

*A Line of
Tiny Zeros
in the Fabric*

SAMPLER

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A Line of Tiny Zeros in the Fabric

*Essays on the Poetry of
Maurice Scully*

SAMPLER

edited by

Kenneth Keating

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An earlier version of the essay by Kit Fryatt was published as “AW.DAH.”: an allegorical reading of Maurice Scully’s *Things That Happen*’ in *POST: A Review of Poetry Studies* 1 (2008). Many thanks to the editors of this journal for permitting the reproduction of this text here.

NOTE

Page numbers of poetic texts referenced parenthetically in the essays herein refer to editions of the texts as identified in the respective lists of Works Cited. On occasion however, the texts presented here may vary slightly from their earlier appearances. These revisions reflect minor changes made by Maurice Scully in the new complete edition of *Things That Happen*, which is published simultaneously with this collection of essays. The decision was made to reflect these corrections in the essays, but to retain the original citations and acknowledge the original publishers of the texts in question. One exception to the foregoing is the essay by Philip Coleman (p.176 *et seq.*), where no changes have been made to the original quoted texts.

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Preface

J.C.C. MAYS¹

The paradigmatic Scully situation describes someone sitting in a tin shed, rain drumming on the roof, spiders lurking, a few books on shelves, erasers and Tipp-Ex on the table. Nothing peculiar: unless young readers haven't heard of Tipp-Ex. A poem emerges out of a situation that is about writing a poem and is, in effect, a celebration of ordinariness. The situation here usually has a prolegomena, a rallying of forces, and there's a lot of middle but no real end to what has begun: there's a wind-up but no dramatic turn, no transformative illumination; what transpires in the course of the poem isn't parcelled into wholeness, harmony and radiance, and thereby dispatched as a means to an end. The celebration of what happens is infected in some way – it can be tentative, or robust, or hedged with anxiety; it can sometimes divert into complaint about pressures that kill the joy in simple things – but, whatever the distractions and hindrances, the poems repeatedly enact the urge to move out, to prevent the spirit of creativity getting overtaken by material creation. They describe no-one's and yet everyone's life while it is mobile, before it has settled into the mould: "Every-/place is Here and is Today."

There are threads of biography to be sure – places lived in (Lesotho and Italy), people in supportive roles (Mary and children), jobs acknowledged (language teaching and around the house) – but this isn't the point. The poet is not pushed forward as a surrogate hero, an ideal fictionalised presence in whose identity we lose ourselves: he is, always, just (just!) a person making. We are offered a poetry of witness, not of personality and career-accomplishment. We find ourselves watching what's happening, as it happens, with little concern for personal achievement. What can be constructed upon an event is not the point: the point is, very differently, what seeming non-events provide. Eventing, or getting and spending, we lay waste our powers, as another poet said. The poems don't promote a line of their own so much as transform the space around them. They communicate a level of attention to small particulars – caring, thoughtful, unadulterated –

¹ Words on the launch of *Doing the Same in English: A Sampler of Work 1987–2008* (Dedalus Press, 2008).

even if sometimes streaked with a few hard truths. This is what is special about this poetry. It finds a way to say this: a way of writing that comes together but remains open, and embodies the principle in the means.

Three-quarters of Maurice's new book – his "sampler" – reprints a selection from a multi-part sequence with the overall title, *Things That Happen*. The parts came out as separate books and chapbooks over twenty-five years (1981–2006) and they challenge the claim that poetry makes nothing happen. They instead suggest that poems can reach out like a handshake. Again and again in these poems you find a voice saying "How-do", prompting a reader to respond likewise ("And you"). The poems are not to do with history – "that which happened" (what happened in the life of a nation to bring us to the state we're in) – but rather with renewed encounters in the present. These encounters are easy and polite; no anxiety about identity, no gushing confidences; just even-handed, as if "The things never happened; they always are."

I can put this another way. Maurice is not a poet for whom experience is shrouded in words. He doesn't begin with complicated patterns of sound that disentangle into conventional forms, or a neat trope that encapsulates a truth that *old* was thought but ne'er so well expressed. He begins outside the job, the task ahead of him and the Tipp-Ex on the table. The poem, as it writes itself before our eyes, is not a particularly desirable consumable; it is not a hoarded memory or a discovered analogy worked up into universal truth. Objects and events are left alone to retain their ordinariness. This is not high-octane performance; the poet is not a magus overwhelming us with rich metaphor and heavy consonants, tricky rhymes and deft analogies. It's instead more like the work of a verbal mime artist: nothing permanent is involved except what's conjured up; making poems is work as play. While poems that seek to impress their skill can lose touch with that aim – be overtaken by ambition, rivalry or simply the need to put bread on the table with a new USP –, differently, here, the self-deprecating humour undercuts pretension. The formula is low-energy and sustainable, a manner of proceeding that doesn't exhaust the available means, that leaves its readers a decent breathing space.

I don't know of another poet in Ireland who writes poetry of this sort. Maurice has been linked with events and presses that connect with a so-called alternative tradition. As he says himself, it's a connection without much consequence:

They take a poem of yours
& put it in a book called *Other*.

I know he's more widely appreciated in the U.K. and U.S., where most of the books and chapbooks that make up *Things That Happen* were published. I could spend time talking about what his writing shares with this and that poet but it would again be an idle exercise. While the larger British and North American scene has space for many different kinds of poetry, Maurice is there pretty much out on his own. There are points of contact, but they are points only; they don't supply a key to how it all works. I only add that anyone who is hooked on this line of approach should consider painters as well as writers: Klee's juxtaposition of translucent colours, for instance. Maurice's way of being a poet (it seems to me) is consistently that of a visual artist who uses words, whose poems create a space whose deliberately ordinary contents are perceived afresh. Many of them perform an exercise, like a painter of still life. The inner life of art is manifested in its being made so, and for Maurice, I repeat, the means of the making are most trustworthy when most simple, for reasons of art and moral principle.

Introduction

MAURICE SCULLY AND KENNETH KEATING

Love Poems & Others, published in 1981, is a debut volume of often intense lyric poetry, a mode you soon decided to abandon. Its titular reference to D. H. Lawrence's 1913 collection of the same name suggests a desire on your part to foreground a specific literary inheritance. If this is the case, why D. H. Lawrence? And what other writers informed the work of 29-year-old Maurice Scully?

OK this goes back a long way but I do remember being interested in the longer prose lines of the later poetry of DHL. I see now I think I was trying to stretch out or make elastic the limits of the lyric my education had presented me with.

I did two Leaving Certificates. The second had a wholly new curriculum. The first, up to and including 1970, ran a little early Yeats along with people like Masfield, Padraic Colum, James Stephens, Walter de la Mare & J. C. Mangan. In 1971 suddenly: Eliot, Kinsella, Kavanagh, late Yeats, Emily Dickinson ... Wow. This was the first shift in canon I experienced.

This was in Rathmines 'tech'. The year in Rathmines was terrific: the adult atmosphere, the good teachers – James McGowan in English, Mr Hoare, a practising sculptor, for Art, easefully communicating their love of their subjects.

The '70s were my apprenticeship years. I think a 10-year apprenticeship is pretty normal for an artist.

In the late '70s I met Eoghan Ó Tuairisc & his wife Rita Kelly & visited them at the Lock House in Maganey on the Barrow River. My partner, Mary, & I spent our first summer living together there when Eoghan & Rita had to leave for health reasons.

Ó Tuairisc produced both Irish-language & English-language texts across multiple genres, yet his legacy appears to rest on the 1964 long modernist poem *The Weekend of Dermot & Grace*. Did Ó Tuairisc's presence or example help inform your move away from the lyric?

I don't think Eoghan Ó Tuairisc's work pushed my younger self away from the lyric. Ó Tuairisc is a very lyrical poet. The *Weekend* was

published simultaneously with *Aifreann na Marbh* whose title poem innovatively and lyrically merges urban Dublin of the 1950s with the horrors of the atomic bombing of Japan.

It was a delight and a surprise to meet *The Weekend* for the first time. My enthusiasm must have had a grain of pathos in it for the older poet.

What was the literary milieu like for you at this time (late '70s / early '80s)?

I was editing *The Beau* and of course had correspondences with various writers. It was around then I got *Colonies of Belief* in the post from Randolph Healy whom I'd known at the Grapevine Arts Centre, Raven Arts Press's HQ, which bowled me over. He visited us at the Lock House & got lost on his way to our isolated spot on the river. He had a tough time getting directions in those dark years – the 'Troubles' etc – when few were willing to open their doors in the dead of night to strangers. Anyway, he arrived on our doorstep in a dishevelled state, but greatly relieved! We had terrific fun the next day with the locks, experimenting with the tremendous force of the water.

After the birth of our daughter, Leda, in the bitter winter of 1981 – we were snowed in for three weeks with our new baby in a friends' house in Dublin – we moved to rural Wexford for a year. I'd been awarded a Macaulay Fellowship on the strength of *Love Poems & Others* (I suppose) & of course continued writing there. I see now that that was a key period of unwriting the aesthetic of *Love Poems & Others*. In 1982 we returned to Dublin & happened to settle off Clanbrassil St., neighbours to both Michael & Irene Smith & Billy Mills. All by pure chance. Billy was working on *Genesis & Home*, an extraordinarily original début. I started work straightaway on *5 Freedoms of Movement*. There was a buzz of excitement about the place. Billy gave me the addresses of Halsey's Poetry Bookshop & Peter Riley's poetry book outlet. That was a treasure trove of new attitudes to writing.

I began to organize fortnightly *Beau Events* & publish Randolph's 25 Poems under the *The Beau Press* banner. The 'events' consisted of talks, performances, presentations, readings by actors, architects, painters, musicians as well as poets. These took place at Kevin Connolly's Winding Stair Bookshop/Café overlooking the Ha'penny Bridge.

In 1981/2 you say you were ‘unwriting’ the aesthetic of *Love Poems & Others*. What was that aesthetic?

Well, ‘naïve’ is the first word that springs to mind! Take quotation for instance. In *Love Poems & Others* it is always literary, always poetry, and always poetry of the past at that, and famous of course (it needs to be recognized by the reader). A trick learnt from T.S. Eliot maybe in the 70s. To give prestige and resonance to the text.

In *5 Freedoms of Movement* quotations can be more raw, in the form of found texts, not poetry at all – scientific prose, and different ‘discourses’ – bureaucratic, psychiatric – everyday objects – letters – and everyday voices: family, friends, the street outside, not necessarily in English either.

There is an obvious difference between *Love Poems & Others* & *5 Freedoms of Movement*. Would you say there’s a difference between the *Freedoms* book and subsequent books? And if so, what?

Yes, the difference is less striking (or more ‘subtle’ let’s say) but there is, yes. Principally *5 Freedoms* is contrastive, subsequent work more filamental.¹

And while you were working on making this shift, the 80s were a busy period for you...?

Oh yes, in life & in letters. In 1984 we went to live in Italy where I continued work on *5 Freedoms* & then back to Dublin for a bit, finishing *Freedoms* in ’86. It was published by Pete Hodgkiss’s (he of *Poetry Information*) Galloping Dog Press in January 1987.

Did you submit it to your first book’s publisher, Raven Arts Press?

Yes, but they read it as a collection of poems. And who would blame them? That was the only model available to an Irish poet at the time, I think. *Freedoms* is constructed as an arrangement of checks & balances, not discrete ‘poems’, a bit like a Calder mobile. The book is the poem.

¹ For a detailed discussion of this topic, see Marthine Sattris’s interview in *Contemporary Literature* 53.1 (2012): 1–30.

Can you offer more detail about the dynamics of this period?

Michael Smith was generous with his books & chat. I had already read a good deal of NWP's output. The flow of books from small UK & US poetry presses through Halsey & Riley's outlets was a terrific stimulus.

It was also, in a curious way, a great advantage in my view *not* to be in situ – New York, London, Cambridge, wherever – and read the productions of these writers & presses at a distance and without the entanglement of their literary & academic politics on the ground.

In 1987 you organized the Coelacanth Press Reading Series. What was the motivation behind the press & also the reading series?

Coelacanth, after the fish thought to be extinct but very much alive (I'd been a little irked by attitudes such as 'Oh all that avant-garde stuff is so passé!' as if the new writing modes were merely fashions). The 'press' itself was a very simple thing. Two booklets nicely produced by Randolph Healy's Wild Honey Press for Coelacanth in small hand-stitched editions, *Arcs Through the Poetry of Randolph Healy, Billy Mills & Maurice Scully* (2002), by David Annwn, and *N11 A Musing* (2003), by J.C.C. Mays, then some items I made myself, photocopied, hand-decorated, of short extracts of my own work in process – *Paper Token, Tree, English/Greek Dialogues* etc – to circulate among the sympathetic.

The Reading Series was attempting to introduce (younger?) Irish poets to the poetic avant-garde. Venue: Winding Stair again (but the more extensive place post-Beau Events). Among the participants: Tom Raworth, Peter Riley, Alan Halsey, Wendy Mulford, Paige Mitchell, Allen Fisher, Lee Harwood, J.C.C. Mays.²

I think I failed spectacularly in stimulating a debate, but it was a success in an unforeseen direction: it suddenly became evident to the UK poets, and poets elsewhere, that contemporary Irish poetry was not necessarily all of one block.

² The Coelacanth Reading Series ran March through April 1987 and was funded by the Arts Council, the British Council & Irish Ferries. Venue: The Winding Stair Bookshop/Café. Line up: Friday March 20th: Geraldine Monk & Philip Casey; Sat March 21st: Lee Harwood, Brian Lynch; Fri April 3rd: Tom Raworth, Peter Riley; Sat April 4th: John Freeman, Alan Halsey; Fri April 10th: Wendy Mulford, Allen Fisher, Ken Edwards; Sat April 11th: Forum chaired by J.C.C. Mays, Panel: Wendy Mulford, Paige Mitchell, Allen Fisher, Ken Edwards, Alan Halsey.

Between 1981 when *Love Poems & Others* appeared from Raven Arts Press & 2004 when *Livelihood* appeared from Wild Honey Press you had no book publication on the island. What was happening in the interim?

Well after the Coelacanth Reading Series we went to Patmos with a view to settling in Greece for some years. I was offered a job on the mainland, but – we had 2 children by then – Louis had been born some months before – the accommodation was inadequate. We were in almost daily contact with the US poet Robert Lax who had lived on Patmos for many years and who had arranged our lodgings there with the local postman. I was writing a post-*Freedoms* book. That book didn't work, as a book.

What was the problem with the Patmos book?

I was trying to write a prose book that included poetry, a kind of internal/external diary in a way, of our stay on the island. And what we hoped was the beginning of a new life. Unsuccessful because the prose style got eroded by the poetry. I couldn't get the two to sit together. Of course I excised things from it: *The Pillar & the Vine* in *Prelude* is reworked from that and p 69 of *Tig* is from that Patmos book too. Maybe other bits & bobs but I don't remember. 'Failure' isn't always failure.

So, after *5 Freedoms* & the 'failure', as you say, of the Patmos book, what were you writing?

Not long after we came back to Dublin we went to Lesotho. There I was working on what was to become *The Basic Colours*, the opening volume of *Livelihood*.

Africa, was a huge & complex stimulus. We came back to Dublin in late 1990 where I assembled *Zulu Dynamite* & after a year, moved to Clare for a few years. It was there that the *Things That Happen* project (not yet called that) took off. At a distance now I see that I was digesting the experience of Africa in my writing in those years in books like *Priority* & *Steps*.

Following these peripatetic years, with no publisher on the island, and with a sense that you were writing into a tradition other than the dominant Irish one, was it difficult to settle into Irish cultural

life again and did any of this inform your decision to commence the *Things That Happen* project in a formal sense?

Yes and no. Soon after our arrival back I got a teaching job in 3rd level. I was dealing mainly with Japanese students, which was very new, & interesting, to me. Then we went to live in Clare & I commuted to work in Dublin. We settled in a house that hadn't been lived in for decades – broken windows, a dead tree outside, the local kids called it 'de devil's house'. We made it habitable and not long after this the twins were born, doubling the size of our family. I was writing *Priority* and *Steps* at this time, and interest in my work was growing in the UK. My parents were ageing and ill and died in this period too. Obviously with all this going on, and more, there wasn't time to organize readings, edit magazines and so on.

There was no decision to begin the *Things That Happen* project, it was more tidal than that. A willed project fails almost from the start somehow, for me. One must somehow sense a flow and be humble, and nuts, enough to go with it. Vague, huh?

In the mid-90s you participated in the *Assembling Alternatives* conference of avant-garde writing organized by Romana Huk in New Hampshire...³

Things began to take off somewhat in the mid-90s. Ric Caddel's Pig Press in Durham did *The Basic Colours* in '94 and Ken Edwards' Reality Street Editions did *Steps* in '98, Bob Cobbing's Writers' Forum did a tiny edition of *Priority* in London in ... was it '97?

It was in this period too that what became *Things That Happen* began to move under the general title then of *Livelihood, the set*. I'd always been a busy writer, never hanging around for 'inspiration', but kept the shredder busy too. This period was different. There was a new confidence. Through publication in the UK, I was invited to read at the Cambridge Conference of Contemporary Poetry. At Cambridge Rosmarie & Keith Waldrop (of Burning Deck Press) were in the audience & they invited me to read at Brown in Providence.

Hey-ho. Meanwhile Peter Riley did a beautiful production of a snippet from *Priority* in his Poetical Histories series.

³ Assembling Alternatives: An International Poetry Conference / Festival, 29th August–2nd September 1996.

The *Assembling Alternatives* event was a bolt from the blue. So much so that Randolph and I wondered if it was perhaps a hoax! It was there that we met Trevor Joyce for the first time. Imagine. By 'we' I mean: Catherine Walsh, Billy Mills, Randolph Healy & Geoffrey Squires. Very stimulating.

The year after this conference saw the emergence of the first Cork Conference on New & Experimental Irish Poetry, and the formation of Randolph's Wild Honey Press and the publication of *Prelude, Interlude & Postlude*. Is it fair to say then that this marked a point of culmination of the momentum built up in the preceding years which then brought renewed energy to your writing, and to the writing of your peers?

Well, all of those things were great, *SoundEye*, as it later became known, meeting Trevor at last, Wild Honey, the vigorous continuation of Catherine & Billy's *hardPressed poetry*, meeting up at least annually (we'd moved to different cities & were busy raising kids & earning a living), meeting Jim Mays again, all of us making links together that help. And getting to know the Coracle Press people, Erica van Horn & Simon Cutts.

Renewed energy? I can't speak for the others, but I just tend to plod on regardless anyway. Of course, it is heartening to know that there is some kind of audience out there, and though small, a pretty well-informed one at that.

Did this encourage your return to some editorial work with *Súitээр na n-Aingeal* / *Angel Exhaust* and Coelacanth Press?

Súitээр came out of an invite from Andrew Duncan who'd heard me read in Cambridge and London and got interested in my work. Coelacanth arose out of the need to circulate some things to a small, but I hope interested, readership.

Sonata and *Tig*, both published in 2006, mark the completion of the 25-year *Things That Happen* project. After all this time, how did you know the work was finished? And did you achieve in this project what you had hoped/intended to?

Sonata had a circular motif to tie things up, the elegy for Ric Caddel at the centre, itself circular, the Tzuba language piece about how movements up & down can be dealt with in language, echoing the Swahili placement motif etc and while writing that I think I thought that would be that. And yet ... there was a draw towards a coda too and that became *Tig* where I dissolved the dominance of 3 & 5 that had been rippling through all the books preceding.

Achievement? Well my Inner Critic seemed happy enough. Just about. Silent anyway. And that really was that.

Was it difficult to leave this expansive project behind and move on to a more self-contained book like *Humming*, or did you find the experience in some way liberating? Was there a transition period, and was there a shift in your writing process or practice?

Not difficult. Liberated? Not really. *Humming* was a very demanding book to write though. It is an elegy written in the form of a paean, to life, to the privilege of that adventure, in memory of my brother. Through the period of writing *Things That Happen* there were many deaths: my parents, my two siblings, and all the aunts and uncles I grew up with, and Mary's dad.

There was a bit of a shift in my writing practice, yes. I used my Secret Emergency-Procedure-in-a-Fix more than I had done with other books. This entails recording the work, then listening to it, super-attentively, in the dark, as a critical, somewhat sympathetic, *impossibly* knowing stranger. This must be used very sparingly and with great concentration or it loses effect. Then revise and sculpt and work to keep the evanescent growing shape in your mind as you go. You don't know quite where you're going of course. To know that would be death to the vitality of the work.

I don't remember a significant transition period as there was say between *Love Poems & Others* and *5 Freedoms of Movement*.

Did this emergency procedure take place in your writing shed? If so, is there any comment you would make on the importance of the shed or the writing space, the shed itself, its surroundings, its symbolic or practical importance etc? Or is it just a shed?

The writing 'shed' is referred to in the family as the *chalet*. A step up, don't you think? The chalet is *very* important to me. Unlike some writers,

I can't sit on the edge of a bed with my kids tumbling about me and concentrate on the work. The 'shed' itself has a history. It was made by my father-in-law & his sons in the '60s out of packing cases and left-over steel single glaze windows of the period for his eldest son then studying at 3rd level and later used by the teenage kids in the family. One of Mary's brothers tells me Neil Jordan, the film maker and writer, who also grew up in Clontarf, played his sax there. Simple and all as the structure is, it has been completely waterproof for decades until a branch fell on it recently. It's quite cold – next to no insulation – but I don't mind that too much. I used to wear a Mosotho shepherd boy's balaclava-like hat there in the winters to keep warm. Unfortunately the weight of my books and papers has caused it to tilt and sink in recent years so I've evacuated many of the books and put in a false floor. Good to be flush with the earth when dealing with such a volatile material as poetry!

It was used by my late father-in-law to store apples and his bee-keeping gear after his children grew up & left home. It had the tang of all that for years afterwards.

I've written a lot there, *Humming*, *Several Dances*, *Play Book* and bits of *Livelihood* too as I passed through Dublin.

Between the completion of the *Things That Happen* project and the publication of *Humming* (you also published *Doing the Same in English* with Dedalus Press in 2008) What guided your selection of work for this publication, and what did it mean to publish this 'sampler' with a more established Irish press?

In very simple terms I looked to what might make sense to a local audience with the Dedalus book and a very different audience for the Veer book, *A Tour of the Lattice* two or three years later. With the *Lattice* I took all of *Things That Happen* and showed I hope that it could be shaped into different things, that it could be taken as a block of malleable material, definitely not The Selected Hits, The Best Of.

With the Dedalus book I simply went chronologically through the work starting with *Things That Happen* and then on to *Humming* and *Several Dances*. The pieces from *Work* at the end of that book had been published as part of a pamphlet of that name in the UK by Oystercatcher Press and *Work* itself, some of it, was subsumed into the finished *Several Dances*.

I would very much like to have readers in Ireland, my native country after all, so the Dedalus publication meant a lot to me & I'm grateful for it.

Can you tell me more about your current work?

My current project is *Play Book*. 'Play' in the senses of 'strategy', 'pretend', 'game', 'musical' & so on. Quotation is used differently here, comically, satirically, critically, dislodging the prestige of the originals and representing too I suppose the echo chamber of a lifetime's reading.

Play Book's epigraph, a quotation in Early Modern Irish, is a stanza from a C13th bardic poem by one Giolla Brighde Mhac Con Midhe, and in the age of Google I choose not to translate it. If a reader does look it up, they're in for a surprise. The sentiment in it is very modern & rather echoes my own, but is a vigorous distortion of the bardic poets' own sentiments in general in their own time (1200–1600).

Throughout the book there are quotations from C19th correspondence, a 1960s novel by Angela Carter, modern scientific texts on evolution, anthropology, archaeology, entomology, biology, laser mapping, engineering dynamics as well as literary and domestic quotations and the lived urban environment, where neon signs urge us to "Eat-Eat" or transport platforms tell the – mostly Anglophone – commuters to *fan taobh thiar den líne seo* (even my washing machine is quoted, muttering Irish on the Slow Rinse setting). Let's say the texture of the writing is porous.

The quotations function differently in different pieces as you might expect: contrast, implicit point underscored, the texture of a life in a time ... In a piece entitled 'Pool' the opening stanzas quote Dorothy Parker, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, Sylvia Plath, Toploader's *Dancing in the Moonlight*, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Emily Dickinson and also reference Mallarmé by indirection – it's a kind of surround-sound which as the piece develops dies away into an insistent dog's barking. Make of that what you will!

What now for your own writing in the shorter and longer term?

In the shorter term I think I'm close to finishing (I hope) *Play Book*, so will try to let that sit for a bit before offering it to a publisher. In the longer term ... some buddings of what might be the beginning

of another work have begun to appear. Each book takes me about five years, so that would bring me to my early seventies. If that's to be my lot. It would be good too to make all of *Things That Happen* (8 books) available, say in two vols of about 300+ pp each. Or, say, take another tour through that *TTH* territory to make a more manageable new book. In 2018 I sorted a good deal of my papers into decades from the 1970s to the present (20 large boxes) and sorted the notebooks I had to hand chronologically too (a full bookcase). The notebooks may form a ground for future work ... who knows?

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