

OREAD

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION

Winter 2021



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**A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE
IN TRANSLATION**

Published by OREAD Poetry Magazine Ltd.

Managing Editor: Antonio D'Alfonso

Managing Editor: Stephen Bett

Circulation manager: Bernard Gastel

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Oread is published four times a year in Victoria, BC. Back issues are available at \$11.00. A one-year subscription is \$30.00. Please send a cheque payable to

Oread.

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Victoria, B.C. V8V 3R8

Canada

phone & fax: (778) 350-0883

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Printed in Canada

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Paul Bélanger

Translation by Antonio D'Alfonso

from Fernando Pessoa in Montreal

Le Passeur du Palais des ombres

*

Comme je n'avais rien pour écrire, j'ai demandé à la femme de chambre qu'elle m'apporte un cahier. Mais que vais-je raconter, tant il semble que je suis vide? Pourquoi faudrait-il raconter? Je n'ai jamais pensé qu'il faille raconter pour écrire. Raconter quoi, à la fin: le récit de sa propre naissance? L'écriture n'a pour but que son combat pour naître. Le plus souvent la naissance est ratée. Ce ratage constitue l'essentiel. Écrire demeure le but ultime.

The Interloper from the Palace of Shadows

*

As I had nothing to write with, I asked the chambermaid to bring me a notebook. But what am I going to write, as I feel so empty? Why should I write? I have never thought that you have to tell a story to write. To tell what, in the end: the story of one's own birth? The purpose of writing is only its struggle to be born. Most of the time the birth is failed. This failure constitutes the essential. Writing remains the ultimate goal.

*

Je suis parti de Lisbonne par inadvertance sur un bateau de fret qui cachait de l'opium. Je l'ignorais au moment de monter. Je ne savais même pas que j'en étais le passager. De sorte que j'ai fait une traversée des plus opiacées. Je m'en remets à peine. J'ai habité, durant plusieurs jours, cette sensation du ronronnement infini de l'immobilité. J'ai plongé tel un Faust nouveau, lavé et salé par la mer, vers l'ombre de mon inconnaissance. Les heures qui heurtaient le navire passaient aussi dans mon corps.

*

I inadvertently left Lisbon on a cargo ship that was hiding opium. I didn't know it when I got on board. I did not even know I was a passenger. So I had the most opiate-filled trip. I am slowly coming out of the haze. For several days, I lived in this sensation of the infinite hum of immobility. Like a reborn Faust, washed and salted by the sea, I plunged into the shadow of my unknowing. The hours that splashed against the ship also splashed against my body.

*

L'opium m'a jeté dans une série de sensations: j'ai voyagé pendant des années dans l'Himalaya tibétain que tout homme a connu; j'ai longé les côtes californiennes jusqu'à l'Alaska et suis passé de la blonde chaleur du sable à la blancheur glacée des roches anciennes ; je fus nègre et roi de la fraude et de la tromperie. L'humanité entière battait dans mon corps comme le cœur du navire butait contre les vagues tout en pompant le mazout qui circulait dans ses cales. Je fus tout et si peu ; à la fin, je n'étais plus qu'un amas grinçant de rouille.

*

Opium threw me into a series of sensations: I traveled for years in the Tibetan Himalayas that every man has known; I went from the blond heat of the sand to the icy whiteness of the ancient rocks; I was both slave and king of fraud and deceit. The whole of humanity throbbed in my body as the heart of the ship throbbed against the waves while spewing fuel oil that rushed in its holds. I was everything and so little; in the end, I was nothing more than a noisy pile of rust.

*

L'objet même de la sensation m'échappe et je ne parviens pas à demeurer lucide au milieu de ce qui m'aveugle ou me jette dans le noir. Des ombres exigent leur voix. J'en entends une de jadis, fossile. En voici une autre sans mots que je dois écouter. Je dois les identifier, aussi nombreuses soient-elles, une à une, sans me préoccuper de l'ensemble. Ce moment à Montréal permet d'éprouver ma vie différemment. Toute la terre paraît muette à jamais.

*

The very object of the sensation escapes me, and I do not manage to remain lucid in the middle of what blinds me or throws me in the dark. Shadows demand their voices. I can make out one from long ago, a fossil. Here is another voice, without words, that I must listen to. I must identify each one of them, as numerous as they are, without worrying about the whole. This moment in Montreal allows me to experience my life differently. The earth in its entirety seems silent for keeps.

*

Les départs ne font pas de nous des étrangers. L'étrange fonde la pensée. Me voici dans une ville que je n'ai pas choisie (en avais-je seulement entendu parler?), qui n'a assisté à aucune des circonstances de ma vie (toutes à Lisbonne). Peut-être l'ai-je déjà ressenti comme sensation?

*

Departures do not make us strangers. What is strange is the foundation of thought. Here I am in a city that I did not choose (had I ever heard of it?), that has not attended any incident in my life (all in Lisbon). Perhaps I have already felt it as a sensation?

*

La voix suggère. Je ne vois pas quoi. Je ne dis pas cela au sens psychologique. On dirait la métaphore d'une autre métaphore tout à fait incertaine. C'est à peine une lueur, comme retenue dans une glace ardente.

Il faudra que j'en parle à mon ami Reis. Après tout, il est Américain. Il pourra peut-être me renseigner.

*

The voice suggests. I do not hear what. I do not mean this in the psychological sense. It sounds like the metaphor of another metaphor, quite uncertain. It is barely a glimmer, as if held in a fiery mirror.

I will have to mention this to my friend, Reis. After all, he is American. Maybe he can help me understand.

*

Regarder passer le temps. Drôle d'expression. C'est ce que je fais. Rien d'autre à faire, étant donné ma fatigue. Regarder le temps comporte une certaine élégance.

Je suis aux prises avec l'intelligence du feu. J'habite une chambre à transfigurations.

« Maison d'être », ai-je entendu — car je suis, de toujours et à jamais, l'homme qui manque au monde. Rien de ce qui a été vécu, se vit et se vivra n'échappe à ma pensée.

Même si je reste effacé de mon temps, cela ne fait pas de différence, c'est une ombre portée sur le destin. L'écriture à la responsabilité d'en ériger la présence, de renverser le corps pour l'ouvrir aux voix sans forme. Et qui parle ici ?

Les formules du poète, nous les entendons, mais que révèlent-elles ? Même fausses, l'essentiel n'est pas là, car elles s'opposent encore à la vérité. Une indifférence relative m'a permis d'écrire.

Je me suis enfoncé dans mon propre voyage et j'ai franchi les portes du temps. Sur le chemin, j'ai expiré cette page lui étant destinée.

*

Watching time fly by. Weird expression. That's what I do. Nothing else to do, given how exhausted I am. Watching time has a certain elegance.

I am baffled by the intelligence of fire. I live in a room of transfigurations.

“The house of being,” I heard it said — because I am, always and forever, the man who is absent to the world. Not a thing that has been experienced, is experienced, and will be experienced, escapes my thought.

Though I remain erased from my time, it makes no difference, this is a shadow cast on destiny. Writing has the responsibility of erecting its presence, of turning the body inside out, enabling it to welcome voices without form. Who speaks here?

The poet's formulas, we hear them, but what do they reveal? Even when false, the essential is not there, because they stand opposite to truth. A relative indifference allowed me to write.

I forged ahead in this journey of mine, and crossed over the gates of time. On the way, I breathed out this page intended for itself.

*

J'étais las de ma fatigue en entrant dans la chambre, le corps lourd. J'ai dormi vingt-quatre heures sans discontinuer, me levant de temps a autre et péniblement pour me laver. Ai-je rêvé cette ville aux cent clochers ? Dehors, une brume tiède recouvre tout.

Quel rôle ce cahier joue-t-il ? Qui est arrive par les mains de la femme de chambre.

Moi qui aime me perdre dans la brume, j'y resterai jusqu'au départ du bateau (pour ne plus entendre la voix glacée ?). Je peux rester là, observer, continuer d'être. Celui qui regarde le monde l'éprouve, l'écoute et le nomme.

J'aimerais descendre jusqu'au fleuve. Les fleuves sont la respiration des villes. Le Tage est tortueux et brun, le Saint-Laurent est gris. Son courant draine de larges rêves.

*

I was tired of my fatigue when I entered the room, my body heavy. I slept for twenty-four hours without interruption, getting up from time to time to wash myself. Did I dream this city of a hundred steeples? Outside, a warm mist covers everything.

What role does this notebook play? Which arrived in the hands of the chambermaid.

I, who like to lose myself in the mist, will stay there until the departure of the boat (so as not to hear the icy voice anymore?). I can stay there, observe, continue to be. The one who looks at the world tests it, listens to it, and names it.

I would like to go down to the river. Rivers are the breath of cities. The Tagus is tortuous and brown; the St. Lawrence is gray. Its current drains the active fancy.

*

Tunnel blanc ce matin, apathie des membres, sensations gelées, mes jambes sont dures. Il y a un germe de parole, mais il reste sourd, comme un filet de voix tapie dans l'obscurité, voulant émerger à la fin, expirant plutôt dans un grommèlement. Des silhouettes bleues. C'est une journée polaire, propre à l'étrange. Le bateau, à ce que m'a rapporté un marin, affrétera bientôt. Nous risquons de rester coincés, sinon.

Ça me fait penser aux récits du Grand Nord illustrés d'images terribles : tempêtes blanches, marins mourants. Toutefois, l'idée de voir le fleuve glacé m'enchante. J'en ressens une curieuse inquiétude.

Tout ce temps éloigné de ma mansarde, avec sa faune de personnages qui m'attendent dans la blancheur des pages. Il faudra retourner d'abord dans l'antre de la bête, éprouver de nouveau la douleur de son mouvement.

Mes muscles ont conservé le vertige du voyage ou j'ai échangé avec des oiseaux, des ours, tandis qu'aujourd'hui mes yeux découvrent le mur gris-rose de cette chambre.

*

This morning, white tunnel, apathy of limbs, sensation of the cold, my legs are stiff. There is the seed of speech, but it remains deaf, like a thread of voice lurking in the darkness, wanting to emerge at the end, expiring rather in a grumble. Blue silhouettes. It is a polar day, proper to strangeness. The boat, from what a sailor told me, will charter soon. We risk getting stuck, otherwise.

It makes me think of tales about the Arctic North, full of terrible images: snow storms, dying sailors. However, the idea of seeing the frozen river enchants me. A strange feeling of anxiety inhabits me.

All this time away from my garret, with its fauna of characters who wait for me on the whiteness of the pages. But first it will be necessary to return in the den of the beast, and test again the pain of its movement.

My muscles remember the vertigo of the trip when I exchanged with birds and bears, while today my eyes discover the pink grayness wall of this room.

From Revealed in Translation
Edited by Antonio D'Alfonso

Daphnée Azoulay

L'étranger s'insère sous les branches
Les yeux fermés
S'étire à l'aube
Appeler la famille
Venue se cacher
Épinglée sur les feuilles
À discuter dans la cuisine détruite
La ruelle près de l'arrêt
En train d'épaissir
La vie est souffrance de tous les côtés

The stranger positioned beneath the limbs
With eyes closed
Stretching out towards the dawn
Calling out for family
Coming to be hidden
Pressed to the leaves
Up for discussion in the destroyed mess
The alleyway near the stop
Growing thicker
Life is suffering from all directions

Alison Bowie

A drifter sitting underneath the branches
Eyes closed
Stretching out till dawn
Gather the folks
Came to hide
Pinned on the leaves
Discourse in the wrecked kitchen
The alley before the bus stop
Growing thick

William Kollin

The unknown tucks in under branches
Eyes shut
Stretches out until dawn
Called the family
They came and hid
Fixed on papers
Argued in the fractured kitchen
The alley next to the stop
Thickening
Suffering is life and life is suffering

Luke Major

The stranger slips under the branches
Eyes closed shut
Stretches at dawn
Calls out to family
Come to hide
Pinned on the leaves
To discuss in the demolished kitchen
Alleyway passes by the stop
Getting thicker
Life is suffering from all sides

Claude Ouellet

The outsider slips between the branches
Eyes shut
Until dawn
A call to loved ones
Come to hide
Prone against the leaves
Discussing in the kitchen's ghost
The alleyway next to the bus stop
Ever-growing
Life is torment, we are cornered

Jared Shamrock

Germaine Beaulieu

ne faudrait-il pas gracier
les vivants de leur existence
laisser l'espace vacant

sommeil cataleptique

enfin l'âme à sa place
objet de l'au-delà

quelle délivrance

should the living not
be pardoned for their existence
leave the space vacant

cataleptic slumber

finally the soul in its place
objet of the beyond

utter liberation

Ellie Chu

is it not necessary to absolve
the living for their existence
leave the unfilled expanse

cataleptic slumber

finally the spirit in its place
matter of the beyond

o what release

Alison Bowie

instead shouldn't we liberate
the living from their breathing
disconnect shallow breath

asleep fixed seized

spirit's path found at last
beyond belonging

what lifelessness

Cristina Flores

Shouldn't we pardon
The living of their existence
Leaving empty space
Cataleptic slumber
Finally the soul in its place
Purpose of the afterlife
What a relief

William Kollin

should we not pardon
the living of their existence
naught remain but emptiness

cataleptic sleep

the soul finds its place at last
subject of the beyond

final liberation

Sebastián Hernández Moya

shouldn't we forgive
the living their existence
leave the space vacant

cataplectic sleep

finally love has its place
in the hereafter

what a relief

Niki Lambros

should we not excuse
the living of their concreteness
to leave space

deepest sleep

that piece of the far beyond
the soul is finally home

great release

Luke Major

should we not pardon
the living for existing
leaving hollow space

cataleptic slumber

at last the soul where it belongs
a piece of what's beyond

complete liberation

Kelly Oliel

would it not be best to pardon
the living for their existence
leaving the space vacant

cataleptic dormancy

the soul at last in its place
object of the hereafter

what liberation

Pavin Parmar

shouldn't we pardon
the living of their existence
leave the space vacant

cataleptic sleep

finally, the soul has its space
object of other-worldliness

what deliverance

Claude Ouellet

why not absolve
the living from existence
clear ground

cataleptic sleep

pith of the hereafter
the soul is home at last

released

Susannah Rubin

ought the living not
be acquitted of their existence
and space relinquished

cataleptic arms of Morpheus

the soul at last in its place
cog of eternity

absolution

Jared Shamrock

shouldn't we overturn
these life sentences
and free up the cells

insentient sleep

the soul freed at last
to rise above

exoneration

Jill Varley

why can't we release
the living from living
free up the space

deepest of sleep

and the soul back where it belongs
above, beyond

what grace

Frances Pope

Philippe Haecck

Une Feuille Bleue

J'ai un père avec un visage de cafetière cabossée. Il est un peu vieux : ses yeux tout petits sont comme tristes. Non, dit-il, regarde-les un peu plus longtemps. Et c'est vrai : quelque chose rit dans le brun de ses yeux. Souvent le soir, assis sur une petite chaise, la main caressant sa barbe, il lit des poèmes ; il dit que ça aide ses yeux à briller. Parfois il dessine ou m'écrit de petites lettres. Je ne comprends pas tout, mais je suis content quand sous mon oreiller il y a une feuille bleue pliée en quatre.

Feeling in Blue

My father's face a bent-up Buick. He is mildly old, with eyes child-size, sad. No, he says, look into them and take your time this time. Truth: there is laughter in the brown of his eyes. Most nights, while sitting on a small chair, his hand caressing his beard, he reads poems; says it feeds the spark in his eyes. Sometimes he draws or writes me short letters. I don't always understand, but I'm happy to find under my pillow a feeling in blue the four-fold way.

Cristina Flores

A Page of Blue

My father has the face of a battered coffee pot. He is a bit old: his small eyes are a little sad. No, says he, look at them a little longer. Very true: something is sparkling with laughter, in his brown eyes. Often in the evening, sitting on a little chair and stroking his beard, he would read poetry; he says it helps his eyes to sparkle. Sometimes he draws or writes me short letters. I do not understand everything completely, but I am happy when I find, under my pillow and folded in four, a page of blue.

Claude Ouellet

Blue Pages

My father has a face that resembles a dented coffeepot. He's a bit old: there's a sadness of sorts in his tiny eyes. "No," he says, "look into them a little longer." And it's true: there's a kind of laughter in the brown of his irises. In the evening, sitting in his little chair, stroking his beard, he often reads poetry; he says it helps his eyes to shine. Sometimes he draws or writes me little letters. I don't always understand everything, but it brings me joy when I find one of those blue pages folded in four under my pillow.

Jared Shamrock

Benoît Jutras

Je combats par ma sueur mon idée de personne
c'est écrit c'est mon ventre
poussé jusqu'à moi comme un roc
de rhapsode en long jeûne c'est écrit
je grave des jugements de foi sur mon dos
de cette nuit je suis l'aliment
mes dix bras faits pour sauver
la faiblesse qui me fait.

I fight my match with my sweat
it is written it is my stomach
pushed into me like a rock
for a rhapsody in hunger it is written
I carve faith's judgements on my back
for this night I am the food
my ten arms made for saving
the weakness that is me

Ellie Chu

I fight my idea of being by the sweat of my brow
it's written within me
a weight I carry like a rock
of a starving rhapsode it is written
I carve judgments of faith on my back
I nourish this night
my ten arms made to protect
the weakness from which I have spawned

Sebastián Hernández Moya

In a pyretic state I search for my identity
meant to be, the feel in my gut
like a rock being pushed to me
from rhapsodist on a long fast, meant to be
faith judgments inked on my back
from that night I am the nourishment
my ten arms made to save
the weakness which shapes me.

William Kollin

I fight my grasp of identity with beads of sweat
it is written it is my insides
a boulder crushing me
about starving artists it is written
these beliefs are tattooed on my back
i am food for the night
my ten arms made to rescue
the weakness that i am.

Luke Major

Fevered I battle the nameless impression
written in my gut
rolling toward me like a boulder
a fasting rhapsodist writing
I etch verdicts on my back
in the jaws of night
with ten arms releasing
the dismal frailty of my design.

Susannah Rubin

Marcel Labine

Restes de la Bibliothèque

l'odeur fumée du papier des milliers des millions
des pages sans autre horizon que le carbone aux narines
racornies bûcher de cèdre pulpe à l'agonie Dewey
l'inclassable Babel le savoir répandu sur le parquet
comme les cendres à l'amorce d'un jeûne l'humiliation
publique la nomenclature et la peine maximale feu

What Remains of the Library

the smoky smell of a thousand million papers
pages with no horizon but a nose of charcoal burnt
woodshed of shrivelled cedar pulp to torture Dewey
knowledge of Babel strewn meaningless on the floor
humiliating initiation into our common future of ash
the maximum public sentence of death by fire

Niki Lambros

What Is Left of the Library - The Remains

The smoky smell of paper thousands, millions
of pages with nothing on the lookout but carbon in nostrils
hardened funeral pyre of cedar pulp Dewey's agony
equivocal Babel knowledge spread out on the floor
as ashes begin a humiliating fast publicly
a list of words given the maximum sentence of fire

Claude Ouellet

Remains of the Library

Smouldering paper smell of those many million
pages with no other horizon but carbon noses
bone-dry cedar pulp shed folding Dewey
the unclassifiable Babel on the floor a mess of knowledge
like fresh ashes after a long fast disgraced
for the crowd catalogued and admonished by fire

Susannah Rubin

Dominique Lauzon

Dans la fluide lumière de ta présence
j'accepte de plonger
pour épurer les silences
des rumeurs ininterrompues
qui biaisaient l'interprétation
des nombreux aphorismes
J'hésite à l'orée de cet univers
aux degrés variables selon l'angle du cœur
— là où rien n'a de nom encore
et rien ne fait jamais
que commencer

In the radiance of your presence
I take the plunge
to purge the silences
of the unceasing rumours
that skew the interpretation
of numerous aphorisms
I hesitate at the edge of this universe
Swaying to and fro per my wavering heart
— a place where naught has yet a name
and naught is ever done
but to begin

Ellie Chu

In the flow of your luminous presence
I agree to plunge
to distill the silence
of the continuous rumours
that taint interpretation
with many aphorisms
I ponder at the edge of this Universe
unceasingly following my heart's desire
— where nothing has been named yet
and everything is forever
beginning

Sebastián Hernández Moya

In the radiant aura of your presence
I accept to dive (or go deep)
to purify the silence
of the continuous murmurs
which equivocate the interpretation
of many aphorisms
I pause at the edge of this universe
to varying degrees depending on the heart's point of view
— there where nothing is yet named
and nothing is made
but beginnings

William Kollin

Into the liquid shimmer of your company
I plunge headlong
distilling pauses
in the incessant hum
that contorts our grasp
of sage words
I loiter at the outskirts of this universe
pacing in time with the intensity of my heart's beat
— where nothing has been labeled
and isn't doing anything
but beginning

Luke Major

Contributors

Daphnée Azoulay, born in Montreal in 1983, published her first book, *Tout près de la nuit*, in 2005. Followed *Marbre* (2014) and *Le pays volant* (2018). A student at Stanford University in California, she is an environmentalist. The poems chosen are from *Marbre* (Les Herbes rouges, 2014).

Born in Montreal, **Germaine Beaulieu**, a psychologist, published her first book, a novel, *Sortie d'elle (s) mutante*, in 1980, and has not stopped publishing, mostly poetry, since. The poems chosen are taken from *Repères du silence* (Éditions de l'Hexagone, 2013).

A poet and publisher, **Paul Bélanger** has lived in Montreal since 1978. For several years, he organized public readings of poets and writers in Montreal. Since 1982, he has published texts and poems in magazines in Quebec and abroad. Some of his poems have appeared in anthologies and a few have been translated into Spanish and English. He has published several collections with Éditions du Noroît, of which he is literary director. He also created an artist's book, *L'Hôte*, with artist Jean-Pierre Sauvé in 1994. He devotes part of his time to teaching by giving courses and workshops in creative writing at the Université du Québec à Montréal. He was a member of the editorial board of the journal *Liberté* since 1998. In 2010, he won the Prix Alain-Grandbois for his collection *Répit*.

Alison Bowie is a first year PhD in Humanities candidate at Concordia University focussing on Quebec theatre and translation. She achieved her Masters of Fine Arts degree in Dramaturgy from the University of Massachusetts Amherst (USA) and her Bachelor of Arts degree in History from Queen's University. She is currently Associate Dramaturg for SpiderWebShow and has been teaching in the Concordia University Department of Theatre. She has also worked in theatre in both artistic and administrative roles for nearly ten years. Her research focuses on the intersections of translation, memory, and theatre in Quebec.

Ellie Chu is a Montrealer, born and raised. With a degree in Marketing, a job related to magazine publishing, and a slew of graphic design courses

under her belt, she is now completing a degree in Translation, not knowing where that will lead her. At times creative, at times serious, always optimistic and having fun!

A poet, novelist, essayist and translator, **Antonio D'Alfonso** has published more than forty titles and has made three feature films. He is the founder of Guernica Editions which he managed for thirty-three years before passing it on to new owners in 2010. He has won the Trillium Award and other prizes. He lives in Montreal.

Cristina Flores is a Concordia University graduate. She received her BA in Women's Studies in 2004 where she was the recipient of the Thérèse Casgrain medal for Women's Studies. In 2016, she completed the Professional Masters in Translation Studies. As a mother of two, she spends her time reading, cooking, and improving upon her crafts as translator and jewelry designer. Her professional goal is to pursue a career as a freelance translator and reviser. What interests her most is children's literature, particularly with strong feminist and educational messaging.

Emilie Gauthier was born in 1993 near Montreal. Lived in the United States for fifteen years, before moving back to Quebec. She finished her schooling in French. She earned a DEC in Modern Languages and a Bachelor's degree in Translation. She is currently working towards her Master's degree in Translation Studies.

Philippe Haeck was born in 1946 and claims to have discovered writing in 1973. He has authored many books of prose poetry. Two books have been published in English (translated by Antonio D'Alfonso): *The Clarity of Voices: Selected Poems 1974-1981* (1985) and *Tell me what moves you* (2020). The poems are from *Pourquoi lis-tu au milieu de la nuit* (Éditions de l'Hexagone, 2011).

Benoît Jutras won in 2002 the Prix Émile-Nelligan for *Nous serons sans voix*. His various poetry books have made it to the list of many literary awards in Quebec. He teaches literature at the Collège de Rosemont.

William Kollin earned Bachelor of Arts in French language and literature from Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia in 2015. Currently in

the Master of Translation program at Concordia University in Montreal, Québec.

Born in Montreal in 1948, **Marcel Labine** has published many books of poetry since 1975. He won the Governor General Award in 1988 for *Papiers d'épidémie* (1987), the Grand prix Québécois du Festival international de la poésie for *Le pas gagné* (2005), and for *Le tombeau où nous courons* (2012) le Prix du Festival de la poésie de Montréal in 2013. He taught literature at the Collège de Maisonneuve in Montreal. The poems are from *Vivre à Poets' Corner* (Les Herbes rouges, 2015).

Niki Lambros is a writer, editor, translator, and English language/literature teacher, now established in Canada after almost two decades in Europe, Asia, and the U.S. She completed her second Master's degree (English, Creative Writing, Poetry) at Concordia University, Montreal in May 2015 and is has begun a PhD in Humanities at Concordia.

Born in Montreal, **Dominique Lauzon** worked as an editor for the literary magazine, *Exit*. He has published close to a dozen poetry books. His poetry has been translated and published in Mexico. The poems are from *Lettre du coeur et autres paysages* (Les Écrits des Forges, 2013).

Born in Gander, Newfoundland, **Luke Major** currently resides in Montréal where he works as a carpenter, plays as a musician and studies to be a translator.

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Claude Ouellet returns to Concordia as a Graduate student in translation following a career in film distribution, notably with CBC / Radio-Canada French television. He looks forward to beginning another career as a translator for film subtitling.

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Frances Pope moved to Montreal in 2015. She grew up in Hertfordshire, England, then lived by the sea in Brighton where she studied French and Linguistics at Sussex. Here she began to take part in spoken word events and open mic poetry, which she continued while living in France in 2013, and later, while living in London. The move to Canada was partly for the translation study, but mostly for the adventure.

Susannah Rubin writes, revises, translates and mothers in Montreal. She is currently pursuing a Master's in Translation Studies at Concordia University.

Jared Shamrock is a first-year master's student in Translation Studies at Concordia University. He has already completed a master's diploma in Translation at the University of Montréal and a bachelor's degree in French Linguistics and German Studies at the University of Toronto. Raised in Kitchener, Ontario, and current resident of Montréal, Jared is passionate about language, intersectional feminism, gender and LGBTQ advocacy, and Franco-Ontarian, Québécois, and Franco-Canadian cultures. When not translating, learning a language or fighting for social justice, Jared can be found practising away on his oboe.

Born in Regina, Saskatchewan, **Jill Varley** moved to Quebec as a young adult to study French. Her lifelong passion for literature and languages has kept her reading, studying, teaching or translating French and English in various contexts ever since.

OREAD • AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 4 WINTER 2021

\$10.95

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