

2004

mOthertongue Spring 2004 (Full Document)

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University of Massachusetts Amherst

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multitongue

A Multilingual Journal of the Arts



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Volume X

Spring '04

Founded in 1994

Editors: Rachel Vogel, Jennifer Lyons, Cristine Chambers, Antonella D'Eramo

Technical Assistance: Christopher Surico

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Published by
The Department of Comparative Literature
at
The University of Massachusetts at Amherst



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A Note From The Editors

Now in its 10th year of publishing, *mOthertongue* is still the only journal in the five-college area that provides a forum for students to express themselves in languages other than English. As always, this year's publication contains work in a variety of languages representing many cultures and experiences. Edited and designed by undergraduates, it provides the opportunity for members of the five-college community to share in the experience of language in artistic context.

As English becomes increasingly dominant as a universal communication, we are becoming deaf to the musicality and beauty of foreign languages, both in our immediate community, as well as the world. *mOthertongue* provides a voice and an ear to appreciate languages in its original and ever-changing form. By giving artists this forum and creating an environment where borders are an asset rather than a means to divide, we can perhaps better understand our differences and our commonalities.

We hope all will enjoy this year's edition. We encourage anyone to participate in next year's journal. Please contact *mOthertongue* at mOthertongue@email.com or through the Comparative Literature Department at 303 South College UMass, Amherst.

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Marcella Gajek

Fòclòir

Nìl fhìos agam, nìl fhìos agam ì cèn tèanga ag
tnùth.

As Bèarla tá na foclóir maolaigh nuair an spèir ag scriob an gaoth
Agus fág ì dhiaidh line aonair—
Fìor sèimh trì bhliana.

Dùirt sè Pàidì O'Sè, "Is ainmhithe iad fìr Cìarraì...
...sa leaba."

Anois is fìos agam cèn fáth.

Tá do chuimhne go-láidhìr, tá sè spreite ar mo leaba.

Tá sè mo blaincèad a ghlacadh chugat fèin.

Tá sè ag tomhais nòimèad ì mìlte agus is cuimhin liom,

Nìl an farraig ag mèanfach as Bèarla.

Words

I don't know, I don't know

What language to long in.

In English, the words die away when the sky scrapes
the wind

And leaves a thin line alone—
the horizon muted by years.

Paidi O'Se said, "Kerry men are animals... in bed."

Now I know why.

Your memory is so potent, it sprawls on my bed.

It hogs my blanket.

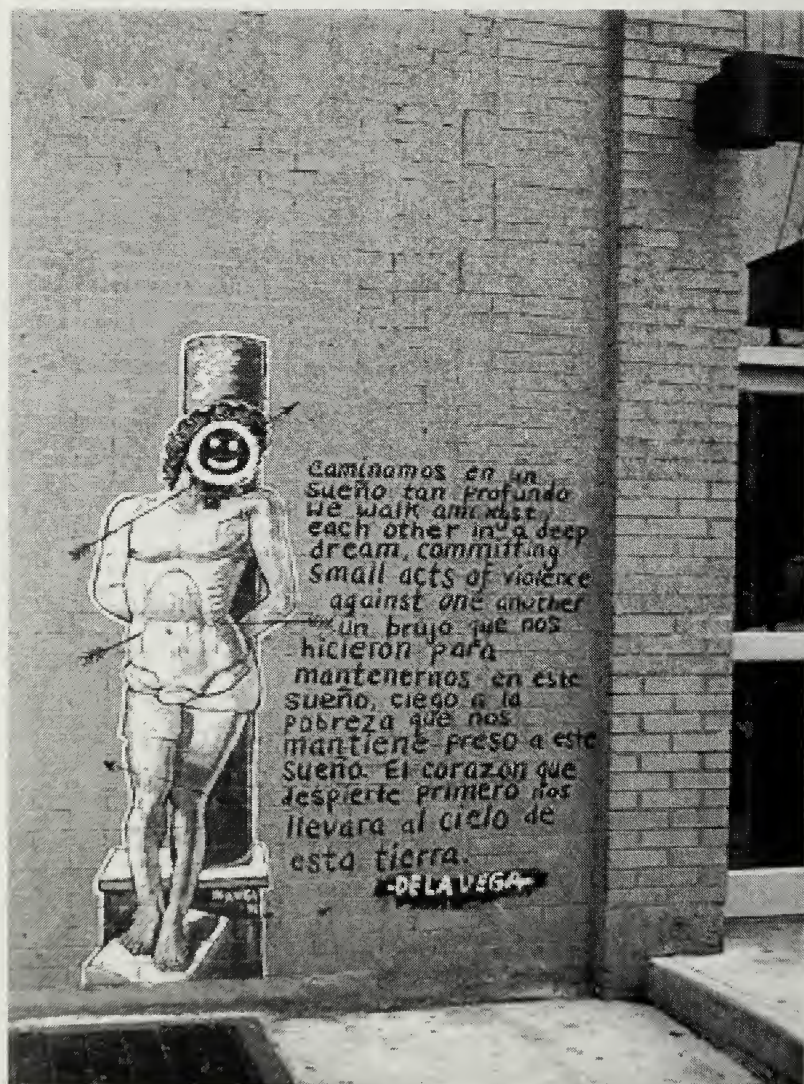
It measures miles out in moments until I remember

The sea doesn't yawn in English.

Jennifer Lyon

“Saint Sebastian”

Spanish Harlem, New York



Epi Arias

Yo, Chopin y tú, Serenidad

...y que manifiestas cierto misterio en mi pecho...
es aterronado, ficticio, y se encoge en mis vesículas.
escribirte es tocar un piano con teclas que parecen brazas de marfil.
y aun, me engatusas a escribirte,
y cultivas ramas muertas donde crece
el hierbaje de mi aliento.

arbitradora del Yin, confidente del Yang,
tu consuelo invisible extiende puentes
entre mis torres y mis alfiles
mi equis y mi O,
mis lágrimas y mi sudor
pecaminosa casi eres
en una galaxia de fragantes paradojas sin Biblia.

la materia gris que hondas entre tus sonrisas pícaras
son perseguidas por dimensiones de mí ser mientras,
aquí sentado, observo la gloria
de tu elocuencia penetrante.

mis manos son plumas de cuervo buscando
domingos sombríos de té de frambuesa y desmañadas contemplaciones.
destellos de luz y lluvias agudas, como astillas,
me perforan las mejillas mientras vas salpicando elegías
desde los mártires senderos que desconocidamente
dejas tras de ti.

el anhelo es vacío
y llenarte quiero,
con cálices de domadas pesadillas líquidas
y candelabros de rocío ardiente.
pero no debo alabarte-

no debo sublimar tu gracia,
porque, tal como a la humanidad,
tan solo me desmigajaría (como galletitas en tu boca)
ante el encanto de aloe vera
de tu atmósfera divina.

liberación de sino hallado,
tus ojos no son casualidad
porque conviertes Tártaro en Tien
y haces de mi Ilíada, un cuento de hadas-
con tus ojos...
tan solo con tus ojos.

te suprimo en mis arterias
pero explotas de mis dedos-
dejándome jugar entre racimos de acertijos
y anales de páginas amarillas.

quimeras procrean y resplandecen en tu presencia,
muñeca papelera de recicladas rosas.
a veces te confundo con una orquídea
a causa de la rareza de tu boca tormentosa
que cuelga de mi locura como una sentencia de siete años.

Siendo tu postura pedicelar tan melódica como un canto Gregoriano,
estarías dispuesta a compartir mi consonancia?

No respondas.

tu respuesta,
como paloma azul asfixiando el horizonte con su belleza,
sería una pregunta enmascarada en el laberinto de pétalos
que para ti he construído en el nido de mi estómago.
yo solicito tu oscuridad y chapoteos
de sol fragante sobre tu carita matutina.

fenómeno carnal, rui señor fosforescente,
libra mis dedos chamuscados
de las zancadas llameantes de tu piano.
por que como Berceuse...
tu silencio es tan hermoso.

I, Chopin, and You, Serenity

...that you create a mystery in my chest...
it's lumpy, fictitious, and contracts in my vesicles.
writing is playing a piano of embers that look like slices of ivory
and yet you make me write
and you cultivate dead vines
where the weeds of my breath grow.

arbitrator of yin, confider of yang,
your invisible solace bridges
my bishops and rooks,
my X's and O's,
my tears and sweat-
almost sinful you are
in a bibleless galaxy of aromatic paradoxes.

the gray matter you sling between your smiles
are chased by dimensions of me,
as I sit and observe the glory of your piercing eloquence.

my hands are raven feathers seeking dreary
Sundays of raspberry tea and awkward contemplations.
streaks of light and sharp rain
pierce my cheeks like splinters as you shower elegies
from the martyred paths you've unknowingly left behind you.

desire is empty
and I want to fill you
with chalices of docile, liquid nightmares
and candelabras of burning dew.
but I mustn't extol you-
I mustn't sublimate your grace,
for like humanity,
I would but crumble (like cookies in your mouth)
before the aloe Vera
enchantment of your haloed atmosphere,

deliverance of serendipity,
your eyes are no coincidence
because you make a Tien out of Tartarus,
and a fairytale of my Iliad-
with your eyes...
with just your eyes.

I suppress you in my arteries
but you explode from my fingers-
leaving me to fiddle through clusters of riddles
and annals of yellow pages.

chimeras procreate and glow in your presence,
paper doll of recycled roses-
at times I confuse you for an orchid
as the rarity of your tormenting mouth
clings to my insanity like a seven-year penance.

Since your pedicellate poise is as melodic as plainchant,
would you be willing to share my consonance?

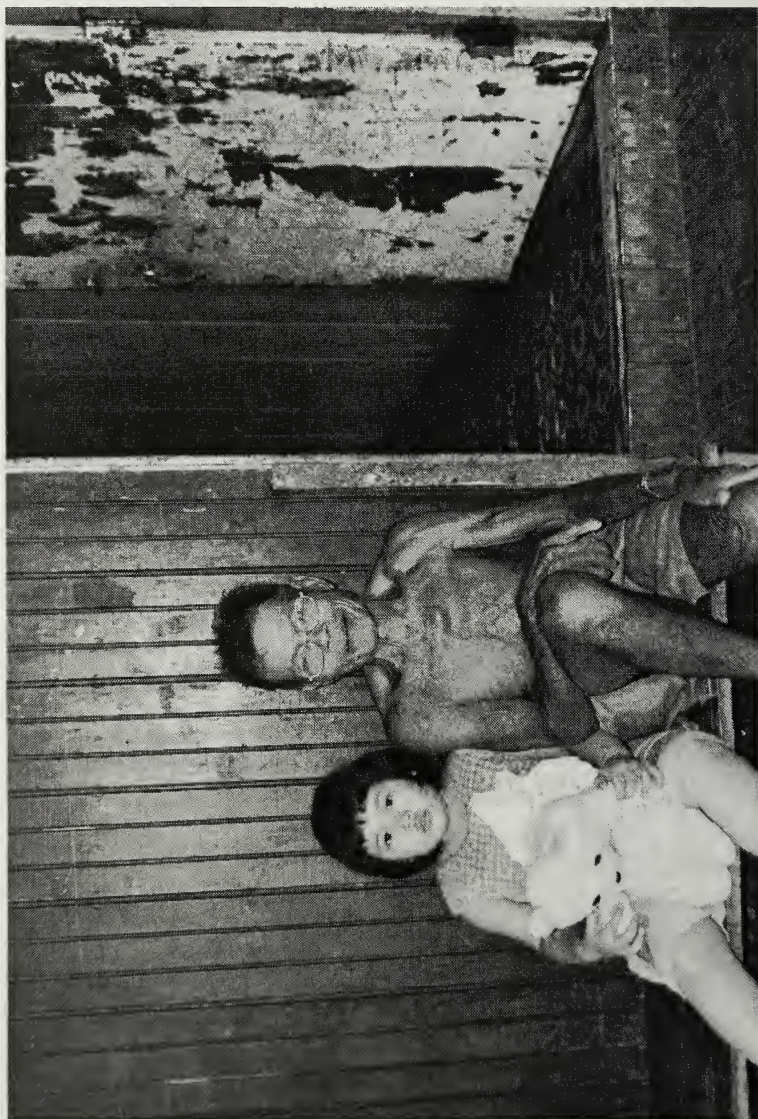
Don't reply.

your answer,
like a blue dove suffocating the horizon
with its beauty,
would be a masked question
in the labyrinth of petals that I've constructed
for you in the nest of my stomach.
I seek your darkness and splashes
of fragrant sunshine on your waking face.

Carnal phenomenon, fluorescent nightingale-
spare my charred fingers from that
flaming stride of your piano
because like Berceuse...
your silence is so beautiful.

Jonathan Clermont

**“A Difference in Generation”
Malaysia**



Xiaoqing Liu

覆盖

百合覆盖湖
桥覆盖水流

潮覆盖沙滩
停泊覆盖岸

种子覆盖土壤
翅膀覆盖天空

追寻覆盖疑问
语言覆盖沉默

梦覆盖夜
光覆盖晨

经验覆盖年龄
思想覆盖纸张

绿覆盖荒野
善覆盖惜蛭

鞘覆盖剑
丝覆盖织机

尘埃覆盖过往
改变覆盖最终

脚步覆盖道路
目光覆盖世界

对你的爱覆盖我整个的心灵

Cover

Lilies cover the lake
Bridges cover the current

Tides cover the shore
Moorings cover the harbor

Seeds cover the soil
Wings cover the sky

Seeking covers the query
Speaking covers the silence

Dreams cover the night
Glams cover the dawn

Experiences cover the age
Thoughts cover the page

Greenness covers the wilderness
Kindness covers savageness

Sheath covers the sword
Thread covers the loom

Dust covers the past
Changes cover the last

Footsteps cover the road
Eyes cover the world

The love for you covers my whole heart

Raquel Canales-López

Nuevacataluan

Mi vida entre tres ciudades
Mi lengua rota
entre tres verdades
que me dejan sin verdad.

Un dictador
Un imperio
Y un macharrán
Que me hacen volverme a inventar,

At the end so much love is overwhelming
So much love makes you
Hate.

Una vida,
tres ciudades
Un Picasso
Un Whitman
Y un Morel.

Me entierro
en el lugar del no ser
Para así sin ser
Ser todo a la vez...
Y me muero
Mientras con vitalidad abro esa clau
para al fin nunca ser
Dona de casa seva.

Nuevacataluan

**The original poem is written in Spanish, English and Catalanian. The presence of three languages is related to the theme. For pragmatic reasons, this is a literal translation to English.*

My life between three cities
My tongue split in three Truths
That leaves me without truth

A dictator
An empire
And a chau' pig
That makes me,
make me,
all over again.

At the end, so much love is overwhelming
So much love makes you
Want to Hate.

One life,
Three cities
One Picasso
One Whitman
And one Morel.

I entomb myself
In the place of not being
Therefore, I can be,
-with out being-
all at a time

with vitality, I open the key,
as I expire knowing,
I will never be
Lady of her own home.

Cristine Chambers

**“No War”
Venice, Italy**



Marcella Gajek

For My Teacher

Ladies and gentleman, constable, esteemed judges, I must say that it is a privelege to be here tonight accepting Ballyferriter's Best Arse Award. Just being nominated for this kind of award is an honour in itself, and actually winning it more than makes up for the molesting my arse has suffered through these past few days.

I'd like to thank my parents for their genetic contribution to my entry, all of the friends and family who have supported me over the years and especially the Guinness Company, official sponsors of my arse. I'd also like to thank my two giggling roommates. Without the two of them swooning at my whispered plan and agreeing to wake up at the signal and let me in the kitchen should the plan fail, I might not have had the guts to get out there and compete.

But most of all, I'd like to thank my teacher. She was the wind beneath my wings. She was the one who organized this Irish Language Academic Excursion to Ballyferriter, which inspired me to organize my own Academic Excursion to the pub. She was my guiding light, providing me with a curfew to break, taking the only key to bed with her, patting it under her pillow with assurance, while I slipped out thinking *Anois taim ag dul amach an fhuineog. Cen fath? Mar Bond is anom dom. James Bond.*¹

Ah yes. She taught me well. And her rules were sacred in their breaking, the holy dim light of An Teach tucking me into the arms of the boy I had snuck out to meet, reflavouring the barley drink entirely. And as for reflavouring, I like to think that it was this unsanctioned aspect of my field trip that heightened my senses towards the nuance of grammar. As in *Ta lonn leathair orm*².

¹ I'm going out the window. Why? Because the name is Bond. James Bond.

² I want sex.

As in that skipping stagger through the street, hand in hand with Sean Pol, the thought *Anois, taimid ina h'haonar le realtai sin agus bothar dubh seo*.¹

It was this ugly business of the curfew that tuned my spine to the drumming of the waves, the sound of his lips on mine, the taste of salt and moss and *Slan mo run*² whispered from the dorm window.

Unfortunately as I stand here tonight accepting this award, my arse is not in its best form. This morning, my teacher saw incriminating photos of the lock-in hanging up in the shopkeeper's window. Consequently, my arse received a great kicking up and down Main Street earlier today.

It saddens me to know that my teacher could not join us for tonight's award ceremony (due to the fact that she is busy failing me and having me banned from all future field trips), but I know in my heart that if she only knew just how much studying went on that night—*Piont Guinness eile, mas e do thoil e*³—she would approve. If she could only see the coaster where I wrote *Is fear gneasach e Sean Pol* ⁴ with no fada out of place, A+ and his phone number to commend it, then maybe she would realize just how much in keeping with UCC's great academic tradition this award really is.

On that note, I'd like to dedicate this award to my teacher. Though she may not appreciate its significance, it would not have been possible without her. So teacher, this arse really belongs to you.

*Go raibh maith agat*⁵.

³ Now we're alone with those stars and this black road.

⁴ Goodbye, my secret.

⁵ Another pint of Guinness please.

⁶ Sean Pol is a sexy man.

⁷ Thanks.

Lilian Feitosa

Vislumbres

para Kelvin (nasc. 9/3/02)

vislumbres de ternura

tua pele tão macia
teus cabelos finíssimos e esparsos,
palavras incompletas
sílabas tão preciosas

vislumbres de comoventes esforços

passos incertos e trôpegos
todo o esforço, resultando
em uma preciosa migalha
colhida do chão tão pródigo

vislumbres de infinito sentimento

ao olhar dentro de seus olhos
perdidos nos meus
quando – aconchegado a mim –
sôfregamente sugas o leite insubstituível

vislumbres de um sonho -

real por fim, e efêmero.
a consciência do tempo que passa
e que te leva inexoravelmente
para longe de mim
torna-se mais intensa
a cada dia que passa

eu sei que no momento

que eu terminar estas linhas

você já será menos meu e mais

um vislumbre do que virá a ser no futuro

Glimpses **for Kelvin (b. 3/9/02)**

glimpses of tenderness

your skin so soft
your hair so fine and sparse,
incomplete words
such precious syllables

glimpses of touching efforts

uncertain and stumbling steps
all the effort, resulting
in a precious crumb
harvested from the plentiful floor

glimpses of infinite sentiment

looking inside your eyes
lost in mine
when – snuggled in my arms –
you eagerly ‘drink’ the irreplaceable milk

glimpses of a dream –

real at last, and ephemeral.
the awareness of the time that passes
and that takes you inexorably
far away from me
becomes more intense
each day that goes by

I know that in the moment

I finish these lines

you’ll be less mine and more

a glimpse of what you’ll be in the future

estheR Cuesta

Conversando una noche sobre el poema “Reír llorando” de Juan de Dios Peza

Entre lágrimas y risas...

Es así que recuerdo
aquella poesía
que recitaba mi madre
después de almuerzo,
como prólogo a la siesta.

Sólo de ella la había oído
haciendo caras y muecas.
Sonrisas y pantomimas
describían lo invisible
que puede ser esta existencia.

Hoy,
entre boleros y vinos
tu sudor azteca me cobija.
Y de tu voz hombría
viene el más bello recuerdo
de los días que reía y lloraba
como niña
cuando era niña.

¿Cómo sabes de esta poesía?

—Mi mamá también la recitaba.

Conversation One Night on the Poem “Laughing while Crying” by Juan de Dios Peza

Amid tears and laughter...

I remember
The poem
My mother would recite
After lunch
As prologue to her siesta.

I had heard it only from her
Making all kinds of faces.
Smiles and pantomimes
Describing how unlivable
This existence can be.

Today,
Amid boleros and wine
Your Aztec sweat gives me shelter.
And from your manly voice
Comes the dearest reminiscence
Of the days I laughed and cried
Like a child
When I was a child.

“How did you learn about this poem?
“My mom also knew it by heart.”

Sharon Paice MacLeod

Ainimm-Eólchaire

Saigim in n-insi sciathánach
arísi, 's gáeth glas ceódach
Foluigi m'anim aníar anall
Anís clocha gela ceólach.

Labraitir na h-uisci dom
'S ro-cluiniur in son síde
Ro-fetar maith ind áitt-siu nóib
'S na scéla sinserda fíra.

Ad-ciu serrach forsin tracht
Nom-berthar and, co cridiu-bláth
A h-anál argat i niuil milsi
Ní aisling, guidim, ní scáth.

I luing umae, do-tíag óendis
Do-biur dánu (mo senchassom fadéin)
Ibiu ón loch ocus ad-ciu íarum
Noí mná rundae, ro-amrae 's ro-féith.

Foilsigid mo delba, a rígni aidche -
Am gréine 's rétla, éisce 's torann;
A-t-chiid! Cana inna dúili i mbethaid!
Am aball 's aiteann 's daur indossa.

Do tuitim i teimel, do-fuismiu mé
I tír ildathach maissiu oldó
Nom-derntar i broinn coire mór inna ndée
Ó nathraigaib, fruích ocus bréo.

Soul-Longing

I seek the winged isle
Once more, and a green-grey misty wind
Engulfs my soul from the west, from beyond,
From beneath bright melodious stones.

The waters speak to me,
And I hear the sound of peace
It's well I know this sacred place
And the true ancestral stories.

I see a colt upon the shore
I am carried there, with blossoming heart
Its silver breath in sweet clouds
No dream, I pray, nor shadow.

In a ship of copper, I come alone
I bring gifts (my own tradition)
I drink from the lake and then I see
Nine mysterious women, most wonderful and calm.

Reveal my forms, O Queens of Night –
I am sun and star, moon and thunder;
Watch! I will sing the elements into being!
Now I am apple tree, gorse and oak

I fall into darkness, I create myself
In a many-coloured land more beautiful than I
I am made in the belly of the great cauldron of the Gods
From serpents and heather and flame.

Jonathan Clermont

**“A Game of Stones”
Malaysia**



Lilian Feitosa

Bilíngüe

I

Não consigo mais escrever na minha própria língua
As palavras me fogem
somem diante dos meus olhos
estatelados no chão

A OUTRA língua é mais poderosa,
demanda toda a minha atenção
Desmonta a estrutura do meu cérebro
e se insere em cada canto e buraco,
por menores que sejam

Nem pensar mais nela é fácil
As idéias tornam-se intrusas, pois não vêm mais na língua que
costumava ser minha

Bewilderment, confusão...

Sentimento de que algo tão precioso,
Outrora profundo, está se esvaindo do meu ser

E me deixando... vazia da minha língua materna
Mas – bilíngüe?

II

Pensar em português é tão estranho!

As palavras não vêm mais à tona perdidas no turbilhão de pensamentos em inglês que rondam a minha mente.

Se vêm, trazem um sentimento de
inconsolável distância
memórias irrecuperáveis
cheiros esquecidos
cores e brisas agora estranhos

Mas parece que elas nem querem mais vir

Talvez recusam-se à humilhação de estarem sendo relegadas a um lugar secundário na minha vida.

E eu, que achava que poesia pra mim seria somente em português...

Agora não é mais em língua nenhuma...

Não tenho mais palavras....

nem língua

Bilingual

I

I cannot write in my own language anymore
The words escape me
flee before my eyes
staring at the floor

The OTHER language is more powerful now,
demanding my full attention
It dismantles my brain's structure
and hides in every nook and cranny
no matter how tiny

Not even thinking in it is easy anymore
The ideas become intruders; they don't come in the language that used
to be mine

Bewilderment, confusão...

A feeling that something precious,
No longer deep, is evading my being

And leaving me... empty of my mother tongue
Bilingual, though?

II

It feels so strange to think in Portuguese!
The words don't come anymore lost in
the whirlwind of thoughts in English in my mind.

If they do, they bring along a feeling of
inconsolable distance
irrecoverable memories
forgotten smells
colors and breezes now estranged from me

It seems, though, that they don't even want to come
Perhaps refusing the humiliation of being
relegated to a secondary place in my life.

And I, who thought that poetry for me would be only in Portuguese...
Now, it's not in any language anymore...
I am wordless...
tongueless

Peter Slate

Sans Titre

Un jour, en me promenant,
Je me suis trouvé soudainement
Entouré par des petites carrés jaunes de
Papier coupés à la hâte, sur lesquelles,
Un message curieux, dans une écriture calme et sincère,
Peut-être comme celle d'une carte de remerciement,
A été écrit:

Some days one feels so alone.

Il y des jours où on se sent si seul,

Et "si seul" a été soulignée
Deux fois avec des touches
Rapides et, je croyais, méchantes

Plus je marchais,
Plus je voyais les petites carrés jaunes de
Papier coupés à la hâte, sur lesquelles,
A été écrit,
Ce message curieux, comme une menace,
Non une carte de remerciement,
En tas dorés pâles
A mes pieds et plus en bas et
Même à mes mains.

Qui ferait une telle chose

Ai-je pensé, et me suis tourné,
Cherchant quelqu'un qui les a vus aussi,
Les sourcils haussés ou même un sourire, et
Un jour, ce jour-ci, en me promenant,
Je me suis soudainement trouvé seul.

Untitled

One day, while walking, I
Suddenly found that I was
Surrounded by small, yellow squares of
Hastily cut paper, on which a
Curious message, in a calm and sincere script,
Perhaps like that of a thank you-note,
Had been written:

Il y a des jours où on se sent si seul,
It read.

Some days one feels so alone.

And so alone had been underlined
Twice with two swift and,
I thought,
Malicious strokes.

The more I walked
The more I saw the small, yellow squares of
Hastily cut paper, on which this
Curious message, like a threat,
Not a thank you-note,
Had been written,
Laying in pale golden piles
At my feet and further down and
Even by my hands.

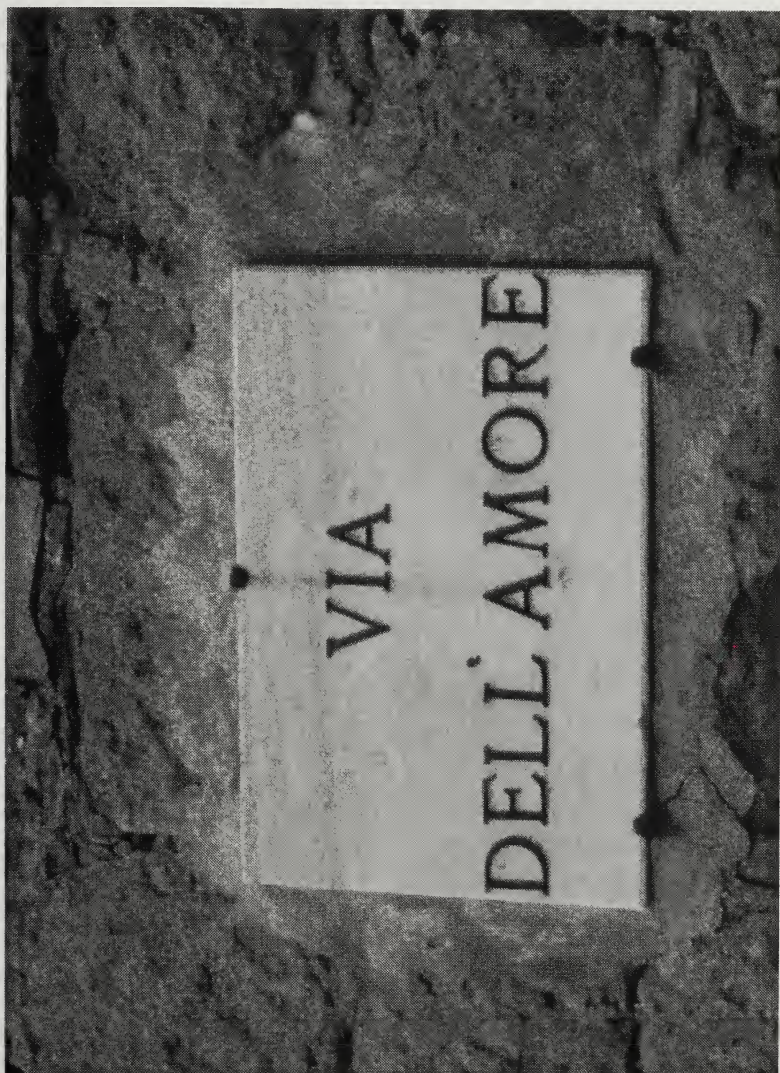
Who would do such a thing

I thought, and turned around,
Looking for someone who saw it too,
Raised brows or even a smile, and
One day, while walking, I
Suddenly found that I was alone.

Cristine Chambers

“Street of Love”

Italy



Jacob Carter

Resaca

La mirada de un ojo sensual
me capta por un momento
reciclada y maltratada
partida por la mitad y aleteando en el viento
granos de la arena entre los pies
y desesperación entre las piernas
quedándose en las sombras
en los rincones o en edificios de cemento destartalados
desmigajada, erosionada, curtida
desquerida pero valiosa
sin protección ante los elementos de la calle
y ante miradas
como la mía.

Prefiere la noche y la libertad
entra y sale por las puertas de los coches
y entra y sale de la conciencia
sus curvas son la costa
la marea sus visitantes
cálidos y salados
difíciles de mantener
agarrándose de cualquier cosa
arrastradas por la resaca
y abandonados en la orilla
tosiendo piel y hueso
y sangre y arena
esperando el cambio
de la marea.

Resaca

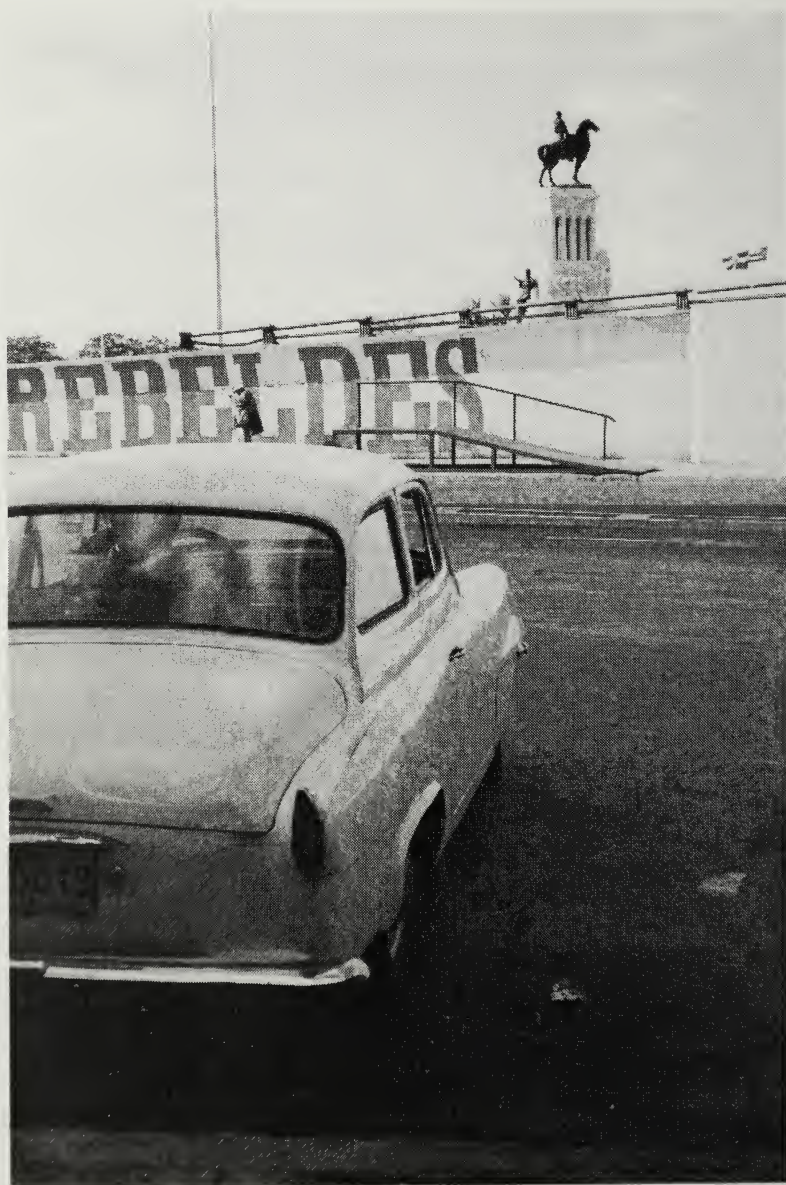
The look of a sensuous eye
captures me for a moment
recycled and abused
torn in half and left flapping in the wind
grains of sand between feet
and despair between legs
staying in the shade
in the corners or in rundown cement buildings
crumbling, eroding, weathered
unwanted but valuable
exposed to the elements of the street
and to looks
such as mine.

Preferring the night and freedom
passing in and out of car doors
and in and out of consciousness
her curves are the coast
the tide her visitors
warm and salty
hard to hold on to
grasping at anything
but swept away in the undertow
and left on shore
coughing up skin and bone
and blood and sand
waiting for the turn
of the tide.

Ren Fuller-Wasserman

“Rebeldes”

La Havana, Cuba



Biographies

Epi Arias was born in Brooklyn, NY and raised in Lawrence, MA. He is currently a Comparative Literature and BDIC Filmmaking major at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. He enjoys long walks on the beach, candlelight dinners, foot massages at sunset, and tall, dark, handsome mysterious strangers. He enjoys sarcasm.

estheR Cuesta, a native of Guayaquil, the economic capital of Ecuador, self-exiled to New York City at the age of 19. After waiting on tables, making delicious chocolate martinis, and typing thousands of boring letters, she figured college wasn't such a bad idea. She's now finishing her M.A. in Comparative Literature and plans to join an M.F.A. Program this fall 2004 (most likely in a place warmer than New England!!). estheR is co-founding a non-profit organization to help Ecuadorian children have the very basic things to be able to function in school, things many lack now: breakfast, pencils, paper, books. estheR will be glad to provide anyone who may be interested with more information about this project and how you may help. Please contact her at esthercita108@yahoo.com

Jacob Carter is a senior at UMass. He is a Spanish and Comparative Literature double major and this is his first published work. He wrote this poem in San Pedro de Macorís, Dominican Republic in January 2004.

Lilian P. W. Feitosa is a doctoral student in the Comparative Literature department at UMass. She grew up in Brazil, and her interests include Brazilian literature and music, children's literature, and translation. She's currently working on her dissertation, enjoying being a mother of a young boy and looking forward to welcoming another one soon.

Marcella Gajek writes novels that no one will ever read because she is too lazy to edit them properly. She is a comparative literature major at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. She has lived in strange and exotic countries such as Poland, Ireland, the U.K., and Alabama, but considers New York her real home.

Peter Slate is a senior double majoring in Comparative Literature and French. His favorite authors are Toni Morrison, Amelie Nothomb, and Colette. This is his first published piece.

Raquel-Rachel Canales-López is a Puerto Rican-Catalonian writer that was born in Salamanca, Spain in 1974. She grew-up in New England, USA, and Puerto Rico. She earns a BA in English Literature and Spanish Studies from the Universidad de Puerto Rico, Rio Piedras. Her actual place of residence is Amherst- Massachusetts where she is a student in the Hispanic Literature and Linguistics Graduate Program.

Sharon Paice MacLeod is a Canadian writer and teacher of Scottish, Irish and British ancestry. She has studied Old Irish, Scottish Gaelic and Celtic Literature through Harvard University, where she has presented and published a number of research papers on Celtic mythology and folklore. Sharon is an accomplished singer and musician who performs with Devandaurae and previously with The Moors, whose 1998 release won Best CD of the Year in Boston (Noise Mag.) with airplay in the U.S., Canada, Europe and Middle East. Her first book will be published in winter of 2004/2005. She lives in the Amherst area and teaches workshops on Celtic mythology and religion, shamanism, and Irish, Scottish and Welsh literary traditions.

Xiaoqing Liu, is completing a graduate program in translation of Comparative Literature at the University of Massachusetts. She comes from China, and currently she has more than ten essays published in Chinese journals and newspapers. During her leisure, she likes spending time with her friends, seeing movies, reading and writing.



University of
Massachusetts
Amherst

L I B R A R Y



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