

Fishtrap Fellows – A Directory

*Fishtrap, Inc.
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Fishtrap began in 1988 at Wallowa Lake, Oregon, with a weekend-long Summer Gathering for writers, editors, publishers, readers, and others interested in writing and the West. The Gathering was soon supplemented with a week-long series of workshops, and has continued to the present day in that form. The "Fishtrap Fellows" program began in 1992 as an effort to recognize and promote emerging writers.

Each year since that time four or five Fellowships have been awarded. Fellowships cover the cost of a Summer Workshop, registration for the Summer Gathering, and food and lodging for the week. Fellows are featured readers during the Fishtrap week. Applicants submit manuscripts without names; awards are made on the basis of writing submissions only. Awards are not limited to or made because of the genre. In a given year, awards might all go to poets, or to fiction writers, or to non-fiction writers; in fact they go out in different combinations each year, based on the judges' selection of best writing.

Another unique aspect about the Fishtrap Fellowship process is that there is no application fee-- rare these days. We now receive over 200 applications each year, and each manuscript is read by at least two local judges. A final batch of 20-25 manuscripts is sent to a final judge, usually one of the Summer Fishtrap faculty members.

Previous Fellows include fiction writers Kathleen Tyau ("A Little Too Much is Enough", "Makai"), Geronimo Tagatac ("Weight of the Sun"), and Dick Cass ("Gleam of Bone and Other Stories"); and poet and essayist Charles Goodrich ("The Insects of South Corvallis", "The Practice of Home").

We hope to gather and maintain current information in this "Directory of Fishtrap Fellows." Our goal is to extend our support of individual Fellows by making information about them available to schools, reading venues, journals, book publishers, and the general reading public. If you have specific questions about Fishtrap and the Fellows Program, please contact Fishtrap at 541-426-3623 or rich@fishtrap.org. If you would like to contact a Fellow to read in your classroom or teach a poetry workshop for your writing group, contact that Fellow directly with through the directory.

Enjoy! and help us support a new generation of writers.

Thank you,

Rich Wandschneider
Executive Director, Fishtrap



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Fishtrap Fellow – 2006

Personal statement

For me, poetry is a way of exploring and appreciating human experience. Since human experience always comes down to personal experience, even the most sweeping events of history take on meaning at the level of individual lives.

Selected Publications and Prizes

Poetry published in *Entelechy International*, *The Alembic*, *Inside English*, *Phase and Cycle*, and the anthology *Active Voices IV*

Nonfiction published in *Inside English*, and *West* magazine of *San Jose Mercury News*

Writing awards include Tomales Bay Fellowship (poetry); San Diego Press Club (arts story); Society of Professional Journalists, San Diego Chapter (criticism)

Academic Degrees

MFA, Poetry, New England College, Henniker, NH

MA, English, San Diego State University

BA, English with Spanish minor, San Diego State University

Teaching and Related Experience

Associate Professor, English, Riverside City College (tenured): composition, creative writing, literature, writing center (including online courses)

Instructor and Lecturer, various California and Indiana colleges and universities: composition, basic skills, creative writing, literature, business communication

Proofreader and Copyeditor, book publishers and newspapers (California and Indiana)

Reporter, *The Californian* newspaper (El Cajon, CA)

Primary Genre(s)

poetry · fiction · nonfiction

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

Latin American women's poetry · history · women's experiences · current events

Types of Activities

readings · writing workshops (academic and community-based) · presentations

Age Groups

college · adult · K-12

Request

by

Kristine R. Anderson

Do not read my poem quietly,
your lips unmoving, not a spit of word escaping
as your eyes scan the lines,
your arms bent, elbows parked on the table,
one hand cupping your chin, the other casually resting on the page,
so motionless the lights flicker off, convinced you're no longer there,
so placid the librarian puts down her books, dusts off her sleeves,
locks the door behind as she leaves,
and the janitor comes in and sweeps around you.

Rather, roll your eyes outright if you need to,
until others look over, baffled by the interruption.
If you must, pick up the poem by index finger and thumb,
hold it out, away from you.
Stand up, brush off whatever has fallen in your lap.
Go ahead: tsk, tsk too loudly.
Groan so noisily
the dog outdoors on the other side of the fence
howls back.
Shake your head vigorously
until the room quivers and the burglar alarm screams,
knowing something is trying to get in.

(previously published in *The Alembic*)



Kamala Bremer

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Fishtrap Fellow – 2001

Personal Statement

I knew from the age of sixteen – when I first traveled from central Michigan to Idaho for a Girl Scout Roundup – that I longed for the high and wide open spaces of the west. It did not take many more years for me to move to Oregon, where my life has been enriched by wilderness rivers and seashores. Too often, we take these treasures for granted, even as we become aware that this rich wild legacy may be lost to future generations. Through my writing, I seek to explore the complex relationship between humans and their environment, and to envision paths we might take toward the future, paths that may lead to loss, or to hope. Writing at the novel length allows the complexities of the landscape and ‘human-scape’ to be woven into a single cloth that is a story of what could be.

Awards

Kay Snow award for fiction (short story) 1996
Fishtrap Fellowship for fiction (novel) 2001
Fishtrap Imnaha House residencies (2001, 2002, 2003)

Primary Genres

Novels that show people in relationship with the natural environment.

Primary Topics of Interest

Incorporating nature and science themes into fiction.

Age Groups

Adult readers.

From: Without Any Tracks (novel in progress)

Late that night, a long drawn-out cry echoed outside. Liev wanted to listen, wanted to hear what it was: a hunting cougar, a lone coyote, or the wolf that she had wished was gone. But the search for the child had been so exhausting that when sleep softly beckoned her back, she gave in.

A sharp bang cracked below. It snapped her awake. She rushed to the window, stood in bare feet on the cold wood floor as the back door creaked wide in the wind then slammed hard against the house again.

The empty feel of the house alarmed her. Jeans, shoes and a fleece sweater pulled on, she ran downstairs and looked in Cassandra's open room: the bedcovers were rumpled, the occupant missing. A quick walk through the house revealed no one. Liev's throat was so tight, she could not even call the woman's name as she pushed out the back door and shut it tight behind her. Dark footprints formed from flattened beads of dew led up the flagstones; she followed them, but found the outhouse empty too. She kept on through the orchard, on to where the trees opened onto the hillside, where she saw something moving ahead.

A cold round moon lit the white shape that stumbled up the old road to the meadow.

"Cassandra!" Liev's voice cracked in the black and white stillness. She narrowed the distance until she could see the flowers that patterned the older woman's nightgown. Shadowed below the ruffle, calves thin as bird legs pushed her forward, moon-bright terrycloth slippers barely holding to her shuffling feet.

"I have to go there." Cassandra's eyes twitched from Liev to the road ahead.

"It's freezing out here." Liev reached for her spidery hand. "Come on. Let's go back inside."

Cassandra stopped then and stood, head tilted to one side, listening far in the distance. She shook her head, the smallest refusal, so as not to cloud the sound that might yet reach her ears. "I have to go. Can you hear?"

The midnight air was silent, an emptiness unmarred by the rooster, the owls, or even the wind. Liev's ears stretched, listening far away until on past the meadow, she thought she heard a faint keening, a cry that had been made when she wasn't paying attention, the echo of a lonely, distant wail.

"Coyotes, don't you think?" But by the time Liev spoke, Cassandra had quietly scuffled ahead. Liev caught up as the canyon broke onto the meadow, where moonlight pooled through the grasses like a long white lake between the trees.

Cassandra leaned toward her. "That's our signal: a wolf's howl. He's waiting, out there."

There wasn't a sound. A cool finger ran down Liev's spine. Hands framing her shoulders, Liev steadied the woman, looked into her eyes. "Who do you think is up here?"

Cassandra folded her arms across her sunken chest, hugging thin flannel. Her lips pressed together. Her face gathered in a puckered frown. "I heard him."

"There's no one, Cassandra. Just two grown women who know better than to be out in the cold." Liev hugged her close, felt the woman's sad breasts press against hers, rubbed the bird wing shoulders. The sharp chill tightened Liev's jaw. Her teeth chattered. "Come on, let's go home. You can tell me later."

Cassandra sagged with Liev's persistent words, and didn't resist being turned away from the meadow. A younger arm around an older shoulder, they stumbled down the rutted road.

(This segment based on writing done for Kathleen Alcalá's class at 2003 Fishtrap Summer Workshops.)



Richard Cass
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Fishtrap Fellow – 2004

Personal Statement

If all politics is local, then good art is, too. A writer cannot sensibly write about geographies, characters, weather, and nature without having experienced them to some degree. This is not to say that a writer must kill an animal to write about hunting a deer, or kill a person to write a murder mystery. But the writer must be able to locate and describe with sensitivity the particular peculiar characteristics that elevate the utterly specific to a place where any reader can understand the general story embodied therein.

Writing in the West requires an attention to the specifics of the region and embodying and experiencing the region through the perspectives and concerns of the people who inhabit it. My characters, I hope, are as inarguably a product of the West as they are representative of it.

Selected Publications and Prizes

Gleam of Bone and other Stories – North Coast Press, 2005.

Short stories published in: *Dan River Anthology*, *Potomac Review*, *FICTION*, *Byline*, *Scent of Cedars* (anthology), *collectedstories.com*, *Mediphors*, *Intl.*, *Analecta*, *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *Barkeater Adirondack Journal*, *ZYZZVA*, *Best American Short Stories of the West* (2007)..

Fiction prizes from: Pacific Northwest Writer's Conference Literary Contest, H.E. Francis Short Story Award, Playboy Fiction Contest, Analecta National Fiction Contest, REDBOOK.

Individual Artist's Award for Fiction, New Hampshire State Council on the Arts.

Academic Degrees

MFA, English and Writing; University of New Hampshire, Durham, NH

BA, English Literature; Colby College, Waterville, ME

Teaching/Workshop Experience

Instructor, University of Phoenix Oregon Campus – Composition, Philosophy, Film, Organizational Behavior

Mentor, Society for Technical Communication, Willamette Valley Chapter

Instructor, University of New Hampshire – Composition

Primary Genre(s)

Short Fiction, Poetry, Literary Non-fiction

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

The Northwest, Outdoors/Nature/Environment, Work, Teaching, Food/Wine, Travel

Types of Activities

Readings, Writing Workshops (Group and One-on-One), Presentations, Group Facilitation

Age Groups

High School, College, Adult

From: *The Cheese Stands Alone*

In 1961, the Borden Company acquired the worldwide rights and the living culture with which to produce Liederkranz, my uncle's favorite cheese. In 1969, faced with declining sales and a corporate decision to focus on processed cheeses instead of naturally fermented ones, Borden withdrew Liederkranz from the market. Less forgivably, it let the bacterial culture die, making Liederkranz the first modern cheese to become extinct.

My uncle fought in Europe in World War II, where he likely acquired his taste for ripened cheeses. He carried a Browning Automatic Rifle, nineteen point four pounds, with a muzzle velocity so slow the bullets tore flesh instead of piercing it. He never said so to me, but I believe he was a hero.

On the farm, we got up at six in the morning to milk, so usually we lingered over lunch, our Liederkranz and onion and mustard sandwiches. Dick smoked a Winston or two and I would lean against the gray splintered barnboards in the humid shade and wonder what high school would be like in the fall, back in Boston.

Even in 1965, the economics of a small dairy herd were brutal, and he was planning to turn the acreage to beans the following spring. All through the summer, as the cows dried up, he'd sold them off, but since no one else was brave enough to start another dairy farm, selling off the herd meant it went to slaughter. Clark Simpson, the butcher, was coming today to pick up the last two cows.

If Dick was at all unhappy about this, I was a rising teenager, attentive most to myself. All I noticed was that he hadn't finished his sandwich.

"You going to eat that?"

He shook his head and pulled the piece of waxed paper across the dirt between us. Soft in the heat, the cheese oozed like tallow from the black slices of pumpernickel, dangling a strand of onion. Liederkranz was not a civilized cheese, with the consistency of cheap tub margarine and an odor between sauerkraut farts and sweat socks left in a dark closet too long. But properly aged, it formed a handsome red-brown rind, and its flavor was as rich and delicious as its odor was of carnage.

Clark's white stake-body truck turned into the lane at the bottom of the pasture. The empty stock trailer behind it bounced in the ruts and churned up dry brown dust like clouds of no-see-ums. Grasshoppers trilled in the long grass behind the house. The truck followed the driveway out of sight, around the front of the barn, and then the bumping stopped.

Dick heaved himself to his feet, then leaned on the gray barn with his head down, as if the heat made him faint. When he straightened up, I was ready, my canteen slung across my chest. He looked at me as if I were a ghost.

"If you can manage it," he said. "Stay the hell out of the army. Go to college or something."

I was vaguely aware of the war in Southeast Asia, but it didn't connect with my life at all.

"Absolutely," I said.

"Come on, then. Let's get those two old ladies out of my barn so I can learn to be a farmer."

I slapped the dust off my jeans and followed him.



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Fishtrap Fellow – 2002

Personal Statement

Writing is about story. Everyone has a least one and most of us have several, or a hundred—truth or fiction, or something in between. Ten individuals experiencing a single event will have ten stories of what happened; make one of the ten a schizophrenic and there could be eleven, or more, stories. Words, images, people, the motion picture that is life. Writing is about character, or more accurately, about characters. In character. Out of character. Interesting characters, or purposefully boring characters. Actors that tug, and push, and perplex until we must know their fate. And how does one figure all this out? That's a darned good question, and that's writing.

Primary Genre(s)

Literary fiction, personal essay

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

Fiction: Life, and the people who try to make their way through it.

Personal essay: Life, and the people who try to make their way through it.

Age Groups

Adult



Wayne Harrison
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Fishtrap Fellow – Year 2004

Personal Statement

I've been writing fiction seriously for twelve years. This spring I began work on a novel concerning the intersecting lives of two people: an auto mechanic whose forest ranger wife, a year after narrowly surviving a hostage crisis with armed pot farmers, is divorcing him; and a church secretary whose abusive, dying husband has driven her from home and separated her from her children. Presently I am also finishing a collection of ten short stories that describe blue-collar characters driven by divorce, homelessness, and unstable relationships to desperate and often outrageous behavior. In addition, a colleague and I are finishing work on a screenplay concerning two mechanics who discover half a million dollars' worth of stolen diamonds hidden under the hood of a police auction car.

Selected Publications and Prizes

New Letters, Berkeley Fiction Review, Ploughshares, Coe Review, B& A New Fiction

Oregon Literary Fellowship

Fishtrap Fellowship

Southern CT State University Graduate Fiction Award, 1st Prize

Academic Degrees

University of Iowa, *The Writers' Workshop* Master of Fine Arts: Fiction

University of New Haven, Bachelor of Arts: English/ Psychology Minor, Summa Cum Laude

Teaching Experience

Essay Writing Instructor; Fiction Writing Workshop Instructor – Lane Community College

Essay Writing Instructor; Literature Instructor – Clinton Community College

Literature Instructor; Novel Seminar Instructor – University of Iowa

Primary Genre(s)

Mainstream Fiction: short stories, novel; Screenplay Writing

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

My fiction and screenplay writing typically examine the plight of blue collar characters in taxing emotional circumstances. I try to create voices that are both humorous and mindful, still discerning (and often more sincere) without formal education. I look for moments that finally strip off even the thickest layers of tough attitude, challenging them to disarm and expose and lash out however they can to fight for what they hold most vital.

Types of Activities

Outside writing, I enjoy exercise – running, hiking, heavy-bag training, swimming. And I could always stand to do another hour of fishing.

From: *“Between Gravities”*

Right in front of everyone at Two-Bit's Worth my last girlfriend called me a sentimental drunk, and I told her she was heavy-set and that, after three months dating, I had come to realize she would *always* be heavy-set. In this ugly way she walked out of my life for good.

Then I was single two years straight. I'd had troubles before holding a steady job, and I'd scraped with the law under circumstances that resulted in fines and community service, but nothing can hollow your soul like spending the night with a radio you're afraid to turn off, imagining a night dee-jay as being exactly too beautiful for the man you are. Old romances that should have amounted to something I'd think through backwards, from last fights to pre-fucking, like starting a pencil at the end of the maze and tracing to all the possibilities in the center.

When Carol's Citation pulled into the repair shop where I was working, its front rotors worn to the thickness of two quarters, I was running on the stale fumes of hope. She was thirty-six and alone except for a son named Tommy who was five years old. There was a crazy ex-husband recently out of the picture – a refrigerator and air-conditioner repairman out west – and in the space of an afternoon Carol had fled with Tommy from her home and the people who embodied her life in the hopes of never laying eyes on him again. All this she told me a few hours into our first date while Addicted to Sacrifice was between band sets. I shook my head as I listened, to say, It disgusts a normal guy like me that this whacko loser son of a bitch poisoned love for you – let me show you better. But there was also a part of me that understood the man. Carol was a stunner even at her age, a thin blonde with purple eyes you wanted to crawl inside, but I imagined her a different kind of attractive ten or fifteen years earlier, the kind that could set your heart on fire if you tried to love her.

On a night in mid December we were sipping beer as the Creature Double-Feature finished up on the small rabbit-eared set in her bedroom. There was a metallic funneling sound behind the walls from air-pocketed radiator piping, whose fluctuating heat had left me under a sheet in my boxers and Carol on the spread in her terry-cloth robe. We were holding hands and had been like that for some hours, resting.



Merna Ann Hecht
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Fishtrap Fellow, 2002

Personal Statement

I was raised on the “word” by my raconteur, mandolin-playing, poetry reciting, gambling, roguish and mystical grandfather. I am committed to keeping the word alive, truthful, supple and intact as a humanizing force that celebrates meaning and imagination. It is my life-work. I have been engaged in the work of being hospitable and intimate with language for more than half of my life as a poet, storyteller and teacher.

Publications and Prizes

A 1999 National Storytelling Network Community Service Award for working with homeless and adjudicated youth as a poet and storyteller; essays on using poetry and creative writing to teach social justice published in various educational journals; stories and poems in small press journals and story collections.

Teaching/Workshop Experience

Over twenty five years of teaching (and performing) including Elderhostels; detention centers; museums (lots of work on pairing image and text, creating murals, connecting art with poetry); and classrooms. Taught Language and Literacy and Imagination and Cultural Expression in a Teacher Certification program. Presently teach creative writing, poetry and storytelling in inner city schools and in a residential school for children in treatment for cancer. Teach workshops to classroom teachers on integrating poetry, storytelling and the arts across the curriculum.

Academic Degrees

Masters Degree in Children’s Librarianship and Post Graduate work in Children’s Theater, Children’s Literature, and the Expressive Arts

Primary Genres

Poetry, Storytelling, Essays

Primary Topics of Interest

1) How teaching creative writing connects to humanitarian and social justice issues especially through the history and traditions of early to mid 20th century poetry, music and narrative; 2) Connection of language and story to place, landscape, identity and community; 3) How the arts impact education in powerful and essential ways

Types of Activities I Can Lead and Age Groups

Lively creative writing and storytelling workshops or school residencies that engage participants in poetry, spoken word, traditional tales, improvisation, explorations of personal and universal symbols and cross cultural meanings and understandings. All ages---six through 96!

From: Coming Full Circle with the Children

PRAYER IN THE SCHOOLS

As if the classroom window had flown open,
as if flocks of swallows came in
changing darts of the mind's directions.
As if worn out languages like measurement or government
flew out the window
and a prayed for tenderness beyond what we could know
alighted between us.

All we did was push back the desks,
out came baskets, boxes, clothes trees,
hats, velvet, wigs, capes, underskirts,
topcoats. The teacher's desk crowded
with clown white, vials of silver and glitter,
pots of rouge, powders and shadows.

Quicker than swallows plume and dive
the children readied themselves
costumes complete,
they presented us their faces.

As if our fingers rouged and brightened the moment itself,
touched a delicacy of time, as to take it apart, slow it down,
we rubbed our fingertips on the jaw-line of a trust so complete
we could never speak of it. Closer than air between us
came a tenderness, fingers layered on soft cheeks
traced bone structure back to childhood.

Say a prayer for innocence of uplifted faces,
for time stilled with wing-brush,
time when no child will be left
behind razor wire, seized borders, starved and frail
in arms of weeping mothers
on all sides of the sea.

Pray for open windows across the world's school room,
surprise swallows with imagination's wings,
to fly the children in and out of the lines
of the world
they teach us to trust.

Brenda Jaeger
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Fishtrap Fellow – 1994
Personal Statement

I believe the arts express what is essential, what I carry inside. Through feelings, experience, knowledge and imagination, I create. With imagination and empathy, I strive to recreate and express how I feel. The Arts express my life.

Selected Publications and Prizes

Calyx, Calapooya Collage, Northwest Magazine of the Oregonian, Lynx: Poetry, fiction
Highest award in painting in seven regional competitions in Washington and Alaska
BP Teachers of Excellence Award for the quarter, 1988
Reggio Emilia Study Tour of preprimary school systems, 2000

Academic Degrees

Masters in Teaching: Elementary Education K-8, Washington State University, Vancouver, Washington, August 1966

Master of Arts in Teaching: Major in drawing and painting, Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington, 1976

Bachelor of Arts: Major in art, Eastern Washington University, Cheney, Washington, 1972

Certificate of Pulp And Paper Technology : Lower Columbia College, Longview, Washington, 1985

Papermaking – Studied with master papermaker Kohei Fukuda, Karasuyama Washi, Japan

Writing Workshops – Numerous, including William Stafford, Kim Stafford, Robert M. Pyle, Lucille Clifton, Sandra Scofield

Teaching/Workshop Experience

Pacific Northern Academy, Anchorage, Alaska – Art to Early Kindergarten through 12th Grade, 1996-present

Artist-in-Residence and Consultant, Pre-school – 12th Grade, 120 different schools, as well as museums, libraries, and conferences, for 153 residencies, Washington, Oregon, Alaska, and Utah, 1974-present

College Art Instructor, 16 courses and workshops at seven different colleges, Washington and Alaska, 1974-1990

Artist, 89 solo, juried, and invitational exhibitions, 1972-present

Singer/Songwriter, Singer with Wilo Vázquez Ensemble, 2003-present

Writer and Poet, Numerous publications and readings, 1981-present

Primary Genre(s)

Poetry, songwriting, short stories, storytelling

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

Family landscapes, Nature, Creativity

Types of Activities

Workshop in Painting, Singing & Writing: Parallel Processes

Age Groups

I work with all ages.

My Girl and the Sea A Father's Lament

My girl and the sea
my girl and me
go longlining down
Shipwreck Straits, near our home
Port Wayfarer, hmm hmm hmm hmmm hmm

I hope what lies far ahead
swims halibut for us, not an icy grave.
I know others, out to fish
who died cold, their boat sunk.
hmm hmm hm hm hm hm hmm

We find our favorite spot
first ones to let out our gear
I say, "Girl,
I'm throwing the anchor down."
She snaps those ganions fast,
lines moves, singing loud.
aah---aaa---

Line wraps around her wrist
jerks her across the deck
I grab at the rope in front,
and I miss, mm mm mm mm m
Mm mm mm mm m
my knife in fumbling hands
I chop the rope in back
Aah aah aah aah aa

My girl once so free
my girl and me
anchor pulled her down
Shipwreck Straits, near our home
Port Wayfarer, I lost
her to the sea

I sold my boat I fish no more
when wind creaks round our door
I hear the sea
hear her sigh

Daddy cut me free,
cut me free
hmm hmm hmm hmmm hm
(Now the refrain is hummed, in lament and words as singer chooses)

Eden Kruger
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Fishtrap Fellow – 2004

Selected Publications and Prizes

Calapooya Literary Review -1 short story

Oregon East Literary Magazine-2003- 3 poems, 2 flash fictions

Basalt-3 poems

Academic Degrees

B.S. in Anthropology/Sociology (2005)

Primary Genre(s)

Poetry

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

Hawai'i, plants, baking, folklore.

Activities

Poetry workshops

From *Basalt: Memory, Hurricane, Glass*

There is something golden in the room when the lamp is switched off that gives up its light late or again. There is a gold-capped tooth at the back of the mouth that flashes during laughter. I sun one summer everyday for ten days, swimming in the shallows to see sea cucumbers and live cowries. I get so dark that my father doesn't recognize me when I go back to rain island. Everyone but the pit bull is apprehensive. Even the rabbit hesitates when I offer nasturtium and sweet potato vine. Finally my father says that I'm as dark as another me, at the time when we lived on the beach at Punalu'u, when my mother and I would go out in the morning and I would eat sand, laugh at the frigate birds. He says *Hurricane Iwa* where our chickens were blown away, where his sloop was crushed on the reef and afterward strange things came to us from the sea: eight empty whiskey bottles, and later, five glass balls with nets, sea etched. All this reminds me that I've brought back brain coral for my family.



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Fishtrap Fellow – 1995

Personal Statement

I enjoy all things literary -- reading, writing, researching – and supporting our vital writing community through volunteer work.

Selected Publications and Prizes

Contributor, book reviews, Writers NW, 2003-2004

Contributor, Colonygram, 2000-2004

Contributor. "Calendar of Events and Submissions," Writers NW, 1999-2002

Articles, columns, and interviews: Willamette Writer, 1990 -2000

"Learning the Art of Giving," Celebrating Philanthropy, October 1999

"Emilio Zapata Sings of the Soul of Mexico," El Hispanic News, December 1998

"Summer Fishtrap 1996: Eros and Nature," Writers NW, Fall 1996

"A Treasured Object," Fishtrap Anthology V, 1996

"Women Writing the West," Writers NW, Fall 1995

Fishtrap Fellow, 1995 Fishtrap Writers Conference, Wallowa Lake, OR

Contributor, In Our Own Voices, Oregon Writers Colony Anthology, Vol. 4, Dec. 1993

"Poetry by María Dolores Estrada," El Mundo de Oregon, July 1991

"Chief of the Secret Language," El Mundo de Oregon, May 1991

"Rhonda Conley: An Artist in Search of Music," Higher & Higher, Winter 1990

Academic Degrees

M.A.T., Language Arts, 1975 -- Lewis and Clark College, Portland, OR

B.A., English and Spanish, 1974 -- University of San Diego, San Diego, CA

Teaching/Workshop Experience

Teacher, Spanish/English, Estacada High School, Estacada, OR, 1975-1981

Intern teacher, English, Parkrose High School, Portland, OR, 1974-1975

Primary Genre(s)

Historical fiction, freelance writing

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

Mexican history, genealogy, translations (Spanish), travel

Types of Activities You Can Lead

Can address aspects of creative and freelance writing, historical and genealogical research

Age Groups You're Comfortable With

High school/college students

From: Dolores Of The Revolución

Dolores Estrada heard deep rumbling outside her hotel window. Please, Almighty Father, let it be thunder. She propped her elbow on her pillow and counted for the flash of lightning. *Uno, dos, tres.* . . . Thankfully, Mamá continued snoring beside her.

When no burst of light came, Dolores slid out from under the coverlet, arose and tiptoed to the curtained window. Pulling aside the green brocade, she stared into the early morning haze.

The pavement of the expansive Plaza de la Constitución appeared dry. A few souls scurried along the maze of pathways in the Garden of the Zócalo, likely on their way to Mass at the nearby National Cathedral. The tall elms edging the curb in front of the cathedral fluttered in a breeze. Perhaps the noise had only been the rush of wind before a thundershower.

She noticed movement beyond the Zócalo garden's manicured patches of green. The motion seemed to flow, as if a huge black mantilla were unfurling to veil the venerable plaza.

Opening the window for a better view, she detected the earthy odor of animals. "*Dios mío,*" she whispered.

Hundreds of dark-uniformed soldiers marched alongside cavalymen into the Zócalo from its northeastern corner. The clamor of heavy-heeled boots and horseshoes striking cobblestone echoed off the walls bordering the plaza. Infantry and horsemen converged to stand at attention in front of the National Palace.

"The coup" raced through her mind. Oliver Read had mentioned the possibility back in Mazapil, her little town tucked away in the high desert. When he hired her to work as a code-breaker for his British legation, he warned her another rebellion might mean the end of democracy for México – which, at the time, seemed a rather exaggerated pronouncement. *Presidente* Madero had worked hard to establish his democratic government. But maybe Read knew more than he had told her.



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Fishtrap Fellow – 2006

Personal Statement

Clarity and accuracy are the standards, and communication is the point of literature. I want all words I publish to be accessible and engaging to readers. My goal is an exchange of meaning between my work and a reader's eyes, mind, heart, and tongue. The benefits are enriching our human community and encouraging ourselves to include the planet that always includes us.

Selected Publications and Prizes

Lahaina Noon: Na Mele O Maui. Leaping Dog Press, 2005.

Living at the Monastery, Working in the Kitchen: Poems. Leaping Dog Press, 2001.

Portable Planet: Poems. Leaping Dog Press, 2000.

How I Read Gertrude Stein (by Lew Welch). Edited, with introduction. Grey Fox Press, 1996.

Poems published in *Ploughshares, North American Review, American Scholar, ACM, Beloit Poetry Journal, Grain, Malahat Review, New Millennium Writings, Poetry Ireland Review, Rattle, Spoon River Poetry Review, Threepenny Review,* and *100 Poets Against the War.*

2002 Elliot Cades Award for Literature (an endowed literary prize for a local writer in Hawai'i)

2000 Potent *Prose Ax Prize* for Poetry

New Millennium Writings Awards, Honorable Mentions: Poetry--2005; Fiction--2004 & 2005

Academic Degrees

Ph.D., American Literature, University of California, Davis, CA

M.A., English, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM

B.S., English, Ball State University, Muncie, IN

Teaching/Workshop Experience

Instructor, Maui Language Institute, ESL (Vocabulary, Writing, Conversation, Film Studies), Maui Community College, Kahului, HI

Instructor, University of Hawai'i--Manoa, Literature, Composition, Creative Writing, Kahului, HI

Instructor, Maui Community College, Composition and Literature, Kahului, HI

Instructor, University of Maryland, Composition and Literature, Kadena, Okinawa, Japan

Instructor, University of the Ryukyus, Composition and Literature, Nishihara, Okinawa, Japan

Primary Genre(s)

Poetry, Novel, Short Fiction, Creative Non-Fiction

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

Hawai'i: Culture/Literature/Language, Ecology/Environment/Wildlife/Astronomy, Okinawa/Japan

Types of Activities

Readings, Writing Workshops (Group and One-on-One), Presentations

Age Groups

High School, College, Adult

Mozart and the Mockingbird

This morning, I turned down Mozart to listen
to a mockingbird perched on a wire
outside my window. Poor Mozart. Dead,
he was much the worse for comparison.
But as soon as I lowered the music,
the mockingbird flew.
He had been listening to Mozart.

Matching Coffee Mugs

At first light, a francolin calls in the field. The cat watches us wake,
speaking the moment our eyes open. Windows pale, and we rise
to start our morning chores. We work together. You feed the cat.

I make the coffee. I set our matching mugs on the kitchen counter,
your name on one, mine on the other. We shower. You carry

spiders in cupped hands to the door and release them in the roses.
I follow you and check the papaya tree. One is ripe. In the dawn,
the skin is golden. You stand by me, and we gaze at the mountain

where the sky glows. The sun soon will reach the ridge. Inside,
I bring bowls and spoons to the table. You tie the curtains back.

A cardinal lights in the kiawe tree. Our eyes open to each other.
I slice fruit on the board, and you toast the bread. I pour coffee
from a brimming pot. You drink from my cup. I drink from yours.

Lahaina Noon

Today, I'm a shadowless man.
The sun calls me into the street,
and I walk alone into the light
of noon. The moment has come.

I stand quietly on Front Street
balancing the sun on my head.
My shadow crawls in my ear
to hide in the small, dark world
of my skull. The sun illuminates
the shadow in my skin, and I shine
like a second moon, reflecting
all the light I cannot contain.



Pamela Steele
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Fishtrap Fellow — 1997

Personal Statement

Teaching and talking about writing make me feel most at home in my skin. I can recall no greater thrill than looking into the face of another human and recognizing my own wild love of the artful arrangement of words.

Selected Publications and Prizes

Second Place, James Still Poetry Award, 2005
Honorable Mention, Joy Bale Boone Poetry Prize, 2005
Honorable Mention, louderARTS Poetry Prize, 2005
Semi-finalist, Spokane Prize for Poetry, 2004
Second Place, Green River Writers' Contest, 2004
First Place, Kentucky Writers' Coalition Chapbook Contest, 2004
First Place, Jim Wayne Miller Poetry Prize, 2004
Finalist, Tennessee Williams Scholarship, Sewanee Writers' Conference, 2003
Runner-up, William Stafford Poetry Prize, 2002
Fishtrap Fellow, Fishtrap Writers' Conference, 1997
Honorable Mention, Portland Pen Women Writing Contest, 1997

Poems published in: *Full Unit Hookup*, *Strange Horizons*, *Talking River Review*, *Rattapallax*, and *Three Chord Poems: A Rock and Roll Anthology*, all forthcoming. Poems previously published in *Riven*, *The Heartland Review*, *Open 24 Hours*, *Churches, Banks and Bars*, *Arable*, *The Great Oregon Serial Poem*, *Rosebud*, *The Louisville Review*, *The Oregon English Journal*, *Mistry Guild*, *The Portland Oregonian*, *The Fishtrap Anthology* and *Artspirit*.

Teaching/Workshop Experience

Instructor, Blue Mountain Community College

Academic Degrees

MFA, Writing; Spalding University, Louisville, KY

Primary Genre

Poetry

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

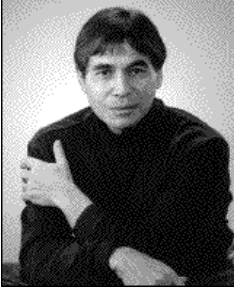
Nature/Social Issues

Age Groups

Elementary, Middle and High School, College, Adult

Types of Activities

Readings, Writing Workshops



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Fishtrap Fellow – 2000

Personal Statement

Fiction writing is the shaping of visions, but it also requires the mastery of the important technicalities of tense, point of view, narrative, scene and dialogue. I believe that the best writing is that which is close to the one's heart. This can be emotionally frightening but ultimately rewarding.

Selected Publications and Prizes

Writers Forum 1995 "Ten Degrees North"

Northwest Review "Augustine"

Orion -- "The Orchard"

Tilting the Continent (Anthology) 2000. "Waiting For Orders"

Clackamas Literary Review 2000. "The Center of the World"

Alternatives Magazine (Numerous stories)

Chautauqua Literary Journal, June 2005. "The God of the Jackals," "What Comes After Nineteen"

Oregon Literary Arts Fellowship 1998

Fishtrap fellowship 2000

Academic Degrees

B.A. History

M.A. History

PhD (ABD) Political Science

Teaching/Workshop Experience

Two summer workshops at Fishtrap.

Primary Genre(s)

Short fiction

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

- Moving beyond the boundaries of consensual reality
- The world of work
- Class and racial differences
- War and its aftermath
- The role of the outsider

Age Groups

High school and older.

From: *What Comes After Nineteen*

When she looked up, the guy was standing there, on her side of San Pablo, holding a cardboard sign that proclaimed, "East." He had the easy look that her father had when he appeared to her, three days after his funeral on a Berkeley street. And the hitchhiker stood, as her father had, with most of his weight on his right leg. Around him the same indentation in the air, as though he was leaning against the background of the street and might push through it and vanish. He was smiling like a man who'd solved a complicated problem. Much later, Sandina would wonder why she stopped for him. Perhaps it was the faded red-and-yellow patterned shirt that he wore, its sleeves ruffled by the breeze coming off the bay, or the way that his jeans outlined his hips and legs. "What the hell," she said.

She reached across the front seat and rolled down the window of her aging Toyota station wagon. "I'm going to Boulder," she yelled at him.

"Okay to put the pack in the back seat?"

"Door's open," she replied, wondering what a dead man needed with such a large backpack.

"Thanks so much," he said, climbing in beside her and fastening his seatbelt. She found the motions of his coffee-and-cream-colored hands fastening the seatbelt catch reassuring.

"My name is Benigno," he told her.

He was silent all the way up the freeway, which went north and then curved east, so that the sun slid across the windshield and directly into their eyes. At the Carquinas Straits Bridge, he offered to pay the toll, but she said no. She kept slipping her glance to the right, trying to take in his brown eyes and the short, military cut of his black hair. The smooth skin of his dark face told her that he might be in his late teens, but his eyes had the worn stare of an older person.

As Sandina drove past the miles of brown hills that fell away to Vacaville, where the four-lane highway resolved itself into a straight line, she noticed how the light sometimes cut right through him, as though his preoccupation with the horizon was sapping his ability to keep himself visible.

"I need some coffee and breakfast," Sandina said, seeing the sign for The Coffee Tree on the south side of the freeway.

Benigno smiled and said nothing.

A waitress in a flowered dress handed Sandina a menu. She looked through it then excused herself to go to the women's room. As she walked through the large dining area, past the salad bar and the gift shop, she began to have second thoughts about having picked Benigno up. Another man, even a dead one, was the last thing she needed right now, even for a day. All she had to do was to walk through the foyer, past the rest rooms, and out to the parking lot. She'd stop the car at the front door and dump his pack onto one of the benches in the waiting area, and be back in the driver's seat in five seconds. She saw herself accelerating down the I-80 east on-ramp, her foot crushing the gas pedal to the floor. She'd vanish on him the way Denny had left her.

In the women's room, Sandina looked in the mirror at her pale, wide face, with its fringe of wavy, dark blond hair, and wondered what the hitchhiker saw. Did he notice the slope of her shoulders or the spidery beginnings of lines at the corners of her eyes? She wondered if it mattered to him what she looked like. Did he feel desire?



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Fishtrap Fellow 2000
Personal Statement

I come from a family of readers and everyone in that family wanted to write a book. I learned to hold a pencil at an early stage. Writing letters, poems, scripts, lists, stories and articles have been a way of life. I discovered early on as an adult that the ability to write even a decent apology sets you apart from the general population and greases the wheels for a fuller life. I have worked as a paralegal, a VISTA volunteer, a coordinator for a women's shelter, a land use planner, a painter, an Artists-in-the Schools teacher and an environmental organizer. All of this work was enhanced and strengthened by being able to write. For several years, I wrote news and feature stories for the Clackamas County News. I write freelance and am working on a novel and a collection of short stories.

Publication and prizes

My writing has been published in the Oregonian, in the Clackamas County News, in Northwest Magazine, in the Fishtrap Anthology and broadcast on OPB. Once, Alex Chadwick from NPR tracked me down in Eugene visiting my mother. He called to tell me that he liked a story I had written and that NPR was going to use it. They did. My mother would consider that a prize!!

Education

The University of Oregon and Portland State University.

Teaching/Workshop Experiences

I taught for two years in the Portland Artists-in-the-Schools program. My curriculum included collage making, art history and a class on "Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain."

Primary Genres

I write short stories, memoirs and am currently working on a novel.

Primary Topics of Interest

Both personal and Northwest history, Native Americans (past and present) and the intricacies and inner workings of families.

Types of Activities

I would be interested in teaching a workshop on memoir documentation that would include both collage and the written word. The emphasis would be to illustrate both the importance of our own personal history and sharing in the richness of the lives and stories of others. The goal would be to create a map of some specific memories of where we have been so we can see the influences that direct us into our futures.

Age Groups

All ages.

From: After We Left California

I have a black and white photograph of my baby sister and me taken around Easter sometime in the mid-fifties. I know it's Easter because we are holding rabbits in our arms and my hair has been curled. We are standing in front of a white farmhouse.

My family lived in that house on the corner of Lawrence Road and the Territorial Highway west of Eugene for almost ten years. I was sent away to boarding school when I was eleven and after that, spent only Christmas and summers there. It was what I remember as home.

Every child, even those attached to rootless adults and no matter how often transplanted, remembers one particular place where they lived, clearer than all the rest. It is not the physical geography or the span of time that sears that visual image of "place" in our minds. It is being there, when as children we start to become aware, that makes it so vivid. The differences between ourselves and adults is like a picture slowly coming into focus. The parents are still the caretakers, the bottom liners, the buck stops here folks. But their frailties and flaws have started to show. Eccentricities. Mistakes. And the distancing that is part of growing up begins. Children carry that image with them. The place in that photograph, with the wide porch and sharp shadows under the eaves is the one I carry in my bones. Home. When I dream of being a girl, it is to that place I am taken. Ghosts and all.

In the photo, there is a shed to the side and back of the house. If you looked closely, you would see a man bending over in the doorway of the shed. His back is to the picture takers and their small celebration. It is Jess Driscoll, our handy man. He was in love with my mother.

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Fishtrap Fellow 2006

Personal statement

My birthplace, Coos Bay, Oregon, called itself “The Lumber Shipping Capital of the World,” in the booming days of the late 1950s and early ‘60s, when I was a little girl. My father was a dealer in logs and lumber, and his parents were Swedish immigrants who came to Marshfield (as it was then called) to work in the woods and the sawmill and the workingmens’ boarding houses. It was not until I was grown that I realized how much my soul was shaped by growing up in a close-knit Scandinavian-flavored working-class town.

I started my professional life as a reporter, and I’ve written many news and feature stories and magazine articles. I’ve worked as a newsletter editor, advertising and fundraising writer, science writer, and scientific and technical editor. Now I am a self-employed writer and editor specializing in scientific, technical, and historical topics. I’ve been writing essays for ten years, and I’ve published a handful. Many of them seem to swirl around the relationship of people with the land—the economic relationship, the emotional relationship—and the powerful gravity of home. Now I find myself moving unsteadily into fiction, hoping to explore these themes in a deeper way.

Selected Publications, Scholarly and Technical

History of the Oregon Coast. Part of the Oregon History Project, a web-based publication of the Oregon Historical Society (Portland). In progress; projected completion by summer 2006.

Wells, Gail, and Dawn Anzinger. *Lewis and Clark Meet Oregon’s Forests* (Portland: Oregon Forest Resources Institute, 2001).

Wells, Gail. *The Tillamook: A Created Forest Comes of Age* (Corvallis: Oregon State University Press, 1999; 2d ed. 2003).

Selected Essays

The Little Lucky: A Family Geography. Essay collection under consideration by OSU Press.

Various essays published in *The Oregonian*.

Academic Degrees

B.A., Western Oregon University, humanities

M.S., Oregon State University, scientific and technical communication

Teaching/Workshop Experience

Workshop on scientific communication in Addis Ababa and Wondo Genet, Ethiopia, January-February 2004; and at the Community Forestry Research Fellowship (CFRF) program, Tucson, AZ, January 2003.

“Lewis and Clark Meet Oregon’s Forests.” Talk given to Lewis and Clark Symposium, Seaside, OR, August 2002, and to Extension, Oregon Chautauqua, 2001-present.

“The Tillamook: A Created Forest Comes of Age.” Talk given to Oregon Chautauqua audiences many times at locations throughout Oregon. 1999-2002.

Primary Genres

Essays, short fiction

Primary Topics of Interest

Landscape, regional identity, people/land relationships, environment, family history/dynamics

Types of Activities

Readings, lectures and presentations, workshops

Age Groups

Adult

July

July is a muggy night, the kind of night when strangers smile at each other and everybody seems to be expecting something. It's the kind of night when something really good could happen. The kind of night when you drive barefoot with the windows open down to the Little Lucky and take off your clothes and walk into the river, and your feet slide across the silty stones, and the river rises up past your ribcage warm as the night, and the river gushes past your eyes and through your hair and over the crown of your head, and the river feels so much like home you can almost breathe it.

July is the kind of night when you meet a friend of a friend, and he looks at you as if he knows you, and he says, *Come on, let's go see what's happening*, and you know you should say *No* and you climb in and slam the door, and he squeals off down the street, and he's smoking a cigarette and flicking the ashes out the wing, and his right hand is on your leg, and the stars stream past the windshield as you fly down the highway.

July is the kind of night when you're sitting on the back porch, letting the dark settle around your shoulders, and the conversation drops to a murmur, and Ry Cooder's guitar chords slither out the back door and wrap you like heavy silk, and Fred lights his pipe, and the match illuminates his face, and the warmth and the bats and the flame and the dark and the stars all swirl into a bottleneck slide bending the strings of the world.

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Fishtrap Fellow – 2004

Selected Publications and Prizes

My work has been previously published, or is forthcoming, in *Talking River Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Touchstone*, *Vox*, *Mankato*, *New Verse News*, *Concho River Review*, and *Plainsongs*.

I was also chosen to compete as the University of Idaho's representative in *Poetry Magazine's* Ruth Lilly Competition by the poet Robert Wrigley.

Academic Degrees

I hold an Honors B.S. in Computer Engineering from Gonzaga University and am currently working on my MFA at the University of Idaho.

Teaching/Workshop Experience

I am a certified secondary school teacher with two years of teaching experience at the high school level. I will be teaching freshman English composition this year at the University of Idaho.

I have participated in a number of poetry, fiction, and non-fiction workshops from introductory to advanced levels.

Primary Genre(s)

Though I primarily work in verse, I have studied and written fiction and creative non-fiction as well.

Primary Topic(s) of Interest

Most of my writing is firmly rooted in place. I write from the various landscapes of my life, such as eastern Montana's Big Dry or the Mississippi River Delta.

Like my poetic heroes, Richard Hugo and James Wright, I often write in an elegiac manner and deal with people on the margins of society.

Types of Activities/ Age Groups

I enjoy teaching beginning creative writing and leading writing workshops with just about any age group.

The Log Works Near Midnight

I've left the house of the famous poet,
where we ate moose and salmon, mused
of coyote snares, welding, the sad

death of small towns. But now,
near midnight, wreaths of fog round
the meadows, hills soaked in strange

pools of moon light, I'm just drunk
and tired of pretending I live life timed
to the curve of the sun, pulse hot

for spare dollars. My barrel-chested father
is dead these fifteen years, I sit and write,
and those four men, gliding through

the gloom light of the log works,
turn to leave the long day. Overhead,
the beautiful and useless stars wheel.