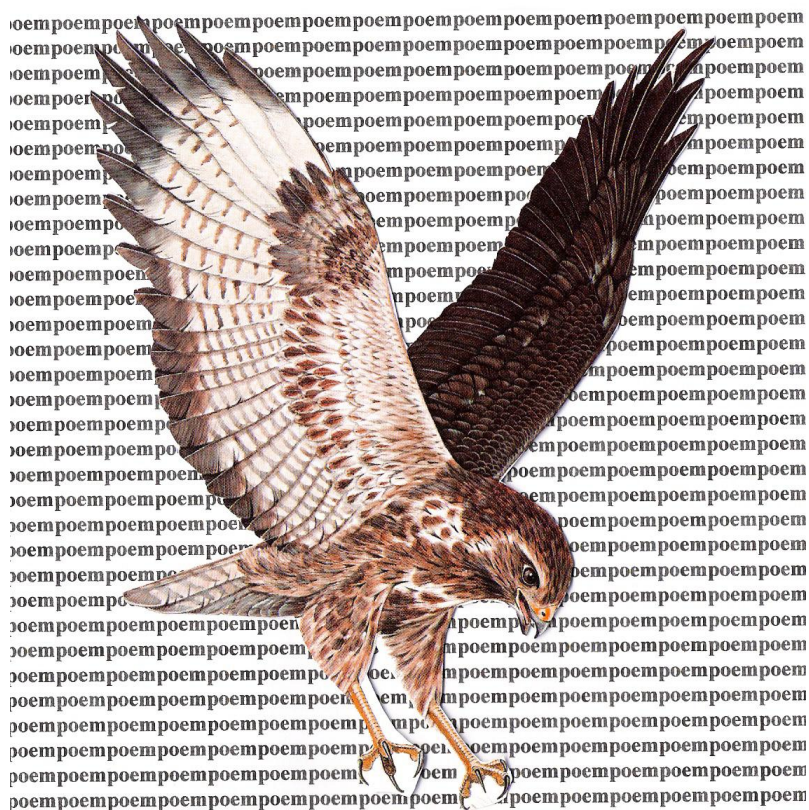


THE SEVENTH QUARRY



POETRY

ISSUE TWENTY
SUMMER/AUTUMN 2014
SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE

THE



SEVENTH



QUARRY

SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE



**ISSUE 20
SUMMER/AUTUMN 2014**

**INCLUDES A CONVERSATION
WITH
ANDRE DUBUS III**

EDITORIAL
ISSUE TWENTY
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This twentieth issue features work from America, Australia, Canada, England, France, India, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Northern Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It also includes a conversation with the remarkable American writer Andre Dubus III; and interviews with Italy's Lidia Chiarelli of Immagine & Poesia and Dreena Morgan-Harvey of the Dylan Thomas Theatre in Swansea, Wales.

The collaboration between The Seventh Quarry Press and Stanley H. Barkan's Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, continues into 2014.

We have just co-published Carolyn Mary Kleefeld's beautiful THE DIVINE KISS, a book of love poems and accompanying paintings. Please see page 47.

Many thanks to the contributors for their poems and to subscribers for their support. An extra thank you to Vince Clemente, a State University New York English Professor Emeritus, for being Consultant Editor for THE SEVENTH QUARRY in America.

Special thanks to Stanley H. Barkan for allowing me to use the lines from his poem *Morning Poet*, from his book UNDER THE APPLE TREE, on the back cover.

Peter Thabit Jones, Editor

Consultant Editor, America: Vince Clemente

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Published by The Seventh Quarry Press

ISSN 1745-2236

Address: 8 Cherry Crescent, Parc Penderri, Penllergaer, Swansea SA4 9FG, Wales,
UK info@peterthabitjones.com

£3.50 per issue or £7 annual subscription/\$10 or \$20 USA (please make UK
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A CONVERSATION WITH AMERICAN WRITER ANDRE DUBUS III

Miriam Margala

Miriam Margala: Andre, I would like to start with a theme I picked up at your writing workshop, which you invited me to visit. You talked to your students about generosity in writing – the idea that the writer/creator must be generous in his or her writing. I think the same applies in translation – what do you think about generosity in translation?

Andre Dubus III: I think this falls under the heading of certain kind of writing - the only kind of writing I really like to read - which is character driven fiction where you feel the author, whether he or she is great and celebrated or great and uncelebrated, you feel the author getting deeply working to, as Eudora Welty says, “try to enter into the mind, heart and skin of a human being who is not myself.” To me, it’s all I’m trying to do as one little writer in the world and that’s what I’m trying to get my students to do. I read authors who are trying nakedly and honestly to depict the truth of other people - it’s this dream world of imagination we all have. You know Tolstoy has a great line about art – art is transferring feeling from one heart to another –

MM: Well, that’s directly about translation...

AD: You’re right - it is directly about translation. It’s transferring feelings from one heart to another. How do you do that – how do you make that trip? You must be capturing the truth - as the author you try to illuminate and capture human truth in whatever context or situation. So it seems to me that the translator’s job is the same. It seems to me it’s a lot of pressure to work very diligently to find the exact word, the precise word that the author meant or to transfer that word – it’s a huge act of generosity. That’s what it looks to me like. The kind of writing I don’t like is all these big books with big words written by white men wearing glasses who frankly talk too much - they’re self-indulgent. You know, Hemingway has this

wonderful line about writing – writing is easy until you think about the reader. I don't care whether you know all these fancy words – but have you captured this person or have you captured your disdain for this kind of person? There are also many celebrated writers of my age in this country who I think are portraying their characters with this sort of irony. I think irony is cowardly by the way - there's a great line from William Arthur Ward who says that if you at least don't risk sentimentality you don't get into your deepest inner self. Anyway, all of this, the entire artistic act as far as I'm concerned is an act of really sacred connection between people.

MM: Andre, you've just mentioned all the key words. Especially when you talk about truth. And by the way - in one of my classes I mentioned your writing precisely because of all you have just discussed – I think it's this searing precision that you use; the language that is both simple and beautiful and also true. I told my students that is not easy to translate – do not reach for big, fancy words in the translating language because you will not be able to capture the truth in a similar way the author has captured it. You also discussed with your students truth and respect - you were explaining to them that they had to paint the scene with more truth “by which I mean more respect”. Both truth and respect are crucial in translation. But this idea of truth is quite complex – you express your truth in your writing, obviously in English, and then, your translator – who is first and foremost your reader – tries to reflect “your” truth which, because it is being translated into another language, will never be a mirror reflection of your original truth. Is there more than one truth?

AD: But see that's very interesting in so many ways - you could argue that the act of translation really mirrors the act of reading in one language. You're translating the lives of these characters through the prism of your experiences through your life as a woman, through your life as an immigrant from another culture. You could argue that all reading even in one language is an act of translation. There are always a few people who ask me on a tour, “do you ever think about how we're going to feel? Because, you know, your book made me sad” And that's such a great question – because I don't ever think about how you're going to feel because that's none of my business. I just work really really hard to get what's here (Andre

points to his guts) to you. Tim O'Brien, an old acquaintance of mine, wrote in one of his books for me: "Dear Andre, I hope this reaches inside, Tim." So I started running after him (Andre gets up from his chair, playing out the scene): "That's all I'm trying to do!!" Another thing - the translator to me, it's like you're the actor. Meryl Streep - she's the translator in her acting. Or, Christopher Walken blacks out all of the stage directions and all of the punctuation, because he's trying to be in the moment with his truth. So basically, the script may say "angrily he said", but maybe Walken didn't feel it that way, so he's translating his truth.

MM: I often feel as if I were a filter when I translate – a filter through which the original has to pass.

AD: But that's what it is like. Let me tell you as someone who's work has been translated into many languages it doesn't bother me. Well, depends on whose filter it's going through. A part of me just feels fatalistic about it. My father (Andre Dubus, a short story writer and novelist) only read Chekhov through Constance Garnett's translation. He wouldn't read the other translation; he felt closer to Chekhov through Garnett. Here's what I know - translating is a very hard, difficult art form and I assume anyone who's in it is passionate about literature and I assume that they're going to work very hard to get it from here to here. But I did have an experience where a French journalist came from Paris to interview me for *Le Monde*. She read *House of Sand and Fog* in French and while I was making coffee, she read a few sentences from *House* in English and she said: "Oh Mon Dieu, it's much better in English!" And I thought, merde!, some things I'd rather not know!

MM: Let me ask you this - what if somebody said: you know what, I think the Spanish translation of *House of Sand and Fog* is even better than the original.

AD: That would be fine if it were better!

MM: Really???

AD: Oh yeah, if someone can improve my sentences in Spanish, as long as it's pretty much me – well, let's get back to generosity – I want something powerful happening for the reader. If in Spanish those sentences get more beautiful and true

and deep...I'm trying to reach in – and if the translator makes it more reachable, well, thank you. You have to let go off your ego for that. I was reading an essay about memoir – when writing about yourself you must at all cost avoid 'the stench of the ego'. And I love that; it's a smart way to live your life. But here's what's interesting to me – you must have a powerful sense of yourself to show up [Andre takes a sheet of blank paper and a pen] – to do this [Andre mimics writing]. I must let go off myself if something is going to happen. Your ego must disappear. So is it better in Spanish? Good! It's not my ego I worry about – it's my text I care about.

MM: How did it start – what was the first translation – how important was it for you?

AD: Here's how it felt – it was such a wonderful surprise. Jean Rhys had this beautiful thing to say about publishing - if culture is a big ocean, there are major rivers flowing into this ocean – Shakespeare, Monet, Mozart...There are little streams like my five novels....That's how it felt - I began to feel that these characters I summoned from my dream world were now going to the dream world of people in this cultural ocean. I felt nothing but gratitude....gratitude for the conversation....

MM: I often have conversations with the authors I work with – we're friends. It has happened a few times that I suggest a particular translation and the author says – 'oh really, that could work...I don't remember myself intending it'. I want to ask - can intentions and truth be collapsed? Should translators worry about author's intentions?

AD: No, no....I want to help you with that...to hell with author's intentions. I think author's intentions are way low on the list. Authors can be wrong about their dream world. The same way you wake up and your lover tells you his dreams - will you tell him what that means? It's news to you! I think the translator should not think too much about author's intentions – English professors think too much about author's intentions. The translator shouldn't – always think of the text.

MM: Well – that simplifies the matter! And since I've mentioned simplicity – let's talk about the genius of simplicity. In your workshop, you were explaining to your students the beauty of simple declarative sentences. Research shows that most

translations tend to be longer than their original. Some translators try to explain and interpret rather than “just” translate.

AD: ... which translators shouldn’t do - back off. Less is more. I was having ice tea by a pool in my 20s; I looked at my Salada tea wrapper and it said: “If your work speaks for itself, don’t interrupt.” That’s a really good writing advice. “She threw the water bottle at the wall” - you don’t say “she threw the water bottle at the wall angrily”. She threw it at the wall! We get it! The next line of the dialogue says “you’re an asshole” – we get it; let it speak for itself. Back to actors or music - Paganini or Yo-Yo Ma – they’re just as much artists as Bach. Bach cannot exist without Yo-Yo Ma, Yo-Yo Ma must be his translator. I think the translator is like the Yo-Yo Ma of music. But Yo-Yo Ma is so great because – I don’t know much about Bach but I love listening to it – he sure knows Bach. I think of a translator, a violinist and an actor, because I see them the same way. You cannot hold the creator of the work in too high esteem. What you must hold in high esteem is the work itself. It’s not the writer, the composer, the playwright who matter - it is the character, the music, the work itself that matters. It’s the truth of what’s been captured that matters. Far too many English professors and teachers in America give writers far too much credit for what they’re doing. What they know, their experience. But the truth is that most writers don’t know what they do and it’s the lack of knowledge that is fueling their descent into the dream world.

MM: Recently, at a conference, I was on a translation panel and we were discussing truth – very much along the lines of your own thinking. There was a participant who seemed very worried about us presenting this idea of truth as something arbitrary. When asked whether she would consider translating Pablo Neruda’s works as very conservative, on the right side of the political spectrum “truthful”, she said “nobody should have a problem with that. If the translator decides to translate Neruda as a right leaning writer, than that’s the translator’s truth”.

AD: Couldn’t be more wrong; it’s unethical and 100% wrong. Let’s talk about post modernism a bit. It came out of WWI – fragments, horrible trauma, mass murder, genocide...authors were trying - I don’t think consciously but the stakes were really high - they were trying to put the fragmented pieces of the psyche together.

You know, Hemingway as a modernist was one of the first – a pioneer – making the author to disappear. Which is really ironic because he was also a great egotist. He knew to let go off his ego when he was writing. So what's wrong with this young woman's view - I translate left wing Neruda as right wing Neruda – everything! Because what postmodern work is saying is that art is meaningless. Art has no meaning, it's all a game. Absolutely not, it's not a game – my life's not a game, your life's not a game, our children's lives are not games. I do believe in a human soul, I do believe in mysteries. I believe that truth and beauty and love and light are over here and darkness and destruction and war and rape lie are over there and they're totally joined in some continuum of human existence and our job is to get through it in one piece. Nothing against this young woman personally, but there is not one molecule in my body that agrees with her. Postmodernism – its basic contract with the reader or viewer of art is that there is no meaning. What is important is the mind of the writer playing – it's all just play and I can do whatever I want. No you can't - I'm sorry but you can't. And I love what Hemingway said on the topic: “writing is easy until you think of the reader”. I think that this desire to create art is sacred. For example, my memoir [*Townie*, the *New York Times* bestseller] – and let's get back to translation – writing the memoir was definitely an act of translating, you could argue that the entire act of creating is translation. I had a good fortune to have one of my books made into a movie [*House of Sand and Fog*] - so with film adaptation, I used to think that a loyal adaptation had to be loyal to the book. I don't think so anymore. First of all, movies are a different realm of artistic creation; they have every right to have their own expression but they are inspired by the source material and they want to make it in a different medium which means they're going to bring a whole set of new skills to it. But the reason I bring this up is I got many calls from Hollywood and the one I said yes to was a Ukrainian, Vadim Perlman. He'd never made a movie before; he was in advertising - very well known. So we talked for about an hour and he said – look, somebody is going to give you a lot of money for this book, but they're going to take your baby, they're going to chain it to the radiator and they're going to kill it. I said – oh my, do all you Ukrainians talk like that? [laugh]. Vadim said: “I'm not going to hurt your baby – you wrote a dark book and I'm going to make a dark movie out of it. It's going to be played in art movie theaters and nobody's going to see it.” I said – you're my man! What's interesting is that the end of that film is not

at all the same as the book. And at first, I got furious. I went to Vadim and said - you promised me something else! So Vadim explained to me the difference between the passage of time in films versus books. And I learned to trust him. And even though the final acts in the movie are not the same I feel that he captured the dark beating heart of that part of the book - he in his adaptation wasn't thinking about Andre; he was thinking about Coronel Behrani, about his wife and their son Ismael. Which is very different from the young woman's belief that it is just ok to translate a left wing Neruda as a right wing Neruda.

MM: You said it well; it goes back to the question of trust. I think of the two authors I translate – and they both told me I am not just their translator but their editor as well.

AD: Well, let's talk about it! That's fascinating – I'm learning a lot today – because translation means to bring across, that's gorgeous! That's what we all are trying to do. I'll tell you a story. I was at a panel in LA with some heavy weights. Because of the success of *House of Sand and Fog*, I often find myself in a company of some really big people. A moderator asked them – what are your themes? And they all knew their themes and I didn't know my themes....I knew I was faking it...Now, 15 years later I think writers want to sound smarter than they are; that they're more conscious of what they do because they don't want you to know their secret that it's just one step at a time, a free fall into their psyche. Your authors are asking you to edit for them because you're translating back to them what they did. So I am agreeing with you – do not emphasize author's intentions because most of them don't know what they're doing. O'Connor said that there is a certain grain of stupidity writers can hardly do without - and that's the quality of having to stare. Richard Bausch said: "when you think that you think when you're writing think again." You are much closer to the dreaming side of your mind. For example, punctuation - a colleague of mine said he doesn't bother with punctuation at first because you're anticipating your reader prematurely. What you should really be doing is get to the dream world as deep as you can. Ultimately, trying to give it to the reader. But you also don't want to get too conscious of the book that has your name on it. *The Garden of Last days* [Andre's 2008 novel] – another conference - I was asked whether I outlined my books. And I said I never outline it

– it really is all about dreaming the story, the characters. And the lady said - oh, so we, the readers, are like interpreters of your dreams? Yes, you are dream interpreters – so that’s why I think translators should not worry about author’s intentions.

MM: It seems to me that for you, it is all about the joy of creation, the joy of writing – it invokes Barthes’s pleasure of the text.

AD: Well, I heard about a study – these two sociologists have travelled around the world for 30 years asking people in every culture, every country what is happiness. They shared some results and stories. The one I remember was about a businessman from Calcutta. He was a prominent businessman but also a published poet. He said he was very grateful for his commercial business success but it’s the poetry that gave him happiness. They asked him what was it about poetry that made him happy; the businessman explained that when he’s wrestling with a poem, he finds himself completely absorbed in the task. Every part of him is engaged; the hours fall away, he falls away and that’s happiness to him. It seems to me when all of your natural talents and proclivities are engaged that’s when you feel absorbed in a task completely – completely joyous – it’s all happening, all engaged, every part of you. I imagine it’s similar for a translator...

MM: Yes, yes – completely absorbed...and the feeling of responsibility is strong. For example, when you translate you can come up with many versions – each reflecting the original in its own way. I’m just working on a poem and have gone through four or five versions – it’s absorbing, engaging. Or translating titles - when you finally come up with a good one, you definitely feel happy!

AD: ...oh yes, for example in Italian, *The Garden of Last Days* is completely different, something like Garden of Butterflies...

MM:...well, of course to get titles right is very important. You can set the mood, the feeling for the reader. For example, your *Dirty Love* – on the face of it, easy to translate. Until you realize that the semantic field of ‘dirty’ in English may be much broader than in other languages where you may have to emphasize the nuance of impurity.

AD: Interesting, because when I was thinking about the title, I was thinking about ‘tainted’ – which comes very close to ‘impure’. It all makes total sense. First I wrote “‘dirty with love” – I thought it could be a title. But the preposition looked clunky to me, so I cut the preposition and now it’s *Dirty Love*. Honestly, I’m not sure I like the title very much; I’m still not sure I love the title *House of Sand and Fog* very much. But *Dirty Love* is my first abstract title; my titles tend to be very concrete. You know, when you say you can spend a day thinking about how to translate a title, that reminds me of Hemingway talking about the sweet labor of writing....so for you it’s sweet labor.**MM:** How about your *Townie* - that’s not easy to translate!

AD: Right, not at all. So in Italy, you do not have a town there where white and blue collar kids would be separated. It’s impossible to translate it exactly, so it’s something like “a fist to the head” which is completely different. And here you are dealing just what the title, never mind the entire book.

MM: Yes, depending on how the title is translated, it can change the feeling, flavor – the tone to get back to the topic of music. Say your original is jazz but all I can do as the translator is classical; beautiful but classical, not jazz.

AD: Look, I learned to let go off when you publish. The same way I let go off what a reviewer says about me. Also, I must let go off any translation panic. Let’s say my translator can only do classical even though my original is jazz. I have to trust the translator will reach for the jazzy classical instruments, like maybe to oboe can be just a little wobbly; maybe the string instrument can be a little out of tune. Look, I had a horrible moment – but may be not so horrible ultimately - where I met the translators of *House of Sand and Fog* in Munich. It was a husband-and-wife team and they wanted to meet me and I wanted to meet them. So I asked how in the world did you translate a novel written in English written with an Iranian accent? Because I worked very hard to make Colonel’s English sentences to have Iranian sound. How did you translate into German Iranian sound in English? And they replied: “Oh, we just ignored it and made it Old German!” And I thought – oh, shit! I don’t know what Old German sounds like but I know it’s not English with Iranian sound!! But then they explained that Old German is very formal so at least some aspects of the original were translated. So I toasted them, wished them

well and was grateful.

MM: Yes, sometimes translators get quite technical – and that can lead to the most fitting solution. Sometimes translating is quite intuitive; other times, we may spend a long time working in a very technical way through a list of possible words. If you really think about words – every single word opens many doors but also closes doors. Once you choose a word, you are by definition also choosing constraints on meaning.

AD: I will have to send you the essay about writing a memoir – I was wrestling with this challenge of trying to translate a real life experience filtered through subjective memories years later into words in a book called a memoir. It's nothing but constraining and also you freeze it in time. Tim O'Brien in his beautiful essay *The Magic Show* says that literary characterization succeeds not when it nails down or pins down a character; successful characterization reveals that the deeper we go into the character the more mysterious it gets. Essentially, we're unknowable, dark, bottomless. For example, my mother - I've known her for almost 55 years but who is she? To your point about words constraining, if you look at the word 'fiction', it comes from Latin "fictio", meaning 'shape'. Writing a memoir felt a lot like writing fiction because I was shaping memories. I wasn't making anything up but the fact that I was choosing this word and not that one; you're following this inner intuition, which has a narrative arc of its own. It was about fathers and sons and growing up, and violence. So yes – word choice – when you pick one, it is not freeing, it is constraining but it is no more constraining than the shaping of a story through memory. Yes, it is constraining to choose this word over this one, this story over this one, this woman over this one...but all of narrative art is in shaping and constraining. By constraining, you're shaping something, and that is freeing ultimately.

MM: Let me take it further; you've been translated into 27 or so languages. Perhaps in 50 years somebody will take your Italian translation and say – I could "shape" it differently, retranslate it for this generation. One original, your original, can 'live' not only in many languages but in more than just one version in one language. I analyzed some 10 different English translations of Kafka's *Metamorphosis* in my dissertation and I thought – which one would Kafka choose?

AD: Well, who cares about Kafka, who cares about me? DH Lawrence said: “It is not I who writes but the wind that blows through me.” You know we have to let go off this ownership. I certainly believe in intellectual property but that’s as far as I go. I don’t like it when for example in theater someone adapts a play and then rewrites lines just to make it easier for production’s sake. You can’t rewrite Chekhov; you can’t rewrite any author. But it’s not Chekhov I worry about; it’s not me I worry about. I worry about the work. An art creating process is an act of humility. The writer/composer/painter is stepping to something larger than him or herself and if you’re any good at it through hard work or talent or good luck or combination of all, you capture something that is deep and universal and it will last. And if it does last 50 or 100 years after your death, it’s none of your damn business what translators do. If you capture the truth, it’s bigger than you – do not complain....

MM: But, of course, even if you get a good translator, the translation goes through editing. Sometimes, a lot is changed. Some authors or translators say that foreign texts are not just translated but made ‘easier, smoother, more readable’ for the American audience (see Kundera, Venuti, Robinson).

AD: I’m glad you bring it up. I was once interviewed for People magazine – and the interviewer did a great job with the interview but when I read it in the magazine, it had been totally rewritten by the magazine editors into “People speak” – magazine language. What she did was well written for readers who passed 10th grade but they rewrote it more to the level of 5th grade. They put Disney gloss on it and it was disgusting to me. The word control comes to me and surrender comes to me and the word trust, faith....Hollywood, you’ll notice, tends to make movies only for 15-year-old boys - they are anticipating the market place - this is business. What you’re talking about is the age old conflict that will always be between art and commerce. They are completely antithetical. If our sole motivation in our work as writers, translators or film makers is the acquisition of profit, we will forever subjugate beauty and truth and bend it to our will and control it. I try to be merciless about any false note and rewrite mercilessly - and then, I have to put it in the hands of publishing business. But I feel safe with Norton, which is the last independent publishing house. My work had been in other hands where it brought

a rage of a father – because you know it is this paternal feeling towards your work – this came out of me. And going back to your previous question – what if in 50 years there will be another translation – well, I can't control my works anymore. They're all adults, my books are on their own, I can't control them, I can't hover over them, I don't own them. A long time ago, Playboy accepted my story – this was my second published story. But they wanted me to change the structure - my chronology was complex so they wanted me to break the story into more paragraphs according to the timeline. I retyped it the way they had suggested but I didn't like it, so I refused to change it. They said: "Are you saying NO???" "Yes, I'm saying no". And they said: "Ok, then we'll publish it the way you want it". So I learned a valuable lesson – as much as I enjoyed the fact that my story would be in a national magazine and as much as I needed the money – I would never change my work, I would not compromise what I think is truth just to make it more palatable for others.

MM: This is consequential for your translators – they need to know how uncompromising you are. We talked about word choices – if you feel that strong about your every word choice, the translator is responsible to reflect it in his or her work. The translator has to understand what truth means to you. Your word choices are yours; they come from elsewhere when compared with the word choices I have to make as a translator – I have your words as my basis and I believe in order for me to make the best choices I should understand how you made your choices...or at least it would be very helpful.

AD: It gives you more clarity - but it's interesting that you agree with me, Miriam, that writer's intentions are secondary to the text and yet you're inclined to talk to the writer...

MM: ...well, it's more like talking about the text – the word choices. You as the author don't think about your word choices the way I do, the translator – I already have your word choices to work with.

AD: Oh, this is great! My word choice is more intuitive; yours has to be consciously aware of my intuitive impulses. Again, the analogy stands - you're YoYoMa and the text is the cello.

MM: Here's an interesting example - in *Dirty Love*, you have a wonderful metaphor for the close knit friendship between women: "the womb of solidarity". I'm thinking about a couple of Slavic languages where "womb" translates into a rather clinical word derived from the Latin matrix (Slovak=maternica). There is another word that would be a good translation, I think, but it also means "lap", not just "womb"...

AD: Ahh, but "lap" is out already, not inside....I see...

MM: In addition, even if "solidarity" has a direct translation, it may have additional nuances in certain cultures that are far more political than what your original text conveys. For readers in post-communist countries who remember the old regime, a literal translation of "solidarity" will have additional political and historical 'coloring' which is not in your original text, of course.

AD: I see....fascinating...so you'd be looking for synonyms. This goes back to semantic fields you mentioned; something like 'loyalty', 'fidelity'? I imagine you'd spend one day just on "the womb of solidarity" phrase!

MM: [Shows Andre various scribbled notes, synonyms and semantic fields relevant to the phrase 'womb of solidarity'] - I call this wading through the waters of language – and I would use (both in Czech and Slovak) a phrase that would back translate as "the womb of loyalty".

AD: I love that - wading through the waters of language. And I think that comes pretty damn close. I mean as a writer I would be satisfied with your translation. How does it work – how do you do that?

MM: Well, I sit down, take a pen and a sheet of paper and start thinking about various choices. I think about the original, the tone, the nuances, the mood and all the possibilities in the translating language. And just scribble everything down. At this stage, I don't think much; I just go by feelings.

AD: So you really free associate - I think you're like a jazz musician. You're kind of improvising, with real notes.

MM: Yeah, I have your work – the original – based on which I improvise...

AD: Yeah - you can call the work the saxophone; the work is the instrument; the notes are the words and you use the instrument, feel the instrument. I kind of like that.

MM: And you hear/read the result – the music, that’s the translation. There is a lot of feeling and intuition involved. When I read the text, I oftentimes note down all the feelings that come to me – it helps me when I translate.

AD: So you describe the emotions words and sentences evoke, the effect of the text, not my intentions.

MM: That’s all I need to know.

AD: I agree...that is all you need to know. Do you know the musician Sting? He has a song Every Breath You Take – everybody thinks of it as a love song, but Sting said that’s not what he meant – he meant it as big brother, the government, is looking over your shoulder. And I remember when I heard this I thought – well, Sting, who cares what you wanted. It simply became something else. Just because you wrote it, Sting, doesn’t mean you’re right - because so many people made it about something else.

MM: We’re back to music – which reminds me of another interesting thing in literature and translation: syntactical structure, rhythm. You yourself use long and short sentences very effectively. The rhythm of your writing is a very important part of the overall feel, mood, impression of the text. Now, there’s been a lot of research into various translation tendencies – one of them is changing the syntactical structure of the original. Oftentimes, two short sentences are translated as one longer sentence using a comma – a very different syntactical structure.

AD: I think the length of a sentence and the rhythm of the prose is as important as the actual word choice...

MM: ... sometimes maybe translators rewrite rather than “bring across” (Latin ‘translatio’)...

AD: ...you have to bring it across to another culture; it’s going to become another creature, passing through you into another language. It’s already going to become

something different - I'm ok with that part just as I'm ok with the adaptation part to another medium, but there has to be some loyalty to the original - and it's not what I think should be there (who cares what Sting wants?) but it's the text that matters. See here's why I feel so strongly about translation being about carrying across: it seems to me if the translator feels comfortable to just rewrite two short sentences as a long one just because she can do it and it may sound 'better' in her language, the translator takes away something from the original. The experience of the story is what matters, right? One thing I find myself talking a lot about and the distinction I talk a lot about in classes is the difference about giving the reader an information and giving the reader an experience. Our job is to be experiential, to capture; news is information and it is about recording, not capturing. Part of capturing truth, felt experience, is the shape of the sentence. You know, I worked really really hard once on a description of a river. I wanted the shape of the sentence to match my description, all four seasons - it's all one sentence reflecting the river flow; the water never stops flowing. The translator should understand, perceive this.

MM: I agree - you once said – and it is directly connected to this issue - “writing has taught me empathy”. I believe translators must be able to feel empathy.

AD: Did I show you this quote from Eudora Welty?

MM: Yes, I have it here: “I have been told, both in approval and accusation, that I seem to love all my characters. What I do in writing of any character is to try to enter into the mind, heart, and skin of a human being who is not myself. Whether this happens to be a man or a woman, old or young, with skin black or white, the primary challenge lies in making the jump itself. It is the act of a writer's imagination that I set most high.”

AD: Perfect!

MM: And there's more - there's an essay by Stafford –

AD: – of course! I quote it all the time – about receptivity and openness. You know you're being receptive when you accept anything that comes until you're willing to fail. I quote this all the time.

MM: The translator must be receptive to the text and what it evokes – it's all about empathy, understanding, receptivity.

AD: Precisely, and then ultimately, compassion, which means to suffer with. I just think that's what it's all about - maybe not for every writer, but it is for me. I want to enter into this dream world with total receptivity as Stafford describes it, which means willingness to accept anything that comes. Say I'm writing from the point of view of somebody I dislike – but I've learned over the years that if I just allow it, something true will happen. Something I don't even foresee, which is a joy and a terror. Like the colonel in *House of Sand and Fog*: I first judged him, and he just wasn't showing up right away. And I realized it was because I was judging him as a SAVAK collaborator and a mother*****. And then I thought - you gotta practice what you preach, man, you can't judge this guy – he's not gonna show up! I stopped judging and he showed up. And I don't care for modern, contemporary fiction where the characters are lampooned or even slightly poked fun at. It's too much irony, you know irony is a refuge. Don't be ironic – jump in and take a chance. Here's a line from Richard Hugo: "if you are not risking sentimentality you are not close to your inner self". You have to at least risk it.

MM: Hmmm....I do not care much for sentimentality, to be honest – well, what is sentimentality, Andre?

AD: For me, sentimentality is a shallow treatment of the material and so if you do not care for it, that's actually good because it keeps us from writing shallowly.

MM: What challenges you – and I mean really, truly challenges you?

AD: Let me try and give you the most honest answer. (Andre thinks, sighs, takes a few breaths and sighs again) Well, all of it – really, all of it. What I love about writing is that after 30 years of doing it, 5 days a week, it's still all consuming and challenging on every level. I mean, I was writing this morning and you know sometimes writing these sentences it feels like I'm trying to knit a sweater with no fingers. Like I have no ability, like my instruments are the dullest. And then the next day I read it and it's not as bad as I thought ... I find every level of writing to be challenging. One of the things I think I need to work harder on is the passage of time – I tend to be really good at real time scenes but I also like to read stories that

take me through a day and night and another day, you know. I sometimes feel far away from stories that cover 30 years in a short span. While I love the virtuosity of that, I'm really drawn to being taken through the moments. But I'd like to get over that. The biggest challenge to me is having faith that I can pull it off again.

MM: Really? After having written so much, being so successful?

AD: Yeah, having faith that there's still something insight worth finding and that if I just keep going something will emerge....

MM: Are you afraid there will be nothing one day?

AD: No, I think there will always be something but the fear is it won't be worth reading. But I still do it and I can't imagine not ever doing it as long as I am on the earth. There's a lot of things I'm pretty good at – I'm a pretty good carpenter, I'm a really good bartender, I can teach, I've done some acting – there are a lot of things I can do, but nothing makes me feel more like me than writing these words and trying to enter into that private skin that Eudora Welty talks about. Nothing gets me more excited than trying to be other people.

MM: And you have your basement 'cave' for writing – why? You need to block out all distractions – it's all inside, it's completely internal?

AD: Yeah, but see it's a way of writing, Stafford talks about receptivity – I find that when I am trying to receive, I need to be in my little sound proof cave in the basement. And that's the reason I hate these gadgets everyone's looking at - they're robbing us of the only thing that we have – which is the moment, which is the present.

MM: Ugh...I'm claustrophobic....

AD: You would not be happy there. There's a little window but I cover it with a blanket so it's even darker. I have one lamp, a desk and a black wall....and pencils and notebooks (Andre writes in longhand). But to me that's where I receive the dream world. It's like a dream portal; a dreamscape shows up there.

MM: What happens if your children knock on the door?

AD: I answer, always.

MM: So it doesn't distract you? What if you're in the moment – you're satisfied with how well it goes...and suddenly....

AD: Oh, yeah - well, now, they don't really need me (Andre's children are all college age). When they were younger, well, first of all, I wrote in my car because I didn't want them to think that whatever I was doing was more important than them. So they never saw me write; they never knew about my writing. They knew Daddy's working somewhere out there, and when I was home I was home. Since they've gotten to be this age and they know it takes a while for me to get there, it's very rare they interrupt me, very rare, maybe I snapped three times.

MM: I mentioned satisfaction – that's a funny thing –

AD: Oh god, Miriam, what is satisfaction?? What is it??

MM: You tell me! I was translating a poem written by a poet-friend of mine, I had a few images I needed to somehow put together – I read it off to her and asked: “Are you satisfied?” And she said – “The question is are **you** satisfied?” So I said let's change the term because we won't get anywhere....

AD: ...see that's where you're like a jazz musician, you bring a real artist's passion to it - translation world. I know a few very accomplished and famous writers; one in particular talked about his latest book – ‘it's a great book, it's a great book’ – and I asked - how can you say that? And I meant it – that is so foreign to me to feel that way about anything I've written – I always think of that Beckett line: “Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better.” I always feel like this (Andre puts his hands together in offering) – like apologizing: oh well, I'll do better next time. Here's Martha Graham: “No artist is pleased, there is no satisfaction whatever at any time just a curious dissatisfaction, a blessed unrest that keeps us marching and makes us more alive.”(Andre is known for quoting all the time from his memory).

MM: How do you do this? All these quotes – long, short, doesn't matter – how do you remember it all?

AD: I don't know – actually, I have a horrible memory. If I see a movie tonight (May), it's a new movie by August, seriously. But I remember sentences; I remember words. So this notion of satisfaction – when I look at what I wrote, what is published - there is no satisfaction. There's gratitude that I wrote it; gratitude that it was published; gratitude that someone read it. But no satisfaction. I'm so hungry to do more; I don't know that I ever will be satisfied.

MM: Ok, but you do have to be able to say one day: now, I'm done with this book; the book is finished.

AD: This is what I feel - like a parent, it's a parental relationship. You know when you come home when your kids are still small and mostly home – every Friday night was family night and we would have pizza, play games; we would huddle together, the five of us, and read books. The Friday night was sacred – don't mess with it! Once they became teenagers, those were gone, which is fine - it's just sad, but normal. And occasionally I come home on a Friday night looking forward to the family night and one of my kids or two or all three might be at friends' houses for a sleepover and I couldn't sleep until they got back home. I always felt as if I couldn't quite fall into deep sleep as long as somebody was not in the house. And Sunday night, before school, they are all back home, in their beds and I lie in bed and I can sleep because they're all home. That's how I know when the book is done. The book, the characters I'm working - I can't rest until they're...

MM: ...home?

AD: Yeah, they have to be home. But then, you are setting them to go off – setting them free. My point is when I'm working on a novel or a short story, while it's not done, it's the psyche, feeling I have when my kids are not all home.

MM: It feels like something is incomplete? Unresolved?

AD: Incomplete, unresolved, yes, fragmented. And there's a hole in it and when that feeling is gone that's when I know the book is done. Yet, I don't have a feeling that it's a great book. It's just a feeling of – oh well, this is done, it's the best I can do right now. And it's always the feeling that a better writer would have done a better job with it.

MM: Really? That's what you feel?

AD: Every time - but I don't let it bother me. That's a very important thing – you have to avoid the stink of the ego we talked about. To let it bother you is narcissistic because what's really behind it is you can't bear the thought that you didn't write a great book. That's egocentric, narcissistic yearning. I try to keep it on the artistic striving side and let go off the ego. Don't let go off the work; the striving to make it as good as you can do it right now; let go off career, not writing.

MM: Have you ever talked to any of your translators about your work?

AD: No, I haven't - I just have that experience with the French translation. Actually, I remember the Italian translator asking about *The Garden of Last Days* – I find it ineffable, it's hard to explain. I found myself explaining the meaning – as you say the semantic meaning of the word. More the semantic meaning than what I was trying to say - but you know what? To me it's almost like trying to explain having a really good kiss and then stopping to analyze it. 'You know, it was the way our noses just merely touched and our chins and our lips....' - that just kills the kiss. That's what it felt like.

MM: I'm thinking about Milan Kundera, who is very well known for being incredibly protective of his work – he did not trust his translators very much. He would check and edit his translations.

AD: So he would actually oversee his own translation.

MM: He would oversee it, change it, if a translation he didn't like was published, he would say those were not his words and he would commission somebody else to translate it again. When he first came to France, he wrote in Czech and had his works translated – but was not happy about that so he started to write in French. But it has always been all about the work for him – about the text.

AD: Which is different than talking about his ego. But here's the thing too, quite honestly - of course I want the translation to be as wonderful as possible, loyal to the feeling that's in the book – but one reason I don't get involved is that I have too many demands on my time, as I am sure the translator has too, I am always working on something new. Again, it's a parental metaphor – I just have to trust

that my grown up kids have married well.

MM: Do you think translators are valued?

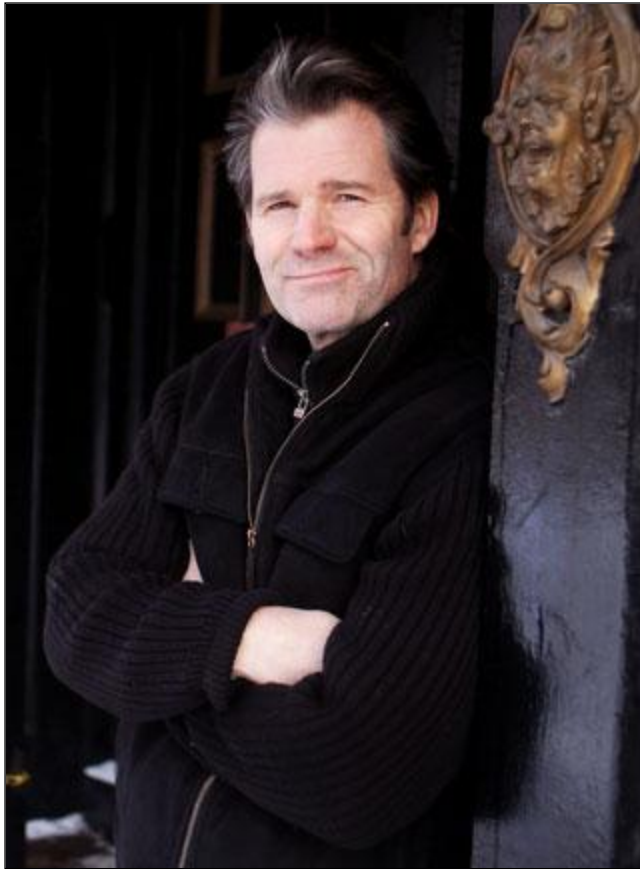
AD: I can just give you my view – well, this might be revealing – I don't think enough about translators but I don't think about publishers either. I will tell you that our two conversations have greatly deepened this feeling I've always felt: the translator and the editor working with a writer are collaborators in the same sense that two actors, or the director, the actors and the playwright are collaborators. You can't say that one is more important than the other. You may have a lead actor but the lighting guy is just as important. I do think translators are collaborators; editors and translators should have equal status. They do the same thing – this is a very exciting topic for me – my editor will say: (Andre – play acting the editor): “You know, you've got four pages here but I think two are redundant; you've got six characters but I think three are extraneous” – how can that not be an act of translation? He or she is helping you to the truest essence of what you're trying to offer to the reader ultimately in the finished book. And the translator is the same – equal value for me. This notion of ‘to carry across’ (*translatio*) – that's what the translator is all about: ‘this is what you wrote, let me help you dear writer make it even more truly what it is’ - that's what the translator does.

MM: That's a great finale to this truly stimulating conversation. Andre, thank you so very much.

Miriam Margala writes: If asked to describe in a few words the experience of interviewing Andre Dubus III, I would have to say this: He is the kind of person who is truly *there, present* when talking to you. He may be touring, talking about his latest book; teaching a full load; writing another book; writing a movie script, essays or introductions he's asked to do; overbooked as a speaker – but when he sat down to start our interview, he was there to talk to me, genuinely interested. He is also a very generous person - after almost 3 hours of talking, he himself suggested that we have another meeting – a wrap up for the interview. Actually, as a linguist, I cannot quite designate what follows as an interview because Andre was interested in sharing, exchanging ideas; it was a conversation: engaging, searching, honest, illuminating – and funny and very witty. He certainly knows how to engage others – he is a true *raconteur*. Andre says he really has only English (although he can muster a bit of conversation in Greek, thanks to his Greek

wife) – but, to be a good writer and a skilled, creative raconteur, one has to know quite well how to translate our shared human experience even if only within one language. And that’s how we opened our conversation – on the topic of creativity, translation and generosity

VISIT: www.andredubus.com



Andre Dubus III © David Le



Miriam Margala © Miriam Margala

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Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village

Tourist pocket-book

\$10/£5

**(Cross-Cultural Communications, New York/
The Seventh Quarry Press)**

**Written by Peter Thabit Jones and Aeronwy Thomas, daughter of
Dylan Thomas**

**With a Foreword by Hannah Ellis,
granddaughter of Dylan Thomas**

Includes drawings by Dylan and Caitlin Thomas

Originally commissioned by the Welsh Assembly in New York in 2008 and downloadable as a pdf version and audio version, it is now offered as a guided tour by New York Fun Tours.

The new book version, which is also available as a smartphone app in a collaboration between the Welsh Government, The British Council, DT100, and Literature Wales, is the part of the world-wide Dylan Thomas Centenary celebrations, DT100.

It was the main focus for The British Council DT100 Starless and Bible Black International Programme in America and was part of the re-launch of the actual Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village by the First Minister of Wales, Carwyn Jones, guided by Peter and Hannah Ellis, granddaughter of Dylan Thomas in February 2014.

It was launched at Poets House, New York, in March; The Grolier Poetry Bookshop in Boston in April; and at the Henry Miller Library, California, in July. The Welsh launch was at the National Waterfront Museum, Swansea, in May.

The National Waterfront Museum is also displaying the Dylan Thomas Centenary Quotations Trail, which Peter was commissioned to research and put together to match the industrial themed areas in the museum. It runs from July to March 2015, as part of the museum's DT100 celebrations.

Come and See Dylan's New York



This is the Official Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village, New York.

Originally written by Peter Thabit Jones and Aeronwy Thomas through a collaboration of the Welsh Assembly Government in New York and the family of Dylan Thomas.

Get the true facts about the legendary Welsh poet Dylan Thomas and his colourful life in New York City

The Dylan Thomas Walking Tour, guided by Ianto Roberts, will take you to the Village places where the legendary Welsh poet stayed, ate, drank, worked and performed, and to where he finally died, while giving you a feel for The Village in the 1950s.

When: Sunday mornings weekly

Time: 11:00 AM, Check current schedule

Duration: Approximately 2 hours

Cost: \$25.00 per ticket

Weather: Tour takes place rain or shine

Tickets should be purchased in advance at

www.NewYorkFunTours.com

Or phone (USA) 0012122093370

Please refer to activity # 1213

In Memoriam
of Dylan's daughter Aeronwy
who confirmed the research and walked out the tour.

LISTENING TO THE TRAINS

The night Mandela died I heard the trains
running into the small hours, ceaselessly running,
thought of a friend I knew wouldn't be there for long –
did he lie awake too? For a moment the world stopped spinning,
reminded us. And in the dark I saw politicians
walk on, looking solemn, with their predictable views –
but next day, next week, there'd be other news.

The rope that swung before his eyes. The white
dust, semi-blinding, the view between bars he saw
for seventeen years, of that lime quarry. As light
returned, I felt not so much grief as awe.

Merryn Williams England

STRIDING EDGE

Climbing, climbing Helvellyn,
he dreamed of the perfect view,
the April morning chilly
but clear, the tarn pale blue.
Carrying under one arm
brushes and easel.

No need, he thought, of a guide,
and whether the picture sold
or not, if all went right
he'd know that it was good.
The shale moved; he turned his back
on his object.

The Claude glass in his hand
gave a foreshortened sight
of water, rocks and sky,
ravishing blue and white.
He hardly heard his dog
whimpering.

Why he fell, we can't know
today. That time is gone;
the silence, the dog that sat
beside the skeleton.
Through the deceitful glass
of myth, I dream I see him,
determined to fix that view,
striding.

Merryn Williams England

MOTHER AND THE ABSTRACT PICTURE OF A MAGICIAN

For Mikko Kallio

I think of the hurt done by her teenage son
lying straight to her face,

not just once but many times by a son
who only thought of himself.

When I stare at the magician hung
from the gallery,

I hear the rhythmic bite
of the needle, maybe a polka style

from the buttons depressed in a beat
on my squeezebox.

Beneath his five-pronged cap
he was a fake magician in fabric

brought together the size of a sheet of paper,
but old fallen scraps from my mother's

sewing hands blend in where she quietly
needled and made him real,

her Singer with its large rocking wheel
now a wheel of forgiveness set in motion

by her foot on the circus pedal.
Standing there with my guilt,

I dream of parading with him
through the snow of Hancock, Michigan.

He has kept me under his spell
while a town is buried in snow

and mastodon blades scrape the icy road
to a shimmering glaze

of forgiveness scratching its way
across the page.

Russell Thorburn America

LISTENING TO LEONARD COHEN IN LINE AT STARBUCKS

Let me share this with you,
I want to say to the girl, but I know
she has a child and her face
is so young as she waits to pour
my cup, to fill it with song.
Could she name the singer of this
famous blue raincoat sung
to a classical guitar? Could
anyone? Are the secrets that
we keep best kept secret?
Let the earth strain for distance
like an engine sending a train
down tracks where the song
runs on through the snow,
and my coffee forgives me
for all the songs that I
listened to half-heartedly.

Russell Thorburn America

SCHOOL PROJECT. PHASES OF THE MOON

The bank steeped in shadow like old washing,
trees mop headed, cloud bruising its hips
on cloud. All this I could have told you.
Down to the moon, heavy and replete,
bumping the sky. That it wasn't full
by a nick to the left, as metal
flicks along the contours of a fingernail.
No. It takes a seven year old
to notice something like that.

Carolyn Oulton England

TOY BOATS

From those few feet away
when the light comes tumbling,
losing its footing on the rocks,
and the sea like a ripped tea bag
shakes grittily, the gulls
are buttoned on, watching the round
and roundness of children's play,
the string of ferries pulling
silently along the other shore.

Carolyn Oulton England

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|---|
| <p>TONGUE IN CHEEK TALES by Paul Harris, published by Grosvenor House Publishing Limited. Available from Grosvenor House Publishing Ltd., 28-30 High Street, Guildford, Surrey GU1 3HY. Price: £4.00</p> |
|---|

VAGRANT POEM

Sometimes your gaze
stirs the tramp
who feels my coldness,
down and out
in alleys of calendar.

My wanderlust recalls
strangers and friends
who built my road,
trampled my destitution
and slothed away
to hedges where
they pretend to
sleep, inviting me
accept them for
their distance.

Like vagrants
we beg charity of silence,
ask alms of talking.
The poverty of after-glance
structures a sadness.

Paul Harris Wales

AN EASTER INTRUDES

Another game of cards and
my turn to deal, I split the deck.
Distracted, my mind wanders decades,
I see your fingers twist your hair
the Easter you taught me strip canasta.

Shuffling two packs,
undressing, dressing, undressing.
For Easter I brought you daffodils.
You gave me eggs
and panicked I'd fertilised yours.

A false alarm, a let off for the unready,
a scare that broke the spell,
no trick could bring back the magic.

We stayed together awhile,
drifted apart, no contact for years.
I heard you have two children.
I should concentrate, concentrate,
study the cards poker-faced,
I try again, again I try to block out
the Easter you taught me canasta.

Paul Harris Wales

| |
|---------------------------------------|
| DT100: DYLAN THOMAS, 1914-2014 |
|---------------------------------------|

Artist Jeffrey Phillips is an accomplished portrait artist and illustrator who lives and works in Swansea, South Wales. In 2010 Jeff set out to create an exhibition of artwork which would tell the story of Dylan Thomas's life, The exhibition, now titled 'The Life & Times of Dylan Thomas', consists of 30 works in different mediums and has been a part of the Dylan Thomas Centenary celebrations.

Two of his paintings are on the following two pages:

Title: The Kardomah Gang

Size: 60cm x 76cm

Description: Acrylic on canvas (monochrome)

Central to the painting is the Kardomah Cafe, which once stood in Castle Street, Swansea. Above and around the Kardomah are images of Dylan, Mervyn Levy (artist), Daniel Jones (composer), Thomas Warner (writer), Charles Fisher (writer), Alfred Janes (artist), and Vernon Watkins (poet).

Title: Farewell to New York

Size: 60cm x 76cm

Description: Acrylic on canvas (monochrome)

The scene depicts a very wet and miserable November in 1953. At the top is a view of Brooklyn Bridge. On Dylan's right hand side is The Chelsea Hotel, where he stayed. On his left is the 92nd Y theatre where the rehearsals for *Under Milk Wood* were taking place. Dylan died on the 9th November 1953 and his body was returned to the UK on board the SS United States of America.



The Kardomah Gang © 2014 Jeffrey Phillips.



Farewell to New York © 2014 Jeffrey Phillips.

OLIVIA

it swings round
in a blur of pink

swish

swish

swish

it falls into hypnotizing rhythm
tiny brown eyes follow the path

swish

swish

swish

locks of brown hair fall from behind an ear
toes dance their way across thick grass in a strange dance

swish

swish

swish

the hoop travels along her waist
and she laughs as tries to keep her balance, the hoop spinning across her stomach

swish

swish

swish

Kalin Chamberlain America

THE RESTAURANT

He often came to the restaurant
wearing a faded maroon jacket,
a simple pocket watch chain
dangling from his breast.

He often came to the restaurant
and sat by the large window table,
quietly sipping iced tea,
holding the glass with weathered hands.
Hands that held likely many stories.

He often came to the restaurant
and would sit at his window table for hours,
glancing upon the families around him,
thinking visible thoughts.

He often came to the restaurant
and each afternoon that turned to a night,
the waitress would ask if she could get him anything,
he would only say *no thank you*, he wasn't feeling well.

He often came to the restaurant
gaining the unwanted eyes of the waitresses
who knew not a name,
only a crumpled figure in a maroon jacket.

He often came to the restaurant
to live through his past one more time,
and gaze at families dining.

He used to come to the restaurant.

Kalin Chamberlain America

Can cobbles be combed minus guiding hands,
paths be paved four miles ahead,
language life spoken among the dead,
hymens sundered before the brides wed?
Can I do now what I would see then
when I have trod this street of men
or are my heavens too high? Doubt
is my doom though I fear the loom
and the weaver that wilfully whacks.
This street must be paved beneath my feet,
language life learnt while I may speak,
the words be written to a metronome beat,
the bed be broken when we meet.

Jeremy Gadd Australia

CHILDHOOD

Your first drawing is of the sun You color it round
and bright like the bouncing ball your father gives you
when you are just three.. What delight you take in both losing
and reclaiming it, together, as you run far through the leaves
with the sky and the wind. Now, he thinks, you will remember
what it feels like...to hold a world in your hands

Your mother's world is of a different light. She will hold you
in the spell of her song which will assume different shapes. At first,
you will want to carry it with you wherever you go. One day, it will
take you to deep places that move you as she fades quietly
like the melody or the more subtle color you use to paint a dream .

Your dream is your portal to the world
Drawn through the rainbow of your imagination—
it is being colored continually by your perceptions
You will spend most of your childhood in its sphere
Here, you polish the moon and shine the stars
and trace your name on fragile glass. You wonder
where the blue begins and worry about where it ends.

Most of the time you spend waiting
waiting for your father to one day return
waiting for your mother to come tuck you in
waiting for loneliness to leave you alone.
The terror of the dark The terror of your song
catching in your throat like a kite in the branches of trees

Later, of course, there is the terror of stumbling through
entire sentences
of being lost among strangers so tall
you cannot see their faces and.
of the hand that once firmly held yours... slipping away.

Much later, of course, there is the terror
of losing most of your crayons.

Antonia Alexandra Klimenko France

PASSAGE

I am growing older, now
and my shape is shifing
like a desert
or a sea
or even this poem
where these words line up
on the edge of the blue
to peer into their horizon

Where are we going?
And how will we get there?
is always a good question
A writer may cross a body
of work many times over
before arriving at his destination
or washing up to shore

Each page is a sky that announces you
Words are but a flock of geese
passing over
and beyond its borders

Always from a great distance--
the sound of your own voice

Antonia Alexandra Klimenko France

Editor's note: An interesting fact in the year of DT100 (Dylan Thomas Centenary), Antonia was first introduced on the BBC and to the literary world by the legendary Tambimuttu of *Poetry London*—publisher of Dylan Thomas, T.S. Eliot, and Leonard Cohen, to name a few. Although her manuscript was orphaned upon his passing, her poems and correspondence have been included in his Special Collections at Northwestern University, USA.

NEW
THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS, WALES
IMPRINTS Price: £4.99/\$10
A poem-sequence by Julie-Anne Grey
Illustrations by Steve Grey

Lidia Chiarelli of Immagine & Poesia

interviewed by Peter Thabit Jones



**Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Lidia Chiarelli, Caffè Trieste, San Francisco, July 2013
2014 © Alessandro Actis**

Lidia Chiarelli was born and raised in Turin, in northern Italy, where she studied and graduated in “English Language and Literature” at the University of Torino.

For several years, she devoted herself to teaching English in secondary schools, and included “creative expression” courses in her teaching methods. She organized a unique “*mail art*” exhibition at Giuseppe Perotti School (Torino, 1990), which turned out to be an opportunity to become acquainted with many artists, especially with *Sarah Jackson*, a digital artist from Halifax, Canada.

Her long distance collaboration with the Canadian artist, Jackson, and with British writer *Aeronwy Thomas*, (the daughter of *Dylan Thomas*), led her to found, with four other members, the artistic literary Movement *Imagine & Poesia*, which was officially presented at *Alfa Teatro* of Torino on Novembre 9, 2007.

Within a few years, the Movement rapidly spread via the Web, where *Imagine & Poesia* publishes collaborations between poets and artists, as well as through international exhibitions and collaborations. *Imagine & Poesia* has now grown to include hundreds of artists and poets from all over the world.

After visiting the *Museum of Modern Art* in New York in 2010, Lidia was inspired to create installations similar to *Yoko Ono’s Wish Tree*, but hanging not only wishes, but poems and original works of art on cards on the trees. Lidia Chiarelli’s “*Poetry&Art Trees*” thus began to appear in different exhibitions (Promotrice di Belle Arti (Torino, 2010), Piemonte Artistico Culturale (Torino, 2011), Biennale di Venezia (Special Edition for the 150th Anniversariy of Italian Unification - December 2011- February 2012); Artist *Adel Gorgy’s* Garden, Long Island (New York, August 2012); Villa Il Meleto (Agliè - Torino, 2012 and 2013).

Lidia’s passion for creative writing has motivated her to write poetry, and she became an award-winning poet in 2011 and 2012 : Premio Il Meleto di Guido Gozzano, Agliè 2011 (*Segnalazione di Merito*) and 2012 (*Terzo Premio poesia inedita*). In June 2011 she was awarded a Certificate of Appreciation from the First International Poetry Festival in Swansea, UK, organized by Peter Thabit Jones and Stanley H. Barkan, for her broadside poetry and art contribution.

Her writing has been translated into English, French, Romanian, Czech and Slovak and published in Poetry Reviews, and on web-sites in Great Britain, in the USA, in Romania, in Israel, and in Italy.

Peter Thabit Jones: *When did you first start writing poems?*

Lidia Chiarelli: My first encounter with poetry was back in the early '70s, when I went to London for an English summer course for foreign students. One of the teachers suggested a small poetry competition: we had to extemporize some poetic verses and my poem "Rhythm of Life" was ranked among the best. Later, as a teacher myself, I instructed creative writing courses: in my workshops I led my students to transform their emotions into short poems and - with the help of an art teacher - even into images.

PTJ: *Who inspired your early work?*

LC: My first poems were inspired by nature in all its aspects, wild and beautiful, but also by urban views, the same images, the same perspectives that had attracted the attention of Allen Ginsberg: his poem *Supermarket in California* has appealed to me since the very first time I read it. I have always written after experiencing a real emotion, according to William Wordsworth's definition "*Poetry is emotion recollected in tranquility*".

PTJ: **Also** you are an artist. Is there a link between both your poetry and your art?

LC: Poetry and visual art in my case proceed on parallel tracks. Today I mainly try to put into practice the principle enunciated by Aeronwy Thomas: "*Artists and poets can experience moments of cross-fertilization*" and I often look for my inspiration at images of fine art photos or of paintings created by other artists or vice-versa sometimes the words of the poets lead me to put on canvas the emotions they have called forth in me.

PTJ: Can you tell us about the founding of *Immagine & Poesia*, your wonderful poetry and art organization, and your aims for it ?

LC: *Immagine & Poesia* is a dream come true. It all started from a meeting with British poet Aeronwy Thomas during her visit to our school in Turin in 2006. She discussed "*cross fertilization*" between poets and artists and this was the first step to the enthusiastic project of founding an artistic-literary Movement. Within one year we had a Manifesto and the official presentation of *Immagine & Poesia* at *Teatro Alfa* of Torino. Then a substantial encouragement to continue on this path

came from the members of what I consider “my American family” the artists of New York: Adel Gorgy and Marsha Solomon, Mary Gorgy, writer and journalist, and my American publisher Stanley H. Barkan. Recently artist and poet Caroline Mary Kleefeld from Big Sur, California, and Johnmichael Simon and Helen Bar-Lev, poets and publishers of *Cyclamens and Swords* in Israel, have given their valuable support to the Movement. And here let me thank you, Peter for being the representative and incomparable supporter of *Imagine & Poesia* in the United Kingdom. Today, through the web *Imagine & Poesia* has spread around the world and is known and loved by hundreds of artists and poets.

Mary Gorgy, official critic of the movement, has summed up our aims: “*This group of poets and artists believe that the power of the written word and the power of visual image, when joined, create a new work which is not only greater than the parts, but altered, enhanced, changed and magnified by the union.*”

We, the artists and poets of *Imagine & Poesia*, are convinced that Art and Poetry can bring together people of different cultures nationalities and religions and lead them to cooperate with reciprocal esteem and respect. And this is what we hope to get in the near future : a movement that more and more leads people to be mutually appreciative and tolerant through the channels of the written words and visual images.

PTJ: You collaborated with several artists in your latest book, *Imagine & Poesia - The Movement in Progress*. Did you enjoy the experience ?

LC: My début book *Imagine & Poesia - The Movement in Progress* can be defined as the compendium of what the Movement suggests: *poems* inspired by the artworks and *images* of painters or photographers who have drawn their inspiration from my words. It has been a completely satisfying experience that demonstrates how valid and well founded are the principles stated in our Manifesto.

PTJ: *Your husband is an artist and your son is a photographer . What is it like being a part of a creative family and do you comment on each other 's work ?*

LC: We are a creative family and it is nice to share the love for poetry and art. For

several years the three of us have collaborated with the association *The Friends of Guido Gozzano* of Agliè (Torino) and each of us has brought a contribution – a painting, a fine art photo and a poem – in occasion of the annual Prize *Il Meleto di Guido Gozzano*. We carry out our work independently, but at the end we usually realize that we have worked on the same wavelength.

PTJ: *What are your future plans for your poetry? Another book?*

LC: *Immagine & Poesia – The Movement in Progress* has received mostly positive feedback and since its release it has sold several copies on Amazon, on the Internet. I am pleased that it has also been acquired for public libraries in Italy, in the UK (National Library of Wales), and in the USA (New York Public Library; Tompkins County Public Library, Ithaca –NY; Merrill Memorial Library, Yarmouth –Maine; Library of University of Illinois at Urbana Champaign). American poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whom I had the honor of meeting in San Francisco last summer, had words of appreciation for my book and for the project we are pursuing. Many artists and poets have written to me to let me know they are interested in participating with their works in the event of future publications. And in the meantime our activity goes on the web.

COLORS OF SHADOW

Lights, shadows
modulate
liquid transparencies
in a slow dance:

ocean blue drops
fallen
on ice shafts
and
precious emerald flowers
lit with fire sparks.

A whirl of colors
that switch on and off
silently
at the end of the day.

2010

*inspired by Adel Gorgy's Portfolio
Colors of Shadow*

JONES' BEACH, SUMMER AFTERNOON

for Adel, Mary and Marsha

We were together. I forget the rest.

Walt Whitman

*The seagulls invented
spirals of light
in the sunny afternoon at Jones' Beach.*

*Gentle, the Atlantic wind
rippled the pearl water.*

We have breathed
the salty tang of the sea
our eyes lost in the far horizon.

On the intangible sand
sudden dreams of happiness
have touched us lightly.

July 27 2010, Long Island

(Adel Gorgy's fine art photo "Here we walked" is the response to this poem)

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN

(Flor 61)

*Peacocks walked
under the night trees
in the lost moon
light...*

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

And then there were the lights
that lit
slowly
in the garden of a thousand colours.

They lit

warm, vibrant
on the stones of paths
on the petals of tulips
on the water of fountains
caressed by a gentle breeze.

The lights
switched on for me
as I walked
on the flowered avenues
and subtle fragrances
wrapped me up
in the silence of the night
then the flags
moved by the wind
became
the variegated forms
of an incomplete painting.

Cluster of old memories
that today are recomposing
while I hold tight in my fingers
the last, dried
rose of May.

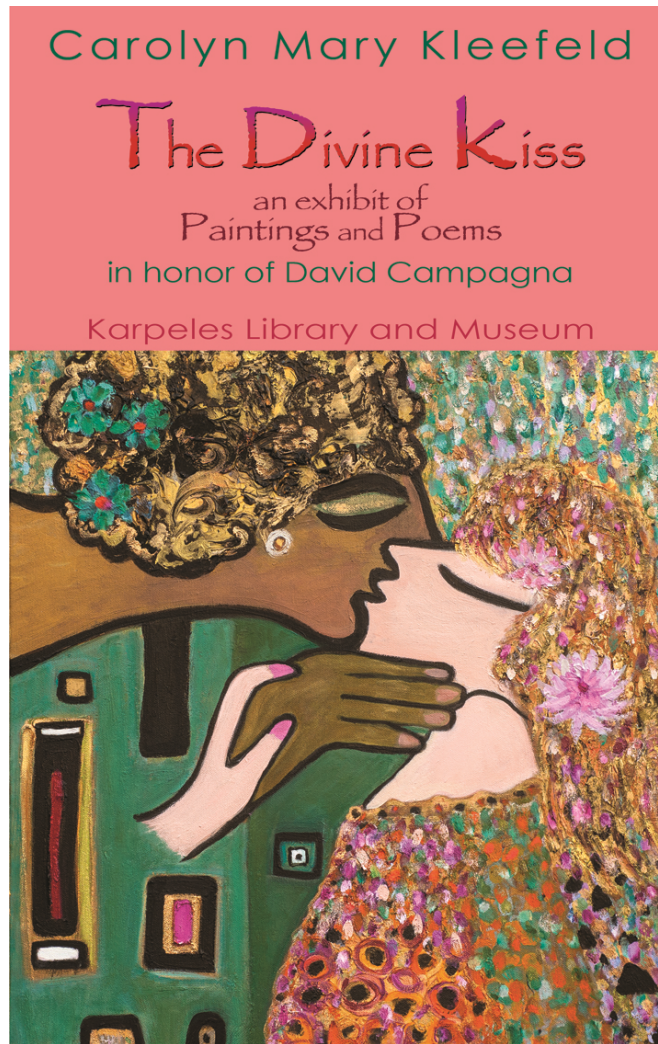
*In memory of my father, Guido Chiarelli, head engineer at the City Hall, in charge of the
lighting projects in Torino*

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**BOOKS BY CAROLYN MARY KLEEFELD
AMERICAN POET AND ARTIST**

The Seventh Quarry Press is the U.K./Europe distributor of Carolyn's books.
Information on the books, prices, and how to purchase them is available from
info@peterthabitjones.com

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Penllergaer, Swansea SA4 9FG, Wales, U.K



Foreword

The Divine Kiss is a loving, passionate, and highly original work that inspires and evokes the lover in all of us. Here, Rumi elopes with Chagall in a dance of color, compassion, and sensuality. Carolyn Kleefeld's authentic, intelligent, and transcendent poetry takes us on a divine journey into the heart of love. Painting and poetry mirror one another, then merge together. Each poem is a multi-layered metaphor, borne of Eros, matured through Agape. The paintings dazzle, warm, and invite, making love with the prose.

Wildly enchanting, deeply moving, vulnerable yet powerful, we are caressed and transformed by *The Divine Kiss*. It is indeed the "kiss of a lifetime," "milk for the soul" -- "sheer magic" that "silently possesses" us. This is a stunning piece of work.

Dr. Darin Deterra, therapist and author

THE KISS

(for DC)

Tonight, the kiss I've dreamed of,
the kiss of a lifetime, is here.

And now we hug and kiss
and kiss and love—
exploding the moment,
as if we were an extravagant bouquet
of burgeoning buds and stamens.

Like creatures dashing through the forest,
we tumble into each other's arms,
our mouths and leafy boughs entwined.

Some strange and wondrous magnet
is drawing us together
like orbiting stars, carrying us
beyond the dust of ourselves.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America

A MAGICAL SYNCHRONICITY

(for DC)

Intuitively, I explore
the invisible realms
and find you
bravely striding
through the jungle
of concrete and man.

As if hearing a bell,
I know just when to call.
And the magic of
our synchronicity chimes on
with a life of its own
that we tune into
as if we were notes

in a rhapsodic chord,
humming in vibration
with the eternal symphony.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America



Blesséd Lovers by Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America

Acrylic on canvas 48 x 36in. © 2013 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

EDITOR'S NOTE: each poem faces a painting that it resonates with and that “A Magical Synchronicity” is across from “Blesséd Lovers” and “The Kiss” is opposite “Divine Kiss” which is the cover painting. The book, published by Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, and The Seventh Quarry Press, Wales, is available from www.amazon.com/books.

TUGGING

Yesterday I saw a leaf walking
it was pulling itself along in shaky tugs
like a driverless carriage
yet quite certain of where it was going

With this thought in mind I bent to take a closer look
and beheld a tiny black ant at the tip of its stalk
like a tugboat leading a freighter into port

And as I watched and tried to calculate
the ratios of size effort and weight
I saw another dragging a long thin stick
as if it was battling with a difficult piece of calculus
yet inching steadily over little obstacles
the way skilled porters do with bags and straps
as they maneuver furniture up stairs and through doors

Last summer on the way back from the Rockies
we camped by a long lake leaping with salmon
all night the freight trains lumbered along its length
from south to north and from behind a clutch of hills
came others up to Calgary and beyond; unable to sleep
I counted the cars and after exhausting double digits
several times, discovered that over a hundred
was common on this line, each convoy rumbling behind
a single locomotive, endless nights of fuel, grain, timber,
electrical equipment, food supplies and fancy goods
enough to fill a thousand warehouses or more

And concerned more than a little
I asked the ants if perhaps they knew
how many twigs
how many cars loads
until no more remains

Johnmichael Simon Israel

A WOMAN

I am
a woman
I know how to tend
to bend
to give birth
on this earth
to cry
to laugh
to confront
to comfort
to flow with the current
or change its course
coarse
soft
insistent
patient
to explain
to remain
upright despite
the complaints
the fights
to accept
the hardships
the gifts
through the shame
the blame
torn
worn
I have endured
the storms
and have borne
all I can
now let me rest

Helen Bar-Lev Israel

ABERYSTWYTH

The sea

You lie, bleak town, named by the common mouth
shared by the Rheidol and the Ystwyth threading
across the little plain, huddled athwart
the gales flung by the Irish Sea against you.
Breakers rise high above the choppy shallows
to smash upon black polished shingle and gravel
beach, and hammer at the sea wall, flinging
spray to drench dark terraced houses built
of slate well metamorphosed for standing onslaughts,
and drift with rain to salt the inland hills.

Silage

As schoolboys love to fill
the science corridors
with rotten wafts of sulphides,
the agriculture lads
on Primrose Hill wallowed
in the reek of silage
intense as cow dung cubed,
but strongest when inverted
cold air slides the slopes
to frost both ground and roofs
and freeze breath-vapour
to snot-like icicles,
and sneakiest when snuck
by night into the heating
ducts of student dorms.

Murray Alfredson Australia

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| <p>LOOKING FOR NELLA by Beta Berlin Published by THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS, 2014 Price £8.99/€ 9.90/\$15</p> |
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LOOKING FOR NELLA BY BETA BERLIN

Ruth Jenkins lives in Gower, South Wales, and the story of Nella unfolds in her home environment around Swansea and the Gower Peninsula. This is a novella for young people, to be enjoyed by readers of all ages.

Esmé O'Hara has travelled from Vermont, in the U.S.A., to South Wales in search of a long-vanished aunt she had never known. Nella Patrick had disappeared many years before, without explanation, from the life of a loving family in Ireland.

There are times when we are stirred to take a certain direction in life for a very good reason, or through curiosity, or because of a whim, an inexplicable decision of the moment. So, what compelled Esmé to look for Nella now and what good, or otherwise, would her quest achieve?

Beta Berlin unfolds Esmé's story through a series of unforeseen and challenging personal experiences met on her search and which reach into the deeper mystery of her aunt's disappearance. How does Esmé face the reality of her discovery and with what consequences for herself?

Jean Salkild Wales

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PRELUDE

He's eighteen and irresolute.
Ahead of him the lights, the lights,
the piccadillies, golden miles.
So why does his mind flicker so much,
to images of her certainly
(for a constant in these pictures is a she,
ever to be constant).
And it's a café-table dream,
the girl in the Oxfam sweater,
philosophies on bus journeys,
and they, emboldened, emboldening,
heading down unassuming by-ways
and away from the Golden Mile.

Robert Nisbet Wales

A PUB AND STUFF

In an unconsidered country pub
two office workers' plans ferment:

he and she;
their plans for a poetry magazine;
plans for a sixties love-in for the finance department;
plans to spike the CEO's next focus group
with a ninety-minute reading
from the gloomier works of RS Thomas;

plans for that trip one day
from the bookshops at Hay-on-Wye
through the Worcestershire orchards
and on to the cricket at Trent Bridge;

(a thigh
stroked cautiously beneath a corner table
offers promise of the bum cheek beyond);

plans to bring greyhound racing to South Pembrokeshire;
maybe a Milford Haven festival of nudes;

plans for a demo in Downing Street
at which the words Aspiration, Taxation and Restraint
would be yelled loudly, in the round
so as to create a giant sneeze;

plans, it's ten-thirty now, plans:
Time, Gentlemen, Ladies, Please:
and more plans. .

Robert Nisbet Wales

A GREEN WEEK

A week like fresh mint
a green week spreading its fragrance
to the roots of my being

“Gometek Khadra!” Have a green week!
My father used to bless us
on Saturday nights in Cairo
after the ‘Havdala’
when he came back
from “Shaar Hashamayim,”
the Gates of Heaven,
the grand synagogue in Adli Street

Have a green week he beamed
brandishing a fragrant mint branch
over our keen heads -
but don’t keep it merely for yourself
and your family - this scented green week -
give it back to the world
fully blossoming ...

Who will give me a green week
now that he’s gone?
Now that the “Gates of Heaven”
are shut?

Only peace
only a real fragrant
mint peace

Ada Aharoni Israel

THE SWAN SEARCH

I looked for you
in the streets of Paris,
every swift, fawn-colored car
recalled your lithe limbs.

I looked for you in the King's garden
at Versailles,
rainbow-colored begonias conjured
the patterns of our rainbow moments.

I looked for you
in every Chateau of the Loire,
every white swan
gliding hopes on Lake Geneva.
Every brown-roofed chalet
speckling the Alps became our nest.
I groped for the intensity of your agate eyes
in every mountain I encountered.

I looked for you everywhere,
but could only find you in me
everywhere,
 in every urban
 and suburban cell
 of my existence.

Ada Aharoni Israel

LIFE IS A POMEGRANATE

The secret of life is
A Pomegranate
My friend,
Open its red hard cover
Then its white flimsy
Curly membrane
With love fingers
Delicacy, curiosity -
Inside you will find
A secret core world
Full of ruby grains

When you discover them
My friend,
Taste them fully
One by one
Squeeze their juice
With firm teeth
Before
They become
No more.

Ada Aharoni Israel

LIGHTHOUSE, POINT REYES

Here is a life of headland twenty miles from nearest market
Here is a life of wires that whine in winds so stiff that sound blows sideways
Here is a life

Here is a life where drinking cannot compensate for howling wind
Here is a life where drinking cannot compensate for whining wires
Here is a life

Here is a life of ceaseless work, a life with few companions
Here is a life of ceaseless labor, firehouse without fires
Here is a life

Here is a life of eight-hour shifts, no breaks for weeks on end
Here is a life lived womanless; except the Senior Keeper's wife
Here is a life

Here is a life of twisting bumpy twenty-mile-long drives to "land"
Here is a life where bookish men can thrive but others lose their minds
Here is a life

Here is a life where end of wind means start of rain, the winter storms
Here is a life where winter storms will blow for days, 'til wind has worn right
through you, yessir
Here is a life

Here is a life where end of rain means start of fog, the clouded world
Here is a life where end of fog means start of wind, and everything repeats anew
Here is a life

Here is a life where black-tailed deer arise from fog in herds of thirty
Here is a life of Ghost Deer, moving stealthily from crease to crease
Here is a life

Here is a life where foghorns moan out, even when the air is clear
Here is a life where fog descends, much, much too fast for man's reactions
Here is a life

Here is a life, marooned as any foundering ship on any manless surf-soaked
foreshore
Here is a life, marooned as any sailor waking up all salt-encrusted – salt-encrusted,
face-down on a beach abandoned, nothing but the moan of fog-horns
Here is a life.

Lance Nizami America

FLEUR DE SEL

sea seasealandseasealandskysea
everywhere is horizon.
an island frayed from the west of France and not quite land
but almost sea.

only the ancient sluice stands vertical
Against the vast Atlantic flats
as the mud-banked channel feeds the beds
of coralled white or grey.

seasealandseasealandseaskyseasea sea
somewhere along these salicorned walls
a *sauhnier* will skim the precious skin
with the wooden rake he calls his *lousse*
sealandseasealandskyseaseasea

less than twelve miles distant on another tear
of nearly land another barefoot man
earns salary, lifts that glistening white
with the same tool, which he knows as *ouvron*.

landseasealandsky sea sea sky land

A woman rubs her precious fleur de sel,
damp, between her fingers, sends
its subtle message out. The radio mourns
dying words still woven
in other fragments – islands north
torn by the Pentland Firth.

sealandseaseaseasealand

Once Islay fishers knew the Irish
Gaelic better than the words
from Lewis, yet
soon the mid-Minch dialect will be all
we have on our ragging western shores.

Too precious to be held,
the salt runs out, unstoppable.

Beth McDonough Scotland

SPRING SNOW

Lean into wind, plot
the boot-creak of indifference,
beside a skiff-trailed runner's foot,
confident, lost in the unknown white.

Beth McDonough Scotland

THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

My wife runs off one week-end
With a high school boy.
My son and I wait out the abandonment.
Drinking , crying, a desperate cab ride.
American Airlines to L.A.
Guitar and harmonica hitch,
Look at me someone! Anyone. No one. Look at me!
My mother's front yard
Replaces the wine bottles and Hollywood Blvd.
A child support subpoena
After four years replaces
Fanciful schemes of revenge.
One night the scenario
Of separation and divorce
Put me alone, I remember, in an empty
Darkened Hollywood Bowl.
Center stage. No props, no lines.
Just a man weeping with an audience of stars
Accompanied by the distant sound of
Passing automobiles.

Weldon Sandusky America

Out here, the things that sit around me.
The sights and the smallest of sounds that surround me.
A horizon so wide as to see gravity curving the corners,
a scale undermined by the patchy clouds casting
shadows like shoals of static fish.
Reflected across the water a sea of flickering stars,
The sunlight disguises the flaccid waves slopping ashore.
Each tide, each rush, incites subdued hypnotics
and weaves throughout these words.
They cloud this mind to daydream, and reign inspired eyes.

Timmy Percival England

LUNAR ECLIPSE

The moon will turn red tonight,
if you believe the advertised wonders occur-
eclipses, comets, solar flares.

The city different for a time.
A burning eye over the Friday night crowd,
a drunken kiss blood-lit in Leather Lane.

Lingering this side of penthouse apartments,
searing through glass walls until drapes are pulled-
the universe gazing back at us,

held up between the stars.
Later to smear your dreams
across a photographer's darkroom wall,

as the first man to walk on the moon
feels his veins contract,
his blood begin to boil.

If the skies happen to stay clear,
maybe this will be your only chance
to at least say you were there;

the red moon staining the retina,
as you feel your tide's time
winding down to the next.

John Paul Davies Ireland

LAST SESSION

Through the segments of the parlour-room window,
frosted like a grab-handle tankard,
you are sitting where we used to sit.

Across the pub's jaundiced light
I look in on our last session, side-long,
trying not to disprove you.

Your hair darker now, dark as it ever was.
Same brimming laughter in your eyes
from where you would sing,

lend your living voice
to whichever song was flitting through,
ceasing the pub chatter, dimming the lights further.

Above me a faded-flower glass lantern
feels like it should explode into fragments,
paused forever in that instant before.

From the murk of my pint, I keep track carefully.
If I looked clearly through the window
you would not be who you are.

John Paul Davies Ireland

ON SEEING A HANDWRITTEN LETTER BY PRINCE

To satisfy my need that frame to know;
That hair to witness, loose or tightly set;
Those eyes to fathom, bright as eyes can get,
Deep-lit from inside by a unique glow;
And that guitar, to hear the solos grow,
To watch those fingers dominate the fret:
Much have I travelled on the Internet
For one more image, one more video.

Today a new one stopped me, held my eye.
A photograph like none I'd seen before.
No frame or hair, no eyes and no guitar
Adorned my screen but, oh, I knew that I -
His copperplate looked almost like a score.
Exquisite lines. I played them from afar.

Mark Elias Wales

Dreena Morgan-Harvey
of the Dylan Thomas Theatre, Swansea, Wales
interviewed by Peter Thabit Jones



Dreena Morgan-Harvey 2014 © Dreena Morgan-Harvey

Peter Thabit Jones: When and how did you start acting?

Dreena Morgan-Harvey: I always wanted to act, even from a child. I don't know why, there is no history of drama on either side of the family, no performers, they weren't theatre goers and I had no epiphany watching some theatrical great. I was a pain at family parties as I was always wanting to "do my party piece", whether singing or reciting (as it was called), and I took the lead in my school plays, even though I was the youngest. I begged my mother for acting lessons, or elocution as it was called, and I worked with the wonderful Madame Kate Kolinsky - very well known in Swansea - completing LAMDA examinations and I worked (albeit only once) at The Grand Theatre when I was 14. My fate was sealed and, at eighteen years-old, I was off for three years studying drama, theatre, and English.

PTJ: How did you get involved with the Dylan Thomas Theatre?

DMH: I worked quite successfully in the business but fast forward a few years and a marriage break-up, with small baby, brought me back to my home of Swansea. It

was impossible to work and travel in the theatre business with a child, so, as my mother said, “you had a proper job”. I couldn’t let all that love of theatre go, so the obvious solution was to join Swansea Little Theatre. This was the first Little Theatre in Wales and had a formidable history and reputation - professional in all ways but one - no-one was paid.

PTJ: What would you consider the Theatre’s manifesto to be?

DMH: In 2014 Swansea Little Theatre reached its 90th year of continuous performances - even throughout WW2 - and the aims are as true now as 90 years ago. To present six productions per year, each of different genre, highlighting classics and the best of new writers. All live drama is competing with latest discs, NT Live, dumbed-down Shakespeare videos and our aim is to make live theatre an event, a night out, something fresh and spontaneous that you can’t get from a recording.

PTJ: How important is the legacy of Dylan Thomas to the Theatre?

Our connection to Dylan is so important in many ways. Firstly, not only was he a local writer and we’re a local theatre, but Dylan was a member of this company, received many plaudits for his acting, which according to his daughter, Aeronwy, was honed at Swansea Little Theatre. We were presenting “Under Milk Wood”, for instance, in early 60s, when Dylan’s work was shunned as his reputation overshadowed his literary work ; and we also hold unique posters, photos, of his time with us, which you can’t find anywhere else. Secondly, we have maintained a life- long relationship with his family, firstly through Aeronwy, our late President and now through Hannah and Huw and we now present much more of Dylan’s work than just “Under Milk Wood”. Our theatre building, aptly named The Dylan Thomas Theatre, is also a conduit for other artists encouraged and stirred by Dylan’s work and we have on show, nine Ceri Richard prints of “Under Milk Wood” characters - the nine are not together anywhere else - Ceri’s depiction of “And Death Shall Have No Dominion, and original works by Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, and Gillian Fitzhugh. All this in addition to professional companies performing Dylan here and the hundreds of visitors we receive - from UK and abroad - who want to see the Swansea connection to Dylan. The story I could tell you of a Swansea-born Australian, who cried when he returned to this theatre he helped build 27 years before. Thirdly, Dylan’s words are now global, US hit cop shows now have a ‘meaningful’ character who can recite “Do not go gentle” or other poems and, of course, there are the myriad translations and adaptations. Any Dylan fan visiting Swansea wants to see the theatre and we’re delighted to

welcome them.

PTJ: What do you think is the future for Little Theatres in Wales?

DMH: Without a doubt, the heyday of live theatre was 70/80s. People didn't pop up to London so often to see the latest West End show, technology hadn't made an impact with videos, live links etc and local people relied on their local theatre for quality drama, whether Shakespeare or farce.

Today, I don't feel this theatre faces an uncertain future, but rather a diverse future. We are noticing a trend that the novelty of using ever-developing technology (however clever) to enjoy drama is now paling. People are making an evening at the theatre, an event, with friends and a meal perhaps, schools and students want the real feel of a theatre. When I began in theatre there were no local drama schools, a few dance schools, but the last 20/30 years has seen a massive increase in all aspects of theatre for children: singing, dancing, acting, technical. We are the chosen venue for their talent showcases, which bring in the children's families and friends - you can't do that by video link! We offer the latest technical training, lights and sound, set build etc. and have seen many members go successfully into the profession.

I'm proud to say we are one of the most successful Little Theatres and run a successful theatre building. We have been approached and visited by other companies (gosh, as far afield as England!) who want to know what we do to be successful, or new drama companies who want to use our working model for themselves. The future is still quality productions from Swansea Little Theatre, plus be a welcoming modern theatre, open to all aspects of entertainment.

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

Songs of a Clerk by Gary Beck

A fine collection of poems from a poet who has had work published in The Seventh Quarry

Available from: Winter Goose Publishing

2701 Del Paso Road, 130-92

Sacramento, CA 95835

Price and details from: www.wintergoosepublishing.com

NOW IT IS TIME

Three old men
sitting on a bench
in the town square

waiting, watching
the hands of the big clock
moving ever so slowly.

Work is done,
getting & spending,
children grown.

Now is the time
of waiting, time
to pass the time.

There under the shade
of the palms, cool
in the heat of day.

Gnarled hands
tight on silver-tipped
canes leaning, looking,

remembering
days in open fields
gathering produce

basketsful of olives,
almonds, oranges
under the Sicilian sky.

Young girls in white blouses
passing, glancing
the touching of hands.

The trill of the piccolo
the twang of the jew's-harp
at the seasonal feasts.

Now is the time
of waiting, time
to pass the time.

Tranquillity . . .
The hands of the big clock
moving ever so slowly.

The sun is high
over the mountains
in the cloudless blue sky

casting shadows,
moving like a fan
across the face

of the big clock
and the gnarled hands
grasping the silver-tipped canes

the old men sitting
in the shade under the palms
near the monuments

to those who fell
in the war to end all wars,
remembering . . .

Time passes . . .
sun going down . . .
the wind blows . . .

(2 June 2000, Castell'Umberto)

Stanley H. Barkan America

RAISINS WITH ALMONDS/PÀSSULI CU MÈNNULI

by Stanley H. Barkan, translated into Sicilian by Marco Scalabrino.
Published by Legas Publishing, 2013.

Available from legaspublishing.com or Cross-Cultural Communications, 239 Wynsum Avenue,
Merrick, New York 11566-4725, USA www.cross-culturalcommunications.com

Price: \$15.00 plus \$3.50 postage and handling for first copy and .50 for each additional copy/
€10.00.

JAEGARING

Hidden in the backyard of
Every heart is a corner of hell
Walled with human feelings

Once you demolish the building
You will readily find heaven
Right above the ruins, which
You may never hope to see, touch
Hear, smell or taste, but where
You can relocate your inner being

And live happily ever after
As long as you choose to

Changmin Yuan Canada

TWILIGHT: FOR LIU YU

My heart muscle contracts, excruciatingly
Like an overly-wound spring, ready to break
Each time I imagine my mom walking alone
Towards the dusty evening, while she used to
Go downstairs first, waiting aloud for my dad:
'Grandpa, what are you still busy doing there?
It's time to take a walk outside, along the moat!'

Now without a companion, my mother does not
Have to wait or hurry for anyone, but how she
Just misses the days when her shadow and my
Father's became longer and longer, side by side
As they strolled slowly, until the sun set lower
And lower above the blurred horizon of autumn

Changmin Yuan Canada

SECRET LIFE OF A POSTMAN by Lloyd Jones e-book

Information and price available via:

<http://www.welsh-american-bookstore.com/News/lloyd-jones-secret-life-of-a-postman.html>

IN HARNESS

A conservative working practice?

Mainly because nearly always I thought it too great a risk – sensing your irritability in incomprehension after all due time and effort's like mine –

to scatter sounds, images, hoping they might sprout as now perfumed lids, intimations of afflatus, childhood cellar smells, spots gleaming in the dark, darting fish in aquaria, and then...

All that can slant and flash far too far across – although it's true that, now and then, fragment-filings may stiffen into patterns, when it's not your hand beneath the page that appears to move the magnet.

Best to begin by naming a desk, a child, a room – the whole business of what you feel as the hard knock of your hand against what took place, hoping that (with luck and the modified model) the delta of rigging strung above this thing's harness might all but disappear.

Look: a figure floats down. Only as earth lifts close does the merest gossamer seem to connect him to that gaudy broolly, canopied shade – or perhaps a shroud. Yet cords tug all the time, a defence against the fall. And so the untold can be said.

Andrew Mayne England

ON A CAST OF A WIFE'S FOOT

In Disraeli's Library at Hughenden

The fleshly tabernacle quit, along with fable,
So tangibly bereft remains this piece of marble.

Andrew Mayne England

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

THE LOVER'S BODY by Bill Wolak, published by Cross-Cultural Communications. Available via www.cross-culturalcommunications.com. 'Bill Wolak's love poems are finely tuned expressions of urgency and desire. They explore the lover's body with expectation on the brink of pleasure' – John Digby. Price: \$15.00, plus postage and packing.

THE LOVE OF AN APPLE TREE by Yoon-Ho Cho, published by Cross-Cultural Communications. Available via www.cross-culturalcommunications.com. 'I love Yoon-Ho Cho's poet's veneration of nature and the controlled conciseness of his creative vision' – Peter Thabit Jones. Price: \$15.00/KRW 15,000, plus postage and packing.

ONE PAIR OF SHOES by Mollie Peace, published by Local Legend. Available from www.local-legend.co.uk. An accessible and engaging book of poems and stories. The writer evokes a life that spans the birth of the motor car to the introduction of the Internet. Price: £5/\$8/€6.

THE CARDINAL'S DOG AND OTHER POEMS by Christopher Norris, published by De La Salle University. Available from www.dlsu.edu.ph. 'Taken together, these pieces make a strong case for poetry – or one kind of poetry – as a medium wherein the exploration of formal possibilities goes along with the exploration of intellectually challenging and humanly significant themes'. – from the book's blurb. **Editor's note:** Christopher will be interviewed in a forthcoming issue.

WELCOME BELTANE by Briar Wood, published by Palores Publications. Available from Palores Publications, 11a Penryn Street, Redruth, Cornwall, TR14 8LJ. A strong and interesting poetic voice. Price £4.

IMPACT OF FAMINE ON BENGALI LITERATURE by Mandira Ghosh, published by Blauynske Publishing. Available via blauynske@gmail.com. No Bengali can forget the Bengal Famine of 1943 which caused the death of millions. A number of Bengali novelists, poets, and dramatists made vivid portraits of hunger and death. The book is a systematic analysis of the impact of famine on Bengali literature. Price: contact above email address re: price in sterling, euros, and dollars.

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

LYKE WAKE DIRGE

Driving at the scrake of dawn out of Bath
upwards into a postcard lush Sassoon
of an England
heading with luck for the ferry to France
the fields thick with the rot
of old folk-songs
a lark, or something, ascending
high-fiving the breaking blue
the thatchy pubs still asleep
lanes running in a whisper up and on

this was the start of the downhill drop
who knows in the eye of what coordinates
some derivation of Anglo-Saxon
stuck on a dishevelled signpost
you took your eyes off the road
and in a split immeasurable blink of time
you sighted the glint of the brand-new
beyond the couldn't-care-less cattle -

and were accelerating
as opposed to merely moving faster
away from me
drowsing against the window-glass
looping The Lyke Wake Dirge in my head.

Fred Johnston Ireland

THE WATER GARDEN

*"This
quarrelsome land, curbed and pumped. . ."*
- Paol Keineg: *Boudica*

Winter drops here like a stone
cattle slow in low hushed acres
time is measured out like cattle-feed

time to erect a wall in the heart
to keep in what fire remains
time to nail up the seeing windows

maps will shift and re-shape
themselves in the coming days
water will win, we'll dissolve

into our bare elements -
some of us won't wait, will take
the water at face-value, and its dark:

let's face it, when the year goes out
like this there is a flood in us
that is it's roaring self, and nothing more.

Fred Johnston Ireland

BOMB

Weather's drawing its nails down the door
the paintwork looks like savaged skin
a gasp of sour milk reeks at the open fridge door
the garden's gone for the jungular
chimes drip on bare branches like frozen tears
there hasn't been a sod turned in years

how did the house grow grass in the gutters
the walls yellow with nicotine
blown seeds like a pox clotted the gutters
there was no will for appearances
when the place began to lose its will to live
there wasn't even a toss left to give -

there's a ticking in the walls at odd hours
as if the house were a watch or a bomb
patient and timed, counting down the hours
a switch in its heart waiting to trip
the house, the trees, every spar and door
will shout some salutation and disappear.

Fred Johnston Ireland

THE MEANING OF PORNOGRAPHY

An act of privacy as skulking
as a bankers' meeting

Furtive, like theft, thrilling
as whiskey in a dry country

Some look at the camera
as if it were a cocked gun

And they'd been dragged from
a mad party in the ruins of Berlin

There's a war going on somewhere
off-camera, tanks in the streets

Here is a rolling poster
of the missing-in-action

The younger ones smile or don't
the pages pass like cattle-trucks

So much frankness, like new blood
everything is broken, dehydrated

Like cadavers in a cold drawer
each mouse-click extracts them

These elements of women
and their men, who are nameless

Onto the autopsy table
of our digital lusts

They are for grunting at, these
fleshy silences. Language is useless.

Fred Johnston Ireland

LEAVING

By the trees, by the line to Liverpool Street
There happens leaving. Something left
Between the wind and the want,
Flitting trivia against bark. Whether
Or not choice, decisions whether come to.
Leaves are not votives, nor instructive,
Choice voluntaries in sacrament.
Rather, laving at the bark, whether
Or precisely no coherence. No economy,
But valuable unconcert and unfaction.
Leaving energy against arrangement
Nor system, nor volition. I know these,
Nor can leave thus. Who can?
By the trees, by the line to Liverpool Street.

John Regan England

DVD

THE POET, THE HUNCHBACK, AND THE BOY

a short drama by Peter Thabit Jones

performed by Swansea Little Theatre actors,
produced and directed by Dreena Morgan-Harvey
of the Dylan Thomas Theatre, Swansea, Wales

Filmed by Franco De Marco of Holly Tree Productions, Wales

A collaboration between the Dylan Thomas Theatre
and The Seventh Quarry Press

Already performed live in Wales and London

All proceeds of sales to go to the Dylan Thomas Theatre
and their work during the **Dylan Thomas Centenary 2014**

TIME AND TIDE

I try to capture the jumble of words that float inside my head
but like flotsam on the edge of a fast flowing tide
they drift in and out of my reach.

Though their significance remains.

I am mute.

Void of expression.

Words that hovered on my lips a millionth of a second ago
slip from my grasp in a wave of inexorable confusion.

I am aware of who I am, and of my situation.

I am the wife of a husband who worries.

I have children, grandchildren and friends.

I recall their faces, but their names sometimes allude me.

I am impatient.

There is no comprehension.

Like an unchecked tsunami, the ravages of age are upon me.

I am no longer drifting but drowning in the relentless tide of time.

Hillary Wickers Wales

HEIDELBERG

‘please transfer’ says the invite ‘the following announcement
to your colleagues around the world’

and so I shall

the long lines you stand in or the short and brisk
that sometimes lead to the stall and the manger
might forget but you must not forget
dear colleagues around the world
that a feedbag and a currycomb
well a word to the wise in risk management

Christopher Mulrooney America

FIGURE

Alabam or Mississip or maybe ol' Kaintuck
some such place for the very dreamy voice
in an elevated mind
singing the blues just for the amusement
of a wayward child

Christopher Mulrooney America

LOSING IT

That nervous laugh's what gives the game away.

It says: these folk are trying not to think
What stops them thinking, sends their words astray
Mid-sentence, makes their past perspective shrink

To nothing further back than yesterday,
Then to just thirty seconds in a blink,
And last of all contrives that somehow they,
Though stone-cold sober, seem the worse for drink.

No comfort – apt to drive them even crazier –
If they've mugged up their and found
That basically there's two types of aphasia.
One's where a word goes missing and they're bound

To get along by sheer paronomasia
Until the sentence works its way around
By boss-shots, paraphrase, and ever mazier
Word-detours guided less by sense than sound

Along the slippery metonymic chain
To where some random quilting-point may slow
Its dizzying slide. Then there's the other bane
Their genes concoct where the first thing to go,

Conversely, has to do with how the brain
(Or mind – a quibble here) construes the flow
Of words, the syntax and the ordered train
Of thought that routine language-users know

How to make sense of by preconscious skill.

Thus these Type-Two aphasics fail to sort
The thing out not for lack of words to fill
The proper slots or being pulled up short

By word-shaped holes where nothing fits the bill
(As per Type Ones), but because words cavort
With syntax while their meanings overflow
The bounds of sense and sense then runs athwart

The bounds of logic. So they're right on cue,
These Type-Two folk, so far as it's a case
Of riffling through their word-hoard with a view
To picking just the item fit to grace

Their utterance with the one word that will do
To get their gist across and hold in place
Those ties of sense and selfhood that accrue
From stable discourse. Where they leave home-base

And end up homeless is where words should hook
Up each one with the next and so compose
The kind of joined-up sequence that it took
For words to represent or speech disclose

The self's lead role in that well-structured book
That tells its own life-history. When that goes
To pot, or when anomalies that shook
Their self-esteem once in a while now pose

A constant self-annihilating threat
To everything that kept their minds on track
From thought to thought, that's when the symptoms get
Beyond all hope they might be guided back

To a sure path with language-bearings set
By straightforward *vouloir-dire*. So it's their lack
Of those syntactic protocols which let
Us normal speakers exercise the knack

Of stringing words together that decrees
Their utterance will stumble, fall apart,

Trail off confusedly, or somehow freeze
Mid-phrase before their mind can make a start

On figuring how to process or reprise
That scrambled mass of sounds that no fine art
Of cryptanalysis might somehow tease
Into a semblance of good sense. The smart

Ear-witness won't be fooled when they pretend
Amusement at some odd linguistic slip,
Some speech-event they cannot comprehend
Or suchlike symptom of the loosening grip

On words and world they're half-aware will end
As badly as can be if they just skip
A few years forward and yet half-hope will mend
If they ignore this momentary blip

Or put it down (a shrewd device employed
By cultured types) to something that required
The sorts of depth-deciphering used by Freud
To fine effect. This gives just the desired

Excuse to think those slips might be enjoyed,
Not stoically endured, since what conspired
To trip their tongue was not the yawning void
Of sense that opened up beneath their tired

Speech-faculties but a packed story-line
With complications and x-rated bits
Affording ample room to redefine
Their lapses in a way that nicely fits

With all the fond illusions that combine
To keep them sane or save them from the pits
Of knowing this is terminal decline,
And not some tale that readily admits

Such comfort-zones. It's what they recognise
Deep down, those language-losers, though they seek
To fight the recognition or disguise

Their knowledge through a whole range of oblique
Defensive strategies to improvise
 Some sublimating method or technique
Whereby the threatened ego might devise
 A ready means of shoring up its weak
And over-stretched defences. So each lapse
 From proper sense according to the rules
Laid down to suture all the rifts and gaps
 In language – just a trick for lighting fools
The word-led way to dusty death, perhaps –
 Spells out ‘Spem reliquisti!’ since it schools
Aphasics in the knowledge that those traps
 That caught them word-bereft between the stools
Of disjoined sound and sense were set in place
 Not by some outside agency intent
On crossing wires and scrambling every trace
 Of sense that might remind them what they meant,
But – a much tougher truth for them to face –
 By tangles they can’t hope to circumvent
Since all hard-wired right there, within the space
 Of their own skulls. The further to augment
Their misery, this thought: that the twin poles
 Or speech-coordinates by which they’d steered
A steady course with mind at the controls
 Now slewed so far off-axis that they veered,
Unwitting jargonauts, toward the shoals
 Of pseudo-sense that from far off appeared
Like archipelagos, but where the roles
 Of sense and sound, like sea and sand, were bleared
By such chaotic undertows that none
 Of those fast-fading outlines could secure
Their language from the process, once begun,
 Of rapid dissolution into pure

Sinnlosigkeit. Enjoy the Joycean fun
And word-games, so it says, but just be sure
You know what's lost when language comes undone,
Word-boundaries fade, and those lost souls endure

The wreck of everything that once conveyed
Their meanings, projects, life-hopes, and (in brief)
Whatever might have helped them to evade
What a more stringent ethics of belief,

After such knowledge, now requires be weighed
Against the blissful ignorance whose chief
Protection lies in willingness to trade
Hard truths for self-delusion's poor relief.

Whence the vain hope that something might persist
Of them – a self or soul – and so survive,
If not to tell the tale, then to enlist
The speechless quiddity of man alive

And show the logophiles how much they've missed
Through their fixed inclination to connive
At fostering the myth that we exist,
Qua human, just till some ill chance deprive

Our sounds of sense. Then there's the other theme
They've always harped on, those who took that line
From Aristotle down, which has us deem
Speech the sure mark of what we should assign

Only to players on the winning team
Of *homo sapiens*, namely the divine
Soul-spark of reason or, lest this should seem
Too mystical by half, what they incline

To count coeval with the native wit
That (so the doctrine has it) words alone
Could frame, articulate, or aptly fit
To reason's need. No wonder if they're prone

To see what other story they can pit
Against one that consigns them to a zone

Of barely living-on, or how a bit
Of speech-devaluing might help atone
For the long history of put-downs dealt
By *logos* to the tongue-tied types that fell
Beneath the bar its standards-office felt
Obliged to set in place so we could tell
Apart those who legitimately dwelt
Within its bounds and those condemned to dwell
Beyond the speech-patrolled protective belt
That reassures the *logos* all goes well
With its choice specimens. So, if they choose,
The afflicted may cite Foucault to convince
Themselves that merely tending to confuse
The sense of things should hardly vex them since,
If reason's voice is all they have to lose,
It's no great loss however they may mince
Words without meaning to or so bemuse
Themselves and others that those words evince
Full-scale catastrophe. What this portends
Is then just the predicament entailed
For anyone whose *cogito* depends
On Descartes' thought-experiment that failed,
Or who suppose *res cogitans* transcends
All such corporeal mishaps as derailed
The very train of thought that sought amends
For body's frailty in a soul that trailed
In truth no clouds of glory. Then it seems
That their escape-route's landed them in just
The high redoubt that figured in their dreams
As self's last refuge yet betrays their trust
By now revealing how the strongest beams
In its construction sag at every gust
Of time's chill wind that penetrates its seams
And brings us word there's no mind so robust

That one rogue gene won't wreck its dearest schemes,
One haywire synapse leave the brain nonplussed,
Brain strike the mind a blow no thought redeems,
And thought's whole edifice be brought to dust.

Christopher Norris Wales

CLEAR

You never had to tell me.
I have always known.
I lied to you before:
I didn't want you to know how clearly it shows.

It has been obvious
in everything about you –
the stained colour in your face,
your skin, tone,
the lycra you think you chose to wrap
your little body in –
it's as if you'd written it on a placard,
advertising
what they did. It is not your own.

Your teensy T-shirts,
clutching at your bones,
capping your spray-on jeans, then
the flicks in your unwashed hair,
then the dishonest slash of your smile,
while you auction yourself
back to where it's familiar.

Every gesture screams what they did –
it is not your own.

Penny Fearn England

THE SEVENTH QUARRY SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE

aims to publish quality poems from around the world. Poets from the U.K., America, Argentina, Australia, Belarus, Canada, Catalonia, China, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Holland, India, Iran, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Korea, New Zealand, Portugal, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Sicily, Slovakia, South Africa, Spain and Switzerland have already appeared in its pages. New York's Vince Clemente, as the magazine's Consultant Editor: America, ensures a steady stream of American poets.

Each issue features a Poet Profile, a batch of pages given over to a chosen poet. The policy is to try to alternate between a British poet and a non-British poet. There is also a Books and Magazines page, which provides details and brief comments on received publications.

The magazine has become a cooperating partner with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York. The partnership has already contributed to the magazine being displayed at several prestigious literary events in America and the publication in QUARRY of work by the late, Pulitzer Prize-winner Stanley Kunitz.

The magazine has also been contracted to The Poetry Library's (Royal Festival Hall, London) prestigious digitisation project, which will ensure copies of the magazine are featured on its very popular website: regarded by many as the best source for poetry in the U.K. QUARRY was featured in THE GUARDIAN, one of Britain's leading daily newspapers, in April 2006. It was awarded SECOND BEST SMALL PRESS MAGAZINE IN THE U.K. 2006 by PURPLE PATCH (U.K.).

The editor also organises THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESENTS poetry evenings. The first, at the Dylan Thomas Centre in Swansea, featured a visit by American poet Stanley H. Barkan.

The magazine is now 64-88 pages and appears twice a year, in Winter/Spring and Summer/Autumn. It costs £3.50 per issue or £7 for a year's subscription (two copies). \$10 and \$20 for USA subscribers. Further information at www.peterthabitjones.com

Editor: Peter Thabit Jones info@peterthabitjones.com
Consultant Editor, America: Vince Clemente

WHERE A DRAGON SLEEPS by Idwal D. Isaac

Autobiographical short stories and poems of life in the Llynfi and Afan Valleys, where mining, religion, and politics meshed and created a culture typical of many Welsh mining valleys.

Illustrations: Owain D. Isaac

Published by Ken Smith Press. Price: £4.99. Also available as an e-book via Amazon.

WHEN WE WERE MINERS by Ian Isaac

A personal account of the author's role in the South Wales coalfield and National Union of Mineworkers from 1974 to 1991.

Published by Ken Smith Press. Price: £7.99. Also available as an e-book via Amazon.

THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS

Editor - Peter Thabit Jones

Consultant Editor, America - Vince Clemente

Consultant Advisors, America -

Stanley H. Barkan, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Patricia Holt

The Seventh Quarry Press,

8 Cherry Crescent, Parc Penderri, Penllergaer,

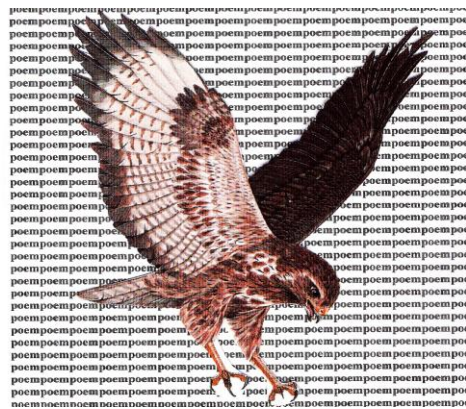
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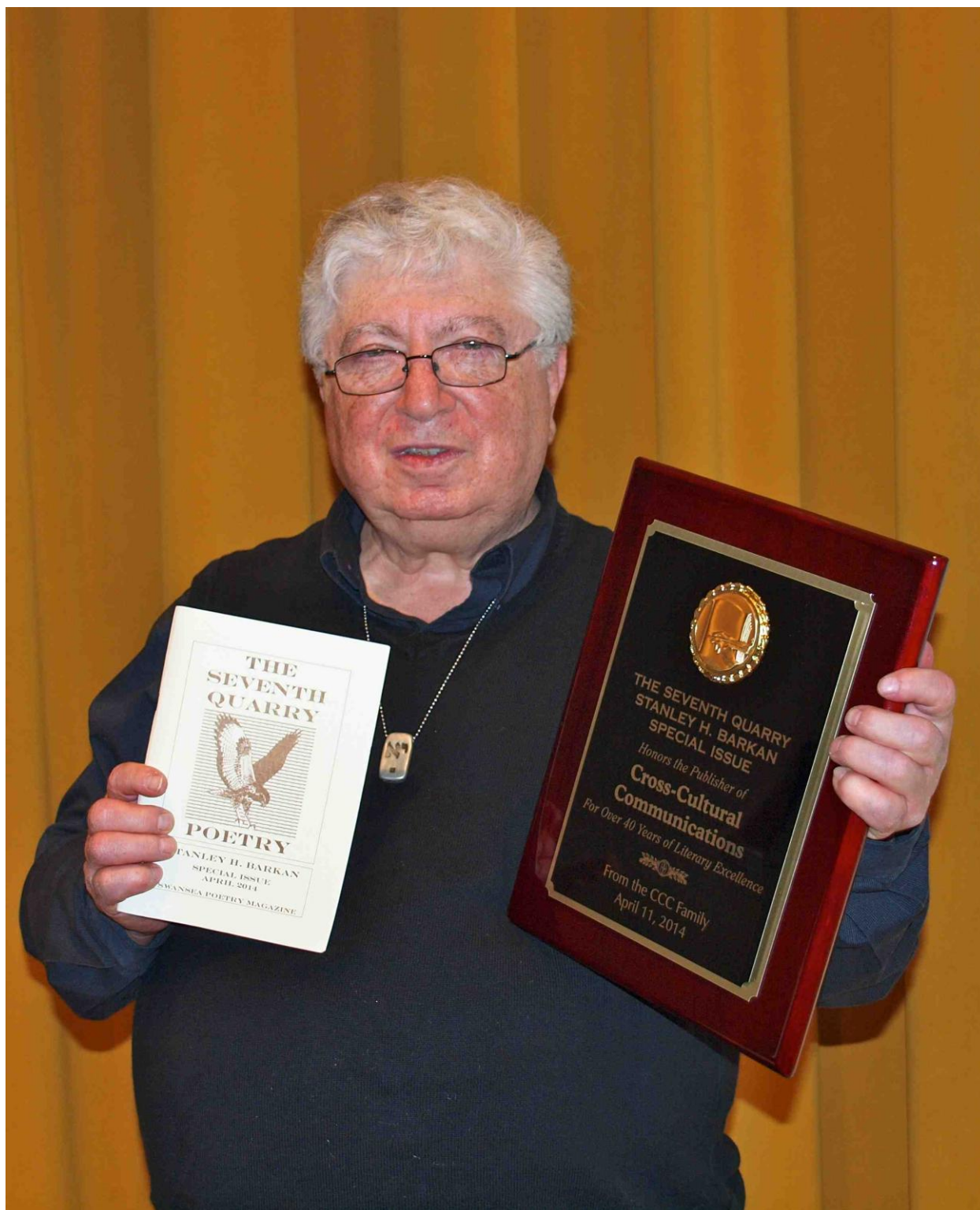
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LOOK OUT FOR ISSUE 21: Winter/Spring, 2015



Stanley H. Barkan at the launch of the Stanley H. Barkan Special Issue of The Seventh Quarry, Poets House, New York, in April 2014. Stan was also presented with a plaque from the Cross-Cultural Communications ‘family’ of poets, writers and artists.

Photo © 2014 Bill Wolak



**Peter with American poet Charles Fishman, Stan, and America poet Robin Metz
at the launch of the Stanley H. Barkan Special Issue of The Seventh Quarry, Poets House,
New York
Photo © 2014 Bill Wolak**

WALES: Paul Harris, Jeffrey Phillips, Jean Salkild, Robert Nisbet, Mark Elias
Dreena Morgan-Harvey, Hillary Wickers, Christopher Norris

ENGLAND: Merryyn Williams, Carolyn Oulton, Timmy Percival,
Andrew Mayne, John Regan, Penny Fearn

SCOTLAND: Beth McDonough

IRELAND: John Paul Davies, Fred Johnston

FRANCE: Antonia Alexandra Klimenko

ITALY: Lidia Chiarelli

ISRAEL: Johnmichael Simon, Helen Bar-Lev, Ada Aharoni

AUSTRALIA: Jeremy Gadd, Murray Alfredson

CANADA: Changmin Yuan

AMERICA: Andre Dubus III, Miriam Margala, Russell Thorburn,
Kalin Chamberlain, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Lance Nizami, Weldon Sandusky,
Stanley H. Barkan, Christopher Mulrooney

**“The morning poet came early
like a worm waiting to be devoured
by very early birds hungry for words.”**

from MORNING POET by STANLEY H. BARKAN

ISSUE TWENTY SUMMER/AUTUMN 2014

ISSN 1745-2236

£3.50/\$10 EDITOR: PETER THABIT JONES

