THE SEVENTH QUARRY POETRY SPECIAL ISSUE SIX CATALAN POETS SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE
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SPECIAL ISSUE
SIX CATALAN POETS
2015
GUEST EDITOR: KRISTINE DOLL
EDITORIAL

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This special issue is the second publication in a series of special issues that will initially include Six Catalan Poets, Poets of India (published in 2014), Poets of Korea, and Poets of Israel. I am truly grateful to Kristine Doll, the Guest Editor, for editing this inspired and inspiring issue. Also, my thanks to August Bover for his assistance.

The collaboration between The Seventh Quarry Press and Stanley H. Barkan’s Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, continues into 2015.

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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(photo © 2015 Robert L. Harrison)

VINCE CLEMENTE
(photo © 2015 Anne Clemente)
SIX CATALAN POETS


Gaspar Jaén i Urban (Elx, València, 1952) architect and writer, is Professor of Architectural Drawing at the University of Alicante. He is currently engaged in assembling his nine previous poetry collections (published between 1976 and 2012) in a single volume, to be titled *In Order To Know About Love. Poetic Works*. http://www.escriptors.cat/autors/jaeng/

Jordi Larios (Palafrugell, Catalonia, 1959) is Professor of Spanish at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland. He has published three poetry collections: *Home sol* (1984), *El cop de la destral* (2006) and *Rendezvous* (2013). He is also the author of the critical study *Llorenç Villalonga i la fi del món* (2007). Larios has translated a number of English, Irish and American writers into Catalan.
Àngels Gregori (Oliva, València, 1985) has a Bachelor of Arts in Literary Theory (University of Barcelona) and is the Director of the Oliva International Poetry Festival (www.poefesta.com). She has received some of the most important Catalan awards for poetry: the Ausiàs March Award (2007); the Alfons el Magnànim Award (2010) and the Barcelona Jocs Florals (2013). Her most recent publications (poetry) are: *Llibre de les brandàlies, New York, Nabokov & Bicicletes*, and *Quan érem divendres*.

**TRANSLATORS**

**Helena Buffery** is a Senior Lecturer and Head of the Department of Spanish, Portuguese and Latin American Studies at University College Cork, Ireland. She has strong teaching and research interests in Catalan Studies and Translation, and has a long-standing commitment to disseminating the work of Iberian writers to English-speaking audiences.

**Anna Crowe** is a poet and translator of Catalan and Mexican poetry. She is co-founder, former Artistic Director, and Honorary President of the international Scottish poetry festival, StAnza. Her Mariscat collection *Figure in a Landscape* won the Callum Macdonald Memorial Award and *Like Tugs in the Fog*, translations of the work of Catalan poet Joan Margarit, was a Poetry Book Society Choice. Her latest book of translations is *Peatlands* (Arc 2014), translations of the work of the Mexican poet, Pedro Serrano. In 2005, the Society of Authors awarded her a Travelling Scholarship.

**Kristine Doll** is the author of the poetry collection *Speak to Me Again* (Feral Press, 2014). “My Friends” from this book was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in Poetry. She is also a translator of Catalan poetry, including her translations into English of Joan Alcover’s *Elegies* (Cross-Cultural, 2004) and the poetry of the Catalan writers, August Bover and Teresa d’Arenys. Doll’s translations and her own poetry have been published internationally in such venues as The Seventh Quarry, Cross-Cultural Communications Art & Poetry Series Broadsides, The Paterson Literary Review, and Immagine i Poesia. She is Professor of World Languages and Cultures at Salem State University, Salem MA, USA.
Dominic Keown is Professor of Catalan Studies at the University of Cambridge. He specializes in contemporary Iberian culture, and has published widely on Catalan literature. He is the editor of the *Journal of Catalan Studies* and the Anglo-Catalan Society's *Occasional Publications*, and the editor/translator of authors such as Joan Salvat-Papasseit, Ausiàs March, Joan Fuster, and Vicent Andrés Estellés.

Roger Maimi, a native Catalan speaker, was born in Catalonia and grew up in Cardiff. He graduated from the University of Reading in 1998 with a degree in French and Italian. He has lived and travelled extensively in Italy, France and Spain. For the last decade, he has worked as a freelance translator and language teacher. He currently teaches Spanish and French in Kent, England.

Alan Yates is Emeritus Professor of Catalan at the University of Sheffield. His teaching and research covered the language and the modern literature of the Catalan-speaking lands. He has published several books and numerous articles in these fields, now keeping a foot in both by exercising his enthusiasm for literary translation. His version of *Els sots feréstecs/Dark Vales* by Raimon Casellas was published in 2014. He is currently working on an English edition of Ferran Soldevila's *Hores angleses*.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

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Gaspar Jaén i Urban (Elx, València, 1952) architect and writer, is Professor of Architectural Drawing at the University of Alicante. He is currently engaged in assembling his nine previous poetry collections (published between 1976 and 2012) in a single volume, to be titled *In Order To Know About Love. Poetic Works.*

http://www.escriptors.cat/autors/jaeng/

**RAIN AT GATWICK**

Cool breath of misty darks,
curling into the night that placed you on high,
deepening it,
dusks pour out of gardens.
Unattainable bodies on London’s meridians
breed green hair on shoulders;
love affairs of naked trees that know nothing
of panelling of poplar groves rosy with sun.

It has gone silent your body, now a sealed document or lie,
now a horse mad of snow with broken angles,
an ice flower tossed away by the wind,
by other eyes that destroy
the colour of your eyes.

It is raining at Gatwick
and the wet window store up caresses.
in silence it rains
an outpouring of birds that flee towards the light.
vague flatlands of free air and clouds
blur rumours of whitewashed walls.
The returns flight opens on geographies of blood in the sun:
another country, blue furniture acquainted with sweat,
the thick curve of dreaming towards the far-off blue.

At Gatwick the rain throw grass
in the faces pushing through it
to go home to cities made of steel,
via burned threads that have been pencilled-in.
At Gatwick, the rain breaks up the mist
as a prelude to the first forgetting
of all the faces piled on top of yours.

From *Cubes of Broken Darkness* (1976), translated from Catalan by Anna Crowe,

**GERMÂNICA: BERLIN 1979**

It has suddenly clouded over and begun to rain.
The shower has caught us in the middle of the park, after
we went out to see the Schinkel mausoleum.
We have taken shelter under the portico of one wing
of the palace. Some men with dogs come in too
and little old ladies wearing plastic bags on their heads.
The extensive groves of trees shudder under the downpour.
Here now, just as in Rome, the rain fills me with joy.
Old European cities, perfected with trees,
sunny mornings in the parks, green rainwater.
Berlin, foreign cities, now dead and empty,
suburbs of fear, former capital
of the European courts. Bouquets now for Schinkel,
when the city he made no longer exists. Avenues
of lime trees, where shrapnel is still embedded.
In the Old Museum the shadows of swastikas linger.
The Great Victory. Brandenburg Gate.
Over the park, the rain grows heavier, like autumn.
Some people take to their heels across the lawns.
We gaze at the utterly peaceful evening. Perhaps,
if the rain stops, we will have in Berlin today
one of those sunsets which set the houses
of the city ablaze.

I would still remember
much, much later, how beautiful the sunset was,
with you in Berlin, that day in August.


DE RE AEDIFICATORIA

1

We were just twenty and learning with zeal
that stairways have to be empty spaces where light
floods in and slithers down walls;
that the slow and measured walk from street to House

along glass passages had to carry the eye
to things seen out of doors, birds, trees, frontages;
that you have to measure dwellings with care, and place
in just the right spot pillars, inner walls, shafts, cornices;

that plans and drawings have to be steady and clear
and edges and joints unwavering and perpendicular;
angles and lines all straight; surfaces smooth.

We learned to use colour and curve with moderation,
and with caution fantasies and dreams.
We knew ruler, order, mathematics

are what guide the architect’s hand and thinking.
That large windows are a source of sun and of starlight
we learned, of fresh air and wind and landscapes;
that cities with streets and business come to us
when we look out, and people taking a walk

or going to work, and the roar of traffic.
We knew volume and mass should stand out precisely,
printed in air like the profiles of mountains,
eschewing all rhetoric, all useless forms.

The walls of the space should embrace proportion and rhythm,
windows and doors of commensurate shape and size,
the beams and the pillars, the porticos, balconies,
multiplication of numbers, empty and full;
laws of good building, exact geometry.
We learned how lovely they were, those suburbs
while making a block of flats. A Sea of Geraniums.


PLOU A GATWICK

Tebi alè de foscúries boiroles,
cargolant-se a la nit que t'encimbellava,
enfonsant-la,
vessen els crepuscles dels jardins.
Cossos inassolibles als meridians de Londres
engendren cabells verds a les espaltes;
amors d'arbres nus que no coneixen
enteixinats d'alberedes pel sol envermellides.

Ha emmudit el teu cos, ja plec o mentida,
ja cavall fet de neu amb els angles trencats,
flor de glaç esventada pel vent,
per uns altres ulls que deleixen
el color dels teus ulls.

Plou a Gatwick
i els vidres humits desen carícies.
Silenciosament plou
un abandó d'ocells fugits cap a la llum.
Borroses planúries de fresca i núvols
desdibuixen remors de parets esblanqueïdes.
Està oberta la tornada a geografies de sang al sol:
un altre país, mobles blaus assabentats de la suor,
corba del somni estesa devers el blau remot.

A Gatwick la pluja llença gespa
a les cares que la creuen
per tornar a llunyanes ciutats de ferro,
per fils abrasats dibuixades.
A Gatwick, la pluja fa escruixir la boirina
predulant el primer oblitz
de les cares amuntegades damunt la teua cara.


GERMÀNICA: BERLIN 1979

S'ha nuvolat de colp i ha començat a ploure.
La pluja ens ha sobtat enmig del parc, després
d'haver eixit de veure el mausoleu de Schinkel.
Ens hem arrecerat sota el pòrtic d'una ala
del palau. També hi vénen alguns homes amb gossos i velletes que duen al cap bosses de plàstic.
Sota el xàfeg tremolen les extenses arbredes.
Ara aquí, com a Roma, ens omplí amb goig la pluja.
Ciutats velles d'Europa, acabades amb arbres,
matins de sol als parcs, aigües verdes profundes.
Berlín, ciutats estranyes, ara mortes i buides,
suburbis de la por, altre temps capital
de les corts europees. Flors per a Schinkel ara,
quan la ciutat que feu no existeix ja. Passeig
sota els til·lers, encara amb restes de metralla.
Al Vell Museu romanen ombres de creus gammades.
La Victòria Gran. Porta de Brandeburg.
Damunt el parc la pluja referma, com tardor.
Alguna gent se'n va corrent sobre la gespa.
Mirem la tranquil·lissima vesprada. Potser que,
si ha parat ja de ploure, tingam avui a Berlín
una posta de sol d'aquelles que li crema
a la ciutat les cases.

Recordaria encara
temps després com va ser de formosa la posta
de sol, amb tu a Berlín, d'aquell dia d'agost.


**DE RE AEDIFICATORIA**

[...] mai més lliure un aucell travessarà aquests aires [...]  
Joan MARAGALL

Per a l'Albert Sanchis, quan era el nostre mestre

1

Havíem fet vint anys i amb deler apreníem
que han de ser les escales espais buits on la llum
penetra a dolls i cau lliscant per les parets;
que el pas lent i calmat del carrer a la casa
per corredors de vidre portar l'esguard devia
a les vistes de fora: ocells, arbres, façanes;
que s'han de mesurar les estances amb cura
i posar al lloc just pilars, murs, xuntes, cornises;
que han de ser ferms i nets els traçats i els dibuixos
i aplomades i dretes arestes i trobadors;
rectes, angles i línies; llises, les superfícies.

Aprenguérem a usar amb mesura el color,
la corba, i amb prudència, fantasies i somnis.
Vam saber que la regla, l'ordre i la matemàtica
guien de l'arquitecte la mà i el pensament.

2

Que són els finestrals fonts de sol i celistia
sabérem, de frescor i de vent i paisatges,
que ens arriben ciutats amb carrers i comerços
quan mirem al través, persones que passegen
o que van a la feina, el brogit dels vehicles.
Vam saber que els volums s'han de retallar nets
i amb claredat en l'aire, com perfils d'una serra,
evitant la retòrica i les formes inútils.

Les tanques de l'espai sabran de ritme i mòdul,
d'igual forma i grandària les portes i finestres,
les bigues i els pilars, els pòrtics, els balcons,
multiplicació de nombres, buits i plens;
lleis del bon construir, geometria exacta.
Vam aprendre com eren de bells aquells suburbis
tot fent un bloc de pisos. Mar de la Malva-rosa.


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Errata
Please note the following corrections:

Rain at Gatwick
p. 42, line 8 panelings instead of panelling
     line 9 silent, instead of silent
     line 10 made instead of mad
     line 15 windows instead of window
p. 43, line 1 In instead of in
     line 3 Vague instead of vague
     line 3 fresh instead of frees
     line 5 return instead of returns
     line 8 throws instead of throw
     line 9 through instead of trough

De Re Aedificatoria
p. 44, line 18 house instead of House
p. 45, line 8 rhetoric instead of rethoric
     line 9 rhythm instead of rythm