

7 July 1989
Off for "discharge" at Malheur Lake this morning.

A family of cottonwoods moved in just over the pasture. Many a visit persuaded me the family intended to stay. At a rally in the mountains you can't expect more than you find for yourself. If you move to the city, only what a city gives can be yours. You learn to hold out your hand for more. You learn not to let go, after you fall a few times. In winter especially your only friend comes home at dawn, jaunty again, holding out ^{interlocking} a pitch. That long burn all the way through the mountains will find whatever is there and bring it to you, a thrust that the sky overwhelms to make sure for some part of the earth.

at Biggs, in Jack's fine tools for scrambled eggs, hash browns + toast. Looking at Washington's fine hills through grey glass, Marjill far and serene, a Solidstate rig with its vivid quiet part. A couple miles then High & Lowers down by tracks. "Lowest Hand map." "Indian Creek Rock."

William Stafford's begins his daily writing the morning he is driving to Fishtrap:

7 July 1989

Off for Fishtrap at Wallowa Lake this morning.

A family of cottonwoods moved in
just over the pasture. Many a visit
persuaded me the family intended to stay.

At a valley in the mountains you can't expect more
than you find for yourself. If you move to the city,
only what a city gives can be yours.
You learn to hold out your hand for more.
You learn not to let go, after you fall a few times.
In winter especially your only friend
come home at dawn, jaunty again,
holding out a welcoming hand. That long dawn
all the way through the mountains will find
whatever is there and bring it to you,
a thrust that the sky overwhelms to make
sure for some part of the earth.

...then he apparently makes some notes while stopping in Biggs Junction:

At Biggs, in Jack's Fine Foods for scrambled eggs, hash
browns & toast. Looking at Washington's fine hills through gray
glass. Maryhill far and serene, a Boise Cascade rig with its
vivid giant hand. A couple walking their Highland Terriers
down by the tracks. "Gourmet Hamburgers." "Indian
Creek Road."

William Landschneider
Fedy Landschneider



living in the West

At Biggs Junction in Jack's Line 2000
you get back bones, eggs, and toast,
or a gourmet hamburger and a fine conversation
about what happened last week at Indian Creek Road.

You get a look at Washington's fine hills
through ~~tear~~ a my glass, and Morrell
for and plenty, just a Grand Cascade
with its ^{power} grand but turning a page.

You have to make of these things what you will!
Every long down all the way through the mountains
will find whatever is there and bring it to you,
a thrust from the sky to our mountain, ~~with~~ ^{to make some} things.

But you can't expect more than you find
for yourself in your part of the earth.
You ~~can~~ ^{learn} ~~to~~ ^{to} get out your head and work, ~~but~~
after you fall a few times you learn not to fall.

Out of mysterious depths in the land
great falls of rock climb for the air
and you have the privilege to be present,
every day forming ^{your} new part of the world.

Later, he gathers this writing into a draft of a poem:

Living in the West

At Biggs Junction in Jack's Fine Foods
you get hash browns, eggs, and toast,
or a gourmet hamburger and a fine conversation
about what happened last week out Indian Creek Road.

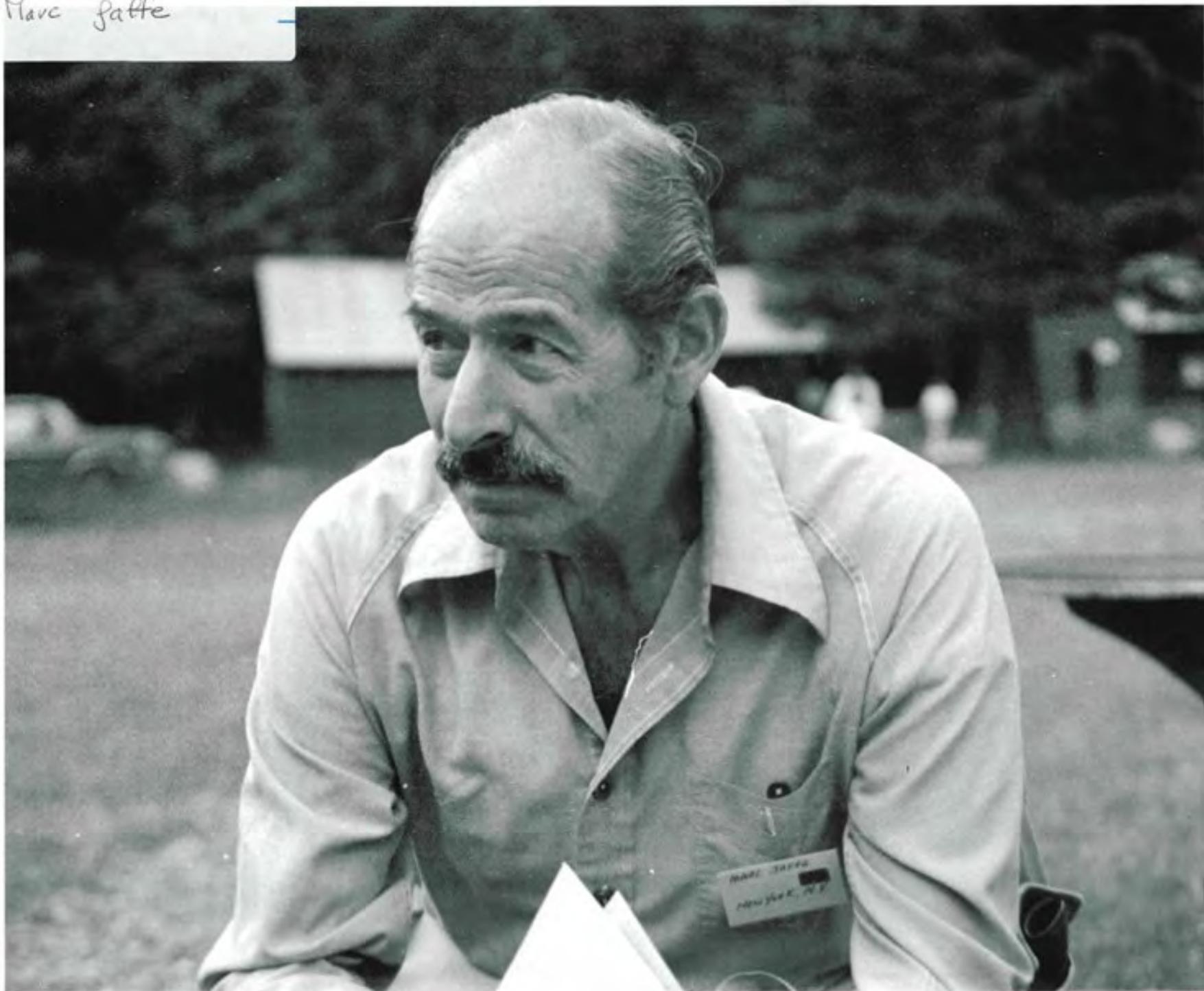
You get a look at Washington's fine hills
through tinted gray glass, and Maryhill
far and serene, past a Boise Cascade rig
with its picture of a vivid giant hand turning a page.

You have to make of these things what you can:
Any long dawn all the way through the mountains
will find whatever is there and bring it to you,
a thrust from the sky to overwhelm earthly things.
[to make sure it's today.]

But you can't expect more than you find
for yourself in your part of the earth.
You [leaned] hold out your hand for more,
after you fall a few times you learn not to let go.

Out of mysterious depths in the land
great folds of rock climb for the air
and you have the privilege to be present
every day forming your new part of the world.

Marc Jaffe



7 July 1989

and writing

Serving in the street
at Biggs Junction in Jack's Five Foods
you get fresh brownies, eggs, and toast,
or a gourmet hamburger and a fine cornucopia
about what happened last week out Indian Creek Road.

You get a look at Washington's fine hills
through tinted grey glass, and Maryhill
far and serene past a Boise Cascade river
with its ~~signature~~ signature of a ~~spirit~~ spirit just heard
turning in people

You have to make of these things what you can:
any long down all the way through the mountains
will find whatever is there and bring it to you,
a thrust from the sky to make sure it's there.

But you can't expect more than you find
for yourself in this distant place!

You learn to hold out your hand for more,
and after you fall a few times you learn not to

then out of mysterious depths in the land
great flocks of rock climb for the air,
and you have the privilege to be present,
every day forming your new part of the world.

William Stafford

...and later makes a final draft of the poem:

7 July 1989

Living and Writing in the West

At Biggs Junction in Jack's Fine Foods
you get hash browns, eggs and toast,
or a gourmet hamburger and a fine conversation
about what happened last week out Indian Creek Road.

You get a look at Washington's fine hills
through tinted gray glass, and Maryhill
far and serene past a Boise Cascade rig
with its picture of a vivid giant hand
turning a page.

You have to make of these things what you can:
any long dawn all the way through the mountains
will find whatever is there and bring it to you,
a thrust from the sky to make sure it's today.

But you can't expect more than you find
for yourself in this distant place.
You learn to hold out your hand for more,
and after you fall a few times you learn to not to
let go.

Then out of mysterious depths in the land
great folds of rock climb for the air,
and you have the privilege to be present,
every day forming your new part of the world.

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William Stafford



Panel: Landscape as Character: Exploring Place,

Land, Geography

"Closing of the West" - Mary Evans

For the west available because the East is filled
by literature.

Kim "Retreat into Wilderness"

(Use X-ray's statement.) (Be somewhere till you
reach the text.) (Be hit on the head for history.)

Human stories use the landscape for life.)

Ants A character: landscape is a character (for Walden
& The Cottonwood Tree). Authors who write landscape
character: Marya Peck, Polkier, Hopkins, LeGrim,
D.H. Lawrence

Out West, there is a big authorship. - Kim
It's easier to look outward in the west. ?

(But all of this means toward giving our
exploration to a "go and find this" kind of
project.)

We don't need myths; we are already
overwhelmed with our myths.

They are natural too: we will
be disciplined by natural forces.

Our myths say tell: we need to know.

God will tell them. God sees the
truth but writes.

Write: write what you can write best.

William Stafford takes notes during the discussion at Fishtrap:

Panel: Landscape as Character: Exploring Place,
Land Geography
Closing of the West ó Mary West

Is the West available because the East is filled
by literature.

Kim Retreat into Wilderness
(Use Hugo's statement.) (Be somewhere till you
read the text.) (Be hit on the head by a hailstone.)

Anita A character: landscape is a character (James Welch
& the cottonwood tree.) Authors who make landscape
character: Maryann Peake (?), Tolkien, Hopkins, Le Guinn,
DH Lawrence

Out West, there is a big authorship. óKim
It's easier to look outward in the West?

(But all of this veers toward gearing out
explorations to a ògo and find thisö kind of
project.)

We don't need myths; we are already
overwhelmed with our myths.

We are nature too: we will
be disciplined by natural forces.

Our myth says tell: we need to know.

God will tell them. God sees the
truth but waits.

Anita: write what you can write best.



Barbara Wilson Stafford
and Dorothy Stafford



July 24
Elizabeth Woody ("Northwest Native American
Writers").

"The only way back is by the circling
design in Mother's dress."

Phil George - Prof Arizona will publish
"Dancing on the Rim of the earth" - anthology
of Native American Poetry.

of my work to being a deserver of that
experiment generated by the momentum of
artistic discovery.

Story Time

8 July 89

Elizabeth Woody (Northwest Native American Writers).

The only way back is by the circling
design in Mother's dress.

Phil George of U of Arizona will publish
Dancing on the Rim of the earth anthology
of Native American Poetry.

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artistic discovery.

Story Time

— Jim Hepworth and
Tanya Gonzales —



9 July 1989 at Lichtrup

Closing Remarks

"The only way back is by the circling design in Mother's dress."

In Elizabeth Wosdy's poem, when she said something like that yesterday, I felt that again a writer had broken loose, that beyond intention and trend, beyond conscious purpose, the wilderness of possibility had been entered. And I was reassured.

I want to be careful not to learn how to write "good" pieces. I hope that an editor-publisher receiving my work — a careful editor-publisher, one crossly committed to profit and pre-conceived schemes of effort — will receive a jolt, a twinge, a wrench of inevitable impact.

In my writing may there survive the tremors, those torrents of signals from what you is trying to be. May my appetites turn me from being a critic

Draft of William Stafford's closing remarks (confirmed by transcript of his talk):

9 July 1989 at Fishtrap

Closing Remarks

“The only way back is by the circling
design in Mother’s dress.”

In Elizabeth Woody’s poem, when she said something like that yesterday, I felt that again a writer had broken loose, that beyond intention and trend, beyond conscious purpose, the wilderness of possibility had been entered. And I was reassured.

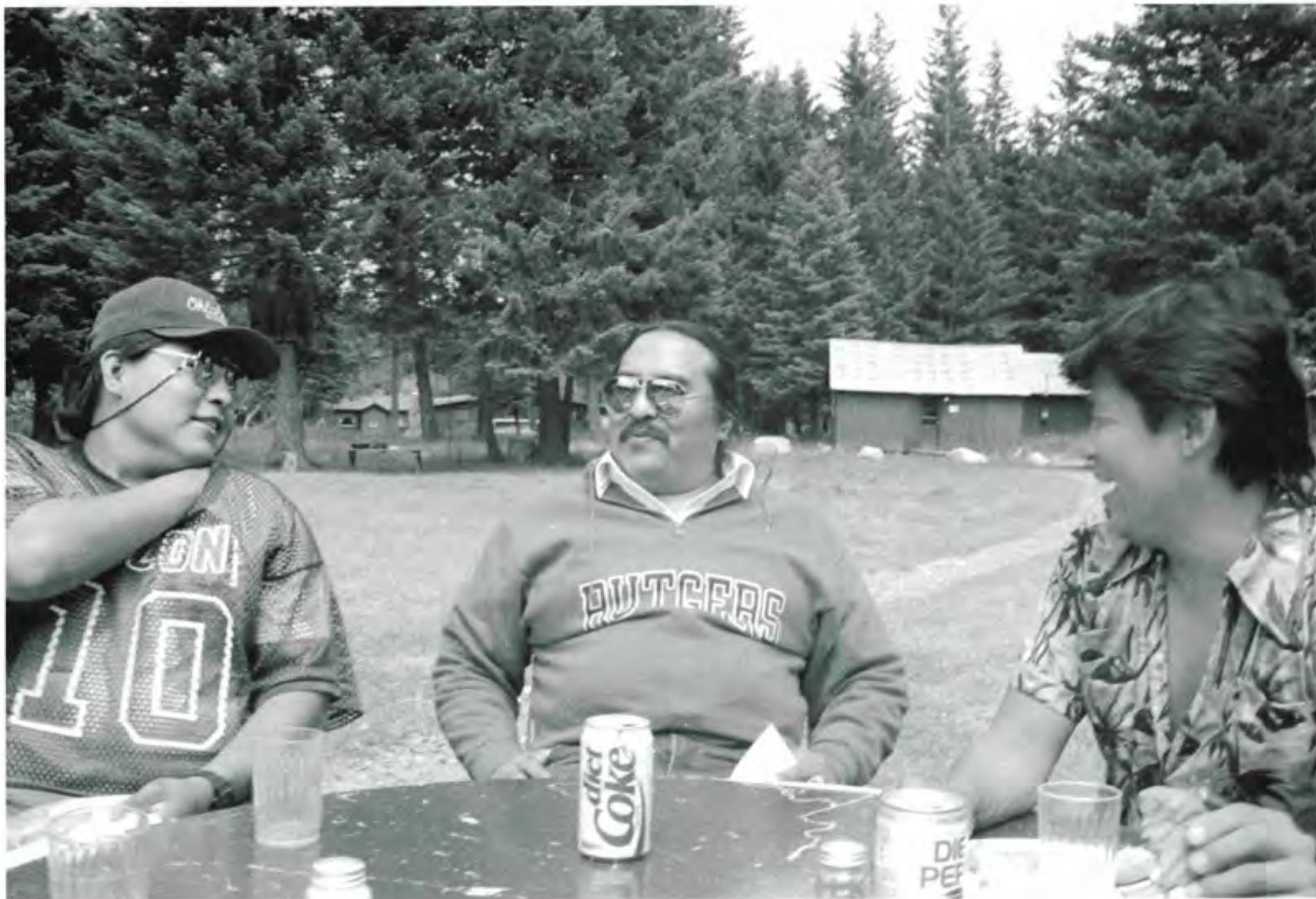
I want to be careful not to learn how to write “good pieces.” I hope that an editor-publisher receiving my work—a careful editor-publisher, one crassly committed to profit and pre-conceived channels of effort—will receive a jolt, a twinge, a wrench of irresistible impulse.

In my writing may there survive those tremors, those torrents of signals from what Now is trying to be. May my appetites turn me from being a criticí

[the following page or pages appear to be missing]

In Elizabeth Woody’s poem, when she said something like that yesterday, I felt that again a writer had broken loose, that beyond intention and trend, beyond conscious purpose, the wilderness of possibility had been entered. And I was reassured.

— fishtrap participants —



8 July 1989

at Malabar Lake for "Dishtop," "writing
West of the Rockies"

I want to
know the answer

Man is a creature for a limited communion.
From a distance, individuals, though
differing in some ways, have similar
pathetically similar and pathetic needs.

They need, for instance, a feeling of belonging
somewhere. They need a boundary, a sense
of who they are, a ring, a necklace, an
manner of looking, a corner, a curl, a kind
of shoe. But they need a zone of civility
around them. Some people have to reach
for that zone, finding it in unlikely ways -
fingerprints, skin color, shared stories, allusions,
uniforms, symbols, lodges, ball teams, cell
blocks. Some, pathetically, have to reach it in
Heaven. They have a prophet, a
cross, a father, a mother, elders, a pope,
a chief.

From that same network and lineage comes
another text: "A national hero is a national
celebrity." But that nation has glorified that
text.

William Stafford at Fishtrap does some stern writing about the writer's role in society—perhaps shared at some point, but perhaps the personal brooding behind his more congenial closing remarks):

8 July 1989

At Wallowa Lake for "Fishtrap," Writing
West of the Rockies

"Man is a creature for a limited condition." [Goethe]

From a distance, individuals, though
differing in some ways, have similar
pitifully similar and pathetic needs.

They need, for instance, a feeling of belonging
somewhere. They need a boundary, a sense
of who they are, a ring, a neckerchief, a
manner of looking, a corner, a cave, a kind
of shoes. And they need a zone of civility
around them. Some people have to reach
for that zone, finding it in unlikely ways—
family traits, skin color, shared stories, allusions,
uniforms, regular lodges, ball teams, cell
blocks. Some, pathetically, have to reach it in
Heaven. They have the prophet, a
cross, a father, a mother, elders, a pope,
a chief.

From that same (?) and language first cited comes
another text: "A national hero is a national
calamity." And that nation has exemplified that
text.

From a distance, individuals, though
differing in some ways, have similar
pitifully similar and pathetic needs.

They need, for instance, a feeling of belonging
somewhere. They need a boundary, a sense
of who they are, a ring, a neckerchief, a
manner of looking, a corner, a cave .

We writers have possession of a dizzying process. Ourselves every bit as subject to human needs as anyone else, we yet attain to a perspective that forces upon us glimpses, alternatives, multiplied versions of ordinarily accepted formulas.

When we go into action the world given to us begins to pebble with possibilities. We are given possession of the achieved stories and words and look, but we are also allowed, by our terrible facility, to explore around the edges of things. One of us, Goethe, in a great, gleeful sweep of vision, perceives: "People are creatures of a limited ambition." And from that vantage point may even go on to opine that truth may be too precious a commodity for the common people - they can't stand it. And another of us, Thomas Mann, with the leverage of an intrinsic vision, quips us: "A national hero is a national calamity." And with ~~us~~ a most despairing friend adumbrating slabs of their cherished, dangerous, illusions.

We writers have possession of a dizzying process. Ourselves every bit as subject to human needs as anyone else, we yet attain to a perspective that forces upon us glimpses, alternatives, multiplied versions of ordinarily accepted formulas.

When we go into action, the world given to us begins to seethe with possibilities. We are given possession of the achieved stories and wisdom and lore, but we are also allowed, by our terrible facility, to explore around the edges of things. One of us, Goethe, in a great, genial sweep. of vision, Perceives: "People are creatures for a limited condition." And from that vantage point may even to on to opine that truth may be too precious a commodity for the common people - they can't stand it. And another of us, Thomas Mann, with the leverage of an ironic vision, gives us: A national hero is a national calamity." And with a jolt may deprive friend and enemy alike of their cherished, dangerous illusion.

We writers have possession of a dizzying process. Ourselves every bit as subject to human needs as anyone else, we yet attain to a perspective that forces upon us glimpses, alternatives, multiplied versions of ordinarily accepted formulas.

So — we at Fishtrap bring happily
 together (in our kind of rustic meeting
 hall, in our chequered wilderness setting, sur-
 rounded by muted but present symbols of
 our — of this, our — across nature, making
 our lives and comfortable kind of shoes)
 we bring happily together our talents and
 discoveries! And we need the comfort of
 shoes. And my own shoes are comfortable.
 But it's a wild element we are dealing with,
 this writing. It's individual, unreliable;
 it's a fire. When we leave here we go back
 to tending the tiger. We have a habit of
 our winters of the West; we cherish it. But
 we may revise it. No security, no promise.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 in the forest of the night,
 what immortal hand or eye
 dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Soô we at Fishtrap bring happily
 together (in our own kind of rustic meeting
 hall, in our cherished wilderness setting, sur-
 founded by muted but present symbols of
 semi-gothic, semi-cross motifs, wearing
 our levis and comfortable kind of shoes)
 we bring happily together our talents and
 discoveries. And we need the comfort of
 sharing. And my own shoes are comfortable.
 But itø a wild element we are dealing with,
 this writing. Itø individual, unreliable;
 itø a fire. When we leave here we go back
 to teasing the tiger. We have a tradition,
 we writers of the West; we cherish it. But
 we may revise it. No security, no promises.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 in the forest of the night,
 what immortal hand or eye
 dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

í itø a wild element we are dealing with,
 this writing. Itø individual, unreliable;
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 to teasing the tiger. We have a tradition,
 we writers of the West; we cherish it. But
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