



Chaparral updrafts

from the
California Federation
of Chaparral Poets, Inc.

serving California poets for over 60 years

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How Does Poetry Affect a City?

Following is the Address given by Joel Fallon to Chaparral Poets on 22 April 2005.

Mister President, distinguished panelists, honored guests and fellow poets, I was surprised and flattered at Mary Rudge's invitation to address you today. Like a wise zen master Mary posed this koan for me, "How does poetry affect a city?"

I began studying the koan by looking at the key terms of the question.

Trying to define POETRY is a shortcut to insanity so I skipped to the other terms.

AFFECT means "to bring about a change or to influence." It has another specialized meaning in the realm of psychology. It has the meaning of "a **feeling or emotion as distinguished from cognition, thought or action.**" Great! Feelings and emotions count.

'California Voices' a delightful convention

From first-timers to long-timers, reaction to the April 22 – 24 CFCP, Inc. Convention was the same: it was a grand time! The theme of *California Voices*, developed by Program Chair Mary Rudge, seemed perfect for the wide diversity of outstanding sessions, held in the Clarion Hotel in Oakland, formerly known as the Holiday Inn.

From the opening address by Joel Fallon, Benicia Poet, to the special awards on Sunday evening, members found each session to be a delightful experience.

The Colt Trophy was awarded on Saturday afternoon to Inez Feltscher from Palo Alto High School for her insightful poem, *Piano Hands*.

On Sunday evening, the Beth Martin Haas Award went to Claudia Cobleigh, for her dedicated efforts on behalf of poetry education, and especially to working with children.

The Roadrunner trophy went to Laverne Frith for his poem, *Eyes of a Woman*, and the Golden Pegasus trophy was awarded to Katy Brown for *Opening the Curtains*, a touching and unique poem in two voices.

Because of the extensive variety of offerings this year, it is difficult to name them all in a few short paragraphs.

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CITY is defined as a center of population, commerce and culture. Ah...ha "... **and culture.**"

I consulted other poets. Kirk Ridgeway, poet laureate of Pleasanton, gave me good advice. I left a message on Ferlinghetti's answering machine at his house in Bolinas. He didn't call back. A good poet pal immediately zeroed in on the problem saying, "How Does Poetry Affect a City? Well take Troy..." Hmmm, Yes Where would poetry be without Troy?

Pushing on with the koan, it seemed best to discover how poetry, whatever that is, has changed or influenced a city - particularly its culture. Ideally, it would be useful to find a city with two pictures, one "before poetry" and the other "after poetry."

Before that however I turned the koan upside down — it was clear that cities affect poetry:

Chicago, hog butcher to the world,
San Francisco, open your golden gate,
Everything's up to date in Kansas city, etc.

Turning it right side up again I tried to find a major and visible impact that poetry has on a city. One

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'American Life in Poetry' initiative launched by Poet Laureate Ted Kooser

Saying "Newspapers are close to my heart and my family," Poet Laureate Ted Kooser announced a free weekly column for newspapers and online publications featuring a poem by a contemporary American poet and a brief introduction to the poem by Kooser. Called *American Life in Poetry*, the sole mission of this project is to promote poetry, which he believes can add value for newspaper and online readers while seeking to re-create a vigorous presence for poetry in our culture. There are no costs or obligations for reprinting the columns.

Kooser, whose wife and son both work in journal-

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Be sure to visit our new web site:

<http://www.ChaparralPoets.org>

Address: Poetry's affect on a City

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example sprang to mind – Elko Nevada – the home, for over twenty years of the National Cowboy Poetry Festival. Once a year the population of Elko increases by about fifty percent for a three day festival. That would be like Oakland having an additional 150,000 poets for a long weekend. The affect? Well, Such a temporary increase in population might be good for Oakland's commerce but I don't know about its impact on culture.

I put Elko into a set of other cities, large and small, with which I could associate poetry, Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Pleasanton, Chicago and my home Benicia. I figured that if poetry enhances culture, Elko and other cities' crime statistics would reflect a gentle sane life. Yet, based on FBI furnished figures of violent crime per hundred thousand inhabitants, Elko has almost twice as much violent crime as Pleasanton and a third again more crime

against property than Pleasanton has. No correlations of poetry and crime rates seemed apparent for the other cities either.

Maybe something else is operating here – Perhaps the **SORT** of city and the **TYPE** of poetry involved must get jiggered into the analysis. After all, Not all cities are equal. Violent crime is low in Vatican City and high in Baghdad. Love poems inspire different reactions than “The Charge of the Light Brigade.” Ouch, The model for answering the koan was getting very complicated with all these variables and lack of hard historical data.

So, I looked at my own home town, Benicia. Would you believe it that in Benicia poetry has reduced crime by eleven percent, increased tourism sixteen percent, and has made all the women strong and the men good looking? If you've written down those figures please scratch them out. Those figures don't exist.

No luck answering the koan, “How does poetry affect a city?” Then I remembered the other definition of **AFFECT** “... a feeling or emotion as distinguished from cognition, thought or action.” Ah...ha! Feelings and Emotions count.

Instead of hard statistics, I have the *feeling* that poetry works in Benicia, my town, that it exerts a civilizing influence, that poetry makes people more cordial and gracious. Yes, I *feel* that Poetry impacts on Benicia in subtle but real ways. Here are some examples

Every month fifteen or twenty Poets from Benicia, and other cities meet on the First Tuesday in Benicia's public Library. We read and discuss poetry, drink coffee, schmooze and have a grand time. Each month we're seeing a gradual influx of younger poets. We inspire each other. Poetry is contagious. Like typhoid Mary, these poets return home and spread poetry.

Every year Benicia's Historical Museum has a Love Poetry contest celebrating an early California romance. It is the tragic love story of Concepcion Arguello (daughter of the commandante of the Presidio in San Francisco) and Nikolai Resanov (a visiting Russian nobleman) Their plans to marry were shattered by his death, Concepcion entered the convent, became a teaching nun and died in Benicia. Their love story has inspired a

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CFCP, Inc. Officers installed for next two years

The report of the Nominating Committee having been accepted at the General Membership Meeting, committee member Nancee Maya performed the installation at the close of the Golden Pegasus Banquet in a flameless candle ceremony (due to hotel regulations). The following officers were installed for the 2005–2007 term:

- President James Shuman
- First Vice President David Lapierre
- Second Vice President Katharine Wilson
- Third Vice President Dan Saucedo
- Fourth Vice President Donna Honeycutt
- Recording Secretary Lee Collins

Corresponding Secretary Dorothy Marshall
Members-at-Large Chair... Frances Yordan

The lack of a nominee for the position of Treasurer was discussed. Ursula T. Gibson, who has been treasurer for nearly eight years, has said that for health reasons she cannot continue to serve, but has agreed to stay in the position briefly to ease the transition.

Although the Nominating Committee was unsuccessful in finding a candidate, a qualified person has since been located and is willing to serve. This person will be appointed at the meeting in July, subject to approval of the Board, and will begin duty immediately.

Youth Contest chair, Norma Green, steps down

At the close of the convention, Norma King Green, chair of the Junior-Senior Contest, submitted her resignation for personal reasons. She assures us that she will work closely with whoever assumes that role for the 2006 Contest season, and intends to provide physical assistance whenever possible. She has lists and templates computerized, which should make it fairly easy for another person to step in and manage things.

Norma has been a dedicated member of the CFCP board for three years, and her experience and loyalty will be missed. We wish

her well in her other pursuits, including spending time with her family, and doing more personal writing.

The job does not require a lot of attention except during the contest season itself. Norma was able to manage it with some assistance from other chapter members in her area. It is an excellent opportunity for a small group to get to meet teachers and students from throughout the state. Anyone interested in helping CFCP in this capacity should apply to President James Shuman as soon as possible.

Monthly Contest Winners

on the topic of *Portraits*

Spider Woman

Too late I see you advance,
apologizing your way to claim
the center of attention, spin
a web of your achievements.
Since I could, but do not run away,
I want to make *you* disappear, go
elsewhere to fill your cloying emptiness.
You've become so needy that my guilt
at not addressing your ancient wounds
festers and grows to immobilize me.
The threads of your poverty wrap
around me, and I am angry with myself
for once again, being caught in your web.

—Margaret M. Hamilton, San Diego, CA
First Prize, February

The Drifter

I was born old, older
than dirt, never learned
how to be young. I'm
hungry and tired and in
a hurry, though there's
nowhere I need to be.

My one true love checked
out and moved on,
no candles in any windows,
nobody is waiting for me.

I've sung all my songs,
used up my wishes,
pawned my best scheme.
There's no fire in my belly,
I'd trade my future
for a hot bowl of beans.

I'm too sore to hurt, too hurt
to be sore, but one thing
I've learned; nothing is as easy
or as hard, or quite the way
that it seems, and you're not
a loser 'til you give up your
last dream.

—Billie L. Marsh, Tulsa, OK
Second Prize, February

The Portrait of the Perfect Child

"Angelic," a woman uttered.
"Superb," somebody cried.
"Enchanting," another muttered.
"Perfection," someone sighed.

The pastels of the paintings like falling petals merged.
Its pigments bleeding, flowing artfully converged,
Lines and strokes united without angles, edges, ends,
To form an opus magnum of curves and color blends.
Trapped within the brush strokes, beneath the frosty glaze,
Was the poignant image of a sweet girl's wistful gaze.
Docile and submissive, eager to comply,
She surrendered up her boundaries into the background sky.

How was each subtle tint
So flawlessly combined?
Was the inspiration sent
Or craftily designed?
Why was the faultless child,
So beautifully portrayed,
With sadness reconciled?
How was the image made?

A secret seemed to hover,
A silent sense of pain,
Yet no one would discover
It had been left out in the rain.

—Norma K. Green, Fairfield, CA
Third Prize, February

Monthly Contest Winners

on the topic of *Off the Wall*

Cucumbers, etc.

I read a poem published in a prestigious magazine
about a wild cucumber
and the guy picking it by the fence,
how he stood there watching the field.
It was simple and bland,
but not so terribly special.

I wrote a poem about my lover slipping away
after midnight while the moon hid, and
one about the ritual of dancing in white gloves
at cotillion, then years later in a sweaty bar, and
then one about the gods I carry around and
wrestle inside of me.
And none of them were published.

And when I think about my rejections,
I begin to imagine that cucumber
all green and wild and sweaty-looking,
wielding a fence pole like a sword,
slicing and dicing my words into giant chunks.
And then like a god it chews each piece,
spitting syllables into the sky like undigested seeds.

The cucumber grins into my window,
then floats away laughing.
I take a pile of leftover phrases from a basket,
dump them on the page,
and slowly sort them one by one into the night.

—Catherine Moran, Little Rock, AR
First Prize, March

For the Ghosts (After Edward Hirsch)

Today I want to tell you
about the presence of ghosts who
appear in our garden

by the fountain in early morning
faint misty images that
come out like a chill

in the dark without
premonition or warning
with volition and motion

all their own
unaware of our presence not
even knowing they are dead

as they raise their arms
to breathe like butterflies

with hearts rooted to the
earth of an unobstructed universe.

That's why we should all become crystals:
spectrums of refracted light
prisms with geometrical relationships;
mirror images of ourselves
to be held in the hands of ghosts
to light their way home

trust the crystals
trust the ghosts
who rise in the garden mist

trust what we cannot see
look for colors
watch the flower
trust our power in darkness
wake to light

—Norine Radaikin, Sacramento, CA
Second Prize, March

Driving Backward on an Unpaved Road

Uncharted barriers
No longer standing

Muted blue overhead
Elongated white strands

Dust billowing
Settling shrouding

Unwavering deer stare
Large brown eyes

Hawks in mid swoop gawk
Red tails follow

Compasses quake
Winds shift

Raindrops pearl into parched earth
Through oblivious heat

Moss grows south side
Nudging up dry

Long road back in
Less and less traveled

—Marnelle R. White, Copperopolis, CA
Third Prize, March

Monthly Contest Winners

on the topic of *Historical*

Remembering the Silence

(Piskaryouskoye Cemetery Fifty Years
after the Siege of Leningrad)

Wind howls
The iron sea
Haunts their nameless grave
Dreaming dark roses.

Birch trees weep
Their lost-leaf dead
Sleeping the swordswep
Silence.

Hungry stones
Swallow the horizon
Digesting a million memories
Their names unknown
For ever.

Skulls crack
Their death masks
Still muttering cruelty
Implacable as time.

Comprehension
Besieged by enormity
Snaps
Like charred twigs
Smouldering the Inferno

And bone-dead shadows
Splinter the beseeching Cross
As a meadow lark
Trills spring
In St. Petersburg.

—Elizabeth A. Bernstein,
Paradise, CA
First Prize, April

Slinging Hash

I daydream behind the counter

before the customers arrive for breakfast special.

Now it all looks so simple, this Santa Maria del Fiore—

Brunelleschi dashes hard the brittle brain of an egg;

he cheats a little to claim his cupola,

the dome-egg enclosed shell,

the ego of Duomo:

a simple principle mortared,

pietre serena e fortissimo,

artisan with trowel,

(of woman born from ova,

her hair netted, no doubt)

scaffolding to heaven.

More egg play—

Donato Donatello,

carrying eggs in his apron,

Eh, Filippo, Filippo,

awe-struck falls,

beholding Brunelleschi's

crucifix of our Lord,

and scrambles them.

She also serves who only stands and waits.

Her oeuvre.

Mister, how do you

like your eggs,

basted, over easy?

—Ariel Smart, Saratoga, CA
Second Prize, April

Like Going to the Moon

(Lewis and Clark and the Corps of Discovery)

Thomas Jefferson spread the oxygen of
exploration, and Lewis and Clark trod
land no white man had seen before. They
rowed the Missouri's sparkle, and rode
where horses' manes drifted like flax
in the wind. In seas of singing grass,

days sweet as wild plum jelly followed
days dull as pemmican, or harsh as
hardtack. Hands went raw, feet bled,
and voices became wispy as campfire
smoke. But they pressed on. Past

the death grip of the Rockies, the
Columbia exploded like gunfire into
the ocean. In a winter untouched by

sun, moss could have grown on their
dreams, but they didn't permit it.
Triumphant tales waited to be told.

Back home again, did they yearn
for the plains where vistas wedded
skies to horizons? Lewis, Clark,
the men and Sacajawea owned
a moment in history, and they, as
well as anyone along the way who
had seen them, talked to them,
helped them or hindered them,
were never the same again

—Cleo Kocol, Roseville, CA
Third Prize, April

Address: Poetry's affect on a City

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lugubrious poem by Frank (Brett) Harte, two books by Gertrude Atherton, a play by Eve Iverson and a Russian rock opera. See details on the internet. This love story continues to inspire poets each year in Benicia and in Russia. Two years ago, soil from the grave of Nikolai in Krasnoyarsk, Russia was brought to Benicia to be mingled with the soil at Concepcion's grave. Poetic? You bet — even though the Department of Agriculture insisted that the soil be zapped in a microwave. The annual in Benicia's Historical Museum draws a crowd to listen to Russian and Spanish music, to buy chapbooks, to hear the contestants love poems and watch the awarding of the trophy for the year's outstanding love poem. Benicia's Poetry is contagious but still nothing like Elko's.

National Poetry Month is celebrated in Benicia with a Poets' Picnic in the Park. Poets, families and an enthusiastic audience all converge in one of our gem-like parks. We have an open mic and gorge on stuffed eggs, salad, sandwiches, sestinas, and sonnets. We read, listen, slap backs, exchange chapbooks and spread the poetry virus among other poetry lovers. Our fourth annual Poets' Picnic in the Park is coming up on the 30th of April. Please join us. Details on my web site — use google, key words: "Poetry Matters."

These poetry activities in Benicia have kindled friendships, and enhanced civility and camaraderie. We get together for poetry activities at each other's homes and travel in twos and threes to other poetry venues in the region. Bob Shelby and I often go to the Ina Coolbrith circle together, John Reis and I usually travel to San Francisco on Wednesday nights for poetry at the Sacred Grounds. Benicia poets flock to David Alpaugh's Second Sunday Poetry event in Crockett. We often share rides to poetry events in Walnut Creek and Fairfield and Napa and Sonoma for poetry events.

I'm merely a shade tree poet and new to the writing of it; but I find poetry harnesses energy and is strangely powerful. I *feel* that Poetry may be good for a city's business but it is better for a city's soul.

Poetry promotes truth. The child who saw the naked emperor and called out, "Hey, he's not wearing any clothes" probably grew up to be a poet. Poets are observant and articu-

late and they have built in BS detectors. They choose their words with care and express themselves clearly. Most poets have a well developed sense of history and culture and they usually know what is correct, what is fair, what is moral. They are uniquely qualified to comment on a range of topics — local government, the teaching of language, the arts, and politics.

Mary (Zen Master) and all you honorable, enlightened bodhisattvas, I answer the koan not with facts, but with *feelings*, like this.

- Poetry affects a city in diverse, subtle, persistent ways.
- The important ways are not measurable.
- The measurable ways are not important.

Now I'd like to tell you how I *feel* about my town.

My Town

My town is a river town at the edge of land, where Sierra water, tired from working in rice fields, meets the Pacific — then swirls off in current, fog and cloud.

My town's front yard is three miles wide with fishing boats and deep draft tankers. Seals play here, barking and calling at night, each to each. That sound sweetens the silence.

News of the gold strike spread from here to the world. In my town pony express riders swapped horses, and Jack London drank here deep and often.

The arsenal of my river town supplied rifles and cannon for skirmishes along the Snake and Feather rivers and Guadalcanal, and Yong Dong Po, and Khe Sanh.

In its time, an Army town, a ship building town with whores and hooligans, a town of rough edges, not yet all smoothed down.

My river town is quieter now and almost all the silvery shopping carts return to nest outside the grocery stores at night — when streetlights drip buttery pools onto the tilty sidewalks.

Joel Fallon Copyright © 2 October 2004

Initiative for public poetry by Kooser

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ism, said, "As Poet Laureate I want to show the people who read newspapers that poetry can be for them, can give them a chuckle or an insight." Poetry was long a popular staple in the daily press. According to Kooser, "Readers enjoyed it. They would clip verses, stick them in their diaries, enclose them in letters. They even took time to memorize some of the poems they discovered."

In recent years poetry has all but disappeared from newsprint. Yet the attraction to it is still strong. Kooser observed that "Poetry has remained a perennial expression of our emotional, spiritual and intellectual lives, as witnessed by the tens of thousands of poems written about the tragedy of September 11 that circulated on the Internet. Now I'm hoping to convince editors that there could be a small place in their papers for poetry, that it could add a spot of value in the eyes of readers. Best of all, it won't cost a penny."

Kooser personally chooses each poem, selecting ones that are brief and that will be enjoyable and enlightening to newspaper readers. Each week a new column is posted at <<http://www.americanlifeinpoetry.org>>, the web site, which may be downloaded for personal use, or viewers may browse the archive of previous columns. Anyone who wishes may also sign up for weekly delivery of the column by email. Registration is required for publications wishing to reprint the columns.

American Life in Poetry is funded and supported by The Poetry Foundation, the publisher of *Poetry* magazine. Administrative support has been provided by the English Department of the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, where the offices of the *American Life in Poetry* project are located.

John Barr, President of the Chicago-based Poetry Foundation, noted that the Foundation is committed to a vigorous presence for poetry in our culture. "It is an honor," he said, "to be allied with the Library of Congress. Through the office of Poet Laureate, the Library has done much to celebrate the best poetry and enlarge its audience. We are natural partners in the American Life in Poetry project, which will help get good poetry back into the mainstream."

Convention highlights and delights reviewed

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The Convention formally opened at 3 pm with a Welcome given in several different languages, greetings and proclamations from the mayors and other officials of Bay Area cities, and concluded with an address by Joel Fallon, which he graciously agreed to have included in this issue.

Two panel discussions concluded the afternoon: one from publishers and editors, followed by one on the difficulties of translating poetry from its original language.

Evening Keynote Speaker David Alpaugh warned of *The Challenge to All Poets of the Professionalism of Poetry* at 7 pm. Among his many other Bay Area “hats,” he is a permanent member of the board of trustees of *The Ina Coolbrith Circle*.

Four very different poets presented their own thoughts under the topic

Sound, Substance, Style — Poetry Diversity. Moseetta Rose London, known to area school children as “Mama Rap,” the poet known as Paradise, Jimmy Lyons, and Peter Lim each spoke and gave us a taste of their type of poetry. The traditional Bardic Circle read-around closed the evening’s activities.

Saturday opened with the Children’s Poetry Fair Exhibit in one room and in another, authors’ exhibits of books and periodicals, as well as archival materials including photographs, old documents, and other items of historic interest, were on display.

A choice of sessions at 9 am offered a roundtable by Poetry Education Committee chair Linda McCartney in one room and a writing workshop on “Finding Poems” led by Cleo Griffith in another.

Keynote Speaker, Katie McAllaster Weaver, addressed the group on *Writing with Children in Mind*. Her children’s poetry has been featured in numerous magazines and her children’s picture book, *Bill in a China Shop* has won awards both in the U.S. and U.K.

The Haiku Poets of Northern California, represented by Garry Gay, president, and Paul O. Williams, past president, gave an interesting discussion on the work their organization is doing to encourage contemporary writing in the haiku form, and was concluded with *Haiku 4 U* by President James Shuman.

The Poets’ Luncheon on Saturday was graced with the Keakealani Wahine Ui Danc-

ers who provided several Hawaiian Language interpretations, led by dancer Alberta Jay.

The Youth Contest Awards were presented at 1:30, with chair Norma King Green moderating. The room was filled with students, parents, and teachers, as well as regular attendees at the Convention. Readers were Debbie Loyd, Jeremy Shuman and Don Feliz.

This was followed at 3:30 by a *Tribute to Poets Laureate*, beginning with a 15 minute *Celebration of the Muses* dance presentation from the Poetic Dance Theater Company led by Natica Angilly, followed by a panel discussion with poets who have held the laureate title for their community. Included were Rod Clark, Pacifica; Dorothy Lee Hansen, Napa County; Marline Hitt, Sunland/Tujunga; Penelope La Montagne, Healdsburg; Meredith Karen Laskow, Placentia; Debbie Loyd, Modesto; Kirk Ridgeway, Pleasanton; Viola Weinberg, Sacramento; and Mary Rudge, Alameda.

Classroom teachers enjoyed a panel on *How I Get Students Interested in Poetry* with Tom Myers, Modesto elementary teacher, and Linda McCarty, Fairfield middle and high school.

The evening began with *Poetry Into Rhythm and Song* featuring Nanette Bradley Deetz as Redbird Giving and the Native American Fusion Band, using both poetry and music. This was followed by another read-around to close the event-filled day.

Sunday morning offered a choice of *Writing for Spirituality* with Susan Anderson-Coons, a POV member living in Oregon, or *Poets in Wartime* with Sherman Pearl, a noted southern California author, followed by the General Membership Meeting.

2 Connecticut teenagers win prose, poetry awards

LITCHFIELD, CN — Two students at the Greater Hartford Academy of the Arts were awarded the top statewide prizes in prose and poetry June 5 in the eighth annual IMPAC-Connecticut State University Young Writers competition.

Charlotte Crowe, 16, of Canton, CN, won for her story, *Korean Laundry*. Jessica Roth, also 16, of Granby, CN, took home the poetry prize for her poem, *Growing Citrus*.

At the annual awards dinner Sunday at the Litchfield Inn, each student received \$1,000

The afternoon featured the Annual Contest Awards, recognizing the authors of the outstanding poems in this year’s contest. Moderated by contest chair Lisabeth Shuman, each of the three to five winning poems in each of twelve categories was read aloud, either by the author, or by a poet-reader. As we have done in recent years, taking a 15-minute break about half-way through kept the session manageable. Readers were James Shuman, Laverne Frith, Joyce Odam, David Lapierre, Lee Collins, Katharine Wilson, Jim Gibson, Donna Honeycutt, Jeremy Shuman, and Ursula T. Gibson.

The evening concluded with the Golden Pegasus Banquet, the highlight of the Convention. Featuring Keynote Speaker Judy Wells, a member of the faculty at St. Mary’s College, speaking on *Voices That Changed California Literary Tradition, Education — and Me*, the sixty-five in attendance applauded the installation of CFCP Officers for the 2005–2007 term, and cheered enthusiastically as each of the special awards were announced.

Table decorations featured the “postcard” design containing “stamps” of famous California poets, but also included “blossoms” of CFCP members which had been cut from photographs.

A gathering of nearly two dozen poets convened for one more bardic circle, sharing a few more choice bits with one another before saying goodnight.

An optional Monday morning tour of *Sites of Historical Literary Significance in Alameda*, was conducted by Mary Rudge, who gave those who accompanied her a final taste of the richly varied and wonderful sessions at *California Voices*.

for her efforts. They also were awarded \$1,000 each in April after being named Hartford County winners.

The awards dinner featured keynote speakers Ravi Shankar, poet in residence and professor of English at Central Connecticut State University, and Jennifer Steele, of Middletown, CN, a Howard University senior and county poetry winner in 2001 and 2002.

The program has given more than \$118,000 to teenagers since 1998.

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Pulitzer-winning poet Richard Eberhart dies at 101

Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Richard Eberhart, admired for mentoring generations of aspiring writers and one of the foremost writers of lyric verse in the 20th century, died at his home in Hanover, NH on June 9 after a short illness. He was 101.

Eberhart was the author of more than a dozen books of poetry and verse during a career that spanned more than 60 years. He received nearly every major book award a poet can win, including the Pulitzer, which he received in 1966 for his *Selected Poems, 1930-1965* and a National Book Award in 1977 for *Collected Poems, 1930-1976*.

In his 1977 acceptance speech for the National Book Award, he said: "Poetry is a natural energy resource of our country. It has no energy crisis, possessing a potential that will last as long as the country. Its power is equal to that of any country in the world."

"Poems in a way are spells against death," Eberhart once told the *Concord Monitor*. "They are milestones, to see where you were then from where you are now. To perpetuate your feelings, to establish them. If you have in any way touched the central heart of mankind's feelings, you'll survive."

Richard Ghormley Eberhart was born on April 5, 1904, in Austin, Minn. He discovered his love for poetry as a high school student, when an English teacher asked students to write poems for homework. "When most of the students would bring in one poem the next day, I invariably brought in five or ten," he said in a 1997 interview in the *Connecticut Review*.

His father was a vice president of the George A. Hormel meatpacking company, and Richard grew up on his family's 40-acre estate, Burr Oaks, whose name he used as the title of volume of poems in 1947. When Richard was 18, his mother died of cancer, and shortly afterward, his father lost his fortune. These experiences, he later said, helped make him a poet.

After a year at the University of Minnesota, Eberhart transferred to Dartmouth, where he studied with Robert Frost. He

graduated in 1926, went on to earn bachelor's and master's degrees at St. John's College at Cambridge University and published his first book, *A Bravery of Earth*, in 1930.



The poet Richard Eberhart

Returning to the United States in 1929, Eberhart spent a year as tutor to the son of King Prajadhipok of Siam (now Thailand), who came here for eye surgery with his family and 600 pieces of luggage in tow.

He began studying for his doctorate at Harvard University, but a lack of money ended his studies after one year. He spent the Depression teaching English at a private prep school near Boston, where he met his wife, Helen Elizabeth "Betty" Butcher. Married in 1941, they spent 52 together years until her death in 1993.

During World War II he was an officer in the United States Naval Reserve. After the war, he worked for several years as an executive at the Butcher Polish Company, owned by his wife's family. He later built an academic career, teaching at the University of Washington, Harvard, Princeton, the University of Florida and elsewhere.

He returned to Dartmouth in 1956 as a professor of English and poet-in-residence.

"Coming to Dartmouth, it was as if he

landed in heaven," his daughter, Gretchen Cherington, said last year. Being hired to raise the stature of poetry at his alma mater was "as much as he could ever have hoped for," she said.

Although he officially retired in 1970, he continued to teach part-time until the mid-1980s.

Eberhart also was admired for encouraging young poets, including many at Dartmouth College, where he taught for nearly 30 years. Even in his ninth decade, Eberhart would call the school's director of creative writing to say he'd discovered some wonderful poet and to urge her to consider bringing that person to Dartmouth.

Among Eberhart's other awards are a Bollingen Prize, awarded by Yale for distinguished achievement in American poetry (1962, shared with John Hall Wheelock); and the Frost Medal of the Poetry Society of America (1986, shared with Allen Ginsberg). A fellow of the Academy of American Poets and a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, Eberhart was the consultant in poetry at Library of Congress from 1959 to 1961.

His other books include *The Quarry: New Poems*, 1964; *Shifts of Being*, 1968; and *The Long Reach: New & Uncollected Poems, 1948-1984*, 1984. The author of a number of verse plays, Eberhart was a founder, in 1950, of the Poets' Theater.

Information for this article came from the *Associated Press* June 12, 2005, and the *New York Times*, June 14, 2005.

Top Six Questions Writers Ask

from the *Poets & Writers, Inc.* web site at <http://www.pw.org/basic_info.html>

6. How do I avoid scams? —Other Resources

You should never be required to pay money to a publisher to print your book, or to buy a copy of an anthology in which your work appears. Publishing with these businesses, sometimes called subsidy or vanity presses, won't advance your career.

A legitimate contest may charge writers an entry fee, usually \$10 to \$20, to cover the costs of running the contest, prize money, and payment to outside judges. If you are asked to pay for anything else—typesetting, printing, design, or publication in an anthology—the organization could be a scam.

Reliable online resources to help you identify these scams before you fall victim to them include: *Wind Publications*, the *Writer's Center*, and the *Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, Inc.*

You can find listings of legitimate contests, grants, and awards through Poets & Writers—our staff researches each contest listed on our web site and in the Grants & Awards section of *Poets & Writers Magazine* to ensure its integrity.

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Save this page!

It's not too late to enter this month's contest on *Exploration, Nature & Science*, but check the category each month before entering.

With a new category every month, there are 30 chances a year to win recognition. But, of course, it *is* necessary to actually send your poems in to the Contest Chair! Be sure to discard any copies of previous years' contests rules, and be thinking of entries for 2005. Pin a copy of this page to your bulletin board for quick reference.

The topics and rules are new for 2005, since the Board authorized some changes last October at the meeting. Most notable is the fee per entry, which is now \$2 per poem, or 3 poems for \$5.

Also, several of the topics have been changed, to provide a bit more variety and challenge to your creative juices! Several people suggested other topics, as well, so we ended with more than enough for ten contests. No fixed form contests were included, since in recent years these have seen a very limited number of entries.

Keep copies of this page handy to share when people ask how to join CFCP. Also, think in terms of carrying copies to give to interested friends or acquaintances. And maybe leave a few at your library or on the bulletin board at the local college or university.

2005 CFCP, Inc. Monthly Contests

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

- JANUARY** — Changes
- FEBRUARY** — Portraits
- MARCH** — Off-the-Wall!
- APRIL** — Historical
- MAY** — Light or Humorous Verse
- JUNE** — Exploration, Nature & Science
- JULY** — *no contest*
- AUGUST** — Short Poem 12 lines or fewer
- SEPTEMBER** — Fun with Numbers
- OCTOBER** — California
- NOVEMBER** — Family
- 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 ONE COPY of each poem with author's name and address in the upper left corner of the reverse side. 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 2005.

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 \$15⁰⁰
- _____ New Member (February 1 to April 30) \$12⁰⁰
- _____ New Member (May 1 to July 31) \$7⁵⁰
- _____ Spouse (1/2 regular member) \$7⁵⁰, \$6⁰⁰, or \$3⁷⁵
- _____ Junior (under 21; show proof of age) \$3⁰⁰
- _____ 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 Yordan, 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 806, Tujunga, CA 91043-0806.

Next Board Meeting set for July 23 in Fresno

It will soon be time for the next CFCP, Inc. Board Meeting, which has been set for July 23 at the Piccadilly Inn, 2305 West Shaw Avenue, Fresno, 93711. The telephone number is 1 559-226-3850.

All chapter presidents (or their designated representatives) are urged to attend, as well as state officers and committee chairs, since they are voting members and their input is needed in planning events for the future. In addition, all other CFCP members are welcome to attend, especially members of local area chapters.

The meeting will begin at 11 am, with a break at noon for lunch.

Located in the northwest part of Fresno, the Piccadilly Inn will be the site of the next two conventions. It is also under consideration as a possible central site for all future meetings. Featuring 194 guest rooms, it is a full service motor hotel offering elegant meeting facilities and a private garden courtyard all nestled in single level bungalows.

After working hard over several months to find an appropriate central location, the Standing Committee on Convention Planning presented this facility to the Board in October, 2004, at which time it was agreed to hold the January meeting at the location, to provide the

Board an opportunity to see it first-hand. At the January meeting, the Board agreed to recommend it to the General Membership in April, where it was approved on a trial basis for the next two years.

The July meeting is especially important, since that is when the Board reviews and approves many details for the coming convention. Among these are the Theme of the Convention, the various categories for the annual contest, and the overall budget. Additional volunteers for the Convention Committee are still needed, to help implement the ideas and plans that will be proposed. Further, since this is the second 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.

In addition to work on the 2006 convention, we will discuss plans for the 2007 convention, among several major pieces of business. If you have any items you would like to see discussed, please contact president James Shuman ASAP so they can be included on the agenda. The meeting is expect to conclude by 4:30.

The luncheon menu has been pre-selected to provide:

salad, potatoes or rice pilaf, vegetables, rolls

and butter, coffee and tea, and dessert. Choose one of the following entrées:

Chicken Marsala: sautéed chicken breast with shallots, garlic and mushrooms in a Marsala wine sauce.

Grilled Chicken Caesar Salad: grilled chicken breast, romaine lettuce, parmesan cheese, tomato, avocado, croutons and classic Caesar style dressing.

All options are the same price, which is \$16 per person, including service charge and sales tax.

NOTE: Please RSVP to Host David Lapiere at <Dalapcrepes@aol.com> or 530-527-0244 or president James Shuman at 209-523-6954 **no later than Friday, July 15** so that the proper lunch will be reserved for you.

To reach the Piccadilly Inn, those coming from the north and west, take Highway 99 to the Shaw Avenue exit. Turn right (east) on West Shaw Avenue and travel 3 miles to the hotel on the right, at 2305 W. Shaw Avenue.

Those coming from the south, take Highway 99 to the Ashlan Avenue exit. Turn right on West Ashlan Avenue and travel 1 mile. Turn left on North Marks Avenue and travel 1 mile. Turn right on West Shaw Avenue and travel .6 mile to the hotel on the right, at 2305 W. Shaw Avenue.

Richard Eberhart dies at 101
Officers installed; Green steps down
PL Ted Kooser starts weekly column
'California Voices' Convention report
How Does Poetry Affect a City?
• **Inside:**

servng California poets for over 60 years

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