

F. R. Lavandeira



BIO

F. R. Lavandeira (Fernando Ramón Lavandeira Suárez). Taragoña-Rianxo (Galicia-España), 1966, holds a degree in Social Education (University of Santiago de Compostela) and has post-graduate training in Sociocultural Life (National University of Distance Learning and Universidad Pontificia de Salamanca), and Occupational Training (University of Vigo). He works as Cultural Manager in the town of Rianxo (A Coruña). He is also investigator and collaborator for the University of Santiago de Compostela (in the field of Social Pedagogy and Environmental Education) and Cultural Management Consultant.

From a literary standpoint he has published, in Galician, the book of poems “*Mar que evita o meu regreso*” (2000) and the tract “*Tempo é de que saiban*” (2006). In the fall of 2007 he was invited by the Department of Modern Languages of DePaul University (Chicago, Illinois) for an academic residency, which resulted in the trilingual edition of the book “*Poemas*”, edited by the professors Bernardo Navia and Mark Johnston. He has also published and contributed to the collections, *Voces na materia* (2006), in the special collectors edition “*37 poemas por man propia*” (2006) and in “*Voces na Guerra*” (2006). Also, he was in charge of cover design and style edits for the book “*Rianxo, o mar feito tradición*” (1999) and of style edits and translation of the comic “*Trasmallo: o tesouro de Carraxe Sieiro*” (2005). He is a regular contributor to the magazines *Leña Verde*, *Interea Visual*, *63 Channels* and the periodical *La Voz de Galicia*. He is a member of the Castelao Foundation and of the Cultural Association of Barbantia. He is also part of the International Translation Seminary (Auliga), in which he has participated with various readings.

The author describes himself:

“...One day I write a book of poetry of which, I am convinced, only the introduction and the editors effort is worth the time of day. There is nothing else of personal or social circumstances worth mentioning. Perhaps, the passing of time, that inseparable enemy, will wound desire, hardening the skin of his children. Or, the absence of the sea will wither him, the way dreams dry up when abandoned. Before or after he will live on the beaches of the west, where poetry has the shape of the sea, wind and sky, and it may be there that he will learn to write (or not, it will make no difference).” Translated from *37 Poems by Hand*(*37 poemas por man propia*), (2006).