. Prices range from three hundred dollars to five hundred dollars, depending on the journal's operating budget.

Online systems like Submission Manager can have glitches, however. An early problem with the software resulted in a batch of manuscripts at *jubilat* being inadvertently deleted. (Since Submission Manager keeps a complete record of submissions, however, *jubilat*'s staff was able to e-mail writers and ask them to resend their work.) The majority of problems, such as writers uploading their work in improper formats, are relatively easy to fix.

Those editors reluctant to convert to online submissions have expressed concerns about economics and eyestrain. Printing out thousands of electronic submissions is not feasible for most journals, and the alternative—asking readers to stare at screens—does not appeal to editors like Stephanie G'Schwind, whose staff members at the *Colorado Review* consistently tell her “they don't want to read submissions on-screen.” Michael Czyzniejewski, the editor of *Mid-American Review*, agrees. “Sitting at a computer

terminal for so many more hours than I already do seems like a complete nightmare.”

Many editors do recognize the benefits of online submissions, however, and don't want to miss out on the trend. “I don't want to lose submissions because good writers are sending their work with a click of a button instead of wasting postage, stationery, and a lot of time,” says Czyzniejewski.

Before *Glimmer Train* switched to an online system several years ago, shouldering the stack of submissions was more than coeditors Susan Burmeister-Brown and Linda Swanson-Davies could handle. “We'd come back from a three-day weekend and there would be eight mail buckets leaning against our office door,” says Burmeister-Brown. While not all writers and editors agree that the time has come for an exclusively online submission process, most would agree that eight mail buckets can hold an awful lot of paper—and in this time of heightened awareness of limited natural resources and green initiatives, the days of binder clips, SASEs, and slush piles may be numbered.

**Matthew Pitt** is a writer and teacher currently living in Brooklyn.

—from *Poets & Writers, Inc.*

## UW's creative writing program receives \$15 million bequest

The University of Washington has been promised an estimated \$15 million for its creative writing program, the largest bequest ever made to the College of Arts & Sciences.

“This planned gift from the S. Wilson and Grace M. Pollock Foundation will mean appointment of more award-winning writers as faculty, and additional recruitment of the very best students,” said Ron Irving, interim dean of the College of Arts & Sciences.

The creative writing program, already among the top 10 in the country, will eventually be named for Grace Milliman Pollock.

“The bequest will fund an endowment to provide support for graduate students in creative writing, allowing them to focus solely on their studies,” said Professor Maya Sonenberg, director of Creative Writing. “The money will also make UW more competitive, as many creative writing programs around the country already fund their students well.”

The gift is the fourth in a series of Pollock gifts that began 24 years ago.

“I just think the university is a wonderful institution. My four brothers and I all went to the U. We also grew up in the area, and care a lot about it,” said Grace Pollock, 87, widow of S. Wilson Pollock.

“This kind of commitment will assure that the program not only remains in the top 10, but moves from outstanding to premier,” said Richard Dunn, former chair of the English department. “Knowing about the intended gift in advance also allows extra, more careful planning.”

The creative writing program, which was established in 1947 and began offering a master of fine arts degree in 1987, includes 10 faculty members, among them poets Linda Bierds and Heather McHugh, three winners of MacArthur Fellowships and one winner of the National Book Award. It has 30 graduate students plus a number of undergraduates who have chosen creative writing as an emphasis within an English major.

Grace Pollock's father, Loren Milliman, taught both mathematics and creative writing at the UW. The foundation's earlier gifts to the university include the Milliman Scholarship in Creative Writing, whose holders have included alumnus David Guterson, author of “Snow Falling on Cedars.” Other gifts include the Milliman Writer-in-Residence Fund and the Pollock Endowment for Excellence in English, which support award-winning authors Heather McHugh and Charles Johnson; and the Wendell Alfred Milliman Endowment for Mathematics, named after Grace Pollock's brother.

# California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc.

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www.ChaparralPoets.org



• **Submit entries to:**

Elaine E. Harper, 2007 Contest Chairperson  
6501 Canterwood Road, La Verne, CA 91750  
Phone: 909-593-7368

PLEASE USE FIRST CLASS POSTAGE

## 2007 Annual Poetry Contest Junior – Senior High School

NO ENTRY FEE

1<sup>st</sup> prize: \$50<sup>00</sup>    2<sup>nd</sup> prize: \$35<sup>00</sup>    3<sup>rd</sup> prize: \$20<sup>00</sup>

**Postmarked Deadline:  
February 24, 2007**

*Entries postmarked after February 24  
will not be judged !!!*

RE-CHECK YOUR ENTRIES FOR ACCURACY  
NO PAPER CLIPS OR STAPLES, PLEASE

Poems can be any subject, any style in categories 1 – 3. Maximum length (not counting titles) for all poems 20 lines.

### Categories:

GRADES 7, 8 AND 9

1. Junior Poem: Any Subject, Any Style

GRADES 10, 11 AND 12

2. Senior Poem: Any Subject, Any Style

GRADES 7 THROUGH 12

3. Light or Humorous Poem

4. Special Theme: *Legends*

5. Aileen Jaffa Memorial Award: *Youth's View of Humanity*

6. Roscoe Fortson Memorial Award: *I Remember*

### RULES

1. Poems must be UNPUBLISHED and NOT HAVE WON A PRIZE in another contest.
2. You must be a California resident.
3. Enter ONLY ONE POEM IN EACH CATEGORY for which you are eligible.
4. Submit TWO COPIES of each poem.
5. IDENTIFY THE FIRST COPY of each poem in the following manner:
  - a. On the bottom, write and sign a statement that you are the sole author of that poem.
  - b. In the upper LEFT-HAND corner:  
Category Number and Name  
Grade in School  
Author's Name  
Author's Address, City and ZIP Code
  - c. In the upper RIGHT-HAND corner:  
Teacher's First and Last Name  
School Name  
School Address, City and ZIP Code  
School Phone Number and Area Code
6. The SECOND COPY of each poem must have NO identification at all (Judge's copy).

- Teachers of winning students will receive Certificates of Recognition.
- Honorable Mention winners may receive Book awards.
- Winning poems will be published in a copyrighted booklet which will be offered for sale. However, poems remain the property of the author, to whom all rights revert.
- Teachers submitting poems for students are asked to select no more than 6 entries per class. Topics should be chosen by authors.
- Criteria for judging include: meaningful content, natural language, vivid imagery, precision in word choice, effective sound patterns, legibility, correct grammar and spelling. **Proofread carefully before submitting.**
- Please visit <<http://www.ChaparralPoets.org/contests.html>> for information, ideas, examples, and answers to your questions.

**KEEP ORIGINALS OF YOUR WORK!** Entries will not be returned. For a list of prize winners, send a SASE.

Winners will be notified by April 1, 2007. Non-conforming entries will not be judged. Language and themes MUST be in good taste. Decisions of the judges are final.

The Awards Ceremony will be held Saturday, April 27, 2007 at the Piccadilly Inn, 2305 West Shaw Avenue, Fresno, CA 93711. Exact time and location TBA. The public is invited to attend.

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• **Submit entries to:**

Lisabeth Shuman, 2007 Contest Chairperson  
California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc.  
2521 Meadow Rue Dr, Modesto, CA, 95355-3910

## 2007 Annual Poetry Contest OPEN TO ALL POETS

**Postmarked Deadline:  
January 31, 2007**

**PRIZES: 1<sup>st</sup> prize: \$60<sup>00</sup>**

**2<sup>nd</sup> prize: \$40<sup>00</sup>**

**3<sup>rd</sup> prize: \$25<sup>00</sup>**

### Categories

**Titles are not counted as part of line limits**

### Line Limit

1. THEME: <i>Legends</i> , one first prize only	28 lines
2. Fixed Forms (specify form)	what form requires
3. Short Poem	13 lines
4. Any Subject, any style	28 lines
5. Light or Humorous Poem	24 lines
6. Nature: any aspect	24 lines
7. Science and Technology: any aspect	28 lines
8. Lois Jeannette Dalton Memorial Award: any aspect of <i>Humanity</i>	24 lines
9. Anona McConaghy Memorial Award: any aspect of <i>Friendship</i>	24 lines
10. Roscoe Fortson Memorial Award: <i>Looking Backward</i> (childhood memories in adult voice)	28 lines
11. Pegasus Buchanan Memorial Award: any subject <i>Rhymed and Metered</i>	28 lines
12. Executive Board Award: <i>Jumping Ship</i> ; first, second and third prizes only	40 lines

## RULES

**POSTMARKED DEADLINE:** Midnight, January 31, 2007. Members whose dues are not paid by December 31, 2006 will not be eligible for the competition without paying the nonmember entry fees. ***Please do not include dues payment with poetry submissions!***

**ENTRY FEE:** A three dollar (\$3.00) fee is required of nonmembers for each poem entered.

**JUDGES:** Entries will be judged by non-member professionals from the Western US.

**ADVICE and ASSISTANCE:** CFCP, Inc. has begun developing a new Education Programs section of its web site. You are encouraged to visit [[www.ChaparralPoets.org/education.html](http://www.ChaparralPoets.org/education.html)] for information, ideas, examples, and answers to your questions.

**SUBMISSIONS:** All entries must be typewritten on standard white paper, one poem per page. Send 2 (two) copies of each entry. **NO CARBONS.** On BOTH copies in upper right hand corner, type: number and category name. On 1 (one) copy only, in upper left corner, type: your name, address, and member affiliation (use of mailing labels is acceptable, but designate chapter, member-at-large, etc.). This copy is needed for the printer, program readers and special awards judges. Submit ALL poems in ONE envelope. The Winners List will be posted at the CFCP web site [[www.ChaparralPoets.org/winners.html](http://www.ChaparralPoets.org/winners.html)] approximately one month before the CFCP Convention. ***This will serve as your official notification!*** Those who wish a printed list of winners and letter of notification, please include SASE. Prizewinning and honorable mention poems will be read and awards presented, Sunday, April 27, 2007 at the Piccadilly Inn, 2305 West Shaw Avenue, Fresno, CA 93711. Exact time and location TBA.

**EXCLUSIONS:** Entries not complying with the rules will be disqualified. Submit only original poems which have never been awarded a prize in any contest nor submitted to an editor or other contest while being considered for the CFCP awards. If previously published, include on your identification copy the name of publication and date. Only one poem may be submitted in each category. Do not submit the same poem to more than one category. Winners and honorable mentions are not to appear in publication or be entered in another contest whose awards are announced prior to April 27, 2007.

**PUBLICATION:** All poems remain the property of the author. However, the California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc. reserves the right to publish poems which receive recognition in their publications. Keep a copy of your submissions. No manuscripts will be returned.

**SPECIAL AWARDS:** Special awards are chosen by judges other than the category judges. The **Golden Pegasus Trophy** will be chosen from Member prize winners. The **Roadrunnerup Trophy** will be chosen from poems which received honorable mention. The **Beth Martin Haas Memorial Award** for a Member distinguished by excellence of service to poets and poetry will be selected by the family of Beth Martin Haas. The **Lois Jeannette Dalton Memorial Award** will be selected by Joyce Dalton Wheeler. The **Anona McConaghy and Roscoe Fortson Memorial Awards** will be chosen by judges other than the category judges.

# 95-year-old poet finds her Muse and literary praise

by Lucette Lagnado, *Wall Street Journal*  
November 11, 2006

At 95, Anne Porter has senior moments, like finding a ticket that says “Keep This Ticket” in her purse and having no idea what it was for or how it got there.

It is one more frustration of getting old, along with relying on a walker to compensate for an uncertain gait and wearing oversize glasses to reinforce fading eyes. Mrs. Porter also finds inspiration in these setbacks, and that has helped to launch an unlikely, late-blooming literary career.

That mysterious ticket, for instance, inspired this poem:

*I keep it carefully  
Because I'm old  
Which means  
I'll soon be leaving  
For another country*

*Where possibly  
Some blinding-bright  
Enormous angel  
Will stop me  
At the border*

*And ask  
To see my ticket.*

Mrs. Porter was 83 years old when her first volume of poetry, *An Altogether Different Language* was published in 1994. The book was named a finalist in the National Book Awards. A judge of the awards, David Lehman, a poet and professor at The New School in New York, subsequently decided to include Mrs. Porter in the *Oxford Book of American Poetry*, placing one of her longer poems alongside the works of Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, Robert Frost and T. S. Eliot.

“Anne Porter is a marvelously talented poet who has not yet received the recognition that is her due,” says Mr. Lehman, who praises her work for its “literary simplicity and directness.”

Asked why she keeps writing poems through her 80s and 90s, Mrs. Porter responds that art may be the only pursuit that old age can't wreck:

“You can't sing anymore, you can't dance anymore, you can't drive anymore — but you can still write,” she says.

Poetry is a field filled with productive old people. Stanley Kunitz, the American poet laureate who died in May at the age of 100, was writing poems and being published till the end of his life. The late Polish poet Czeslaw Milosz received the Nobel Prize when he was nearly

70. John Ashbery, recipient of the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award, is prolific at nearly 80. The new U.S. poet laureate, Donald Hall, is 78 and still working.

Mr. Hall muses that some elderly poets may find the medium well-suited to the rigors of old age: “Poems are made for other persons to read but made out of silence and solitude in the world of the old,” he says.

Mrs. Porter has developed a knack for chronicling the rigors of old age with biting verse, as in “Old in the City”:

*You stay away from doctors,  
They'd send you to the hospital,  
Where pieces are cut out of you,  
And after that you die.*

She has done readings at Canio's Books, a literary hangout Sag Harbor, NY, where she lives, at churches, schools, libraries and at a downtown New York bar called KGB, where many in the audience were in their 20s. “I was perfectly comfortable,” she says.

Mrs. Porter was married to the artist Fairfield Porter, considered one of the greatest American painters of the 20th century. After he died in 1975, she found life on her own difficult, especially as her health declined. She lived with her youngest daughter for years. When her daughter married and moved out, Mrs. Porter suffered several crises. “I fell downstairs twice,” she says. Alone and increasingly vulnerable, she decided to sell her home and move into an assisted-living community run by Quakers.

She was all set to go when her daughter and son-in-law offered her another option: come live with them in a nearby town, not far from the home she owned for decades with her late husband. They built Mrs. Porter a separate wing with vaulted ceilings, giving it the look and feel of a cathedral. In one sun-drenched room, they set up a desk and workspace and hung paintings and drawings by her late husband. In the space opposite the desk, they placed her favorite painting of all, of her late son, Johnny, who died in 1980.

One of Mrs. Porter's most acclaimed poems, written when she was in her early 70s, is a lengthy homage to her late son who suffered from what she believes to be either schizophrenia or autism:

*Though your shoelaces were hardly ever tied  
And you seldom wore matching socks  
You tried to behave with dignity in the village  
“So as not to embarrass my little sisters.”*

...  
*And for years your times at home were so short*

*and so far apart  
That hearing them once called “visits” you  
turned white,  
So deep was your speechless fear  
That you might be only a guest at home, and  
have no home.*

Mrs. Porter says she usually thinks about a poem and outlines it in her mind, and only then begins to sit down and write. She prefers scribbling verses on stray pieces of paper — backs of envelopes, old invitations, whatever she finds at hand. Only when she has a final version does she sit down and begin to type it up.

Shunning computers, she works on an ancient manual typewriter belonging to her late husband. It is hard for her to walk, so she stuffs a pouch attached to her walker with notes and drafts and rolls it around from room to room.

After her 1994 book, she published *Living Things* this year. It contains the poems from her earlier collection and 39 new ones. This year, her publisher, Zoland Books, now an imprint of Steerforth Press in New Hampshire, asked for more poems that would go in a new anthology.

Being able to live with her family has helped her with her poetry, she suspects. “I feel sheltered. While I am in bed, I can hear them laughing and I know they are good,” Mrs. Porter says.

She adds: “Institutional life is a little chilling to a person's imagination.”

Born in 1911 to a family of Boston Brahmins, Mrs. Porter remembers writing poetry as a child of 7. She attended Bryn Mawr and Harvard, but dropped out of both. After her marriage, she raised five children and quietly continued writing.

The marriage was stormy, she and others recall. Mrs. Porter led her life in the shadow of her husband. “There was a lot of hospitality — cooking, plus raising five kids and she had her hands full,” says Elizabeth Porter Balzer, her daughter. Whatever poems Mrs. Porter wrote, she wrote on the side.

She only threw herself into her own work as an artist after her husband died. “I remember realizing that I was alone, and I'd have to be more organized,” she says. “I had these poems, and I thought that it would be worthwhile working on them. I started to write.”

In the mid-1990s, David Shapiro, a poet and art critic, decided to help Mrs. Porter find a publisher for her work. “I thought that she was hiding in an Emily Dickinson way,” he

*continued next page*

## 98 poets, 118 years...

### Starting with recordings of poets from 1888, this CD set has to be worth it, right?

by Nick Marino

The new four-disc box set *Poetry on Record* is subtitled *98 Poets Read Their Work: 1888–2006*, and inevitably that nineteenth-century date catches the eye. Can it be? A real recording of Robert Browning reading “How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix”? Of Tennyson reading “The Charge of the Light Brigade”?

Well, yes—and, for good measure, both recordings were captured on wax cylinder by Thomas Edison. Browning sounds as if he’s reading from inside a moving train, and Tennyson sounds as though he’s caught in a storm. But Edison’s scratchy recordings bring the poets to life, conjuring up Browning’s knack for drama and Tennyson’s regal inflections.

This intimacy, this connection to the human beings behind the poems, was enough for the box set’s producer, Rebekah Presson Mosby,

to justify including the readings despite their poor fidelity.

“To have that tangible connection of the poet’s voice is, to me, a moment of *frisson*,” Mosby says via phone from Paris. “It’s exciting and thrilling. I get chills even now when I listen to these things. They’re so good.”

Mosby, the former host of NPR’s poetry program *New Letters on the Air*, compiled *Poetry on Record* as a kind of second edition to 1996’s *In Their Own Voices: A Century of Recorded Poetry*, a similar box set on the Rhino label that has gone out of print (despite, Mosby says, selling 50,000 copies). Released on the Los Angeles-based Shout Factory label, the new set comes with a 63-page booklet including liner notes and credits for the poems within. The whole set fits into a handsome hard slipcase that seems designed to fit comfortably alongside works of literature—scanning my bookcase, I

found the case to be the exact width of Robert Penn Warren’s *All the King’s Men*.

“That’s what we had in mind when we designed it,” says Shout Factory’s director of A&R, Derek Dressler, “that it would fit nicely in a bookshelf and maybe not fit so nicely on a CD shelf, to discourage people from looking there.” Dressler would prefer that *Poetry on Record*, which has a list price of \$49.98, be stocked in the poetry section of major book retailers—not the music section. Then again, he says, “There’s only so many things we can do to make it look like a book without actually making it a book.”

The set is ordered chronologically based on the date of each poet’s birth. While *In Their Own Voices* focused on the twentieth century, *Poetry on Record* expands in both directions to also include the nineteenth and twenty-first. The first disc contains readings by Edgar Lee Masters (born 1868), Carl Sandburg (b. 1878), James Weldon Johnson (b. 1871), H.D. (b. 1886), and Elizabeth Bishop (b. 1911). The final disc works all the way up through Kevin Prufer (b. 1969), Kevin Young (b. 1970), and Jonathan Lamfers (b. 1981). In between are Dylan Thomas (b. 1914), Lawrence Ferlinghetti (b. 1919), Ted Hughes (b. 1930), John Updike (b. 1932), Erica Jong (b. 1942), and many others. Gender and race distribution gets far more diverse as the set progresses—for example, the first disc features five female poets; the last features eleven.

“The guiding principle,” Mosby says, “is to take you on a trip through recorded poetry.”

For the most part, the trip sounds great. The modern recordings are pristine, but they have enough idiosyncrasy to keep them interesting. Carolyn Forché’s reading of “The Colonel” rings with a peculiar reverberation, as though recorded in an airplane hangar. Anne Waldman belts out “Uh Oh Plutonium” while accompanied by cheesy new wave musical accompaniment.

“Some of these poems are, in fact, better on the page,” she says. “But maybe they’re famous or they’re important in some way that makes them necessary to the collection.” Neither of Elizabeth Bishop’s two readings, “Late Air” and “The Fish,” bristle with much life—her vowel sounds fall flat, her consonants don’t bite. On the other hand, so what? Record companies don’t often release recordings of a reclusive Pulitzer Prize winner describing a rainbow oil slick or a gasping fish’s shallow yellow eye.

*continued on page ten*

## Donald Hall discusses his writing philosophy

*continued from page five*

“Limits are also opportunities,” he said. “If you’re fully in a place so that all human feeling can have some echo in the place itself, you’re not so much limited by your place as you are liberated by it.”

There may be no maples to mark the seasons in Houston or Santa Barbara, but people there “know what a maple is,” Hall said. “They can imagine a maple.”

The poem *Maples* is not about the trees anyway, or about the place they grow. It is about the emotion beneath the surface.

“Everything has its beginning, its middle and its ending — even a suburb, or Wal-Mart — so that process of aging and decay is commonplace and not limited to New England,” Hall said.

When Hall was named poet laureate, many journalists asked him what he intended to do in this new role. He gave dutiful answers about expanding the reach of poetry through technical means about which he knows little or nothing.

I have no doubt that he will be as active a poet laureate as his body allows him to be. But Hall is not poet laureate because he will be the first troubadour of podcasts and online chats; he is poet laureate because of who he is and what he stands for.

The old poet from a cold corner of the country is telling us that poets must not waver from their appointed task. Against the cease-

less electronic buzz of the modern age, they must devote everything to finding beauty in language and conveying emotion itself. And we readers must expect nothing more, or less, of our poets.

**Mike Pride**, a member of the Pulitzer Prize board, is editor of the *Concord Monitor*, New Hampshire’s capital daily newspaper. His latest book, written with Steve Raymond, is *Too Dead to Die: A Memoir of Bataan and Beyond*.

## 95-year-old poet still busy

*continued from previous page*

recalls. Mrs. Porter received a \$1,000 advance from Zoland.

On a recent weekend Mrs. Porter read from her newest book at Sacred Hearts of Jesus & Mary, a Roman Catholic church in Southampton, NY, that she used to attend. The audience included parishioners who used to pray with her, many of them elderly, along with a sprinkling of artists.

She and her daughter took turns reciting “For My Son Johnny,” as some in the room grew misty-eyed.

Afterwards, lines formed and she greeted old friends who came up to embrace her and get her autograph. Finally, exhausted, she headed home with her daughter.

“People don’t use their creativity as they get older,” she said. “They think this is supposed to be the end of this and the end of that. But you can’t always be so sure that it is the end.”

## New CD collection of poets reading their own works

*continued from page nine*

We'll take what we can get.

Mosby says that "there are lots of great poets who are not here," but she didn't have a choice about excluding some writers. She couldn't find recorded work by Thomas Hardy and Richard Wright, and says it doesn't seem to exist. She desperately wanted to include work by Marianne Moore, but letters and phone calls failed to persuade Moore's estate to grant permission.

The Library of Congress provided many recordings, including a pair by Anne Sexton. Other readings were recorded on Mosby's radio program. Harvard University contributed recordings of Ezra Pound and Seamus Heaney.

In Mosby's experience, poets "sparkle much better" in live settings than in recording studios. (What are the trappings of a good reading? "Energy, of course. Always. You want somebody that sounds like they're awake.") In the set's most sparkling performance, Allen Ginsberg gets a crowd lathered up over nearly nine minutes of "America," unspooling a sarcastic string of rhetorical questions. The audience seems hip, almost too hip. Listening to this 1956 recording, made in Berkeley, you get the feeling that the people listening to Ginsberg were laughing extra hard to prove that they weren't square.

The target audience for *Poetry on Record*, Mosby says, will probably be college students and "people who want to own poetry—[people who are] kind of interested but don't really know about it . . . people who think if they have this, they have a real notion of what poetry is." After listening to the box set, I imagined making customized playlists of various poetry schools: perhaps the Modernists for cruel April days, the Beats for rambunctious road trips, a dash of Dorothy Parker for cocktail parties. *Poetry on Record* allows forlorn high school Goths to play Plath on repeat. Hikers can take Frost into the woods, loading him onto their iPods. Listeners might also connect themes from disc to disc, placing legendary jazz lover Jack Kerouac (who actually recorded "American Haikus" accompanied by a saxophone) alongside Lester Young aficionado Al Young and the scating Amiri Baraka. You can also, of course, randomize the readings. Shuffling the set's order might create cognitive dissonance; then again, the juxtapositions could be part of the fun. John Updike and Gertrude Stein, together at last!

"My idea—and I don't really know—is that the first time, maybe the second time, they might listen to them in sequence," Mosby says. "And that's the scary thing about having these nineteenth-century poets at the beginning—because it's clear that some people quit." Whoever buys

the set may want to digest it slowly. Extended listening can be difficult on the ear and can try the listener's patience. ("Even when I get them," Mosby says, "I don't listen to more than one a day.") The voices are too individualized to blend as a chorus. The poems have particularities of meter, tone, and substance that make extended listening (or passive listening) undesirable. In order to fully flourish as readings, these poems require your attention. I listened to the entire set on a road trip and found myself skipping back to replay certain poems after I caught myself drifting away.

Mosby, who describes the listening experience as "sort of like trying to sit down and read a hundred novels," insisted on a two-second gap between poems, to allow time for them to sink in. Listeners may find themselves reaching for the pause button, wanting even more time than that.

### Bush Nominates NEA'S Gioia for second term as Chairman

The Associate Press reported on September 28 that President Bush has renominated Dana Gioia for a second four-year term as chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA). Gioia took office in 2003, succeeding Michael P. Hammond, who died seven days after assuming his duties in 2002. The NEA, which is "dedicated to supporting excellence in the arts, both new and established; bringing the arts to all Americans; and providing leadership in arts education," has a budget of approximately \$125 million.

Gioia, who has a BA and an MBA from Stanford University and an MA in Comparative Literature from Harvard University, worked at the General Foods Corporation for fifteen years before becoming a full-time writer. He has also served as a Visiting Writer at Johns Hopkins University, Sarah Lawrence College, Colorado College, Mercer University and Wesleyan University. His poetry and criticism has appeared in the *New Yorker*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Washington Post Book World*, and the *New York Times Book Review*; and his books include the poetry collections *Interrogations at Noon* (Graywolf, 2001), *The Gods of Winter* (Graywolf, 1991), and *Daily Horoscope* (Graywolf, 1986), and the essay collection, *Can Poetry Matter?: Essays on Poetry and American Culture* (Graywolf, 1992). He is the NEA's ninth chairman, and the first poet—and the first Californian—to head the Washington, D.C.-based agency.

### Winners of the 2006 National Poetry Series announced

The winners of the 2006 NPS Open Competition are poets Laynie Browne for *The Scented Fox*, selected by Alice Notley and to be published by Wave Books; Noah Eli Gordon for *Novel Pictorial Noise*, selected by John Ashbery and to be published by HarperCollins; Laurie Clements Lambeth for *Veil and Burn*, selected by Maxine Kumin and to be published by the University of Illinois Press; Martha Ronk for *Vertigo*, selected by C. D. Wright and to be published by Coffee House Press; and William Stobb for *Nervous Systems*, selected by August Kleinzahler and to be published by Penguin.

They each received one thousand dollars, and the winning poetry collections will be published next summer.

Established in 1978 with a donation from novelist James Michener, the National Poetry Series annually publishes five book-length poetry manuscripts by U.S. poets through participating trade, university, and small press publishers.

### Jessica Fisher wins Yale Series of Younger Poets competition

Louise Glück has chosen Jessica Fisher as the winner of the 2006 Yale Series of Younger Poets competition. Fisher's collection *Frail-Craft* will be published by Yale University Press in March 2007. Established in 1919, the annual prize is given for a first book of poetry by a U.S. poet under forty.

Fisher is the fourth winner chosen by Glück during her five-year judging tenure. Glück, who is the first female judge in the history of the series, replaced W. S. Merwin as the competition's judge in 2003. Past winners of the prize, which is the oldest annual literary award in the United States, include John Ashbery, Adrienne Rich, Muriel Rukeyser, and James Tate.

### British company launches iPoems

The British entertainment company **57 Productions** recently launched a new Web site which allows users to download and listen to poetry on their MP3 players and iPods.

The modern poetry site, called *iPoems*, is available to the public at <<http://www.57productions.com/ipoems.php>>.

About 1,000 readings from poetry written in English are available for 95 cents for each audio poem and \$1.80 for a video poem. The company offers a free one-month trial membership. After that, subscriptions are \$18 a year.

## Have you started working yet on your '07 poems?

The January 31 deadline will soon be here! Many interesting and challenging categories await your creativity for the monthly contests in 2007— so begin working on 'Turnabout' and any others that intrigue you!

The topics are all new for next year. Be sure to discard any old versions of this page that might still be on your desk, so that the poems you submit are for the correct topics and that you have followed the current rules. The rules did change a bit a few months ago, to make things clearer and the process smoother to operate. Notice that line length does *not* include the title or blank spaces, and you are asked for *two* copies of each poem.

It's still a good time for recruiting new members, because they can get the benefit of the entire year. For your convenience we have included the membership form below. If you know of anyone who neglected to renew their membership and wants to re-join, give them this form, but first run off a few blank copies to have available for recruitment.

It's a great idea to place copies of this page on the bulletin board at local libraries and universities, and to carry a few copies with you to hand to friends and acquaintances. One-to-one discussion is our best ally as we continue the drive to increase membership. We need your help!

## 2007 CFCP, Inc. Monthly Contests

*Except where otherwise indicated, poems are limited to 28 lines of text. All forms accepted for all categories.*

<b>JANUARY</b>	—	<b>Turnabout</b>
<b>FEBRUARY</b>	—	<b>Landscape of Winter</b>
<b>MARCH</b>	—	<b>Hares, Lions, Lambs</b>
<b>APRIL</b>	—	<b>How to Advertise a Poem</b>
<b>MAY</b>	—	<b>Spring Moon</b>
<b>JUNE</b>	—	<b>Looking Forward</b>
<b>JULY</b>	—	<b>no contest</b>
<b>AUGUST</b>	—	<b>Doldrums or Daydreams?</b>
<b>SEPTEMBER</b>	—	<b>Memories, Altered</b>
<b>OCTOBER</b>	—	<b>Smoke</b> <i>(12 lines or fewer)</i>
<b>NOVEMBER</b>	—	<b>Fences</b>
<b>DECEMBER</b>	—	<b>no contest</b>

### RULES

Contests are open to all poets in the United States and Canada. Each submission must be typewritten on standard size paper with the contest month in the upper right-hand corner. Send TWO COPIES of each poem with author's name and address in the upper right corner on ONE copy. Put no identification on the second copy. Address labels are acceptable. Multiple entries are welcome.

Only UNPUBLISHED POEMS and poems not previously awarded a money prize are eligible. A fee of \$2.00 must accompany each poem submitted (3 for \$5.00). Send cash or make checks to CFCP, Inc. DEADLINE is the last day of the contest month. Envelope must be postmarked no later than 12 midnight of that day. *Print contest month on outside of mailing envelope.*

**NOTE:** *In any month wherein insufficient entries are received, those poems which were submitted will be held over and judged with the entries for the following month.*

**1st prize: \$25.00    2nd prize: \$15.00    3rd prize: \$10.00**

*Poems will be returned only if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Allow one month after closing date of contest before sending poems elsewhere. Winning poems will be printed in the Chaparral Updrafts newsletter.*

**CALIFORNIA  
FEDERATION  
of CHAPARRAL  
POETS, INC.**

➔ Cleo Griffith  
mail contest Monthly Contest Chair, CFCP, Inc.  
entries to 4409 Diamond Court  
Salida, CA 95368-9632  
<cleor36@yahoo.com>



# YES!

I definitely want to be a member of the California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc. for the year 2007.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ FAX (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

E-MAIL \_\_\_\_\_

I PREFER TO RECEIVE MY UPDRAFTS NEWSLETTER BY: \_\_\_\_\_ E-MAIL \_\_\_\_\_ US MAIL

*Your membership includes all issues of the newsletter, Updrafts, free entry in the Annual Contest, Monthly Contest information, and Membership Roster every 2 years during the membership period. All memberships renew between 8/1 and 12/31 yearly. Persons joining between February 1 and July 31 will use the pro-rated formula. New memberships received between August 1 and December 31 will be extended for the following full year.*

**\* Those who desire to continue membership with a chapter, please remit dues to your local chapter treasurer.**

### How to Become a Member

*check the appropriate item:*

- \_\_\_\_\_ Membership Annual/Renewal .....\$15<sup>00</sup>
- \_\_\_\_\_ New Member (February 1 to April 30) .....\$12<sup>00</sup>
- \_\_\_\_\_ New Member (May 1 to July 31) .....\$7<sup>50</sup>
- \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse (1/2 regular member)..... \$7<sup>50</sup>, \$6<sup>00</sup>, or \$3<sup>75</sup>
- \_\_\_\_\_ Junior (under 21; show proof of age) .....\$3<sup>00</sup>
- \_\_\_\_\_ Donation (specify amount) .....

\_\_\_\_\_ I am interested in joining a Chapter in my area (name of Chapter) \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ I wish to join as a Member-at-Large.

\_\_\_\_\_ We wish to form a Chapter of our own (5 or more Regular Members are required to form a new Chapter) to be called \_\_\_\_\_

**Members-at-Large:** Clip this form and mail along with a check or money order **made payable to CFCP, Inc.** to:  
Frances Jordan, Members-at-Large Chairman, 2575 W. San Jose Avenue, Fresno, CA 93711-2733.

**All Others:** Send this form along with a check or money order **made payable to CFCP, Inc.** to:  
CFCP Treasurer, P.O. Box 1750, Empire, CA 95319.

# Board to meet January 20 for important planning

*continued from page one*

get involved now by volunteering!

In addition to work on the 2007 convention, we will discuss plans for the 2008 convention, among several major pieces of business. If there are any items you feel should be discussed, please contact president James Shuman ASAP so they can be included on the agenda. The meeting is expected to conclude by 4:30.

The menu has been pre-selected to provide two options: Chicken Teriyaki Salad or Deli plate with Potato salad. Each option includes dessert of chocolate cake and coffee or tea, for \$17 per person. You will be able to make your selection at that time, and you can pay our hostess Marjorie Voigt at the lunch.

**NOTE: Please RSVP to Marjorie Voigt to confirm your attendance no later than January 12!** Her e-mail address is still <Mar-gevoigt@aol.com>, but her telephone number has been changed to 714-846-8404.

The Marriott is very near the Ontario Airport, and provides shuttle service for those who might wish to fly in to the meeting. For those coming from the north and west, take

the I-10 toward San Bernardino. Take the Vineyard Avenue exit (this is shortly before the exit to the Airport). Turn right onto Vineyard Avenue, and proceed for .45 mile to the intersection. Turn left on E Holt Blvd. and go east for 0.24 miles to the hotel on the right.

## Thank you for the gifts; donations still needed

A hearty thank-you to those who have given and pledged money toward the 2007 convention. One couple has donated \$100, and the PSJ chapter has pledged to support the *Nature* category (\$125) in memory of August Martin, who is a recently deceased member. CFCP, Inc. thanks each of you warmly for supporting our efforts by helping to provide the funding necessary for a program as far-reaching as ours has become.

CFCP, Inc. is a wonderful institution to consider, because all gifts and donations are tax deductible. There's even a plan to assist you.

The Board has re-instituted a practice from previous years to invite individuals and chapters to sponsor single prizes or entire categories in the annual contests. You can choose categories 1 through 4 in the Junior-Senior Contest, consisting of three prizes of \$50,

Those coming from the south and east should take the I-10 to the Holt Boulevard exit, which immediately follows the airport exit. After passing under the freeway the ramp becomes East Holt Boulevard; continue on it about .07 mile to the hotel on the left.

\$35, and \$20 in each category; and categories 2-5 and 7 in the Annual Contest, consisting of three prizes of \$60, \$40, and \$25 in each category. You can donate for a single prize or an entire category. With nine categories, and three prizes in each one, there are plenty of opportunities for all who are interested.

When making a donation, please indicate how you wish it to be used, if you have any preference. Make checks to CFCP, Inc. and mail them to the treasurer. The names of individuals and chapters who have sponsored these categories will be included with publicity at the convention and in the *Updrafts*.

The Board has also instituted an endowment plan for those who might wish to consider making larger gifts and bequests. Contact the treasurer, Roberta Bearden, for full details.

### • Inside:

- 3 Poets join AAP chancellors
- Interview with Donald Hall
- Winners of 96th annual PSA awards
- \$15 million bequest to U Washington
- 95-year-old poet still writing
- New DC set of poets reading

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## Chaparral Updrafts

Volume 67, No. 9, December 2006

Chaparral Updrafts (ISSN 1543-5903) Published monthly except January, June and August by the California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc. at 2521 Meadow Rue Drive, Modesto, CA 95355-3910. Subscription price of \$3.60 is included in annual dues. Periodical postage rates paid at Modesto, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Inc., 2521 Meadow Rue Drive, Modesto, CA, 95355-3910.

