

the air smells like
pencil shavings
I still taste
crepe, crispy, salty
on my tongue.

Literature knows no frontiers.

poets
essayists
novelists



the
interpreter's
shoes



person-person contact across cultures and countries

Vanessa Bruno

Books

engaged

Writers like
to hide



guardian

18 juin

UKanians?

Carole Seymour-Jones
Chip Martin

Slumber of
the overfed



pen

drinking club
writers like
to get out

insult laws

↳ can't insult
the state

pevoines
peonies
everywhere



meringues of
irony and comedy

festival andco
Storytelling & Politics 18-20 June 2010

WIPC writers in prison committee





ADOBE

creativity



Vincent, 2011







