



Chaparral updrafts

from the
California Federation
of Chaparral Poets, Inc.

serving California poets for over 65 years

Volume 68, No. 2 • March, 2007

- President**
James Shuman, PSJ
- First Vice President**
David Lapierre, PCR
- Second Vice President**
Katharine Wilson, RF
- Third Vice President**
Dan Saucedo, Tw
- Fourth Vice President**
Donna Honeycutt, Ap
- Treasurer**
Roberta Bearden, PSJ
- Recording Secretary**
Lee Collins, Tw
- Corresponding Secretary**
Dorothy Marshall, Tw
- Members-at-Large Chair**
Frances Yordan, FG
- Monthly Contest Chair**
Cleo Griffith, PSJ
- Convention Chair, 2007**
David Lapierre, PCR
- Convention Program Chair**
Dan Saucedo, Tw
- Annual Contest Chair**
Lisabeth Shuman, PSJ
- Youth Contest Chair**
Elaine E. Harper, Tw
- Children's Poetry Fair and
Education Committee Chair**
Linda McCarty, VW
- Publications Chair**
James Shuman, PSJ
- Roster and ByLaws Chair**
Jeremy Shuman, PSJ
- Archivist and Librarian**
Katharine Wilson, RF
- Millennium Poetry**
C. Joy Haas, RF
- Web Site**
www.ChaparralPoets.org

CALIFORNIA
FEDERATION
of
CHAPARRAL
poets
inc.

Sacramento poet says don't write him off yet Beset with illness, a local poet finds inspiration, urgency

He stepped onto the small stage to hearty applause, introduced by the emcee as "the Renaissance man of Sacramento poetry."

Many of those cheering at the Thursday night Luna's Cafe poetry reading realized they were very nearly seeing a ghost. The man in the patterned black shirt with the patterned black tie that clashed only slightly perhaps shouldn't have been there at all, so desperate were his health woes, so bleak his prognosis.

Frank Andrick, feet planted at the base of the microphone, has long embraced the image of the suffering poet. These days, the suffering is all too real.

Andrick, 52, had been given a death sentence, or so it seemed, stricken with severe diabetes, an enlarged liver, two types of hepatitis, a bleeding ulcer, on and on, all of it discovered after an emergency trip to the hospital.

Two weeks ago, in the midst of Andrick's comeback, his mother died in her sleep and the poet was forced to confront his feelings about all that. A week

before her death, she penned a letter lamenting that her son the poet never amounted to anything.

If this were football, the refs would have thrown a flag for piling on.

The run of bad luck would be hard enough on his friends if he were merely a talented poet, raconteur and connoisseur of the absurd who never passes up the chance to see a really bad movie.

As good as he is with language, Andrick's greatest talent may be his ability to make those around him feel better for having known him. His manners are so refined as to seem old-fashioned. Friends marvel at his knack to say and do the right thing, and mean it.

The health setbacks have triggered an urgency to finish his writing projects, two philosophically rich and complex books he has been planning for years.

continued on page two, 'Don't write off'

Kansas businessman attracts diners with lighthearted poetry

It takes a quiet place to write a poem, said Linwood, KS businessman and poet Jeff Coatney.

And it takes at least an hour for him to pen a verse. That's probably not long enough, Coatney said.

"Probably if it took longer it would be better," he said, a quick smile lighting his face.

Coatney and his wife, Sharon, own Phoenix Industries, a Linwood firm that manufactures security devices for doors on commercial and industrial buildings.

Next door to Phoenix is another building the Coatneys own, the New Linwood Café.

And it's for the café that each week Coatney pens a verse to run in the café's advertisements that appear in area newspapers.

Some of his verses point out the scenic beauty of the Linwood area, such as this:

Linwood Road is a pretty place
Filled with sightly country grace.
But it's not just a lovely drive,
There's good food waiting when you arrive.

Other poems speak of life in general. For instance, a recent poem looked at what makes people happy.

It's more than a paycheck that moves us
and makes us swell with pride
It's the art of making folks happy
that make us feel good inside.

Coatney said he doesn't struggle to find topics to write about because ideas crop up on their own.

"There's something that just kind of grabs you and makes you look at things in a different way," he said.

He started writing poetry, most of which he describes as whimsical or lighthearted, about 10 years ago.

A worldly vision

Though Coatney's poetry is lighthearted, not everything in his life would have predicted that.

Coatney, 64, spent his early years in Kansas City, Kan. His family moved to Linwood before his senior year of high school. Coatney attended his first year of college at Kansas State University and then transferred to Emporia State Teachers College, where in the middle of his senior year two events changed his life.

continued on back page: 'Businessman-poet'

Chaparral updrafts

Editor & PublisherJames Shuman

2521 Meadow Rue Drive
Modesto, CA 95355-3910
209-523-6954 FAX 209-521-8778

TreasurerRoberta Bearden

P O Box 1750, Empire, CA 95319
209-522-9600

Corresponding Secretary

.....Dorothy Marshall
430 Eleventh St, Pomona, CA 91766
888-308-7488

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

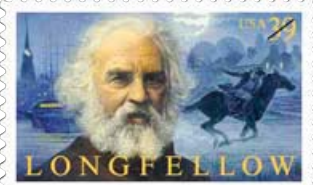
For questions involving membership, either new or renewal, please contact the treasurer.

Be sure to visit our new web site:

<http://www.ChaparralPoets.org>

Longfellow honored with postage stamp

On March 15, the United States Postal Service will celebrate the two hundredth birthday of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow by issuing a thirty-nine cent Longfellow stamp. The stamp will be introduced in a



ceremony at Madison Square Garden in New York City, which will also feature a speech by chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) Dana Gioia and a recitation of Longfellow poems by the 2006 Poetry Out Loud state champions from Massachusetts and New Jersey. Poetry Out Loud, a collaborative program launched last year by the NEA and the Poetry Foundation, encourages high school students to learn about poetry through memorization and performance.

Longfellow, born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, was the author of more than a dozen poetry collections, including *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (Ticknor and Fields, 1863) and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (Ticknor and Fields, 1858). He is most famous for his poems "The Song of Hiawatha," "Paul Revere's Ride," and "Evangeline."

Don't write off talented Sacramento poet

continued from page one

Ever the poet, he found material in being sick. The first poem he read for the weekly "Poetry Unplugged" series was one of his new "hospital poems" — the sights and sounds absorbed during a five-day stint in the intensive care unit, where the unemployed, uninsured Andrick racked up a \$78,844 bill.

Moments before taking the stage, Andrick said, "I love being creative and being around creativity. It's real inspiring."

Sacramento's poetry community, in turn, has been inspired to come to his rescue. One fundraiser in September raised \$1,600 toward his medical bills and living expenses. Another poetry benefit event is planned April 2.

"It shows that they truly care about him and that he gave a lot of himself to Sacramento poetry and the literary arts," said Gene Bloom, a friend and fellow poet.

Edie Lambert, a KCRA news anchor who has been his friend for years, is helping with the benefit. "Frank is very talented and very ambitious and has directed those talents in ways that have enriched our community immeasurably, even for residents of this area who have no interest in poetry," she said. "I see our role as a community coming in as a safety net for Frank."

Being a poet didn't seem dangerous. But being poor, it turns out, made him vulnerable. Andrick decided years ago that he would scrape by, as long as he could write and be free of society's constraints and expectations.

Once a player in the record industry, Andrick quit writing about and promoting musical acts, leaving the Bay Area to embark on his poetic odyssey.

For several years, he has lived like a monk on family property in Lockeford, a tiny San Joaquin County town. His cabin is smaller than a single-car garage—enough room for a kitchen, bathroom and bed. He doesn't drive, and relies on friends for rides to Sacramento.

He hasn't earned more than \$5,000 in any year since the mid-1990s, since he's gone about the business of producing poetry, publishing his work and promoting poetry readings.

"This is not a culture that rewards you for taking the creative path in most cases," said Richard Hansen, co-owner of the Book Collector bookstore on 24th Street. "If you take up the life of the poet in America, you are taking

up the life of destitution and poverty."

Andrick's health had never been an issue. The uninsured, he points out, don't have the luxury of worrying about how they feel. They can't afford to get the little things checked out. But all those little things become big things.

In 2005, a doctor told Andrick that his aching knee would probably clear up if he got down to a healthy weight. Back then, the 5-foot-11 Andrick weighed 270 pounds. He put himself on a diet and was a new man when he got down to 178 pounds.

His resurgent health was short-lived. At the poetry marathon last summer, he went without regular sleep for days and his system took a beating. In no time, he was throwing up blood and running out of energy. A friend who is diabetic urged Andrick to test his blood sugar. "Wow, man. I don't know how to tell you this — you should be dead," the friend said.

Everything, it seemed, was wrong with him. Andrick is baffled at how he came to have hepatitis A and B.

How he's survived is anybody's guess. "The doctors were amazed that he did not deteriorate much sooner," Bloom said.

Indeed, Andrick already had a conversation with a force or spirit he refers to as Death. Alone in his cabin one day, Andrick asked Death for help.

"I don't like it here that much. You can come and get me if you want, but now is not the time," he recalled. "I want to finish my writing. I have a lot more to do and a lot more to write. When the writing is done, I'll go gladly."

No one knows how long Andrick's health will hold up. While his hospital bills will likely be dismissed because he is indigent, his medical costs are \$140 to \$180 a week. He recently qualified for Social Security disability, which pays \$649 a month.

As he took Luna's stage and spoke into the microphone, this near-ghost of a man dressed in black spoke of his time in the hospital that nearly killed him. The poem was horrifying and cool and funny, the way he put it.

The deal with death was not mentioned. But it went without saying as he bowed and left the stage that there was plenty more work to do — and now is not the time for him to go.

by Blair Anthony Robertson
Sacramento Bee Staff Writer

published Thursday, March 8, 2007

Monthly Contest Winners

on the topic of *Turnabout*

dog

I believed
I took her out
to sniff the air
and taunt the squirrels
to stretch her legs
and voice

her nose
would follow
every trail
gravel, grass
or snow

my eyes
would wander
every branch
tip to trunk
and back

then
one day
she was gone
and I quit
seeing
birds

—Lené Gary, Montpelier, VT
First Place, January

Weight of justice

The judge wore robes that folded stern and straight
around the code of laws that held the fate

of speeding drivers, petty thieves and teens
intent on skipping school by any means.

His gavel hammered justice all day long
with fines or bargained time for every wrong.

That skinny girl with stringy hair refused
to go to class. The judge was not amused.

The choice of jail instead of school deserved
a more creative touch, so he reserved

a seat in court for her to spend the day.
She writhed and twisted like a deer at bay.

So, all day long the pleas and guilty looks
seemed worse than lessons learned in any books.

He knew that justice and its stronger side
could bend a bit to keep his vision wide.

Hardrock Justice

A hundred years and more ago,
When I was just a growing lad,
In a mining camp away out west,
We had a problem some said was bad.

A single street ran through the town.
A rutted track we called the Miners Pride.
And businesses for every miner's need
Were strung along its dusty side.

The Baptist Church stood on this street
But just across the narrow way
The largest brothel in the town
Was open for business, night and day.

Oft times the clients of both places
Gathered and chatted outside on the street.
And on occasions, a few were known
To be careless and misdirect their feet,

Concerned citizens brought it to town meeting.
Succeeded in getting an ordinance passed,
"No brothel shall operate within three hundred feet
Of any church in town," They had won, at last!

The J. P. was an old hardrock miner
Grown too old to swing the single jack.
But he had a sense of right and wrong,
He'd get this town back on the track.

But, His Honor was fair, as fair could be,
So as not to leave them in the lurch,
For they were good folk the same as he,
Allowed them ninety days to move their church.

—Eugene Shea, Hanna, WY
Second Place, January

But late that year when winter stood in white
beside a frozen pond, when slits of light

were filled with ice, he walked into a field
at dusk and shot himself. His fate was sealed

without a single oath or jury's word.
No arguments were waiting to be heard.

And we were left with disbelief and shock.
We spent the whole next day just taking stock.

Along with law and life drained out and stilled,
a vestige of injustice also spilled.

—Catherine Moran, Little Rock, AR
Third Place, January

So you think you can write?

W H Auden was revered by younger poets. But he rarely returned the compliment. In his centenary year, we republish his viciously funny views on 'creative' writing

from *The Sunday Times* March 11, 2007

It is surely astonishing how many young people of both sexes, when asked what they want to be in life, give neither a sensible answer like "a lawyer, a farmer, an innkeeper", nor a romantic answer like "an explorer, a racing motorist, a missionary, President of the United States". No, an astonishing number reply "a writer", and by writing they mean — dreadful word — "creative" writing. Even if they say: "I want to go into journalism", this is only because they are under the illusion that in that profession they will be able to create. Even if their most genuine desire is really to make money, they will still make for some highly paid sub-literary pursuit like Advertising.

Among this host of would-be writers, the majority have no literary gift. This is not surprising in itself. A marked gift for anything is not very common.

What is surprising is that such a high percentage of those without a marked talent for any particular profession should think of writing as the solution. One would expect that a certain percentage would imagine they had a talent for medicine, a certain percentage for engineering, and so on. But this is not the case. In our age, if a boy or a girl is untalented, the odds are in favour of their thinking they want to write.

When so many untalented people all express a wish to write, the public must be labouring under some strange misapprehensions as to the nature of literature. They must imagine, for example, either (1) that writing requires no special talent but is something that any human being, by virtue of his humanity, can do if he tries,

or (2) that writing is the only occupation today in which one is free to do as one likes, the only one in modern society where one can act as an individual, not as a depersonalised cog in a machine,

(3) that writing — and this idea, is, I think, particularly prevalent in regard to the writing of poetry — is a kind of religious technique, a way of learning to be happy and good. In my opinion, the public is partially right as regards (2), namely in thinking that the writing of art

is gratuitous, ie play, but precisely because of this, their other two ideas must be wrong.

A poet is, before anything else, a person who is passionately in love with language. Whether this love is a sign of his poetic gift or the gift itself — for falling in love is given not chosen — I don't know, but it is certainly the sign by which one recognises

whether a young man is potentially a poet or not.

"Why do you want to write poetry?" If the young man answers: "I have important things I want to say," then he is not a poet. If he answers: "I like hanging around words listening to what they say," then maybe he is going to be a poet.

As TS Eliot has said in one of his essays, the sign of promise in a young writer is not originality of idea or emotion, but technical competence. The subject matter of promising juvenilia is as a rule slight and unimportant, the style derivative, but this slight derivative thing is completely said.

Two theories of poetry. Poetry as a magical means for inducing desirable emotions and repelling undesirable emotions in oneself and others, or Poetry as a game of knowledge, a bringing to consciousness, by naming them, of emotions and their hidden relationships.

The first view was held by the Greeks and is now held by MGM, Agit-Prop and the collective public of the world. They are wrong.

The girl whose boyfriend starts writing her love poems should be on her guard. Perhaps he really does love her, but one thing is certain: while he was writing his poems he was not thinking of her but of his own feelings about her and that is suspicious. Let her remember St Augustine's confession of his feelings after the death of someone he loved very much: "I would rather have been deprived of my friend than of my grief."

Everyone in his heart of hearts agrees with Baudelaire: "To be a useful person has always

seemed to me something particularly horrible," for, subjectively, to be useful means to be doing not what one wants to do, but what someone else insists on one's doing. But at the same time, everyone is ashamed to admit in public that he is useless. Thus if a poet gets into conversation with a stranger in a railway coach and the latter asks him: "What is your job?", he will think quickly and say: "A schoolteacher, a beekeeper, a bootlegger," because to tell the truth would cause an incredulous and embarrassing silence.

The ideal audience the poet imagines consists of the beautiful who go to bed with him, the powerful who invite him to dinner and tell him secrets of state, and his fellow-poets. The actual audience he gets consists of myopic schoolteachers, pimply young men who eat in cafeterias, and his fellow-poets. This means that, in fact, he writes for his fellow-poets.

Happy the lot of the pure mathematician. He is judged solely by his peers and the standard is so high that no colleague can ever win a reputation he does not deserve. No cashier writes articles in the Sunday [New York] Times complaining about

the incomprehensibility of modern mathematics and comparing it unfavourably with the good old days when mathematicians were content to paper irregularly shaped rooms or fill bathtubs with the waste-pipe open.

It is a sobering experience for any poet to read the last page of the Books section of the *Sunday Times* where correspondents seek to identify poems which have meant much to them. He is forced to realise that it is not his work, not even the work of Dante or Shakespeare, that most people treasure as magic talismans in time of trouble, but grotesquely bad verses written by maiden ladies in local newspapers; that millions in their bereavements, heartbreaks, agonies, depressions, have been comforted and perhaps saved from despair by appalling trash while poetry stood helplessly and incompetently by.

from *Poets at Work* ©1948 by WH Auden.
Reprinted by permission of Curtis Brown, Ltd

A poet is, before anything else, a person who is passionately in love with language.

[The theory] of poetry ... as a magical means for inducing desirable emotions ... is held by ... the collective public of the world. They are wrong.

Monthly Contest Winners

on the topic of *Landscape of Winter*

Winter in the Foothills

Clouds crowd the Sierra Nevada,
gather in the canyons
of deep snow. The fruit trees here
drip dry in the wind,
wait for spring rain.
I watch the sun descend
behind the coast range
and want to follow.

—David Anderson, Lincoln CA
First Place, February

(Haiku)

Like smoldering coals
beneath new-fallen snow —
red rocks of Sedona!

—Helen V, Malkerson, Oakland, CA
Second Place, February

Evening Walk In February

Cars wheel down the street coming home,
turn into drive ways and up to
security gates,
headlights cheerful in the almost-dusk.

The moon is a white chipped coin in the eastern sky,
riding above rooftops, almost illuminated.
The western horizon is putting the sun to bed
under clouds of purple and salmon pink.

Crows flap by in their purposeful flight
to the roosting tree.
Small planes buzz overhead, red lights flashing
in the semi-dark, descending to the airport near by.

The perfume of sweet rolls drifts from a house
along the street,
making the air delicious;
around the corner, a rich odor of simmering beef stew.

Another corner... the moon again, higher now,
and brilliant with silver glow for homecoming.
Lamplight beams through my curtains. My white cat
waits on the carpet to welcome me with a soft meow.

—Norma Kohout, Sacramento, CA
Third Place, February

Please remember CFCP in gift-giving

A hearty thank-you to those who have given and pledged money toward the 2007 convention. One couple has donated \$100, and one chapter has pledged to support the Nature Category (\$125) in memory of 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 to 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, \$35, and \$20 in each category; and categories 2 through 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 ten 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. 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.

Killing Poetry

continued from page eight

academic discipline. One critic, for instance, argues that creative writing will always be an academically misguided farce as long as its teachers insist on acting like artists and not like the serious, rational, systematic scholars of the department of English. The professors of postmodernist, postcolonial literary theory, meanwhile, insist that writers who teach should behave more like professors of postmodernist, postcolonial theory.

Many poets who teach will find Barr's essay to be exasperating and trite. They will be eager to dismiss it, as it follows in a long lineage of obituaries for poetry. Nonetheless, Barr's generalizations are worth disassembling for their components, which provide clues about the unique pressures and dynamics of today's cultural epoch.

You may read the entire article in the December issue of AWP, The Association of Writers and Writing Programs, or read it online at <http://www.awpwriter.org/magazine/writers/fenza02.htm>

Who keeps killing Poetry?

“Will the next Walt Whitman be an MFA graduate? Somehow it seems hard to imagine.” —John Barr, President of the Poetry Foundation

by D.W. Fenza December 2006

The President of AWP Responds to John Barr

Every few years, the experts decide that she is moribund, comatose, wounded, infected, deranged, or dead. The experts declare a state of emergency and the need for intervention to save her. Even when she is happily talking, laughing, and dining with her dearest friends—the paramedics barge in to drag Poetry away and force her into the ambulance. On a gurney, she is wheeled down corridors of the contagious hospital, where the experts apply defibrillators to her chest; then they apply scalpels and the device for cracking open her sternum so they may poke and prod her heart.

John Barr claims that Poetry needs a new heart, preferably one of an investment banker, like himself, or the heart of an insurance salesman, or an Irish rebel, or a doctor—any heart except that which belongs to a professor or any graduate with an MFA degree in creative writing. Barr claims “poets today don’t seem even to be aware that what they write will be influenced by how they live.” MFA graduates and poets working in academe, he gripes, are not really curious enough about their world to go venturing into it. Out of touch with the American people, MFA graduates are apparatchiks, lost in a paper-chase of credentials and grant-grubbing. They are technicians devoid of soul. *“Live broadly, and write boldly,”* Barr intones, wishing poets would take up more manly occupations, like Hemingway hunting on safari, or William Carlos Williams making house calls as a doctor, or Yeats politicking for Ireland, or Wallace Stevens piloting his desk at an insurance company, or T.S. Eliot working as a banker. Disconnected and remote, MFA graduates write, according to Barr, in a morose, modernist monotone that fails to reflect contemporary life. The audiences and book sales of poetry dwindle as a result.

Barr would have you believe that MFA programs are places where the fog of spiritual malaise is so thick that one’s own self becomes the only reference point—a self misled by the disembodied discussions of technique and careerism that drift over the seminar table. Like countless detractors of academe, Barr fails to consider the possibility that many MFA students, graduates, and their teachers, willy-nilly, have led eventful lives. Graduates of writing programs have gone to war, sequestered themselves in monasteries, planted cannas and zinnias for hummingbirds and butterflies, sold drugs at both the retail and wholesale levels, worked in paper mills, reported

as journalists, built latrines in the Peace Corps, inseminated cows, gone to prison, bred and raced horses, managed restaurants, hitchhiked across North America, raised children, lived in communes, caught marlins, wahoos, and mahi mahi, toured with rock bands, snorkeled through coral reefs, suffered rape, worked night shifts at hospitals, endured prejudices, launched new companies, practiced martial arts, acted in plays, sold antiques, cuckolded their best friends, developed screenplays, tended beehives, nursed their suicidal or damaged friends, sold their souls, saw the towers fall, deranged their senses, remarried, practiced law, staggered out of casinos just after dawn, recovered from cancer, and worked as roustabouts, waiters, cooks, bartenders, and wine stewards and as every other kind of minion. My former classmates and teachers have done these things. I sometimes wish they were the staid apparatchiks Barr would have you believe they are. I once had a former classmate call me in the middle of the night; she said Lucifer was stalking her and she was pregnant with President Ronald Reagan’s child. She was not joking.

For most of my former classmates and my acquaintances in the programs, their lives provide the coordinates for how they write and how they critique the work of others. Reading and research provide other coordinates. Little of the navigating among these latitudes and longitudes is merely technical, or a simple matter of craft. Neither the vigor with which they have led their lives nor the depth and breadth of their reading necessarily makes them lasting luminaries, of course. The spirit that may lead you to an enduring literary accomplishment is an elusive, polymorphous spelunker, angel, flame, or leviathan. No one, of course, knows how to domesticate such a shape-shifter. I have seen talented people give up the writing of poetry, no matter how deeply and widely they read or how many adventures they enjoyed. One must develop both character and talent to succeed as a poet. Part of what you may gain from attending a good writing program is the introduction to a few strong characters among your fellow students and among your teachers. You gain models of temperament, not just a curriculum, for the making of art.

Many teachers of creative writing would insist that it is *character* or soulfulness that the teacher needs to nurture in addition to erudition and techniques of craft. These teachers will insist on facing those issues of temperament and personality; it is often a risky, challenging, and unlikely way to teach—partly intuitive, partly

continued on page eight, “Killing Poetry”

Poetry Café wins \$100,000 small business competition

On March 13, a group of three poets won the \$100,000 Microsoft “Ultimate Challenge” small business competition for their proposal of establishing a poetry café. The Mayhem Poets—Mason Granger, Kyle Sutton, and Scott Tarazevits, three friends who met at Rutgers University in New Jersey—entered the contest with an idea for a full-service restaurant that holds daily poetry workshops and nightly poetry performances. The total prize, valued at \$224,000, also includes a rent-free New York City storefront for one year and a package of Microsoft software.

The group, which has performed at schools, jails and corporate events for four years, defeated five thousand other entrants, including three finalists who entered ideas for an organic beauty bar, a custom wallpaper store, and a fashion rental service. The judges were Carolyn Kepcher, formerly of Donald Trump’s television show *The Apprentice*, fashion designer Liz Lange, and Microsoft vice president Chris Capossela.

Jollimore wins 2006 National Book Critics Circle Award

The winners of the 2006 National Book Critics Circle Awards were announced March 8, 2007 in a ceremony at the New School University in New York City. Troy Jollimore won in poetry for *Tom Thomson in Purgatory* (Intuit House), Kiran Desai won in fiction for *The Inheritance of Loss* (Grove/Atlantic), and Daniel Mendelsohn won in autobiography for *The Lost: A Search for Six of Six Million* (HarperCollins).

The National Book Critics Circle, founded in 1974, is a nonprofit organization composed of approximately seven hundred book critics and reviewers from across the country.

John Hollander named Connecticut Poet Laureate

Yale University professor John Hollander was named the state Poet Laureate for the 2007-2011 term by the Connecticut Commission on Culture and Tourism March 14, 2007.

A well-known and respected poet, Hollander’s literary accomplishments are extensive.

In addition to having been named as a recipient of the MacArthur Foundation Fellowship, or “Genius Grant,” he has won the Bollingen and Levinson prizes, the Modern Language Association Shaughnessy Medal and fellowships from both the Guggenheim Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts.

W.H. Auden selected Hollander’s first book of poetry, *“A Cracking of Thorns,”* for the Yale series of younger poets in 1958.

Now's the time to get your creative juices flowing!

We've already finished 'Turnabout' and experienced the 'Landscape of Winter' and it's time to tackle lions, lambs and hares! But beware the Ides of March!

The topics are new for this year, so don't retain any old versions of this page that might still be on your desk, or else the poems you submit might not be for the correct topics or you might not 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, so that they can attend the Convention and get to know us better. 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.

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

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 ⁰⁰
_____ New Member (February 1 to April 30)	\$12 ⁰⁰
_____ New Member (May 1 to July 31)	\$7 ⁵⁰
_____ Spouse (1/2 regular member)	\$7 ⁵⁰ , \$6 ⁰⁰ , or \$3 ⁷⁵
_____ Junior (under 21; show proof of age)	\$3 ⁰⁰
_____ 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.

Businessman-poet

continued from page one

"I ran out of money and I got drafted," he said.

He spent nearly six years in the Army, beginning as a private and leaving as a captain.

In Vietnam he flew helicopters.

"I was shot down three times," he said.

"The people who were on the ground who were shooting continued to shoot," Coatney said. "I managed to get far enough away from them before it went down. Nobody was captured. The people that were with me I think were lucky too, because no one was ever seriously hurt on my aircraft."

A matter of time

As Coatney speaks, his right hand quivers. It's a symptom of the Parkinson's disease he fears will further change his life.

"Retirement is becoming a more and more alluring option," Coatney said. "There are things that I want to do that I just don't have time to do." For instance, writing poetry and composing music.

"I write songs," Coatney said. "That's really where the poetry came from is songwriting."

Killing Poetry: Where does the blame really lie?

continued from page six

rational. This pedagogy, of course, is not unique to creative writing. If you admire and cherish a few teachers or coaches from your past, chances are they took the time to know you well enough to provoke or challenge you personally.

As the arts become institutionalized they do run the risk of becoming clinical or systematic; but, so far, creative writing has resisted its rational reduction to systems, techniques, theories, and amalgamation into normative standards. As the veterans of MFA programs will tell you, many

It's a passion for him — working on his electric keyboard, writing religious songs and any other kind of music that comes to mind.

He records the music and sings the lyrics for CDs he keeps in his car.

Like his poetry, the songs have a cheerful lilt.

"I don't know how much longer I'm going to be able to do it," Coatney said of recording his music. "I'm starting to lose some control of my hands and I know it's going to be a matter of time until I'm not able to do that anymore."

Meanwhile, Coatney continues to introduce

workshops are on the verge of reenacting the whole repertoire of classical Greek drama—that strife between ambition and fate, between the workshop chorus and the individual poet—sometimes Oedipal, sometimes comical, sometimes tragic, and sometimes divine. Seminars in writing are seldom the clinical amphitheaters that Barr portrays. It's ironic that Barr argues MFA programs are so devoid of spirituality and character, because the utilitarian madness and soul-seeking of a writers' workshop often causes problems for the status of creative writing as an

continued on page five

more people to the Linwood area and to the New Linwood Café. He's a familiar sight at the restaurant, and his poems are becoming a familiar sight in area newspapers. Occasionally, Coatney said, new diners from out of town come to the restaurant, saying they were intrigued by his poetry and wanted to visit.

Coatney takes his poetic talent, and his newfound visibility, in stride.

"I get a kick out of seeing the ads in print," Coatney said with a slow smile and twinkling eyes. "That's one way to get published."

—Lisa Scheller, *The Lawrence Journal-World*, Lawrence, KS, March 19, 2007

Who keeps killing Poetry?
WH Auden on 'creative' writing
Monthly Contest winners
Longfellow honored with stamp
Kansas businessman lightheaded
Suffering Sacramento poet

• Inside:

servicing California poets for over 65 years

Volume 68, No. 2, March 2007
Chaparral Updrafts

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

CALIFORNIA
FEDERATION
of
CHAPARRAL
poets
inc.