

Convention Theme

2006 Sigma Tau Delta International Convention

Portland Hilton — Portland, Oregon

March 30 – April 2, 2006



“Of the colors, blue and green have the greatest emotional range. Sad reds and melancholy yellows are difficult to turn up. Among the ancient elements, blue occurs everywhere: in ice and water, in the flame as purely as in the flower, overhead and inside caves, covering fruit and oozing out of clay. Although green enlivens the earth and mixes in the ocean, and we find it, copperish, in fire; green air, green skies, are rare.” (p.75)

From William Gass, *On Being Blue*

Green

Swear words, the noses of prudes and the pencils they wield, the collars of laborers and the laws forbidding the sale of liquor on Sundays may all be blue, the blue of skies big with possibility contrasting with the contracted and depressive blue moods of Mondays, but green has its own attractions, and Portland is a city where green is celebrated. Green is a deeply literary color, from the magical manifestations of a certain medieval knight and his mount, to the green world of Shakespeare’s comedies, to the pastoralism of Marvell’s green thought in a green shade; green are the colorless ideas that sleep furiously, and green is the house of *The Bluest Eye*: “Our house is old, cold, and green,” where in the fall of 1941, no magic and no marigolds will appear. Green, it seems, is deeply ambiguous, envy’s eyes, jealousy, the uneasy queasiness of sea sickness all green, but so is green the ecclesiastical color of hope, the color of spring, the color of youth, however callow. The unripe fruit and the fertile field; the environmentally committed; the color of Kermit’s lament; St. Patrick’s Day beer; the emerald of the British Isles; the olive drab of army fatigues; the avocado shades of fifties furniture; the color of a gardener’s thumb and of jolly giants selling peas; the green, green grass of home, which is always greener on the other side of the fence. Or so it seems. Green is terrestrial and extraterrestrial, the color of that cheese some say the moon is made of, the color of little men from Mars, but only the men, as alien women are always voluptuously humanoid in sci fi fantasies and never, ever, green.

Color is complex, not the simple physiological response of rods and cones to stimuli, to light of certain wavelengths reflected from the surfaces of objects. Green is a cultural construct, a linguistic entity, a political predisposition, just as the other colors are, a form of creative nonfiction, the prose of perception disguising an even more fundamental poetry, a symbolic expression. We live in this language, in the shades of meaning that make sense out of sense, in the synesthesia of sound and sight, where the saying of a word, “green,” brings a world into view.

Portland, Oregon,

the site of the 2006 *Sigma Tau Delta* Convention,
is a green city, alive to the possibilities of poetry and prose,
a green world alive to the magic of words.

Come to Portland, and bring your words—and the worlds they make up—with you.

Call for Papers & Panels Postmark Deadline: November 25, 2005