



## ACTIVITY – ART

### Creating a collage which reflects a sense of place

Dylan Thomas enjoyed being in west Wales – Laugharne, Llangain, Llansteffan and New Quay. He, his wife, Caitlin and their children, lived mainly in Laugharne, at the Boat House. He is buried in the churchyard nearby.

Many of his stories and poems make use of the landscape of the Taf estuary, in Carmarthenshire, in his imagery. Research images of this area on the website <http://www.geograph.org.uk/> Enter a search term such as *Laugharne* in order to see a range of photographs of the area.

On the resource sheet there is a selection of extracts from his poems and writings which create powerful images in the mind's eye. Let your imagination respond to these, without worrying if you don't understand them completely.

Use these materials as a starting point to create a collage which conveys the feel of these places, and a hint of the poet's work. If you need inspiration for the collage style itself, enter a search term such as *mixed media collage* into a search engine and look at images to inspire you.

Use any of the following as ideas for your approach:

- Photographic images of Dylan and his wife Caitlin – enlarge or reduce
- Images of significant locations – Brown's Hotel, the Boat House, Fern Hill
- Prepared painted papers – use a mix of media e.g. oil, acrylic, water based inks, crayons, then torn to create shapes.
- Use of torn paper from magazines.
- Use different surfaced papers – wallpaper, sandpaper etc, to create a base for tracings or to be layered with tissue, to create effects of plants/rocks etc.
- Ink, pencil, paint, pastel – use of colour and line.
- Pieces of maps
- Cut up lines from his work
- Use of hand-drawn lettering – charcoal, pencil, ink
- Use of sea-washed glass or shells or sand.

Think about creating your collage on rough paper or cardboard; also think about how you can display it, for example making use of driftwood or found objects from the seashore, or making use of the covers of an old hardback book.



## LINES FROM DYLAN THOMAS'S WORK TO INSPIRE YOU:

### From 'Poem in October':

It was my thirtieth year to heaven  
Woke to my hearing from harbour and neighbour wood  
    And the mussel pooled and the heron  
        Priested shore  
    The morning beckon  
With water praying and call of seagull and rook  
And the knock of sailing boats on the net webbed wall  
    Myself to set foot  
        That second  
In the still sleeping town and set forth.

My birthday began with the water-  
Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name  
    Above the farms and the white horses  
        And I rose  
    In rainy autumn  
And walked abroad in a shower of all my days.  
High tide and the heron dived when I took the road  
    Over the border  
        And the gates  
Of the town closed as the town awoke.

A springful of larks in a rolling  
Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling  
    Blackbirds and the sun of October  
        Summery  
    On the hill's shoulder,  
Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly  
Come in the morning where I wandered and listened  
    To the rain wringing  
        Wind blow cold  
In the wood faraway under me.



## From the opening of *UNDER MILK WOOD*

You can hear the dew falling, and the hushed town breathing. Only your eyes are unclosed to see the black and folded town fast, and slow, asleep. And you alone can hear the invisible starfall, the darkest-before-dawn minutely dewgrazed stir of the black, dab-filled sea where the *Arethusa*, the *Curlew* and the *Skylark*, *Zanzibar*, *Rhiannon*, the *Rover*, the *Cormorant* and the *Star of Wales* tilt and ride.

Listen. It is night moving in the street, the processional salt slow musical wind in Coronation Street and Cockle Row, it is grass growing on Llareggub Hill, dewfall, starfall, the sleep of birds in Milk Wood.

## From *FERN HILL*:

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs  
About the lilted house and happy as the grass was green,  
    The night above the dingle starry,  
        Time let me hail and climb  
    Golden in the heydays of his eyes,  
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns  
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves  
    Trail with daisies and barley  
    Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns  
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,  
    In the sun that is young once only,  
        Time let me play and be  
    Golden in the mercy of his means,  
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves  
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,  
    And the sabbath rang slowly  
    In the pebbles of the holy streams.



## From 'A VISIT TO GRANDPA'S'

I woke late on my last morning, out of dreams where the Llanstephan Sea carried bright sailing boats as long as liners; and heavenly choirs in the Sticks, dressed in bards' robes and brass-buttoned waistcoats, sang in a strange Welsh to the departing sailors. Grandpa was not at breakfast; he rose early. I walked in the fields with a new sling, and shot at the Towy gulls and the rooks in the parsonage trees. A warm wind blew from the summer points of the weather; a morning mist climbed from the ground and floated among the trees and hid the noisy birds; in the mist and the wind my pebbles flew lightly up like hailstones in a world on its head. The morning passed without a bird falling.

## PERSONAL NOTES

**Make notes here of any other quotes you might find as you research**