

INKWELL



THE EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE WRITING CENTER
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EDITORS' NOTE

DAVID IMHOFF & MADELEINE STEPHENS

Tutors at the Evergreen Writing Center covet reflection as essential to their work with peer writers. We see reflection as both personal and interpersonal, individual and social, and always political. As a small community, we risk insularity if our conversations are quarantined, limited to the small space we occupy on the main floor of the Library.

*In an effort to open a dialogue with students, faculty, and future tutors around writing and education, we tutors have convened annually since 2006 to create an iteration of the publication you now hold. Dubbed A Student Guide to Writing, *Inkwell* began by representing the philosophy of the Writing Center, while simultaneously recording its history. As the project has evolved, however, tutors increasingly have understood *Inkwell* as a resource for their own reflection and have come to see its creation in a different light.*

An organism committed to print, rooted in the written word, *Inkwell* is easy to misconstrue as an unassuming tombstone marking the Writing Center's history. Still and stagnant, words lie flat on its pages. But a closer look into its canopies reveals that its pages' inhabitants are mutually dependent, seasonal, bending. Stories limber themselves with the ebb and flow of failures and successes, be they collective or individual. Words don't go stale. We consider those embedded in *Inkwell* to be sensitive creatures, afflicted by bonesicknesses, photosynthesis, ecstasies, raindrops, seminar papers, and sunshine—just like the rest of us.

In a forest, disturbance is slow, hardly tangible to our meager and lowly human perception, shifting growth patterns and the noodly spiral of population increase or decrease in one exaggerated and lethargic exhale. *Inkwell* is a collective, center-wide heave, a thrust arching us more quickly and less subtly and achingly towards a climax forest of mutual support. Disturbance in a forest can take the form of fire, drought, insect epidemics, or real-estate development. The disturbance of *Inkwell* is deliberate, though the traumas and inspirations which pestered its authors into writing arrived impulsively and uninvited. The disturbance of *Inkwell's* voices, we think, will lure us to a destination unimagined by city planners and logging companies; there will be no lone wolves in this forest.

The forest compels us, as writers, as humans, to find growth in disturbance, light in darkness, life in death, and, in decay, composition. In all of its stillness, the forest moves to speak its truth, its processes revealed in the intricacies of composition, but not yet resolved. Published, yet incomplete,

Inkwell is both the end and the beginning of collaboration. The fruits of our collective reflection live here, accommodated by hours and weeks of conversation and writing. But only through your indulgence in the bitter, rotten bits of flesh that are these pages will our project finally reach fruition. Fruits exist to be eaten. Unless devoured, they rot. Their unspread seeds falter and refuse to root. Such is writing.

Read. Prod our conversations back into movement. Along with your convictions and experience, plant the seeds that remain of what you've consumed here. They may seem at first unremarkable, at once beautiful and common, but you are likely to be surprised by what grows from them. Read.