ABEI Journal

THE BRAZILIAN JOURNAL OF IRISH STUDIES

Number 2

June 2000

ABEI Journal

The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies

Number 2 **June 2000**

ABEI Journal — The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies is published once a year, in June, by Associação Brasileira de Estudos Irlandeses. This issue is co-edited with the support of Fundação de Amparo à Pesquisa do Estado de São Paulo (Fapesp). Subscriptions, submitted articles, books for review and editorial correspondence should be sent to the Editors.

Submitted articles should normally not exceed 6,000 words and should conform to the method of documentation of the MLA Style Sheet. They should be sent in one hard copy with an abstract at the beginning and biodata at its end and in a floppy disk 3.5" in Word for Windows 6.0, until December of each year.

Subscriptions rates: single issue: US$ 20 inc. postage
Yearly subscriptions: personal: US$ 20 inc. postage
Institutional: US$ 35 inc. postage (2 copies)

Editorial Address
ABEI (Associação Brasileira de Estudos Irlandeses)
Universidade de São Paulo – FFLCH/DLM
Av. Prof. Luciano Gualberto 403
05508-900 São Paulo – S.P.
Brasil
Tel. (0055-11) 3818 5041 or 3818 4296
Fax: (0055-11) 3032 2325
e-mail: lizarra@usp.br

Front Cover: illustration by Rachel Zuannon.
By kind permission of Christine Dorto from her forthcoming book *O teatro Nô e o Ocidente* (São Paulo: Annablume & FAPESP).

Errata: The front cover of ABEI Journal – The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies, Number 1, June 1999, was incorrectly credited to James Concagh. Photograph of Maguire at work was in fact, taken by Antonio de Marcos.

Art Design and Graphic Production: Marcelo Tápia
Tel. (0055-11) 548 7490

ISSN 1518-0581

ABEI Journal

The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies

ABEI Journal, Number 2, June 2000. São Paulo, Brazil.

TQC

FAPESP

ABEI Journal – The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies
Number 2, June 2000

ABEI Journal – The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies. Number 2, June 2000.
São Paulo: TQC Comunicação e Editora, 2000.

Annual publication of The Brazilian Association of Irish Studies (ABEI)

ISSN 1518-0581

1. Irish Literatures. 2. Cultural Studies. 3. Critical Theory. 4. Translation.
I. ABEI – Brazilian Association of Irish Studies. Universidade de São Paulo.
Faculdade de Filosofia, Letras e Ciências Humanas. Departamento de Letras Modernas.

Contents

Editors' Introduction

The aim of ***ABEI Journal – The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies*** is to map out the state of the field and to invite newcomers to travel along its paths. Though literature is the point of departure interdisciplinary approaches are welcome.

The keynote essay in this issue is a metacultural vision of the intersection between dance and drama, in which Christine Greiner, Brazilian dancer, semiotic critic and lecturer, examines the re-elaboration of Japanese gestural traditions in different dance solos for Yeats's *At the Hawk's Well* and analyses how they have been transformed and "rewritten" on the stage for Western audiences.

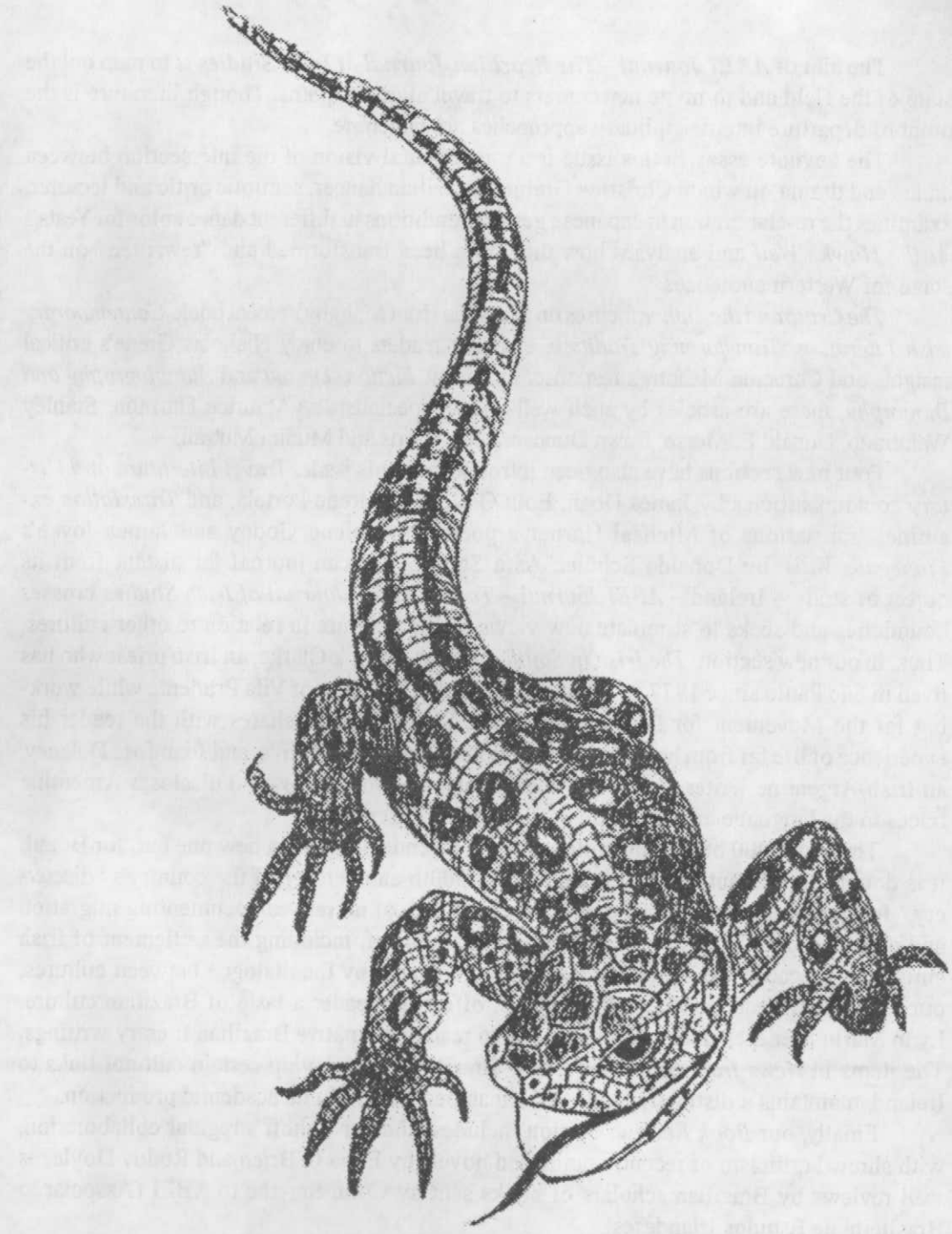
The Critic and the Author focuses on Christina Hunt Mahony's recent book, *Contemporary Irish Literature: Transforming Tradition*, enabling readers to enjoy Nicholas Grene's critical insights and Christina Mahony's response. In *Poetry, Fiction, Drama* and *Autobiography and Biography*, there are articles by such well-known specialists as Maurice Harmon, Stanley Weintraub, Donald E. Morse, Dawn Duncan, Peter Harris and Munira Mutran.

Four new sections have also been introduced in this issue. *Travel Literature and History* contains articles by James Doan, Eoin O'Néill and Irene Portela, and *Translation* examines translations of Michael Harnett's poems by Heleno Godoy and James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* by Donaldo Schüler. As a South American journal far distant from its object of study – Ireland – *ABEI Journal – The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies* crosses boundaries and seeks to stimulate new views of Irish culture in relation to other cultures. Thus, in our new section, *The Irish in South America*, Patrick Clarke, an Irish priest who has lived in São Paulo since 1977 and founded the Cultural Centre of Vila Prudente while working for the Movement for the Defence of the Shanty Towns, shares with the reader his experience of life far from home in a short autobiographical narrative, and Juan José Delaney, an Irish-Argentine writer, analyses the encounter of two cultures and discloses Argentine traces in the language and literature of the Irish in Argentina.

The year 2000 brings one millennium to an end and opens a new one but, for Brazil, it is doubly significant because it also marks 500th anniversary of the country's "discovery." In literary terms there have been five centuries of narratives documenting migration and diaspora, both from abroad and within Brazil itself, including the settlement of Irish emigrants. Because we believe in the power generated by the dialogue between cultures, our fourth new section, *Voices from Brazil*, offers the reader a taste of Brazilian culture. Lynn Mario Menezes de Souza invites you to read about native Brazilian literary writings. The items in *News from Brazil* show how Brazil, while enjoying certain cultural links to Ireland, maintains a distinctly South American perspective in its academic production.

Finally, our *Book Reviews* section includes Rüdiger Imhoff's regular collaboration, with shrewd criticism of recently published novels by Edna O'Brien and Roddy Doyle, as well reviews by Brazilian scholars of books sent by Colin Smythe to ABEI (Associação Brasileira de Estudos Irlandeses).

Issue Number 2 opens enriched by two precious jewels – a poem by Michael Longley, "The Lizard," and Maurice Harmon's "Late Summer Lake Nojiri" – and closes with our homage to Oscar Wilde and Sean O'Faolain on the occasion of the centenaries of their death and birth respectively. We welcome our readers to join with us in the commonwealth of transcultural dialogue on Irish Studies.



Sarah Longley

The Lizard

Michael Longley

At the last restaurant on the road to Pisa airport
The only thing under the pergola to distract me
From *gnocchi* stuffed with walnuts in *porcini* sauce
Was a greeny lizard curving her belly like a bowl
So that when she tucked her hind legs behind her
In philosophical fashion and lifted up her hands
As though at prayer or in heated *conversazione*,
She wouldn't scorch her elegant fingers or toes
On the baking concrete and would feel the noon
As no more than a hot buckle securing her eggs.
We left the restaurant on the road to Pisa airport
And flew between Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn.
His lady co-pilot, the captain of our Boeing
Coyly let us know, specialized in smooth landings.

Late Summer Lake Nojiri

Maurice Harmon

The dragon flies make tandem flights
steering a straight course, rising
and sinking as the light breeze blows

like a piece of silken thread stretched tight
from end to end, two sets of double wings
so clarified in the slowly sinking light

one cannot see their soft tremulous beat
joined tip to tip in their mating flight
their union is subtly gently held

and steady as they go, no
rapturous heights, no sudden lows
but holding the line as the sun goes

Dance

At the Hawk's Well – *a dialogue between Japan and the West through the dances of a hawk woman*

Christine Greiner

Abstract: *The aim of this article is to compare different versions of a dance solo created for William Butler Yeats's At the Hawk's Well. This play was recognised as part of the Noh theatre repertory in Japan. We suggest that through the hawk woman's solo it is possible to observe the evolution of a dialogue between Japan and the West, since dance itself can be considered a whole universe of knowledge. In the specific case of Yeats's drama, the discussion also extends to the relationship between tradition and avant-garde, past and future, life and death. From the many different versions of At the Hawk's Well we chose the first, created by the Japanese choreographer Michio Ito, and the 1981, 1982 and 1991 Noho productions. In all of them the characters of the old man, the hawk woman and the young Cuchulain were maintained. The mood was dreamlike, exactly as the poet always wished.*

The traditional Noh

There are two kinds of dance in the Noh theatre – *shimai* (dance with a chorus) and *mai* (dance with music only). In both of them the basic gestures are: the *suriashi* (gliding the feet across the floor) and the choreographic circles of the characters in order to see each other (during the first part of the dialogues). At first sight, these two choreographic modes could easily be integrated into Western choreography, but the dance sequences with the typical *kata* are more difficult to reproduce. The basic *kata* is *kamae*: the arms draw a circle, the torso inclines itself forward, the knees are slightly flexed, and the centre of equilibrium is in the lower abdomen. The posture must be stable and natural. The actor moves across the stage with a slow walk, gliding his feet, and without altering his posture, as already mentioned.

The movement is always horizontal and does not allow for vertical fluctuations. The movement comes from the hips (which is why the centre of equilibrium and strength is the lower region of the abdomen). Great concentration is required to guarantee the non-movement of the hips as well as the posture, even during the movements of the head, arms, torso and legs. Years of training are required to master the ability to sit, rise and move all the while maintaining this basic posture. The discovery of perfection here (directly influenced by Zen Buddhism) lies in reducing each movement to the barest minimum. The basis of

Noh dance is the stopping of each movement at the moment the muscles are most tensed.

It is not by chance that in the Noh theatre the model of movement concentrates its dramatic power in moments of non-movement. In this context one does not see the explicit gesture projected in space. Nevertheless, the tensed musculature is bursting with inner movement. This is the interval of the ma – the time-space interval in which anything can happen. With *tabi* socks gliding across the stage, *shite* and *waki* design curves and straight lines (Komparu, 1983, 214:223). Fantasy meshes with reality through the feet of the characters. On the Noh stage it is the *shite* and *waki* steps that weave the network (on the floor) that is able to translate the tenuous relationship between what is real and what is not.

It is estimated that there are around 250 patterns of movement, although the majority consist of variations of the thirty basic *kata*, combined and repeated at random. Komparu (1983, 217:218) classifies them as realistic (would-be descriptive), symbolic and abstract. The realistic movement is, for example, the *shio o kumu* (empty the water); the symbolic is the *omote e tsukau* (use the mask) and the abstract, the *sayu* (movement to the left and right, that marks the beginning and end of many dances). The realistic models frequently correspond to the text and are used to describe the action; the symbolic ones, on the other hand, are a kind of stylising of a real gesture; and the abstract ones bear no relation to reality, not representing any specific meaning – they normally appear in instrumental dances, *mai*.

The Noh theatre and the West

To discover the best way to adapt this movement to a Western text, as in the case of *At the Hawk's Well*, is not an easy task. The Noho group, for example, experimented with a number of different solutions. In the first production, the director Jonah Salz, chose the character of the old man to reflect his intention of merging the Japanese aesthetic with that of the West. His movements should "echo" the Noh and not copy it. The actor McAteer was invited to create something special for this character. Since the text referred to a kind of "climbing-walk," McAteer says he lifted his left foot very slowly, about fifteen centimetres from the floor, after taking a step, and then bent down. After this sequence, he remembers having transferred the weight of his body and his right foot was abruptly dragged, while the left suggested a slow walk, coming from behind to take a step forward (McAteer, 1985:3). Many found this movement complicated, but it was the first attempt to modify the *kata* of the Noh, following the method of the symbolic composition (based on the action of climbing, the gesture in the dance was stylised).

In the second production of the play, the old man, with a more dejected air, walked slowly in the traditional Noh style, and carried a bamboo, in the vertical position, right in front of his body. The right arm was bent and parallel to the floor. All the movements of the old man were considerably reduced, maintaining a more controlled and static posture. During his dialogue with the young man, he looked at him or stayed apart (another typical Noh posture). In this second version, according to McAteer (1985:4), the old man seemed to lose a little of the tension in his body, which had characterised the opening of the 1981 performance, in which his attitude had been more in line with the Noh because of the use of a mask (of a traditional type), different from the more modern and abstract version used in Kyoto. This gave a much stronger "Noh feeling" to the Tokyo production.

As for the performance of the young man, it was also different in the two productions. In the first, he made extravagant movements: he entered crossing the bridge with a long *naginata*. This crossing lasted three minutes, with musical accompaniment. This type

of movement is more frequent at the end of the plays, but was modified here. In the second production, the young man was the main actor. His long entrance was maintained, but it changed the focus of the play – the attention was centred on the young man.

It is important to reveal who the main actor is and who the supporting actor is because Noh drama does not allow for this kind of doubt. As the Yeats play is a Noh drama, with Western adaptations, many doubts occurred in relation to the distribution of rôles, and it was up to the director to define the quality to be highlighted: the tragic character of the old man or the heroism of the young one. Another difficulty deriving from the text was to choose the right moment for the *shimai*. McAteer considered this a complicated choice because in *At the Hawk's Well* there are no long sections of the chorus, apart from those at the beginning and the end; and the *shimai* needs this accompaniment (and does not usually appear at the beginning or the end of plays).

Eighty lines before the most important *mai* of the Hawk Woman, between lines 128 and 179, there are three of the longest speeches of the play, with around fourteen lines each. They are not consecutive, although they constitute the only part in which the dialogue is not so agitated and presents characteristics of confrontation, thus being able to harbour a *shimai* (whose nature is more reflective or descriptive). Of the total of forty-four lines in these three dialogues, thirty-seven are in conjunction with the music, with the main part of the text spoken by the chorus. Therefore, in the Tokyo performance, there were three small and separate dance sequences interpreted separately by the old man and the young man. They lasted about two minutes each, corresponding to the three above-mentioned dialogues. This never occurs in the traditional Noh, where only one actor interprets the *shimai* and the average duration is of three to five minutes (*op. cit.*:28). McAteer considers it would have been a good option to have let only the old man dance in the last two and a half minutes, instead of cutting the *shimai* into three parts.

However, if it was already difficult to create the *shimai* for the play, it was even more complicated to choreograph the *mai*. Although there are about 150 different *shimai* in the Noh, there are only seven or eight *mai* and only three or four are frequently danced. The themes of the *mai* are accompanied by music, inviting the spectator to reflect on the history or on the characteristics of that play in particular. The movements are very similar to the *shimai* and the duration depends on the play. The *mai* almost always lasts from three to ten minutes (Wakamatsu,1985:2). In all the Noho productions, the choreography of the *mai* was created by Chin Kham, who studied the Noh, kabuki (Fujima style), and t'ai chi ch'uan. Her dance includes clear elements of these forms, combined in a choreography that suggests the Hawk Woman flying, jumping and sometimes, very threatening. For McAteer, Chin Kham's choreography could be considered more as a Japanese ballet, which little by little tells a story – which is not a characteristic of the Noh (although there are a few exceptions, like the Momiji *gari* play).

Another criticism levelled at Chin Kham was that her *mai* was sixteen minutes longer than the longest Noh *mai* (maximum ten minutes). Furthermore, in terms of movement, McAteer considered that there were more elements of the t'ai chi and of the kabuki than of the Noh. Chin Kham (1980:3), in turn, rebutted the criticisms by explaining how she had created the movements. She affirms that she started from the principle aesthetic fundamentals of the Noh to calculate the intervals, and the time and rhythm of each part. These elements would guarantee the quality of the flying bird. Furthermore, Chin Kham related the t'ai chi to the Noh in the position of the legs and feet.

The choreographer explains that the *suriashi* walk refers to the Japanese *hara* or the

Chinese *tan tien*. These are derived from the Chinese martial arts and the t'ai chi. Chin Kham refers to the concept of energy, also using the term *chi* – which can signify spirit, soul of movement (Komparu, 1983:126). Thus, in the solo of the Hawk Woman, she united the *suriashi* and the rooting position of the feet on the floor – typical of t'ai chi. As a result, there is a long walk with a light inflection of the knees, through which the Hawk Woman should seem powerful and solemn. As for posture, Chin Kham affirms that she made several experiments. In the first production the shape was rounder, with a stronger reference to t'ai chi, letting the energy flow securely and supporting the other parts of the body after being collected in the *hara*. In the second production, in Tokyo, the posture was elongated, in the elegant style of the Noh, with the shoulders held backwards, and the lines straighter and more angular.

It was possible to observe the application of the *jo-ha-kyu* progression in Chin Kham's choreography at certain moments. *Jo* appears in the introduction as a slower dance, with majestic movements which gradually build to the *ha*, an exhibition of circles, spiral movements and a kind of feeling of suspension. The climax that marks the transition from *ha* to *kyu* is expressed by the approximation of the Hawk Woman in the direction of the *hashigakari* aisle. The tension is prolonged until it reaches the *kyu*, which would be the battle between Cuchulain and the Hawk Woman. In fact, in each scene we can notice the *jo-ha-kyu*. For example, in the final struggle, there is a movement of preparation of the Hawk Woman (slower), after gaining strength (still *jo*), actions of attack (*ha*) and the fast blow (*kyu*). As for the *ma* (interval of time-space), it is clearly transmitted in the first half hour in which the Hawk Woman remains guarding the well. While she is sitting, without action, we can see her power projected through no movement. The choreographer states that she used this scene in her experiment with t'ai chi and meditation.

In July 1991, the Noho Group presented *At the Hawk's Well* for the third time, under the direction of Richard Emmert. The presentation was bilingual (English/Japanese). Instead of the chorus there were two spirits, who introduced the play and then sat as guardians of the Hawk Woman and the well. The characters of the old man and the young man were considered to be real people, using masks, and speaking in Japanese. The spirits and the Hawk Woman, without masks, spoke in English. The climax, as the programme of the play indicates, was again the *mai* of the Hawk Woman with Chin Kham.

The beginning of the story

When the experiments of Michio Ito, the choreographer who created the first version of the choreography for the Yeats play, and Chin Kham are analysed, two distinct visions arise. Depending on the option to remain faithful to tradition, to change the idiom of the presentation or to create a new vocabulary of movement, a new mode of thinking is established – a philosophical model that draws the map of a new world with each pattern of movement that is brought to the stage.

The choreographer, actor and dancer Michio Ito is considered to have been one of the first Japanese artists to study and experiment with an aesthetic integration between Japanese tradition and modern Western dance. He was born in Misaki-Ty Kanda, Tokyo on 13th April of the twenty-sixth year of the Meiji era, which is the equivalent of 1893. His father, Tamekichi Ito (1864-1943), was a friend of the famous architect Frank Lloyd Wright, and was therefore influenced by the ideas of modern Western architecture.

Ito's interest in art appeared very soon. From his earliest childhood he attended

many kabuki and shimpa plays. His intention was to graduate in music and work as an opera singer. He was the first born and his family wanted him to have a profession as an engineer; however he was given permission to study singing. His début in the theatre was in a Shaka play, in which he was part of the chorus. Immediately afterwards he participated in *The Yuya*, from the official Noh repertory (Ito, 1956:5).

His artistic formation had hitherto been composed of piano classes and the *shimai*. Even so, more and more involved in his passion for the theatre, he founded the group Toridesha with his classmates. The first performance was *Interiors* by Maeterlink. Ito (1955:7) speaks with great pride of his young students and what they felt at that time with an audience including such famous figures as Tsubouchi and Koyamauchi (masters of modern Japanese theatre). The group was very inexperienced. *Interiors* was well chosen. At that time, the first decade of the twentieth century, the symbolist movement, especially Maeterlink's plays, fascinated young Japanese artists, as did the photographic material of the stage, created by Gordon Craig, which started arriving at the famous Maruzen bookshop, where Ito had his dream of creating a new theatre. Baku Ishii (later a very famous choreographer) encouraged Ito to leave Japan. So, after finishing the first staging of *Toridesha*, in November 1910, Ito left for Germany, upon his brother-in-law's advice.

Year 45 of the Meiji era began, and the great dream of Ito was to attend an authentic opera and become a singer. In Paris, however, this dream was transformed after he attended one of the great performances by the classical dancer Vaslav Nijinsky. According to Ito's

brother Koreya Senda (1980:12), Nijinsky helped Ito to decide to study dance. However, the presentation of Isadora Duncan, which he saw immediately afterwards, was even more important.

This was because Ito considered Nijinsky's classical ballet to be a very distinct technique of the Japanese dance with which he had already grown familiar in Tokyo. Duncan, one of the West's modern dance pioneers, worked with movement based on Greek dance, with the energy centre coming from the solar plexus, the movement free and the dancer barefoot. It was without any doubt a technique closer to Ito's own experiments. However, due to her constant travelling, Duncan was not available to teach him.

At the same time, through an article in a newspaper, Ito heard about the presentation of *Orpheus*, a play produced by artists such as Gordon Craig, whose work Ito had already admired in Japan. Extremely excited, he went to see the play and decided to study at the Jacques Dalcroze Institute in Hellerau, where the play was staged. This gave rise to his personal research project, whose aim was not only to develop competent dancers but also to create a new dancing philosophy and a method capable of uniting the principles of modern German dance with Japanese tradition.

Two universes of knowledge

Ito researched into the intersection between East and West, trying to find a common point between Noh theatre and modern Western dance – especially its German form. On the other hand, Chin Kham tried to achieve an adaptation, intending to conciliate Eastern gesture (she mixed t'ai chi with *shimai*) with the Western rhythm imposed by Yeats's text. Chin Kham was correct in contending that Noh gesture could be adapted to Western choreography, since it is composed of movement patterns (*kata*). Nevertheless, this alone is not sufficient to be effective in a process of aesthetic confluence. As one of the possible criteria for deepening this process, Chin Kham considered the degree of application of the elements referring to time and space (*ma* and *jo-ha-kyu*). Thus, in the Hawk Woman solo, the choreographer modified the *kata* (utilising other Eastern techniques) and adapted the dance rhythm to Yeats's text (McAteer explained in detail the difficulties and solutions of the Noho group in adapting the *shimai* and the *mai* to the Western model).

Chin Kham identified two important points in the hybridisation process between the Eastern and Western aesthetics: the gestural vocabulary and the notions of time and space. However, if her intention was to establish a dialogue between Japan and the West, the process was rendered fragile when she restricted herself to Eastern vocabulary (t'ai chi and Noh above all), trying to find the minimum possible "adaptation" and remaining faithful to the Noh theatre structure. It was a fascinating experiment, but with very little dialogue with the West.

In 1984, the Traditional Theatre Training Programme was set up in Kyoto by Jonah Salz and Rebecca Teele, from the Kongoh School of the Noh Theatre. Under the consultancy of the Noh leader Udaka Mishishige and other teachers, a six-week programme was organised, with daily classes preceded by a short orientation about Japanese culture. The objective was to introduce the universe of Japanese tradition to artists, scholars and students from other parts of the world.

Working with such distinct universes necessitates the absorption of new techniques of body preparation. For many artists/researchers, this process brings with it the possibility of living in the gap between evanescence and the earth, the virtual body and the living

organism, the dream and the reality. Yeats and Ito tried to review this deep and invisible gap. Chin Kham tried to project it without contravening the internal logic of the Noh theatre system. At the end of the fifties, through Yukio Mishima's text and Tatsumi Hijikata's body, the pain of this void was to enable the human body to be presented in all its degeneration and fragility, in the form of the *Butoh* dance. This was a philosophical proposal to give existence to a body living on the edge of crisis. This body would never have been born without Ito, Yeats and Mishima, among others, all of whom sought a means of survival in a world made fragile by the pain of knowledge.

Works Cited

Baril, Jacques. *La danza moderna*. Barcelona: Paidós, 1987.

Caldwell, Helen. *Michio Ito, the Dancer and his Dances*. Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1987.

Greiner, Christine. *Butô, pensamento em evolução*. São Paulo: Fundação Japão e Escrituras, 1997.

Ito, Michio. "Relato sobre Arte." *Jornal de Tokyo* Agosto (1953).

_____. "Dançando pelo Mundo." *Gueijutsu Shintyo* Julho (1955).

_____. "Falar das recordações." *Cultura Comparada* 20 (1956).

Komparu, Kunio. *The Noh Theatre – principles and perspectives*. New York: Weather hill/Tankosha, 1983.

McAteer, John Joseph. *From no to Yeats; from Yeats to no – a study of two no productions of* At the Hawk's Well.
Kyoto: University of Kyoto Press, 1985.

Miyake, Akiko, et al. *A Guide to Ezra Pound and Ernst Fenollosa's Classic Noh Theatre of Japan, 1994*.
Maine:
The National Poetry Foundation, University of Maine, 1994.

Mishima, Yukio. *Sol e Aço*. Trans. Darci Kusano and Paulo Leminsky. São Paulo: Brasiliense, 1985.

Murakata, Akiko. *The Japanese Production of Yeats's* At the Hawk's Well*: Michio Ito and his brother Koreya Senda, a brief survey*. Kyoto: University Press, 1991.

Senda, Koreya. "Dream and Reality." Afterword to the Japanese edition of *Michio Ito, the Dancer and his Dances*, Helen Caldwell (1980).

Skene, Reg. *The Cuchulain Plays of William Butler Yeats*. New York:: Columbia University Press, 1974.

Yeats, William Butler. *Selected Plays*. Ed. Norman Jeffares. London: Macmillan, 1974.

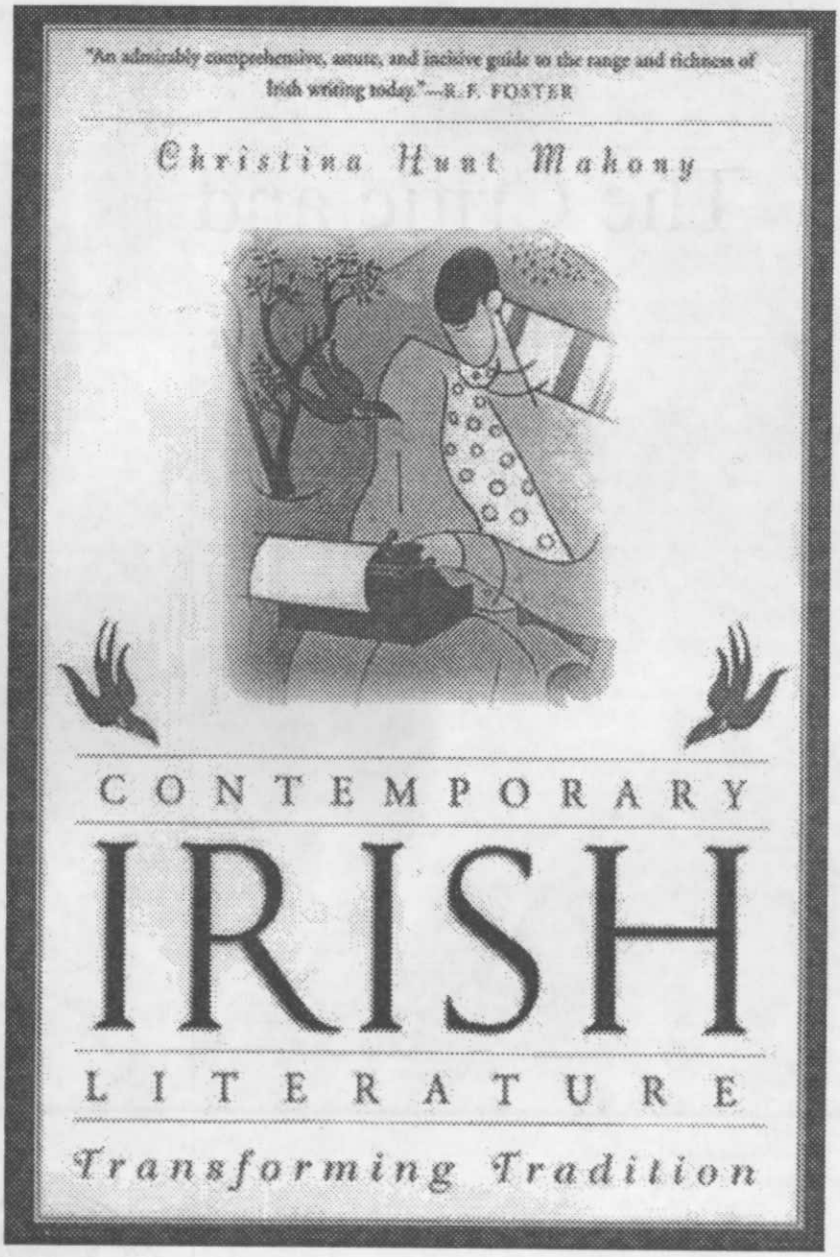
_____. *Essays and Introductions*. New York: Macmillan, 1968.

_____. *Collected Plays*. London: Macmillan, ?.

Chin Kham, Chin Kahm. *"At the Hawk's Well"*: An Experiment in Japan with No techniques in English in No/kyogen Masks and Performance." *MIME Journal* (1984).

Zeami. *La Tradition Secrète du No*. Trans. René Sieffert. Paris: Gallimard/UNESCO, 1960.

The Critic and the Author


"An admirably comprehensive, astute, and incisive guide to the range and richness of Irish writing today."—R. F. FOSTER
Christina Hunt Mahony
CONTEMPORARY
IRISH
LITERATURE
Transforming Tradition

Reading Contemporary Irish Literature

Nicholas Grene

Christina Hunt Mahony, *Contemporary Irish Literature: Transforming Tradition* (New York: St Martin's Press, 1998).

Where do you start? Who to include? Who to leave out? These must have been the difficult questions confronting Christina Hunt Mahony faced with the task of writing a book on contemporary Irish literature. The questions are so difficult because there is so much to cover, so many writers to choose from. Mahony has sensibly decided to restrict herself to living authors — Stewart Parker the Belfast playwright who died prematurely of cancer in his 40s is the only exception allowed — rather than taking a necessarily arbitrary start-date for the 'contemporary' period. The matter of selection is, as always in such cases, a delicate one. Mahony tactfully contrives to mention a considerable number of writers in her Introduction whom she did not find room for in the body of the book. And still her subject required her to deal in more or less detail with 15 poets, 18 playwrights, 23 fiction writers in the three chapters on 'Irish Poetry for Our Age', 'New Ireland on Stage', and 'Modern Irish Fiction — Art and Reality'. It was a formidable task, and the strength of the book is the sustained critical attention given to each of the writers in turn, the scrupulous fairness with which the writing is treated, the judicious discrimination between styles, themes and techniques across this huge range of material. Mahony has given us a map of the territory, showing how Irish writing has grown and developed in the period since the first half of the century, how the literary and cultural traditions of that earlier time (deftly sketched in the book's introduction) have been transformed into the wealth of writing talent that has emerged over the last 50 years. *Contemporary Irish Literature* is an extremely valuable introduction to the subject for anyone coming to it for the first time and an illuminating study for all of us who care about Irish writing.

Mahony makes it clear that her book was conceived primarily, though by no means exclusively, for readers outside Ireland itself. She does not give extended treatment to writers whose 'work is available outside Ireland only irregularly or in limited anthology selections'; she usefully glosses Irish phrases or cultural references that might not be familiar to non-Irish readers; she comments frequently on the extent or limits to the reputation of individual writers in North America. Her book as a whole provokes speculation as to why this reputation should be so much greater in some cases than in others. There has been in recent years a tremendous appetite for things Irish overseas, a market for everything from *Riverdance* to the ubiquitous exported Irish pub. Irish writing too has benefited from this world-wide Hibernophilia, but to very varying degrees in relation to individual writers. Mahony's scrupulous and informed assessment of the range of contemporary Irish authors, with her remarks on their reception outside Ireland, might prompt an attempt to define what makes for the greater success of some over others.

The phenomenal fame of Seamus Heaney is the most obvious case in point. No-one would attempt to deny Heaney's outstanding talent. As Mahony quite rightly sums up her extended analysis of his work: 'Seamus Heaney's corpus is an impressive one for any poet in any age, and his personal accomplishment has earned him his international reputation'. Within Ireland his position as our leading poet would be generally granted. But that position in Ireland would be seen as *primus inter pares*, first among equals; internationally he is considered completely unrivalled, and many of his Irish poetic contemporaries would not even be known. A review by Adrian Frazier of Derek Mahon's *The Yellow Book* in the *Irish Literary Supplement* raised the issue provocatively. He opened the review by imagining clusters of conspiratorial poetry-lovers dotted round the world getting together to whisper their heretical belief that Mahon was better than Heaney. It is at least an arguable case. Although Mahon has been a less prolific poet than Heaney, he is hardly less skilled, with a dazzzling lyric gift that has produced some of the finest poems to come out of Ireland in our time. His own carefully edited and revised *Collected Poems*, just published by Gallery Press (December 1999), constitutes a monumental achievement. His work is highly valued, as Frazier's witty vignette suggests, outside as well as inside Ireland. But in terms of international celebrity there can be no comparison with Heaney.

Seamus Heaney's fame was well established long before he won the Nobel Prize in 1995, reflected in his teaching positions at Harvard and as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. From early in his career, when saluted by Robert Lowell as Irish heir to Yeats, he has had a standing beyond that of his contemporaries. His poetry has had powerful advocates in the academy, including the influential Helen Vendler, whose recent book on Heaney is only one of many critical monographs on his work now available. The inherent worth of Heaney's poetry, one might conjecture, has been enhanced by a number of factors. He is, to begin with, a very fine public reader of his own poetry and a brilliant interpreter of other poets. The sense of human warmth, the special quality of the voice, the illuminating commentary that accompanies a Heaney reading, have undoubtedly helped to give an added dimension to his poems for the many audiences round the world who have listened to him read. (Mahon, by contrast, has now renounced giving public readings altogether). Equally Heaney's collections of essays and lectures, *Preoccupations*, *The Government of the Tongue*, *The Redress of Poetry* have shown a luminous critical intelligence and authority that reflects back on his own work. Most crucially, though, if Heaney has come to be seen by many as the Irish poet, it may be because his themes and forms fit so well with what is expected of poetry in general and Irish poetry in particular. The rural Derry childhood experience, mined in his first book *Death of a Naturalist* and since, provides the basis of natural observation and imagery established as normative in the romantic tradition from Wordsworth to Hardy. There is a special dimension to this tradition in Ireland, however, as represented in the poetry of Patrick Kavanagh, an acknowledged influence on Heaney. Ireland in its rural otherness is placed as a site of origin, of pristine or mythic beginnings. But it is also a country renowned for its troubled history, a history which the prolonged violence in the North has kept constantly before the world's eyes. Heaney in his inventive interplay between history, myth and contemporary politics in *North*, in his troubled personal meditations on the Northern crisis in *Station Island*, has been seen to speak resonantly for his country and his people. Earthed in the natural and the ordinary, yet moving at his ease in the world of literature and culture, this is an Irish poet for all seasons. By contrast, the Belfast-born Mahon, urban and urbane, ironical in style and eclectic in subject matter, who follows his imagination where it takes him, be it to a painting by Uccello or a disused shed in

County Wexford, does not in the same way conform to the categories of Irishness or poetry.

In the drama Mahony comments on the international reputation of John B. Keane and Hugh Leonard, Keane largely for the film adaptation of his play *The Field*, Leonard for his Broadway success *Da* which was also subsequently filmed. However neither of these writers have been particularly highly valued within the academy. It is Brian Friel's work which, as Mahony rightly points out, 'becomes canonical as it is written, an achievement that has the distinction of having both popular and professional approval'. Friel, whose 70th birthday was celebrated in 1999 in Ireland with the unique tribute of a nationwide festival, involving the production of eight of his plays besides an exhibition, a symposium, and a volume of essays, has a standing among Irish dramatists almost equivalent to that of Heaney among poets. With *Philadelphia Here I Come!* (1964) and *Dancing at Lughnasa* (1990) Friel had two major international successes, both of them often revived; with *Translations*, the inaugural production of the Field Day Theatre company in 1980 he created a play of absorbing interest to all those concerned with issues of language and colonisation in whatever country. Yet with Friel, also, as with Heaney and Mahon, there is a striking comparison to be made with a near contemporary who has not achieved a comparable international reputation. In introducing the work of Tom Murphy, Mahony asserts that 'he can rival any of Ireland's playwrights for the title of finest living dramatist'. This is a judgement with which I would agree, and so would many critics and scholars working on Irish drama inside and outside Ireland. But as Mahony goes on to point out: 'Less performed and read outside Ireland than some of his contemporaries, Murphy has has a history of considerable success in Britain, but has been considered not to "translate" well to North American stages, expect for specialist Irish audiences'.

The comparison with Friel here is a piquant one because the careers of the two playwrights started so much in parallel. Murphy came to prominence with his first full-length play, *A Whistle in the Dark*, produced in London in 1961, where it played in the West End for several months. Friel's *Philadelphia*, staged first at the 1964 Dublin Theatre Festival, went on to a record-breaking run on Broadway. (Oddly enough it was not a success in London.) Since then, although both Murphy and Friel have continued to produce imaginative and innovative work for the theatre, the one has far outdistanced the other in terms of international reception. After the success of *Whistle in the Dark* it was to be seven years before Murphy saw another of his plays staged in or outside Ireland. By contrast, Friel followed up *Philadelphia* with *The Loves of Cass Maguire* which opened on Broadway and *Lovers* which transferred there from Dublin again to a highly successful run. Friel has combined real popular success in the theatre with solid cultural and intellectual credit. In London his plays have regularly transferred to the Royal Court and the National Theatre, when they have not made it to the West End. His work has long been the subject of respectful attention in academic criticism: the first monograph on him appeared as early as 1973; there have been no less than six books devoted to him since 1988.

All these indices of Friel's international reputation are the more striking in comparison with those for Murpy. Murphy's work has been staged in Britain and America — in the summer of 1999 the Abbey production of his most recent play *The Wake* sold out at the Edinburgh Festival — but he has never, since *Whistle in the Dark*, been produced in the West End or on Broadway. *Bailegangaire*, played to enormous acclaim in Ireland by the Druid Theatre Company in 1985, widely recognized as one of the great modern Irish plays, with an outstanding performance by Siobhán McKenna in her last stage role, did not do well when it transferred to the Donmar Warehouse in London. In fact, paradoxically, it was a

London revival of *Whistle in the Dark*, twenty-eight years on in 1989, that kickstarted Murphy's reputation again at a time when his finest current work, *Conversations on a Homecoming, The Gigli Concert, Bailegangaire*, could get no more than fringe productions at best outside Ireland. Where Friel's plays have been published by Faber since 1965, it was not until 1988 that Murphy was published by an established house outside Ireland and not until the 1990s that he was given the canonical treatment of publication in Methuen's Contemporary Dramatists series. By contrast with the wealth of scholarly study of Friel, there is so far only one full-length book on Murphy.

Why this disproportion? Is it because Murphy's work is more difficult of access, his language more idiosyncratically Irish than the beautiful finished style of Friel? Or because his theatrical experimentation has been more extreme than Friel's, taking him in plays such as *The Sanctury Lamp* (well discussed by Mahony) outside the recognizable turf of the Irish playwright? Has diasporic nostalgia for Ireland been an important part of the attractiveness of emigrant plays such as *Philadelphia* and *Lughnasa*? Is Friel's Ballybeg (setting for so many of his plays) a kind of version of Irish pastoral? These are questions to which I have no definitive answers but which the Murphy/Friel comparison seems to me to throw up.

In fiction there has been no single figure of comparable dominance to that of Heaney in poetry and Friel in the drama. By now Roddy Doyle is almost certainly the most successful Irish fiction writer, a success that took off from the film made of his first novel *The Commitments*, and was further enhanced when he won the Booker Prize with his fourth novel *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha!* Since then the popularity of Doyle's work has never been in doubt, but his reputation among intellectuals and academics has continued to be controversial. In the last issue of *ABEI* Rudiger Imhof strongly contested the claims made for Doyle by Gerry Smyth in *The Novel and the Nation: Studies in the New Irish Fiction.* Doyle's latest novel, the instant best-seller *A Star Called Henry*, received an immensely enthusiastic review from Roy Foster in the *Observer* and an equally destructive notice from Seamus Deane in the *Guardian.* It is easy to see the reasons for the popular appeal of Doyle's work; the dust has yet to settle on the question of his canonical standing. The situation is exactly the opposite with four other leading Irish fiction writers. William Trevor, Jennifer Johnston, John McGahern and John Banville would be almost universally respected, their work known internationally and the subject of widespread academic study. But there are curious limits to their reputation. Mahony comments, for instance, that 'although Banville made an early reputation in Britain and Canada, it has been slow to spread to the United States. His work is translated into a range of European languages, but it attracts only a select, loyal readership outside Ireland'. John McGahern, long regarded within Ireland as one of our leading writers of fiction, had to wait until *Amongst Women* (1990) for a real international success. Trevor and Johnston again have long been well-established as novelists and short-story writers; their books sell steadily but never on the scale of a Roddy Doyle.

The appetite for Irish writing continues unabated. Mahony comments , for example, on the meteoric rise to prominence of playwrights Conor McPherson and Martin McDonagh, each with international successes while still in their 20s. Publishers pay large advances for first novels by Irish writers such as Antonia Logue's prizewinning *Shadowbox* (1999). And Paul Muldoon is now installed, like Heaney before him, as Oxford Professor of Poetry. The phenonemon of contemporary Irish literature and its reception at home and abroad is an enormously complex one that is unlikely to yield to any instant analysis. It is

certainly no criticism of Christina Hunt Mahony's book that it does not address this issue directly. It is rather because of the even-handed judiciousness of her evaluation of the range of modern Irish writers that the disparity between their international reputations emerges so dramatically. What makes an Irish author marketable, accessible, potentially canonical beyond Ireland? What part does Irishness as such play in that international reception? Mahony comments interestingly on the case of Paul Muldoon and his 'crossover' reputation in the United States where he is valued, quite unusually among Irish poets, not specifically as an Irish poet. What is the relation between popular success — the success of a Roddy Doyle — and academic standing, and how does it come about that some writers such as Friel can combine the two? A book such as John Harrington's *The Irish Play on the New York Stage 1874-1966* (University Press of Kentucky, 1997) is suggestive of the sort of work that would need to be done to answer these questions. In the meantime, those of us in Irish studies have every reason to be pleased that such an astonishing range of imaginative writing continues to flow from Ireland, that some at least of these writers have achieved international recognition, and that in Christina Hunt Mahony's book the area of contemporary Irish literature has been given such an informed and authoritative introduction.

Irish Writers and Reputation
— Response to Nicholas Grene

Christina Hunt Mahony

Abstract: *The international reputations of Irish writers are often not a reflection of their reputations at home. Readers outside Ireland have differing conceptions of Ireland which attract and sustain them. Despite its range of innovative approaches and the present-day concerns today's Irish writing addresses, it is perhaps the traditional and celebratory nature of Irish literature that readers abroad look to Irish writing to provide.*

I would like to begin my response by thanking Munira Mutran for her invitation to participate in this critic and author series, and to express my delight that my book is being read in Brazil. I also thank Nicholas Grene for his choice of such an intelligent and productive area for discussion.

Reputation - its development and its vagaries - is a mysterious area in critical studies which is as highly nuanced as the creative work which is its source. Critical books about living Irish writers participate in reputation building, and every critical article is an act of intervention in the debate. For this reason the impetus for critical works also needs to be assessed. As Nicholas Grene has indicated, *Contemporary Irish Literature,* commissioned by a publisher in New York, was written in the first instance for a North American readership. The publisher is a commercial concern, not an academic press, although the book was published in the Scholarly and Reference division of that publisher. The book was then purchased by a British affiliate on the understanding that it would have both British and Irish rights. This is a common procedure in such publishing ventures and I only articulate the process in full here to illustrate the book's origins, its initial brief and its eventual range.

The authors chosen for discussion in *Contemporary Irish Literature* are those who are most likely to be on an American or Canadian university curricula. Also included were some whose work *could* be included in some universities, and finally a shortlist of those whose omission from same seemed an egregious oversight, or those whose work is likely to be included in the near future. Both Nicholas Grene and I have found it incredible on a certain level that Tom Murphy's plays are unknown in the US, except within diaspora enclaves. I felt nearly as strongly that Americans should be introduced to the dramatic works of Thomas Kilroy (who was one of my lecturers when I studied at University College Dublin in the 70's.) Also, since I am not a reader who dismisses all hierarchies (in my estimation there is a distinction between great literature, good literature and that which is neither), *Contemporary Irish Literature,* although influenced by commercial, US-centric and by some timely 90's concerns, did not attempt artificial or indeed any means of gender, age or reli-

gious balance in the choice of these authors for discussion.

Irish literature for readers in the US and in Canada, whether they are of the diaspora or have no Irish roots, has a lingering appeal that is fundamentally Romantic, an old world European charm, that recurs like a hunger in subsequent generations of North American readers, regardless of present-day Irish realities. I would think that some South American readers harbor similar associations with different places in the old world. Irish literature also resonates for North Americans of all kinds because of its recurring themes of exile and emigration - for nations comprised largely of emigrant populations this is not a surprising phenomenon. In a similar sense Irish literature also has a natural appeal in Anglophone North America because of its playful, imaginative and lush use of the English language - a language from which our own is derived, but from which it has also now become very different in its two hundred year period of evolution.

The American engagement with Irish literature does not have the same primary requisite as has, say, the French reader's response to Irish prose fiction in terms of innovation, especially of the structural sort. In France Irish prose is raised to a level of prominence the genre has never enjoyed either in Ireland nor among Irish-American readers. Thus Brian Moore, John Banville and John McGahern, like Beckett as novelist before them, command a loyal French following, whereas in the US their work is reverently and intelligently reviewed in premier critical venues and read by very few. This is not a fate reserved exclusively for Irish writers and their reception in the US. It is rather that innovation in fictional modes, as well as the intellectual history of the novel, has little primary appeal for most American readers, who do not privilege this element in the work in their own writers. The European intellectual novel tradition, best typified in America in the work of Henry James, receives much less attention from American readers, inside and outside the university, than does that of Scott FitzGerald, for instance, whose compelling narrative gifts in novels such as *The Great Gatsby* have won him a larger following, a greater reputation, and more readers than James has ever claimed or will. In both Ireland, then, and in America, the ability to tell a story looms large in the determination of reputation.

Perhaps in Latin America the magical, supernatural and religious elements of Irish literature would be likely draw the reader. Does the work of writers from the recent Irish past who incorporated mystical elements from myth and fairy lore, like AE, Lord Dunsany, James Stephens, and Austin Clarke, appeal to Latin American readers? Do new writers given equally to literary prestidigitation, such as Eilis Ni Dhuibhne and Colum McCann, have a large potential readership among the subscribers to this journal?

The realism of the works of Patrick Kavanagh, Brian Friel and John B. Keane, who provide vignettes of rural and small town Irish life, a life which has by now largely vanished, speaks directly to Northern American, particularly Irish-American, hearts and minds. Do plays, poems and novels which feature humble protagonists with seemingly timeless values, those who either endure or who triumph over adversity, have a universal appeal? On the linguistic level, do the machinations of a Flann O Brien appeal to German and to Scandinavian readers for the same reasons the intricacies of Celtic language verse forms were first decoded in universities there? If so, how is this connection formed when I find that my students, for whom English is a first language, are for the most part completely bewildered by, if not antagonistic to, *At Swim-Two -Birds*?

So many elements go into the construction of a literary reputation and its dissemination that it would be a tricky business to predict which Irish writers would be most likely to be accessed by different cultures nor why this might be the case, but to return to Professor

Grene's two literary pairings - Heaney and Mahon, Friel and Murphy - and the great disparity in international reputation found within each pair - I think that part of the reason for the huge international success enjoyed by both Heaney and Friel is that each of these writers, although very modern men, write with a continuing awareness of and respect for tradition, and traditional belief systems. They may, neither of them, subscribe entirely to these systems themselves, but they do not write from outside them. Their work is neither primarily existential nor is it postmodern in sensibility. Derek Mahon and Tom Murphy, however, are at times writers who do work outside traditional parameters, and who are more willing to take readers or audiences to the darker places in modern life.

It is not the case, of course, that Seamus Heaney's poetry does not encompass a fully-developed awareness of grief and alienation. A recent list of the hundred favorite poems of Irish readers, conducted by *Poetry Ireland* and published in *The Irish Times*, lists Heaney's "Mid Term Break", his poignant lyric on the death of his four year-old brother, as the first of Heaney's poems on the list, and the third ranked of all the poems (that this poem has appeared in examination papers may account in part for its imprinting on the collective mind of the respondents, and it would not, I think, be among his poems best loved or best known by international readers). On a less personal and decidedly more political level, Heaney's "From the Republic of Conscience" operates in a postmodern no-man's land bereft of facile consolation. Heaney's reputation outside Ireland, however, does not rest with such poems, and the frequency with which rural lyrics such as "Digging", "Follower",and"Blackberry Picking" appear in anthologies, attests to the type of poem which has the most popular following.

If Heaney can and does isolate humans in moments of pain, despair and confusion, Mahon can equally turn his hand to the joyous in life, as in the recent "Noon at St Michael's" when he evokes a lady love from whom he is temporarily separated, and with whom he imagines a reunion –

> for you are the light
> rising on lost islands, the *speir-bhean*
> the old poets saw gleam in the morning mist.
> When you walk down Fifth Avenue in your lavender suit,
> your pony eyes opaque, I am the man
> beside you, and life is bright
> with the finest and best.

One could also look to Mahon's choice of passages to translate from Horace's *Odes*, entitled by the modern poet "How to Live", which closes with this celebratory instruction –

> . . . .The days are more fun than the years
> which pass us by while we discuss them. Act with zest
> one day at a time, and never mind the rest.

Such unburdened moments in Mahon's corpus, however, are rare, and alleviate the skeptical stance the poet usually assumes against the threat of a false complacency.

The offerings of today's Irish playwrights are similarly paradoxical at times. Brian Friel's exuberant *Philadelphia Here I Come!* and his life-affirming *Dancing at Lughnasa* played, as Professor Grene reminds us, to an array of international audiences, but his *Faith*

Healer, arguably his finest play, is little known outside Ireland. In that play his small forlorn cast of nomads, outcasts from society and all its small comforts, take refuge in delusion and scraps of human love and compassion. Tom Murphy's *The Gigli Concert*, focusing similarly on delusion and marginalization, manages brilliantly, however, to conclude with one of the most crystalline moments of pure human joy ever portrayed on the Irish stage. Most audiences outside Ireland, however, would perhaps be unwilling to have their preconditioned idea of Ireland disturbed to such an extent as Murphy's plays demand to experience that transforming final moment of *The Gigli Concert*.

For readers and audiences outside Ireland the darker side of human life is not the emotional or cultural slot that Irish art is meant to fill. We all know those dark places, but we may look, whimsically or not, to Irish writing to illuminate other more reassuring elements of our own experience. In this regard the matter of reputation among Irish writers and the reasons for the great disparity that exists in the reputations of Irish writers of equal merit and accomplishment, I am reminded of a recent interview given by internationally renowned (reputation again!) violinist Anne-Sophie Mutter. When posed the tough choice -"Which do you prefer to play, Mozart or Beethoven?, she responded that although both composers explored both joy and sorrow in full - Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* and Mozart's *Requiem* being extreme examples, in the final analysis Beethoven engaged in a struggle with life, whereas Mozart celebrated life. Therefore, said Ms Mutter, she would, finally, rather play Mozart. It seems to me it is that Mozartian and celebratory quality which informs much of the work of Heaney and Friel and which assures assure their international reputations as Irish writers.

Fortunately for all readers of Irish literature today there is a great deal on offer and also a great variety. This late twentieth-century flowering of Irish writing offers a sense of Irish identity which is remarkably plastic and capable of growth and change, and which has developed a large readership throughout the world, the proof of which is our exchange within these pages.

Poetry

The Colloquy of the Old Men: An Introduction

Maurice Harmon

The Colloquy of the Old Men, a translation of *Acallam na Senorach*, is an early thirteenth-century text of about 80,000 words mainly of prose but with many poems interspersed in the prose. A medieval Irish romance, the *Colloquy* tells of the meeting between Oisin and Cailte, two surviving members of the third century Fian, a band of roving warriors who used to guard Ireland, and saint Patrick, who brought Christianityity to Ireland in the fifth century. Cailte and Patrick travel round Ireland together. Patrick is concerned with converting the provincial kings, their nobles and followers, but Cailte wants to revisit places associated with his former comrades. The frame story deals with Patrick's journeys but within that are over two hundred stories told mainly by Cailte about people, places, and events in the legendary past.

The stories reflect many genres: wonder tales, romances, mythological tales, tales of monsters and magic, sea journeys, stories of revenge, transmogrifications and attacks by forces from the Otherworld. Flocks of birds lay waste areas of Munster; a woman from the Island of Women seeks protection from the Fian, but is killed before their eyes by a man from the Island of Men. Three strange men from Norway, each with a particular gift, and their dog protect the Fian but insist on sleeping in their own camp with a wall of fire about them: they do not want anyone to see them at night because every third night one of them is dead and their dog shrinks; that same dog vomits treasure on demand, wine comes from his mouth, his breath turns men's bodies to ashes and he protects Finn mac Cumaill, the leader of the Fian, by walking about him three times each day. The Tuatha De Danann in one fairy mound are attacked by Tuatha De Danann from another and are saved only by the help of the Fian. There are also many kinds of poems: poems of praise, nature poems, elegies, genealogical poems, commemorations, eulogies, prophecies. The *Colloquy* is a rich compendium of imaginative literature, a collection of contrasting tales and poems whose diversity and interaction make for a lively imaginative experience. It has been shaped with such intelligence and care and with such a profound understanding of tradition that it is easy to agree with Gerard Murphy that it had a single author. 'Some unknown Irishman of genius,' he said, 'steeped in the ancient lore of Ireland, but inspired also by the innovating tendencies of his time, got the idea of combining all the modes and spirits of various branches of Irish tradition in one vast literary compilation...'[1]

Despite its great variety of stories, poems, incidents and people, the *Colloquy* is coherent and ordered. Formulaic patterns that help to bind the tales together include the manner by which stories are introduced, the formal style of personal address, and the words Patrick and others use to thank Cailte for his stories. Stories are formally introduced by questions about the origin of place-names, as for example 'Why is this rath called the Rath of the Dog's Head and this mound the Mound of Women?' In response Cailte tells a story

that gives the explanation required. Dinnschenchas, or the lore of place-names, is strong in Irish tradition. At the end of the telling Patrick compliments him courteously with the words, 'Victory and blessing be yours, Cailte, this is entertainment of mind and spirit for us.' At its conclusion all the main participants, Patrick, Cailte, Oisin, the High King of Ireland, the provincial kings, and significant minor figures assemble for the Feast of Tara where narrative strands are brought to conclusion.

The aesthetic interaction of prose narratives with poetic comment or illustration is also effective, providing a contrast with the prose and often highlighting particular events, figures, or places. When, for example, Cailte finds a well for Patrick, he recites a sensuous lyric about it:

Well of Tra Da Ban,
lovely your pure-topped cress,
since your verdure has been neglected
your brooklime cannot grow.

Trout out from your banks
wild pigs in your wilderness
deer on your crags good to hunt,
dappled red-breasted fawns.

Mast on the tree-tops,
fish in the river mouths,
Lovely in colour your arum lily shoots,
Green brook in the woody hollow.

Cailte's idealised description of Arran is outstanding:

Arran of many stags
The sea beats against her cliffs
Island feeder of hunting bands
Ridges red with steely spears.

Restless stags on the summits
Ripe bilberries in thickets
Cool water in her streams
Mast in her red oaks.

Hunting dogs and beagles there
Blackberries and blackthorn sloes
Its shore close to the woods
Deer straying among the oaks.

A purple crop on the rocks
Unblemished grass in the glades
Pleasant cover on the crags
The skipping sound of dappled fawns.

Smooth plains and fat swine
Happy fields, a tale to believe,
Nuts hang on her tree-tops
Long ships sail by.

Pleasant in fine weather
Trout below the river banks
Gulls circling the white cliff
Arran always beautiful.

The contrast between Christianity and paganism permeates the entire work. If there are examples of heroic deeds by the Fian, there are also examples of Patrick's miraculous powers: raising the dead, striking water from a rock, healing the sick, promising salvation and cursing evil-doers so effectively that the ground swallows them. As he zealously pursues his spiritual mission, Patrick is a powerful exponent of Christianity and an impressive advocate for its values. Kings and nobles in each of the provinces readily submit to his spiritual authority. He drives legions of demons from Cailte and Oisin when he first meets them, does the same at Cashel when he ascends the Rock and in the end will reduce the glorious Tuatha De Danann, the gods and goddesses of the Otherworld, to dwellers on hills and mountains. While Patrick's God is not judgmental the unmerited mass destruction of princes at Tara was sufficient proof of His existence to have made Finn mac Cumaill believe in Him. Cailte willingly accepts baptism but laments the disappearance of former comrades and all that they stood for. His stories bear witness to and often celebrate the extraordinary prowess of the pagan Fian in battle, their skill in the use of weapons, their attractiveness to women and their unusual adventures. One of the recurrent themes is the greatness of Finn mac Cumaill and his people, the Clann Baiscne, and their disruptive rivalry with the other great family, the Clann Morna.

Those seductive themes are countered by Patrick who maintains that Cailte is lucky to have survived long enough to have become a christian. 'You should not feel sad,' Patrick tells him. 'Your condition and your hope are better than all the others, since I have come to you and because the reward of the true God, faith, holiness and prayer with the arms crossed have come to you and not to any others of the Fian.'

Early on in the work Patrick asks Cailte, 'What values did you live by?' and Cailte makes the famous reply: 'Truth in our hearts, strength in our hands, and fulfilment in our tongues'. In a listing of Fian leaders Cailte associates each with specific qualities such as nobility, knowledge, wisdom. They were brave, loyal, wise. But Finn is the ideal: 'gift-giver to noble hosts, our many-talented wise man./Our chief, leader, seer, judge, magician and druid.' Fian values include skill in battle, fame, personal honour. The tribute most frequently ascribed to people is that they were hospitable. Generosity is always praised as in this poem about Finn:

Were but the brown leaf gold
that the wood sheds,
were but the white wave silver
Finn had given all away.

Storytelling itself, however, is an even more important value, transcending all others.

Many of the stories compiled and shaped by the nameless author belong to oral tradition and the *Colloquy's* success depends on the author's effectiveness as a teller of tales. When Patrick questions the propriety of listening to secular stories, his two guardian angels not only approve but urge him to record what Cailte and Oisin say 'for gatherings of people and noblemen in times to come will be delighted to listen to those stories.' Indeed, they say, since the old men only remember a third of what they know, it is imperative to write down what they still recall. Cailte may be proud of the military skills he once had but he is valued by those who listen to him because of what he knows and because he is a good storyteller. 'Victory and blessing, Cailte,' says Diarmaid mac Cerbaill, High-King of Ireland, 'where are the poets and storytellers? Let these matters be written in the tablets of the poets, in the records of the learned, in the words of the judges, so that all the knowledge of land and territory may be retained together with all of Cailte's and Oisin's great deeds of valour and prowess, and the place-lore of Ireland.' The *Colloquy* records and affirms the antiquity, strength, endurance and richness of Irish tradition and the poet-minstrel-storyteller is recurrently praised and generously rewarded. In addition to Cailte, the chief storyteller, two of the most attractive figures in the entire work are Cnu Dereoil, the much-loved dwarf minstrel, and Cas Corach who is surrounded by mystery and is appointed Poet of Ireland in the final pages.

Heroic and christian virtues are finely balanced. Confirming prophecies retrieved from the past validate the coming of saints to sites once associated with the Fian. It is clear, however, that the author favours Connaught where the last portion of the work is set. While Finn prophecies the coming of particular saints to the monasteries of Ferns, Rosbroc and Glendalough, his highest praise is for saint Ciaran who will come to Clonmacnoise.

> 'A birth will occur there by the will of the Lord of the great host,
> the worthy Son of Heaven's King whom angels serve.
> He will be holy Ciaran, will be born in the royal rath,
> will seize half of Ireland, the mason's son from Muirthemne.
>
> To those who would wreck his church sudden red-speared death,
> hanging, pitiless racking and the lowest pit of Hell.'

Significantly, Croagh Patrick, also in Connaught, is identified as the place of pilgrimage guaranteed by Patrick himself. 'I have,' he declares, 'ensured that the place be a place of holiness and truth. Whoever commits evil or wrong there will experience withering of children, kindred and people. My blessing on him who will honour and defend it.' In the next breath he promises that three Connaught kings will rule Ireland and that the country will prosper under them.

The potential conflict between the two cultures is not an issue, the force of paganism never allowed to burst through the author's restraining hand. Cailte laments what has gone but never challenges what has ensued. What he values and represents is subordinated to what he has come to accept. If he regrets the destruction of places where the Fian used to hunt or assemble, their transformation into centres of christian gathering is celebrated within the one poem. That process is part of the christian author's revisionist agenda by which what the Fian represent is replaced by what Patrick embodies and which Finn is shown to have foreseen and welcomed. The story-cycle form ensures creative interaction between the various narrative levels and between the pagan, oral world of the Fian and the literate, Christian world of Patrick.

Over and over the Colloquy stresses the supremacy of Christianity. No one experiences a crisis of conscience, no one rebels against the teachings of the church. When Ailenn Fialchorcra falls in love with the king of Connaught who already has a wife, Patrick says that such a relationship is forbidden by God and by himself. Both the woman and the king accept this ruling. Only when the first wife dies are they able to marry and that union is one of the threads tied in the conclusion. Significantly this story is told not by Cailte but by the Christian narrator.

The point is also made in the story of Tuathal Techtmar's two daughters, Fithir and Dairine. Eochaid mac Echach, king of Leinster, wants to marry Fithir but her father will not give her in marriage before her older sister, Dairine. Eochaid accepts Dairine, but it is the younger sister he loves. After a year he builds a house in the forest and hides Dairine there and then goes back to her father. He tells Tuathal that Dairine has died and that he wants to marry Fithir. Reluctantly the High King agrees. Eochaid takes her back to Leinster but when they arrive they find Dairine before them. At sight of her sister Fithir dies and then Dairine also dies. As the poem says: 'Fithir died from shame, Dairine died from grief.'

The Colloquy is a highly allusive text. Behind its evocation of an imaginary landscape lies not only the world of the Fian and of early Christianity but figures and events in Irish sagas, such as the heroic world of the Tain Bo Cuailnge (The Cattle-Raid of Cooley) and the legend of Suibne Geilt (Mad Sweeney). There are associations with people, places and events in the wider tradition of the Fianaigecht, with Patrician hagiography, and with European romances. Within the romanticised world of the Colloquy, known elements of Irish society exist and help to explain what goes on. Plunderers, for example, are those who do not have ties of kinship with a king or lord; agreements are guaranteed by people of stature; blood-fines are paid for murders; formal gifts are exchanged in accordance with Irish customs. All create a layered landscape and a layered consciousness. The Colloquy appears to be grounded in actually but is free-standing, its imagined reality superimposed on a sketchily outlined real world.

The *Colloquy* gives the impression of being set in a realistic social world through the identification of places and directions to them, through the naming of provincial kings and High King, through the provision of genealogies, through the naming of royal sites and places in which the Tuatha De Danann live. But this impression is largely illusory. The names of the kings are almost all fictitious and the place names that seem real are often imaginary. It would be a mistake, however, to think that the Colloquy takes place in a political or social vacuum. Ultimately it offers a civilizing ideal at a time of political disruption in the first quarter of the thirteenth century. Some stories have a moral force: they show how one should behave; they show what kinds of behaviour are deeply, even fatally, shameful. Many deal with relationships between men and women and with marriage, elopements, angry fathers, jealous rivals, sexual arrangements. In early Irish society a man could have more than one wife and so the sharing of his sexual activity could be an issue in marriage arrangements. Some focus on the proper behaviour of retainers. Others illustrate how princes ought to behave. The poem of advice to Mac Lugach is a case in point. Finn mac Cumaill urges him to respect the elderly, to be gentle to women and children, to reward artists, to shun sexual looseness, to be loyal, and prudent.

> Do not speak in big words,
> nor avoid saying what is right.
> It is shameful to speak too fiercely,
> if you cannot match deeds with words.

Do not abandon your lord
while you live in this yellow world,
nor for any wealth or gold
go back on your support.

One of the most attractive aspects of the Colloquy is the connection between the visible and the invisible worlds, between the landscape in which Patrick and Cailte travel and the places under fairy mounds where the Tuatha De Danann live. To some degree there is little difference between the people of this world and the people of the Otherworld. They too have elopements and battles, make alliances for purposes of marriage or combat, and have a range of feeling. But thy are forever young and beautiful, live in crystal palaces and enjoy an abundance of food and drink. The Colloquy has several descriptions of their houses, such as this sophisticated account of Crede's home under the Paps mountains in north County Kerry.

'A hundred feet in Crede's house
from one end to the other
twenty measured feet the width
of its splendid doorway.

'Its wattling and thatch
of bird feathers yellow and blue
its wall-railing to the east
of glass and carbuncle.

'Four pillars for each bed
patterned with silver and gold
the glass gem on each
a pleasant crowning.

Crede may be a creature of the Otherworld but her lament for her drowned husband, Cael, at the Battle of Ventry is as moving as any human elegy:

'The harbour resounds with the red race of Reenverc,
the ebb laments the death of the man from Loch Da Chonn.

'The crane cries in the marshes of Druim Da Thren,
but cannot guard her young when the fox comes close.

'Sad is the cry the thrush makes in Drumkeen,
no less sad the blackbird's voice in Leitir Laig.

'Sad the sound the stag makes in Drumlesh.
For the dead doe of Druim Silenn the stag roars.

'It grieves me the death of the hero who used to lie with me,
the son of the woman of Doire Da Doss with a cross above his head.

'It grieves me, Cael, to have you dead by my side,
the wave-drench over your bright side maddens me.

'Sad the sound the wave makes against the shore,
it drowned a handsome man, my grief Cael went near.

'Sad the sound the wave makes to the north.
hammering hard rocks, lamenting Cael's death.

'Sad the sound the wave makes to the south
my time is done, my shape utterly gone.

'Sad the sound made by Tulcha's dragging wave.
I have no future since its tidings reached me.

'Since Crimthan's son drowned, I will love no one.
His hand felled many, on a hard day his shield never spoke.'

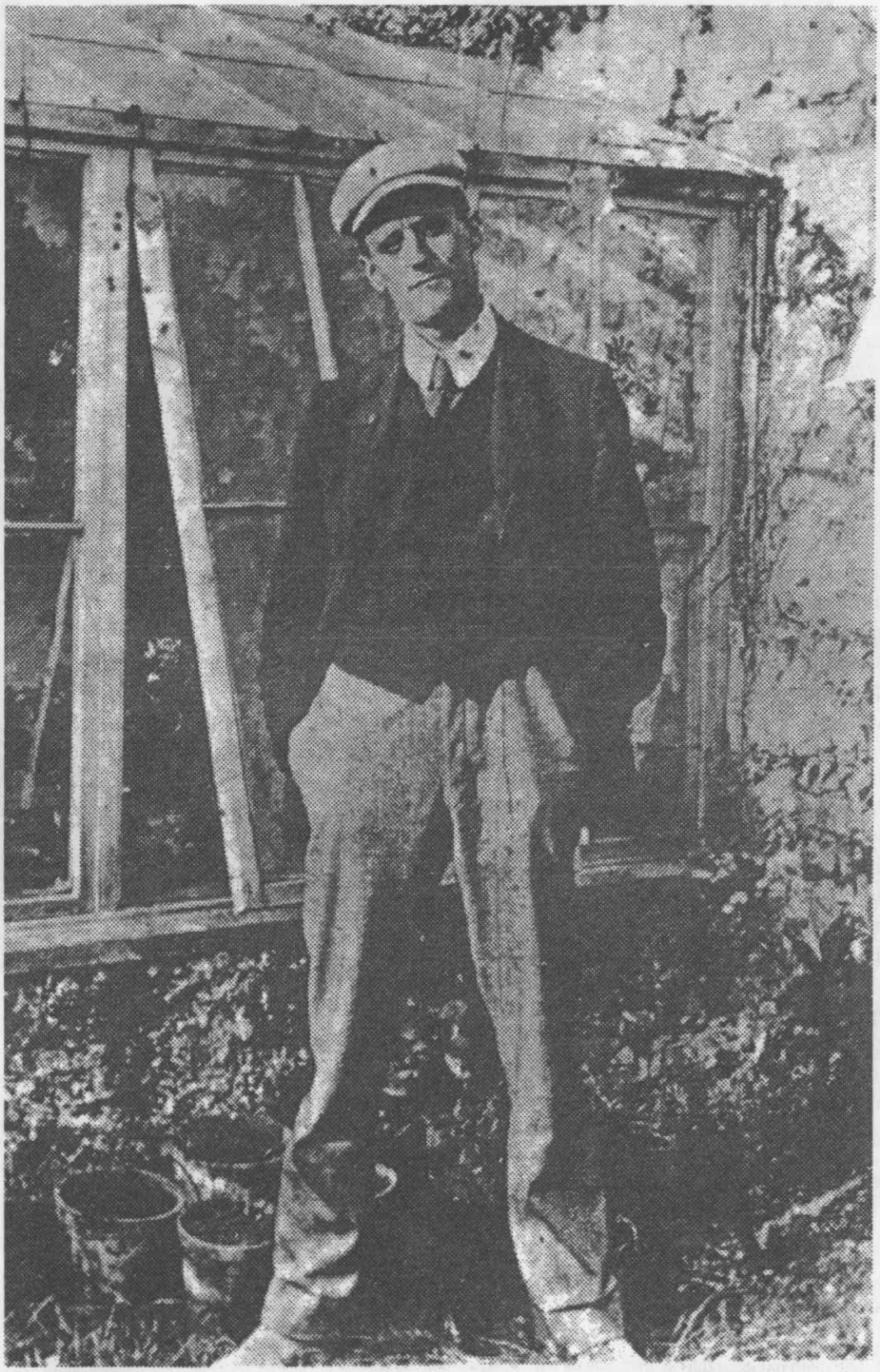
The *Colloquy* has a splendid imaginative power. We are persuaded that vast numbers of people, kings, nobles and followers, Christians and pagans travel from place to place and that they enjoy lavish banquets, but no mention is made of the practical difficulties involved. The Tuatha De Danann add to this sense of a romantic cavalcade and Cailte's stories of place-identifications with their array of characters and events deepen the atmosphere of romance. The medieval imagination enjoys the crowded canvas, splendid figures, kings, queens, romances, wonders, magic, daring deeds, banquets and feasts.

More generally the atmosphere of medieval romance casts an attractive ambience over the entire work so that accounts of battle, beheadings, fights against monsters, or against the Tuatha De Danann all fit into a pleasing style. In telling the story of the journeys made by Patrick, Cailte, and Oisin and providing a geographical context for them, the author at the same time usually achieves a smooth transition to the many different kinds of stories within that frame story. He can sustain a narrative across several stories, introducing characters, leaving them aside, introducing other stories, and then return to the original story and its characters.

The *Colloquy* connects the present with the past and revivifies what once was. Past splendour is confirmed by Cailte's stories and by the evidence he produces in the form of goblet, sword or treasure. These, he says, belonged to Finn, Oisin, or one of the other heroes; here is where that woman was buried; that hill, that ford, that plain is where these events took place. In the end it is the narrative richness and values of the work that are most important. Second in length only to the Tain Bo Cualinge, the scale, variety and artistic power of the *Colloquy* make it one of the greatest and most entertaining works in Irish literature.

Note

1. 'Acallam na Senorach' in Irish Sagas, edited Myles Dillon, Dublin, 1959, 125



Joyce in 1904. Photograph by C. P. Curran.

"The Penetration and Illumination of Life's Experience" in James Joyce's Ulysses and Gerard Manley Hopkins' Poetry

Donald E. Morse

Abstract: *Different as they may appear in person and as writers, Joyce and Hopkins share far more than time spent in Ireland or in exile. Michael McLaverty in discussing Hopkins points to what holds true for both writers: both penetrate and illuminate "life's experience" as both "appeal fundamentally to [our] . . . total nature" (142). As Hopkins' poetry penetrates life's experience it more and more illuminates Scotus's divine design. As Joyce's prose penetrates life's experience it more and more illuminates those truths discoverable in what William James called "subjective life" (I:239). While Hopkins shows a deep penetration into religious experience, Joyce demonstrates a great range of personal, subjective experience. Yet both exhibit a remarkable "coherence of . . . vision within its own range" (Peake 322).*

Hugh Kenner reports that James Joyce was only seven years old when Gerard Manley Hopkins died and that "Joyce so far as we can tell never chanced to hear of Hopkins" (144). Yet by the time Joyce wrote *Finnegans Wake* (1939) he must have known of Hopkins and his poetry since he refers to both. For instance, Joyce rearranges Hopkins' alliteration in "dapple dawn drawn falcon" from his most famous poem, "The Windhover" to read "While the dapplegray dawn drags nearing nigh" (*Finnegans Wake* 585.20).[1] Joyce also refers approvingly to Hopkins' technique of "sprung rhythm as "spring of Sprung Verse. The Vertex" (293). But besides overt references to Hopkins' work, Joyce shared with Hopkins several important characteristics as well as not a few superficial ones. Joyce, for instance, educated by the Jesuits, may have been considered a likely candidate for the priesthood, but did not become one. Throughout his life he did, however, embody many of Jesuitical qualities both in his life and work. Perhaps he had "the cursed jesuit strain . . . injected the wrong way," as Buck Mulligan contends is true of Stephen Dedalus (*Ulysses* 8). Hopkins, also educated by the Jesuits, later did become one himself submitting fully to the discipline of the order. Both Joyce and Hopkins exercised intense self-discipline in the service of a higher good. Both labored intensively at the expense of their physical health. Both spent a significant portion of their lives in exile. Joyce went into exile *from* Ireland and more particularly from Dublin. Hopkins went in exile *to* Ireland, more particularly to Dublin although he spent many happy weeks in county Kildare. Both were highly creative linguistically and both changed the major forms they worked in—Joyce in the novel and Hopkins in poetry; and both shared a

"fierce interest in particularity" (Kenner 144). Walter Ong contends rightly that "To Hopkins . . . existence . . . begins not with abstract principles at all but with full-fledged existing things, in all their totality particularized. . . first there is God, and then there is his real, particularized creation" (107). Joyce would enthusiastically agree with the first part of this assessment, as attested to by the "full-fledged existing things, in all their totality particularized" on virtually every page of *Ulysses*. But the pre-eminent quality shared by the work of both writers—in addition to their striking particularity—is, what Michael McLaverty designated as the "penetration and illumination of life's experience" which when successful "appeals fundamentally to man's total nature" ("Night and Day" 142).

Joyce's fiction, especially *Ulysses*, appeals to a broad range of feeling and experience as it explores human relationships within "the modern placeless cosmopolis" (David Jones), the heroism of ordinary people in difficult circumstances, and the nature of love and loss. Hopkins' poetry appeals equally to our total nature as it penetrates deeply and illuminates vividly the experience of nature, religious faith, the joy of living and celebrating life, the sanctity of the individual. Both writers articulate a moral vision which the late distinguished critic, Charles Peake defines as an artist's characteristic ways of seeing and presenting life, as distinguished from any moral ideas, attitudes, beliefs, or faiths to which he may adhere and which he may seek to express in his work.

Joyce's moral vision in *Ulysses* rests on those values which Leopold Bloom's experience illuminates—values which turn out to be traditional and simple in the extreme. For Joyce such values were and remained those which he saw as crucial for the survival of humanity in an increasingly atomistic, amoral modern world. If Bloom, canvasser for ads and salesman, this budding adman who sells images and words appears worsted by the philandering billsticker Blazes Boylan, that will prove only temporary. As Joyce presciently saw, in the modern world billstickers—those who glued handbills to walls and hoardings, hence the nickname—were a dying breed to be replaced by salesmen selling space in newspapers—Bloom's current occupation—or on outdoor billboards or in electronic media. In comparison with Bloom, Boylan himself is judged and found wanting by the very woman with whom he sported on that afternoon of 16 June 1904. "Poldy has more spunk in him," says the discerning Molly in her low Dublin idiom (742). Although Bloom rarely articulates a moral vision of life, except for his halting defense of "love . . . the opposite of hatred" (333), readers will clearly discern one in his acts and thoughts. He struggles to accept the death of his son, Rudy, he acknowledges the loss of full intimate communication with his wife Molly, and he admits his failure to fulfill his given role as husband. His compassionate act of rescuing Stephen then bringing him home, as he once brought home a stray dog (compare Peake 330), eventuates in cracking Stephen's isolation, if only momentarily. As Peake says: "Stephen's bitterness and isolation is, temporarily at least, alleviated by Bloom's practical good nature, so that he declines the offer of a night's lodging with amicability and gratitude, agrees to further meetings, and shakes hands in a friendly parting" (334). This small but significant shift in Stephen occurs under Bloom's influence as Stephen drops momentarily his habitual surly attitude and overly intellectualized responses to people and situations. It may possibly portend future unnamed possibilities.

Here, and elsewhere in *Ulysses*, Joyce presents a precisely delineated moral vision of right behavior which appears less in the framing of moral principles or tenants for action, than it does in concrete examples of right action itself. During his long day of *Ulysses*, Bloom performs all the works of corporal mercy and all the works of spiritual mercy as well as doing his work-a-day job under difficult circumstances with often uncooperative co-

workers. "There is nothing new about Bloom's moral attitudes; they seem to him, and are, commonplace," Peake maintains. "In *Ulysses*," he continues, "Joyce's enquiry is not into the validity of accepted moral positions but into the behaviour which purports to acknowledge and rest on these propositions. He penetrates into what, in the conditions of ordinary life, constitutes moral behaviour" (325). Therefore, Peake contends, the penetration will reveal itself in the discriminating and exact presentation of Bloom's nature as it is continuously expressed in his thoughts, feelings, and behaviors, and into the general insight into human nature provided by that penetration (325). Joyce presents Bloom not as the Average Man—who by definition is no person—but Everyman (727) whose key virtue proves to be equanimity (733). But Bloom's equanimity should not be confused with a stoic acceptance of what is. Instead, Bloom's equanimity involves his affirmation of things as they are including his wife's infidelity and his partial responsibility for it, since that act is "as natural as any and every natural act" (733). Bloom has the wisdom to know what he cannot change. Because he abnegated his sexual role as Molly's husband, for instance, he cannot now play the outraged, betrayed husband. To go home and interrupt her pleasure, such as it might be, would appear churlish and worse, while almost certainly proving futile. Bloom thus embodies rather than articulates qualities, such as serenity, courage, and wisdom (731-734).[2]

While Peake's definition of an artist's moral vision holds for Joyce, it must be qualified for Hopkins, since the latter's moral vision as poet, his "characteristic ways of seeing and presenting life," cannot be distinguished easily, if at all, from his personal moral beliefs. Both rest on the bedrock of his faith in God. God, moreover, is not *Deus absconditus* as is true of Joyce, but abidingly present in His creation where He may be discerned: "The world is charged with the grandeur of God. / It will flame out, like shining from shook foil . . ." ("God's Grandeur" l. 1-2, 66). The god of Joyce's works, by contrast, has deserted his creation leaving behind only the impersonal artist in the world. Unlike Joyce, Hopkins' artistic and personal vision includes his belief that God's creation is good and to be celebrated; that human beings are fallen and to be pitied; that the essence of life is faith in the Goodness of God and in the power of Christ's Passion to redeem individuals; and that human identity derives from creaturehood.

> Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
> Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
> Selves—goes itself; *myself* it speaks and spells,
> Crying *What I do is me: for that I came.*
> ("As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame" ll. 5-8, 90).

Life itself, for Hopkins, images the natural sequence of birth, fruition, death—the very rhythm of creation— which pre-exists outside the poet or any human being "and sucks the light as full as Gideon's fleece" ("—I am like a slip of comet" l. 11, 147). Dietrich Bonhoeffer, in theologically explicating the doctrine of creation and fall, concisely describes Hopkins' personal moral vision found in his letters and sermons as well as his artistic moral vision reflected in his poetry. Bonhoeffer declares that "The praise of the Creator is only completed when the creature receives its own being from God and when it praises God's being by having its own being" (18).

Hopkins' poetry shares with Joyce's *Ulysses* a significant "degree of penetration into human experience," together with an impressive "range of experience into which the author has insight" and, perhaps most remarkable of all, "the coherence of the vision within

its own range" (Peake 322). A typical instance of this penetration and coherence in Hopkins' verse occurs in "The Windhover," "this mysteriously powerful sonnet" (MacKenzie 84) which Hopkins at mid-career considered his finest poem.[3] Seámus Heaney's observation on "Heaven-Haven," applies equally well to "The Windhover" that "the words . . . are crafted in the service of an idea that precedes the poem" (84). Preceding "The Windhover" is not only the idea, but also the personal experience of conversion and of God's call to each individual to lead a life of faith and the individual's affirmative response that for Hopkins lies at the heart of human experience.[4] "The Windhover" offers three images of God's call and a person's positive response in the variously interpreted sestet. First, for some, God's call is sudden and overwhelming, like Saul hearing God's voice while traveling on the road to Damascus. The resulting almost instantaneous conversion happens much like the precipitate brilliant streak formed when the hawk buckles and stoops to seize his prey:

> Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
> Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!
> ("The Windhover: To Christ our Lord" l. 9-10, 69)

Such dangerous, fiery life-changing events whose impact is seen and felt from afar, contrast with Hopkins' second image "No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion / Shine . . .." According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, sillion is an obsolete form of selion: "A portion of land of indeterminate area comprising a ridge or narrow strip lying between a furrow formed in dividing an open field, a 'narrow land'" (428).[5] Hopkins' second image, which has been variously interpreted, emphasizes the bright streak which may result from the ploughshare's "blade [which] mirrors the brilliance of the sun" (MacKenzie 84) or from the newly turned-over soil which reflects back the sun's shining on it. The second reading may prove more satisfactory since that streak, unlike the ploughshare's mirror is not a sudden or wayward flash but one formed only over time as the plowman plods on. This image reflects those people, who may well be in the majority, who also answer God's call by laboriously tilling the soil of faith. Their lives reveal their answer to God's call only over time and only over time unlike Paul/Saul's sudden conversion. "Sheer plod" through life characterizes the depth and brilliance of their response, rather than the instantaneous streak of the stooping hawk.

The final, third equally distinctive image reflects not an individual's response to being summoned to a life of faith whether suddenly or over time, but Christ's. His answer to the call inevitably includes His whole life culminating in His sacrifice as imaged in the verbs "Fall," "gall," and "gash" which in turn leads to the broadcasting of the Good News caught in the third streak of reddish gold, the "gold-vermilion" image of the resurrection:

> . . and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
> Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.
> ("The Windhover: To Christ our Lord" l. 11-13, 69).

These three images range from sudden conversion through plodding faith to the perfection of the sacrificial life.

While Hopkins may not have felt like Paul on the road to Damascus, his own "conversion when it came was all in a minute" as he wrote to Urquhart (Letters quoted in White 139). He saw his conversion, its "beauty and valour and act" ("The Windhover: To Christ

our Lord" l.9) as the central event in his life. "Hopkins' holy book was the New Testament, its commentary was the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola*, its reality was in his own experience of conversion and vocation to the Jesuit rule" (Heaney 91). Hopkins believed that his poetry was a conduit for pre-existent truth. But, like Joyce, ". . . he does not lay claim to a perception of natural facts hidden from ordinary men [as] is evident in every line of description he wrote. As for religious experience, it is the same," rightly argues Marshall McLuhan (82). Hopkins' development of sprung rhythm, for instance, often praised as highly inventive, was, for him, not so much his creation as his discovery of a pre-existent condition evident everywhere in Creation. As Hillis Miller accurately observes "The sprung rhythm . . . as Hopkins affirms in 'Wreck of the Deutschland,' corresponds to the intrinsic rhythm of God's immanent presence in His creation: 'world's strand, sway of the sea,' 'ground of being, and granite of it.' Such a conception of rhythm is constative. It claims to reaffirm, to echo, a pattern already present outside the writing" (167). The rhythm of words, as they form themselves into poetry, derives, therefore, from the rhythm already present in God's creation which accounts not only for its ultimate meaning but also for the deep satisfaction readers derive from reading and hearing it. Robert Welch discussing "Siollabadh" ("Syllables") by the Irish poet, Seán Ó Ríordáin concludes that it is comparable to Hopkins' "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection." "For sensual pleasure in the rhythmic possibilities of words, for the frank unintellectualized delight in the existential presence of the moment, for life re-presented as blessing, this poem ["Syllables"] can stand alongside the miraculous moments of joy and celebration to be found in . . . Hopkins' "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire of the Comfort of the Resurrection" [sic] . . . (215).[6] Joy and celebration are thus inherent in creation for both poets.

According to Hopkins, following Duns Scotus, the Son of God's participation in creation discloses for him the true worth and identity of the individual[7]:

> I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and
> This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal diamond,
> Is immortal diamond.
> ("That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection" ll. 22-24, 106).

Acting "in God's eye what in God's eye he is" ("As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame" l. 11, 90) affirms the uniqueness of the individual as does the very nature of creation itself. "Crying *What I do is me: for that I came*" ("As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame" ll. 5-8, 90).)

Desmond Egan in "The Writer and Religion" observes that ". . . the greatest weakness of Twentieth Century writing [is] its lack of a sense of value. Not on chaos alone doth man live. *In* perhaps, but not *on*" (133). If the twentieth century begins in Heraclitean flux which results in the chaos Egan describes that in turn leads to what he calls "an obsession with the abyss [and] . . . the rejection of any objective truth towards which the spirit might orient itself" (Egan 133). The century appears to be ending not in flux but in the instantaneous chaotic simultaneity of non-events "photoflashing it far too wide" (*Finnegans Wake* 583). Hopkins' contemporary, William James,[8] pictured people's experience of the present as a "saddle-back" of duration. James maintained that " . . . the practically cognized present is no knife-edge, but a saddle-back, with a certain breadth of its own on which we sit perched, and from which we look in two directions into time. The unit of composition of our percep-

tion of time is a *duration*, with a bow and a stern, as it were—a rearward- and a forward-looking end" (574). James's sense of time as the present connected both to the immediate past and to the immediate future forms an important part of the moral vision of Hopkins' poetry as it does of Joyce's fiction. The loss of these connections which occurs in the course of the twentieth century has left us with James's knife-edge—what he elsewhere calls the "specious present" where everything appears to dwell but where nothing really exists—the ephemeral moment of Egan's chaos that is so opposed to Joyce's infinitesimal brevity. Time and space have thus been contracted to "that point in time"—the ubiquitous contemporary cliché—where values, to say nothing of the notion of the so-called "eternal verities," appear forgotten replaced by slogans, ad campaigns, painless religion, pop psychology, and the instant media analysis of instant media events.[9] In contrast, poems such as "The Windhover" and novels like *Ulysses* take us out of the contemporary specious present by insisting on a sense of duration, a sense of historical continuity, and an awareness of the human community stretching backward and forward from the present. Part of that sense of duration derives from Hopkins' belief that he was articulating a revelation available to all without regard to place or time rather than merely sharing personal beliefs or the fruits of his individual imagination or vision. Seámus Heaney convincingly makes this point in comparing Hopkins with Dylan Thomas "another poet with a sacramental apprehension of the world" (90). In the "linguistic virtuosity" of "The Force that Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower" Heaney finds "considerable imaginative force" yet in contrast with Hopkins there:

> is much more the "logic of imagination" than the "logic of concepts," more the yeast burgeoning of images from a dark embryo than the delighted and precise realization or incarnation of a mystery. It is not so much the word made flesh as the flesh made word. . . . Whatever truth the poem proposes it is only co-extensive with the poem itself. (90)

When, on the other hand, Hopkins rhetorically exclaims, "what is all this juice and all this joy?" ("Spring" l. 9, 67) he is not so much announcing a personal discovery limited to this poem as he is affirming the very nature of creation itself as he attempts to penetrate to the very heart of that creation "in Eden garden." The miracle of spring lies in its reminding us of the first spring: "Nothing is so beautiful as Spring— / . . . A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning / In Eden garden" (ll. 1, 10-11, 67). Opposed to those "prurient philosophers," so roundly satirized by e. e. cummings, who attempt to delve into the secrets of life and nature as their "doting fingers . . . pinched and poked" ("O sweet spontaneous" (l. 3-6, 39), Hopkins seeks always through nature to come into the presence of God, the Creator of nature—"to behold Thee as Thou art" ("Nondum" l.53, 34). He attempts to do so not through the intercession of human philosophers but through "Christ, lord" to whom he directs his prayer "Have, get, before it cloy / Before it cloud . . ." ("Spring" ll. 11-12, 67). Christ preserves the wonder and innocence of creation for Hopkins since He is present through all creation and, as the second person of the Trinity, was present before creation itself. This belief of Hopkins derives in part from his reading of Duns Scotus. So thoroughly did Hopkins immerse himself in Scotus and so well did he understand him that the *Catholic Dictionary of Theology* (London, 1962), uses Hopkins to explain Scotus, not the reverse. "The ideas of Scotus about the individual existents of this world have been much illuminated by their being taken up by the poet G. M. Hopkins . . ." (Mackenzie, *Guide* 113). As Walter Ong convincingly argues:

> The Scotus view of the Incarnation . . . links creation and redemption more closely and makes Christ more the centre of the cosmos than do competing theories . . . Scotus thought . . . the Incarnation of the Son was God's first intent in all of his creation. Hopkins states Scotus' position and makes it his own (S 197): "The first intention . . . of God outside himself or . . . outwards, the first outstress of God's power, was Christ." The creation of the universe and of humankind followed as a consequence of the design to have the Son take on human nature. (108)

Both Scotus and Hopkins share this overtly Christian reading of the world and human experience. Joyce, although he certainly admired and championed Scotus as one of Ireland's three "great heresiarchs" who could refute the arguments of all the "Doctors of the University of Paris" ("Ireland" 160-161), demurs.

As Hopkins' poetry penetrates life's experience it more and more illuminates Scotus's divine design. As Joyce's prose penetrates life's experience it more and more illuminates those truths discoverable in what William James called "subjective life" (I:239). While Hopkins shows a deep penetration into religious experience, Joyce demonstrates a great range of personal, subjective experience. Yet both exhibit a remarkable "coherence of . . . vision within its own range" (Peake 322). Different as they may appear in person and as writers, they share far more than time spent in Ireland or in exile. Michael McLaverty in discussing Hopkins points to what holds true for both writers: both penetrate and illuminate "life's experience" as both "appeal fundamentally to [our] . . . total nature" (142).

Notes

A truncated version of this essay appeared in *Studies* 87.346: 164-170.

1. Desmond Egan testified, after hearing this paper at the Nineth Gerard Manley Hopkins International summer School that "in a flasch and, rasch, it shall come to pasch, as hearth by hearth leaps live" (FW 594) refers to lines 18-20 of "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire . . ." "Flesh fade, and mortal trash . . . leave but ash / In a flash, at a trumpet crash" (105-106) (Monasterevan, Ireland 5 July 1996). If so, Joyce may also have conflated these lines of Hopkins with the more familiar ones of Wordsworth "My heart leaps up when I behold / A rainbow in the sky."
2. See Morse, "Bloom Enisl'd: Isolation and Memory in *Ulysses*" and " 'The Days of Time': Overcoming Isolation in *Ulysses*."
3. "I shall shortly send you an amended copy of The Windhover: the amendment only touches a single line, I think, but as that is the best thing I ever wrote I should like you to have it in its best form" (letter of 22 June 1879 in *Poems* 266).
4. There are almost as many different interpretations of this poem as there are commentators. The additional reading I here propose is based upon models of religious experience culminating in the example of Christ's sacrifice. This reading has the advantage of overcoming many of the prevalent critical dilemmas, such as those outlined by Virginia Ridley Ellis in *Gerard Manley Hopkins and the Language of Mystery* (194-235, 320-323). (See especially her extended discussion of "buckle" and of the dedication, "To Christ our Lord" and, in the extensive summary of criticism to be found in her useful appendix, "Sheer Plod," [320-323]).
5. *The Times* for 19 May 1894: "The land is for the most part in open fields, cut up into numerous narrow strips or 'selions' as they are locally termed, and cultivated by small farmers" (OED 428). See: OED, *selion* 427-428.
6. McLaverty also linked Hopkins and Ó Ríordáin in a letter to John McGahern of 30th January 1961: " . . . some of Ó Ríordáin's poems . . . seemed to me to be in the Hopkins manner: not in the metre but in the associative depth and freshness of images chosen. They set up wide ranges in the mind; they had body and strength . . ." (199).
7. According to John O'Meara, Scotus "was the most considerable philosopher in the western world between Augustine and Thomas Aquinas and the greatest Irish philosopher (with the possible exception of Berkeley) ever" (vii).

8. Hopkins and James were born only two years apart sotheir dates overlap: Gerard Manley Hopkins 1844-1889, William James, 1842-1910.
9. For a discussion of this new perception and experience of time as reflected in literature of the twentieth century, see Morse " 'The Present Time of Things Future." "Adam's sin, calling for redemption as it did, gave the incarnation a special urgency but not its real raison d'être" (Ong 108). Todd Bender believes that the Scotus influence on Hopkins has been vastly over-rated. He claims that "the ideas of Hopkins are fortuitously congruent to those of Scotus rather than derived from him" (38). He also contends that "scholars have been strangely reticent to discuss Hopkins' actual references to Scotus" (39n21). Although he discusses "Duns Scotus's Oxford," he fails to take account of two important references to Scotus in Hopkins' letters. In 1875, Hopkins wrote to Robert Bridges saying he "care[d] for him [Scotus] even more than Artistotle and *pace tua* than a dozen Hegels" (20 Feb. 1875). Similarly, in a letter to Coventry Patmore he says Scotus "saw too far, he knew too much" (Both letters quoted in Ong 108). For a full discussion of Scotus's importance for Hopkins, See Ong, "Systematic Theology and the Self: The Scotus Cosmos" in *Hopkins* (106-112).
For an excellent brief introduction to Scotus and his thought, see O'Meara.

Works Cited

Bender, Todd K. *Gerard Manley Hopkins: The Classical Background and Critical Reception of His Work.* Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1966.

Bonhoeffer, Dietrich. *Creation and Fall: A Theological Interpretation of Genesis 1-3.* Trans. John C. Fletcher. 1937. New York: Macmillan, 1959.

Cummings, e. e. "O sweet spontaneous." In *Poems: 1923-1945.* New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1954. 39-40

Egan, Desmond. "The Writer and Religion." In *The Death of Metaphor.* Gerrards Cross, BUCKS. and Newbridge, Ireland: Colin Smythe, 1990. 132-135.

Ellis, Virginia Ridley. *Gerard Manley Hopkins and the Language of Mystery.* Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 1991.

Heaney, Seámus. "The Fire i' the Flint: Reflections on the Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins." In *Preoccupations: Selected Prose, 1968-1978.* New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1980. 79-97.

Hopkins, Gerard Manley. *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* Ed. W. H. Gardner and N. H. Mackenzie.Fourth Edition. London: Oxford University Press, 1967.

James, William. *Principles of Psychology.* 1890. Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1983.

Joyce, James. *Finnegans Wake.* New York: The Viking Press, 1939.

_____. *Ulysses.* 1922. New York: Random House, 1961.

Kenner, Hugh. "Gerard Manley Hopkins.' In *Historical Fictions.* San Francisco: North Point Press, 1990. 142-145

MacKenzie, Norman H. *A Reader's Guide to Gerard Manley Hopkins.* Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1981.

McLaverty, Michael. *In Quiet Places: The Uncollected Stories, Letters and Critical Prose of Michael McLaverty.* Ed. Sophia Hillan King. Swords, DUB: Poolbeg Press, 1989.

McLuhan, Herbert Marshall. "The Anagogical Mirrors." *Hopkins: A Collection of Critical Essays.* Ed. Geoffrey H. Hartman. Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1966. 80-88.

Miller, J. Hillis. *Tropes, Parables, Performances: Essays on Twentieth-Century Literature.* Hemel, HEMPS: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1990.

Morse, Donald E. "Bloom Enisl'd: Isolation and Memory in Ulysses." In *Insulae / Islands / Ireland: The Classical World and the Mediterranean.* Ed. Guiseppi Serpillo and Donatella Badin. Sardinia: Università di Sassari, 1996. 354-370.

_____. " 'The Days of Time': Overcoming Isolation in Ulysses." In *Conflicting Identities: Essays on Modern Irish Literature.* Ed. Robbie B. H. Goh. Singapore: UniPress, 1997. 77-97.

_____. " 'The Present Time of Things Future' in Fiction." In *Focus: Papers in English Literary and Cultural Studies at JPU.* Ed. Mária Kurdi, et al. Pécs, HU: Janus Pannonius University Press, 1998. 115-127.

O'Meara, John J. *Eriugena.* Cork: Mercier Press, 1969.

Ong, Walter J., SJ. *Hopkins, the Self, and God.* Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1986.

Peake, C. H. *James Joyce: the Citizen and the Artist.* Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1977.

"Selion" *Oxford English Dictionary.*

Welch, Robert. *Changing States: Transformations in Modern Irish Writing.* London & New York: Routledge, 1993.

White, Norman. *Hopkins: A Literary Biography.* Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992.

Fiction

Banville's Fiction Comes of Age as It Lays to Rest Old

Dawn Duncan

Abstract: *For twenty-five years, John Banville's protagonists have tried to come to grips with the other brother/shadow self. If the protagonist can come to grips with the shadow figure he can create, for a moment, order in his chaotic world, as do Gabriel Godkin, Copernicus, Kepler. When the character fails to embrace the brother/other self, he destroys and self-destructs, as do Gabriel Swan, Victor Maskell and, for a time, Freddie Montgomery. Freddie Montgomery, as he attempts to lay to rest old ghosts, is a recurring figure not only in the three novels in which he figures—Book of Evidence, Ghosts, and Athena—but, in a sense, Freddie and his shadow self appear as archetypes in all of Banville's fiction, creating an allegorical tale that is long overdue for attention, especially with regard to its Irish nature. Using Jung's concept of the Shadow combined with the implications of Chaos Theory, I analyze the story beneath the stories—the Irish allegory—in the fiction of John Banville, a premier Irish novelist.*

> Waterborne he comes, at dead of night, sliding sleek on the river's gleaming back, snout lifted, sniffing, under the drawbridge, the portcullis, past the drowning sentry. Brief scrabble of claws on the slimed steps below the wall, brief glint of a bared tooth. In the darkness for an instant an intimation of agony and anguish, and the night flinches. Now he scales the wall, creeps under the window, grinning. In the shadow of the tower he squats, wrapped in a black cloak, waiting for the dawn. Comes the knocking, the pinched voice, the sly light step on the stair, and how is it that I alone can hear the water dripping at his heels?
> *One that would speak with you, Canon.*
> No! No! Keep him hence! But he will not be denied. He drags himself into the corner where night's gloom still clings, and there he hangs, watching. At times he laughs softly, at others lets fall a sob. His face is hidden in his cloak, all save the eyes, but I recognize him well enough, how would I not? He is the ineffable thing. He is ineluctable. He is the world's worst. Let me be, can't you!

So began my introduction to the fiction of John Banville, reading this excerpt included among other excerpts by great Irish authors which lay under glass down the center of the Long Hall at Trinity. The language leapt through my eyes and latched onto my soul. I had to read more by this Banville; I had to learn what this ineffable, ineluctable thing was. In the course of reading all of the fictional works of John Banville, my intuitive notion grew into a theory, one which I proposed to Banville at two meetings during the summer of 1993 and at which he explained some of what was going on in his own life during the writing of

Ghosts. As Banville grappled with ghosts beginning to make themselves evident in his own life, an episode deeply connected with the loss of his parents, Banville's character, Freddie Montgomery reappeared to meet the physical embodiment of his own haunted self. Finally, in *Athena*, Banville's completion of the Montgomery trilogy, Freddie confronts the mental makings of his specters, of himself. But Freddie Montgomery, as he attempts to lay to rest old ghosts, is a recurring figure not only in the three novels in which he figures—*Book of Evidence*, *Ghosts*, and *Athena*—but, in a sense, Freddie and his shadow self appear as archetypes in all of Banville's fiction, creating an allegorical tale that is long overdue for attention, especially with regard to its Irish nature. Using Jung's concept of the Shadow combined with the implications of Chaos Theory, I analyze the story beneath the stories—the Irish allegory—in the fiction of John Banville, a premier Irish novelist.

For twenty-five years, Banville's protagonists have tried to come to grips with the other brother/shadow self. If the protagonist can come to grips with the shadow figure he can create, for a moment, order in his chaotic world, as do Gabriel Godkin, Copernicus, Kepler. When the character fails to embrace the brother/other self, he destroys and self-destructs, as do Gabriel Swan, Victor Maskell and, for a time, Freddie Montgomery.

In each of these novels, the protagonist's sense of self is linked to another character who acts as the embodiment of the shadow, a character who is either an actual brother or an oppositional twin of the self. While the self of the protagonist is the "organizing dominant" of the novel, meaning the self provides the "function or aspect of the consciousness" through which the story is told, the shadow provides the archetype that lends meaning to the narrative (Jung, *Symbols* 391). Jung defines, "By shadow I mean the 'negative' side of the personality, the sum of all those unpleasant qualities we like to hide, together with the insufficiently developed functions and the contexts of the personal unconscious" ("Unconscious" 66n). Certainly the shadows of Banville's protagonists do appear to be negative and unpleasant on the whole and suffering from, at the least, an insufficiently developed sense of morality. In *Birchwood*, Michael, Gabriel's supposed cousin but actual twin, knows the secrets protagonist Gabriel Godkin works to uncover, but his hatred sends Gabriel on a long quest for a non-existent sister-twin only to bring him back to destruction and murder at Birchwood. Protagonist Nicholas Copernicus says of his older brother Andreas, who rots into a death brought on by syphilis, "You Andreas? What was there in you? You despised and betrayed me, made my life a misery. Wherever I turned you were there, blighting my life, my work" (Banville, *Copernicus* 240). Moving into an increasingly complex construction of the shadow other/brother self in *Kepler*, Banville provides protagonist Johannes Kepler with a brother, Heinrich, whom he loves above all his siblings but who resents him the way only an opposite can. Heinrich fought in the wars and suffers from a continually seeping wound. Additionally, he is a man who finds pleasure among the common folk and values magic above science in a world "he had never quite learned how to manage" (94), the complete antithesis of his socially established, scientist brother whose faith and morality is measured only by his reasonable attempts to learn how the universe works. But Johannes Kepler may have another oppositional twin in the person of Felix Jeppes, a worldly and untrustworthy Italian whom Kepler heals of a grievous wound and who teaches Kepler, "Life, life, that was it! In the Italian he seemed to know at last, however vicariously, the splendid and exhilarating sordidness of life" during the time that they share "a kind of awful comradeship" (69). These wounded hateful shadows that know the sordidness of life become more metaphorically related by the writing of Mefisto. Gabriel Swan knows that his own twin died at birth, but sees in Felix (this name begins to recur here) what is perhaps the

twin soul reborn in opposition. Felix is Gabriel's nemesis whose appearance precedes destruction on both a grand and personal scale: Gabriel's first layer of skin is blown off and his beloved Sophie killed in an explosion orchestrated by Felix, he turns to drugs to deal with the pain, and he watches his new beloved succumb to the same drugs. During *The Book of Evidence*, protagonist Freddie Montgomery does not recognize his shadow, so that the only doubling given is of Freddie's own self, creating a struggle in which beast wins and leads Freddie to commit murder. But by *Ghosts*, Felix is back as the shadow, taunting Freddie with what he seems to know of his past, an omniscience indicative of Felix's Mephistophelian character in both *Mefisto* and *Ghosts*. While Freddie will rid himself of Felix by the end of Ghosts (or seemingly), Francie will play a similarly ominously knowing and deliciously low character in Freddie's third book, Banville's *Athena*. Significantly, the names of the protagonist and his oppositional shadows in the trilogy all begin with "F," especially telling when we consider that Freddie's female obsession, his anima, he calls simply "A," the letter alluding to Athena—goddess of wisdom—or Alpha, a sense of going back to the beginning, to confronting more forthrightly his anima, his shadow, his ghosts. In an important sense A and all of the Fs are all part of Freddie, whether his shadow, his anima, or self. In his most recent novel, *The Untouchable*, Banville's protagonist, Victor Maskell, a spymaster who has masked his nature—"Have I any authenticity at all? Or have I double dealt for so long that my true self has been forfeit?" (317)—is haunted by the death of his oppositional and simple-minded brother, Freddie, a name that recalls the Montgomery trilogy in one more deft mirroring of the shadow self that inhabits Banville's oeuvre.

Having established that for each of Banville's protagonists there exists a shadow/ other brother who seems the negative side to the story of the self—a notion which will be challenged by the rest of the story, we must consider the effect of the shadow's power on the self, especially when the self is dealing with the shadow only at the level of unconscious. Jung writes, "Somewhere we have a sinister and frightful brother, our own flesh-and-blood counterpart, who holds and maliciously hoards everything that we would so willingly hide under the table" ("Unconscious" 39). What remains under the table for Banville's protagonists include such information as the details of one's birth and familial relationships, one's sexual proclivity, one's dependence on external stimulation, one's schizophrenic desires born of repression. These dark areas in the lives of the protagonists can not afford to remain without critical illumination or the dark threatens to engulf. Jung acknowledges, "A dim premonition tells us that we cannot be whole without this negative side, that we have a body which, like all bodies, casts a shadow, and that if we deny this body we cease to be three-dimensional and become flat and without substance" ("Unconscious" 30). Jung goes further and insists that the beast (the shadow) and the moral consciousness (the self) must merge because if they don't, if the shadow is denied, such a repression may lead to "the risk of disorganizing man's animal nature at the deepest level" (31). The deepest level would certainly include what appears to be an almost motiveless, amoral murder such as Freddie Montgomery commits in *Book of Evidence*. The disorganization of man's animal nature does not dissolve it, but lets loose the animal without any creatively imposed order in the midst of the chaos.

The reign of chaos is what Banville's protagonists fight against without knowing that they are fighting against themselves, against their own shadows. As Janice E. Drane describes the worlds within which these protagonists move, the notion of chaos comes up again and again. She writes of "the chaotic and confining nature" of *Birchwood*'s Gabriel Godkin, "the meticulous recreation of the chaotic world in which the scientist [Copernicus]

lived," and Kepler's struggle in light of his obsession with "a perfectly ordered universe" (3-4). Rutger Imhof notes that Gabriel Godkin, Copernicus, Kepler, and Gabriel Swan are all "convinced that, even though the world is chaotic, there are moments, rare moments, when some order, some aspect of the quiddity of life shines through" (55-56). In a 1988 interview with Jean W. Ross, Banville speaks of the notion of order as impacting not only his characters but himself and his world: "I think that, as Wallace Stevens says, we have a rage for order, and I think that must have been built into me from the start." Interestingly, rather like his protagonists, Banville claims to deal with this subject at an unconscious level: "[the rage for order] is not a kind of conscious artistic motivation or methodology that one uses" (6). So if the issue of order is not the conscious dominant of these narrative selves, what is? Aren't Banville's protagonists all trying to achieve some order in their personally chaotic world? As James Gleick, author of *Chaos: Making a New Science*, notes, the idea of order in chaos has been one of the most treasured notions, or, as he calls it, "science's oldest cliche" (157). But what if there is no order in the traditional sense? Gleick writes, "Where Chaos begins, classical science stops" (3). What if the Chaos theorists are right that creation comes out of chaos, that creativity comes to life in the tension implied by unruly freedom, that chaos creates patterns of irregular beauty and power rather than being governed by imposed order? Then there is still order but order born out of embracing the chaotic rather than fighting against it. Here science learns from art new patterns of unique shape that imply new styles, just as Joyce or Beckett or Banville refuse the normative novel pattern, their chaos creating new patterns rather than accepting an imposed order.

Chaos Theory lends insight into Banville's construction of his shadowed protagonists, his chaotic fictional worlds, because it opens new dimensions of possibility that merge art and science rather than leaving them in defined opposition. As Banville explains to Ross, science appeals to him not as science,

> but as a mode of thought and as a way of dealing with the world, it attracts me very much because it seems to me very like art. Scientists seem to think in the same way that artists do. You asked me earlier about the notion of order. Copernicus and Kepler certainly were obsessed with the notion that they could find the secret order of the universe, and it seems to me that this is what artists try to do all the time. It's an absolutely impossible task. It can't be done, because I don't really believe that there is any order. But it's the pathos of that quest that fascinates me, the pathos of highly intelligent human beings who know that the world is built on chance but are still going ahead, saying, I will not accept this: I'm going to manufacture order, if necessary, and impose it on the chaos. (7)

Banville himself has now led our attention back to the protagonist, that pathetic individual who struggles to impose order on chaos, but the focus is not the unbelieved-in order, as Banville notes, but the character himself.

If the self of the protagonist is then the dominant focus of the narrative, but the unconscious underlying issue chaotically swirls around impossible order, we may return to the Jungian concept of the shadow/other brother to bring the dominant narrative and the unconscious thematics together in a uniquely Banvillian pattern. Facing the brother/shadow provides healing in the ruptured world of the protagonist, creates some order out of the mental chaos. In Jung's own definition of the shadow, his use of the term "negative" may have some negative connotations which he does not intend, just as the term "chaos" calls up

negative images. As Gleick observes, "The irregular side of nature, the discontinuous and erratic side—these have been puzzles to science, or worse, monstrosities" (3). Both Jung and Gleick respectively note that there is positive potential in the shadow and the chaos. But the self must locate the shadow in the chaos, embrace both the shadow and the chaos to produce a more vibrant pattern. As Jung explains,

> there is no energy unless there is a tension of opposites; hence it is necessary to discover the opposite to the attitude of the conscious mind. . . .
> Seen from the one-sided point of view of the conscious attitude, the shadow is an inferior component of the personality [one might read chaotic aberration] and is consequently repressed through intensive resistance. But the repressed content must be made conscious so as to produce a tension of opposites, without which not forward movement is possible. The conscious mind is on top, the shadow underneath; and just as high always longs for low and hot for cold, so all consciousness, perhaps without being aware of it, seeks its unconscious opposite, lacking which it is doomed to stagnation, congestion, and ossification. Life is born only of the spark of opposites. ("Unconscious" 53-54)

And so to comprehend the patterns of chaos, the protagonist must comprehend the darkness in his own nature, must face his shadowed self to walk in both the light and shadow of this world. By the end of all but one of these novels, the protagonist succeeds in confronting his other/brother self. Gabriel Godkin meets Michael, his evil twin dressed in a white gown that shatters the illusion of the sought-after non-existent sister, and engages in a death defying, knife fight. By the end of the battle, Gabriel stands triumphant over his brother and himself, no longer needing to kill his evil other, allowing Michael to literally back into the shadows, but now knowing this other self exists, knowing its nature and how to live with it. Lying on his deathbed, Nicholas Copernicus at last faces and comprehends the ghost of his decayed brother Andreas, who speaks the truth about life to the scientist who had forgotten how to live, who had not known what was needed for his own completion. And what is that truth, that ineffable thing that lurked in the shadows? As Andreas tells his brother, "we *are* the truth" (252). He goes on to explain,

> You thought to transcend the world, but before you could aspire to that loftiness your needs must have contended with . . . well, brother, with what?
> . . . .With me, brother! I was that which you must contend with. I was the one absolutely necessary thing, for I was there always to remind you of what you must transcend. I was the bent bow from which you propelled yourself beyond the filthy world. (253)

Nicholas accepts his shadow self during this dialogue vision and even importantly learns that the shadow is indeed himself: Andreas' ghost, now seen as "the angel of redemption," tells him forthrightly, "It is not I who have said all these things today, but you" (254). Nicholas, having let his mind reel with sickness and chaos, has at last confronted his true nature in its entirety and may himself slip into the shadow of death having found peace at last. Kepler and Gabriel Swan will echo Copernicus and Gabriel Godkin, though the battle of each will be increasingly a battle against self. Kepler, the most successfully integrated, learns how to be human while battling with scientific, religious and domestic forces that

force him to confront his own darkness. On the other end of the spectrum, nearly destroyed and party to the destruction of those they love, Gabriel Swan and Victor Maskell are at least reborn with a clearer vision of the workings of chaos and evil, a better understanding that life, unlike math or spy games, cannot be calculated. But what of the one exception, the one seemingly total failure, Freddie Montgomery?

Banville lets the pattern puddle and shift, allowing Freddie three books in his struggle. In *Book of Evidence*, Freddie has denied so much of his own nature that he cannot love nor really live, only rage at the world in an unexpected eruption born of his repression. At the end of the book, he is both a convicted murderer and a shamed man, one who has failed to comprehend the dark side in time to live with it creatively. But Banville brings his failed protagonist back in *Ghosts*, doing something more here than in all of his preceding books.[1] While on an isolated island, recently paroled from prison, Freddie encounters new characters who mingle with memories from his past—a wife figure, child, victim, and a shadow brother named Felix who seems to know all about him. In an eruption of creative chaos within what had been a thinly-veiled, ordered and closed community until the arrival of the strangers, the dichotomous nature of Freddie is healed during a confrontation with Felix. Freddie bids Felix leave, and he does for the moment. Significantly, not only is Freddie healed, but the others who have come to the island experience their own healing as members of this chaotic community. By the end, all, even Freddie, are prepared to leave the isolation of the island and venture back to the world's mainland. With Banville's completion of the trilogy, *Athena*, Freddie is back in the real world, still dealing with ghosts, but knowing his dark side and seeing the shadow in others too, and ready for the first time to love, to try out a new pattern.

Banville's novels do not follow a traditional pattern: the language puddles and shimmers; linear time refracts; characters struggle for order but find themselves forced to the truth in chaos, creating out of chaos harmony with their shadow selves. Though Banville's works have been called "incontestably non-Irish" (Imhof 7), I would contest that description. Is Ireland not a land for which the historical narrative ceases to be linear, a land in which protagonists must learn to come to grips with the other brother, the shadow self? The answer seems chaotically clear to me. But must we only look north or confine ourselves to the Irish island to see this pattern at work in our world? Perhaps our own comprehension of Banville's fictional pattern should shift, allowing us to recognize that Banville is both an Irish writer who writes of present-day Ireland in a new way and he is a writer who destroys notions of defined borders for national identities, for novels, for individuals in this global community filled with shadow and light.

Notes

1. Though *The Untouchable* chronologically follows the Montgomery trilogy in Banville's publication history, the story harks back to the first episode, *Book of Evidence*, in two ways: the use of an actual news story as the basis for the protagonist's fictional memoir, and the appearance of yet another Freddie but in the guise of the oppositional brother in this instance. Like Banville's fiction up to *Book of Evidence*, the protagonist in *The Untouchable* meets with his shadow self (his multiple natured-self and betrayal of his brother as well as his spiritual brother, Nick, who has betrayed him) just preceding his own death—a release into the chaos in a pattern that all the fiction up to *Ghosts* had already established. Thus, *Ghosts* creates a departure whereas *The Untouchable* works as a return to the pre-existing Banvillian pattern.

Works Cited

Banville, John. *Athena*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1995.

_____. *Birchwood*. New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1973

_____. *Doctor Copernicus*. London: Paladin, 1987.

——. *Ghosts*. London: Secker & Warburg, 1993.

_____. *Kepler*. Boston: Godine, 1983.

_____. *Mefisto*. London: Paladin, 1987.

_____. *The Untouchable*. London: Picador, 1997.

Drane, Janice E. "Banville, John: A Sketch." *Contemporary Literary Criticism*. CD-ROM. Gale Research Inc., 1995.

Gleick, James. *Chaos: Making a New Science*. New York: Penguin, 1987.

Imhof, Rudiger. *John Banville: A Critical Introduction*. Dublin: Wolfhound, 1989.

Jung, C.G. "On the Psychology of the Unconscious." *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology*. Trans. R.F.C. Hall. Princeton: Princeton Univ., 1966: 3-122.

_____. *Symbols of Transformation*. Trans. R.F.C. Hall. Princeton: Princeton Univ., 1956.

Ross, Jean W. "Banville, John: An Interview." *Contemporary Literary Criticism*. CD-ROM. Gale Research Inc., 1995.

Drama

The Playwright's Response to the Colonial Process: Innovatory Dramatic Structure In Brian Friel's The Freedom of the City (1973) and David Rudkin's The Saxon Shore (1986)

Peter James Harris

Abstract: *This article compares the dramatic structure used by Brian Friel and david Rudkin in* The Freedom of the City *and* The saxon Shore *respectively. It is argued that each playwright employs innovatory techniques in order to underline his particular response to the colonial process in Northern Ireland. Brian Friel uses techniques of disorientation and displacement aimed at placing the theatre audience in the situation of the colonised. On the other hand, David Rudkin reinforces the central metaphor of his play, Hadrian's Wall at the very time of the Roman withdrawal from Britain, with the doubling of roles in such a way as to demonstrate not only the fundamental similarities between individuals in apparently opposing groups, but also, consequently, the vulnerability of the coloniser's position.*

And I moved on, to learn
One of lthe million histories,
One weather, one dialect
Of herbs, one habitat
After migration, displacement,
With greedy lore to pounce
On a place and possess it,
With the mind's weapons, words,
While between land and water
Yellow vultures, mewing,
Looped empty air
Once filled with the hundred names
Of the nameless, or swooped
To the rocks, for carrion.

. . .

And I smell hot thyme
That grows in another country,
Through gaps in the Roman wall
A cold wind carries it here.
. . .
Through gaps in the mind,
Its fortifications, names:
Name that a Roman gave
To a camp on the moor
Where a sheep's jawbone lies
And buzzards, mewing, loop
Air between woods and water
Long empty of his gods . . . [1]

Michael Hamburger

In "Travelling" the German-born British poet Michael Hamburger reflects on the power of language as a weapon of domination in the hands of a colonising culture, however the poem's central symbol, the ruins of Hadrian's Wall, serves as a reminder of the vulnerability not only of the colonised but of the very coloniser. This article examines two plays which consider, in very different ways, the complexity of this relationship. One of the most striking characteristics of the colonial process is the overlaying of the ruling power's culture upon that of the dominated people. This superimposition may take many forms – linguistic, religious, political, administrative, economic – but its objective is always the same, to strip the indigenous inhabitants of their identity and cast them into a limbo where they are denied their roots in the old world and status in the new. Reality itself is redefined along ethnocentric lines, and the very notions of truth and falsity become dependent upon the standpoint of the viewer. From the metropolitan point of view, this homogenising process brings the advantages of administrative efficiency and the sense of psychological well-being satirised by John Boorman in his film *Hope and Glory* (1987) in the scene where an English schoolteacher quizzes her pupils on the significance of "the pink bits" on the world map. However, for the colonised, the sensation is the opposite – disorientation, confusion and a rapidly diminishing sense of self-esteem. It is precisely these aspects of the colonial situation in Northern Ireland which serve as the focus for two apparently very dissimilar plays: Brian Friel's *The Freedom of the City* (1973) and David Rudkin's *The Saxon Shore* (1986).

Born within seven years of each other in the period immediately after the creation of the Irish Free State, each playwright has his own personal perspective on the cultural disorientation inherent within the Irish colonial situation. Brian Friel was born in Omagh in 1929 and educated both there and in Derry, thus obtaining first-hand experience of the rigours of being a Catholic in Northern Ireland. From a geographical and historical point of view Derry really ought to be the capital of Donegal and is therefore cut off from its own roots. Since Friel himself spent his holidays in Donegal and his schooldays in Derry he has a particularly acute sense of the implications of this separation, his regular border crossings also serving to develop in him the fascination with shifting perspectives which characterises so many of his plays. David Rudkin, on the other hand, has a more intimate knowledge of the metropolitan perspective since he was born in London and educated at King Edward's Grammar School, Birmingham, and St Catherine's College, Oxford. His Anglo-Irish parentage affords him a more dispassionate view of the ambivalence at work within Northern Ireland, and his position as an outsider is compounded by his bisexuality, something which

undoubtedly serves to inform Athdark's sense of perplexity about his own identity in *The Saxon Shore*. Ironically, it is precisely Rudkin's capacity to comprehend both sides of the question which led to the play being first staged in London rather than in Derry (although the play had been commissioned by the Field Day Theatre Company they rejected it upon completion due to their difficulty in accepting its sympathetic portrait of the Scottish Puritan community in Northern Ireland).

In *The Freedom of the City*[2] Brian Friel is dealing with the most violent manifestations of the colonial process in the recent history of Northern Ireland, the notorious events of the day which has come to be known as Bloody Sunday. As Elmer Andrews points out in his essay, "The Fifth Province," the episode:

> . . . quickly and deeply embedded itself in the ideology of republicanism, assuming the status of a mythic reiteration of earlier sacred foundational acts (in, say, 1798 and 1916), the recollection of which serves the purpose of integrating and justifying republican consciousness. [3]

However, Friel's concern is not to contribute to what Andrews describes as "the common fund of hallowed traditions, orthodox pieties and idealised self-images whereby one particular social group maintains its sense of identity." Friel is seeking, on the contrary, to alert against the process of myth-making and to demonstrate how the same events can be appropriated by opposing groups and transformed to serve their own ends. He describes the way in which both colonised and coloniser participate in the deconstruction and redefinition of reality, and he uses a series of disorientation techniques or displacement strategies so that the very structure of the play places the theatre audience in a situation of perplexity analogous to that experienced by the victims of the process. The notion of being trapped in an endlessly repeated cycle of events, for example, is suggested by the fact that the play's opening image, that of three bodies lying "grotesquely" across the front of the stage, is immediately posterior, in a historical sense, to the closing moments of the play, when we see the same three individuals caught in a glare of spotlights as they are gunned down by the British Army with their hands above their heads.

The action of the play takes place in the Mayor's parlour in Derry's Guildhall, in which three civil rights demonstrators have sought refuge after their march has been broken up. Intercut with the main action are scenes from the official inquiry into their killings (conducted by an English judge), the academic descriptions of the nature of poverty given by an American sociology professor, the version of events sung by a balladeer and a chorus of children, the comments of a priest celebrating a requiem mass for the victims, the official version of events given by an Army press officer, the commentary of a television journalist observing the events, and the account given posthumously by the three victims themselves. The major part of the play's action, however, shows us the events within the Mayor's parlour, from the time the three demonstrators arrive to the time they leave, just moments before their deaths.

One of the principal effects of the multiple points of perspective offered by the playwright is the creation of a gap between the real events and their representation by the bystanders. What we see is the process of myth-making at work, a process which takes as many forms as there are points of view. At one extreme we see the English judge constructing the official version of the incident, steadfastly rejecting all testimony to the effect that the three victims were unarmed at the time of their deaths. At the other we hear the voices of

three members of the public, excitedly relating an exaggerated view of events based purely upon hearsay, in which estimates of the number of people occupying the Guildhall rise rapidly from "at least a dozen" to "maybe twenty." This is immediately followed by the official statement of the Army press officer that "up to forty persons are involved." In the version sung by the drunken balladeer "a hundred Irish heroes" took over the Guildhall.

What becomes clear is that each observer is appropriating the events for his own purposes. The Judge is seeking to justify the action of the armed forces and to use the deaths as an object lesson for the civil rights movement as a whole. The Priest sees the dead as victims of a communist plot and holds them up as a warning to those "flirting with the doctrines of revolution." Such manipulation of the events stands in stark contrast to the reality that is observed by the theatre audience, which is able to see that "the deceased" are neither "heroes" nor "victims of a conspiracy" but in fact three individuals with markedly different reasons for being on the civil rights march in the first place.

Michael, for example, declares that he is campaigning for the "justice and fair play" that every man is entitled to. Lily, the hard-pressed mother of eleven children, admits that she was marching for her Down's syndrome son, Declan, while the anarchist Skinner describes the civil rights movement as being "about us – the poor – the majority – stirring in our sleep." Since each of the three central characters reformulates his/her position on numerous occasions, Lily first of all declaring that she goes on the marches for the exercise, for example, Brian Friel effectively sets the complexity of individual action against the two-dimensional simplicity of that action as represented in the doctrinaire propaganda of the State, the Church and the Press. The employment of characterisation drawn from two radically different theatre traditions, the comic realism of the central characters as against the expressionism of the symbolic characters, mere mouthpieces, is one of the principal disorientation strategies utilised by Friel in the play. The caricatures struggle throughout the play to categorise the fully rounded characters we see in the inner play, trying to reduce them to the stereotypes they themselves are. The suppression of the private citizen's individuality by a faceless and remote colonial power is fundamental to the process of colonialism. Elmer Andrews sees *The Freedom of the City* as the portrait of a world in which:

> . . . the dialectic between private and public has broken down completely. The meanings produced in the public domain proliferate in violent disregard of the private reality which alone can justify them. . . [4]

The breakdown in relations between individual and institution, between private and public, lies at the very heart of the play. The action takes place within the heavy, staid atmosphere of the Mayor's oak-panelled parlour, his inner sanctum, which, as the Union Jack beside the door testifies, is also the symbolic seat of the British presence in this Northern Irish city. The three central characters find their way into this space, blinded by CS gas, retching, gasping for breath and soaked by water cannon. As they begin to recover, their individual reactions to this unexpected refuge point up the falsity in the official version of events, which classes the three of them as representatives of a single movement – although they do have the shared status of each being displaced or dispossessed individuals. Skinner's "volatile mind" is quick to grasp the symbolic significance of their presence as members of the down-trodden minority in the nerve-centre of the Imperial power. It is he who finds the Mayor's ceremonial robes and initiates the theatrical aping of the masters by their slaves. It is he who ironically bestows the "freedom of the city" on his two companions, and it is he

who symbolically makes his protest by stubbing out his cigar on the Mayor's leather-topped conference table and by stabbing the portrait of a forgotten dignitary with the Mayor's ceremonial sword. Lily, initially overwhelmed by the conspicuous signs of wealth, takes the opportunity to enjoy the experiences hitherto denied to her, drinking sherry and making phone calls to her neighbours and relatives. Michael, on the other hand, urges respect for the institution as represented by its trappings.

What we have is a brief image of the colonised enjoying the benefits of the coloniser. For the duration of the play the three chance companions enjoy the fantastic and ephemeral illusion of freedom. As the woman's voice tells them during the demonstration, "This is your city!" and, as the Priest says in his funeral address, like the blessed meek they have possessed their own land. The irony which underlies the whole play, of course, is that, as far as the theatre audience is concerned, they are already dead, a fact which the play's dramatic structure never allows us to forget. The parallelism of events drawn from two separate time sequences being presented concomitantly in stage-time reminds us constantly that the fully rounded characters we see before us are in fact ghosts, another of Friel's displacement strategies.

If Brian Friel's techniques of disorientation and displacement seek to place the theatre audience, in a certain sense, in the place of the colonised, David Rudkin obliges his audience to go beyond empathy and engage in a reconstruction of the dichotomous relationship between coloniser and colonised. In *The Saxon Shore* the audience is invited to recognise that the two sides may even be forged from the same raw material. The basic dramatic structure which Rudkin employs to embody this theme is one which, at first sight, could scarcely be called innovatory since it is a technique which may be as old as the theatre itself. However, where 'doubling' is traditionally used in cases of practical or financial necessity and, moreover, tends to be a producer's tool rather than a writer's one, Rudkin makes extremely conscious use of the strategy in order to enhance the linear structure of his play.

The Saxon Shore is as metaphorical as *The Freedom of the City* is literal. Whilst there can be no doubt that a play set in Derry City on 10th February, 1970, is about Northern Ireland, Rudkin's decision to set his play near Hadrian's Wall in the year 410 AD does at least allow the possibility of other interpretations. The play ostensibly deals with the experience of three communities at the time of the fall of the Roman Empire: the Celts, the Romans and the Saxons. However, the metaphorical links to the situation in Northern Ireland are inescapable, and Hadrian's Wall clearly symbolises both the Northern Irish border with Eire and also those barriers which impede Catholics from gaining access to positions of power within Northern Ireland itself.

What is most powerful in the play's writing, however, is its evocation of the three communities through the way they each use English. In fact, of course, what is perceived by the theatre audience as a common language is actually a dramatic representation of the communities' three separate languages. In the same way that the three groups share a common landscape but are divided by their attitude to that landscape so, from the audience's point of view at least, they are divided by a common language. In this sense the audience is placed in a privileged position in being able to perceive the potential for unity between the three communities, whereas those involved in the story can only see the justification for separation and antagonism.

Although the play deals with the traumatic clash between cultures Rudkin's central structuring device, that of actors doubling rôles from two or more of the three communities, emphasises the fact that that each of these communities is composed of individuals who are

essentially similar. The significance of this idea is compounded by the fact that the Werewolves in the play are themselves drawn from both the Roman and Saxon communities. Rudkin has thus created a metaphor for the terrorist mentality which looks back to Roman myths explaining the 'barbaric' nature of the Huns, and to the Saxons' own hysterical reaction to the terror and insecurity of the world around them. What the Romans and Saxons most fear is simply their own alter-ego, that which is latent within themselves. When Athdark returns home with Widow Flax's goat, killed by his own Werewolf self, he remembers that he is "man outward, wolf inside" and says, "I must hide somewhere, and think on what I am . . ."

Just as man and werewolf are shown to be one and the same, so other apparently clearly distinct groups are revealed as being mere constructs. The Saxons in the play do not know if they are British, Roman, Saxon, or any two or all three. When Athdark awakes with his wound healed he sees the Celtic princess, Ceiriad, and thinks himself in Paradise. Later, when he is taken to Dinas Maros and his blindfold is removed he is convinced that he is in the "Shining City" of Jerusalem, until the smell of burning peat (the metaphorical representation of the incense used in Catholic church services) transforms his amazed love and reawakens his doctrinaire hatred. When Agricola reads the Roman Emperor's letter justifying the necessity of withdrawing the Roman troops to the mainland Agnes expresses her sense of disillusionment in terms of a loss of identity:

> Take everything away from a folk? Land? Roots? All our belonging? . . . Not even a name. British, and not. Saxon, and not. Roman, and not. Who shall we say that we are now? [5]

Similarly, the differences between man and animal, man and woman and even, as Sulgwen points out to Ceiriad, between any two men, are shown to be arbitrary constructs. The metaphorical significance of this idea is directly related to the polarisation of the Catholic and Protestant communities in Northern Ireland. In his essay "Nationalism: Irony and Commitment" Terry Eagleton expresses the idea in these terms:

> If the binary opposition between 'man' and 'woman' can always be deconstructed – if each term can always be shown to inhere parasitically within the other – then just the same is true of the opposition between those other virulently metaphysical forms of identity, Catholic and Protestant. Catholic, of course, means universal; so there is something curious in using it to define a particular kind of national identity. There is a good Joycean irony involved in establishing one's Irish identity by reference to a European capital. [6]

It is precisely this irony, perhaps the most polemical aspect of the colonial situation in Northern Ireland, that David Rudkin is exposing and analysing in *The Saxon Shore*.

It is too much of a simplification to conclude by saying that *The Freedom of the City* is pessimistic whereas *The Saxon Shore* is optimistic; both plays are too richly ambivalent for that. However, the final image of a play is often what remains longest in a theatre audience's recollection, and there can be no mistaking the intention of the playwrights in closing their plays respectively with the images of three unarmed members of the public being gunned down by a colonial army and of a newly free man resolving to turn his sword into a spade as he assumes the stance of a man rather than an animal. But perhaps a better

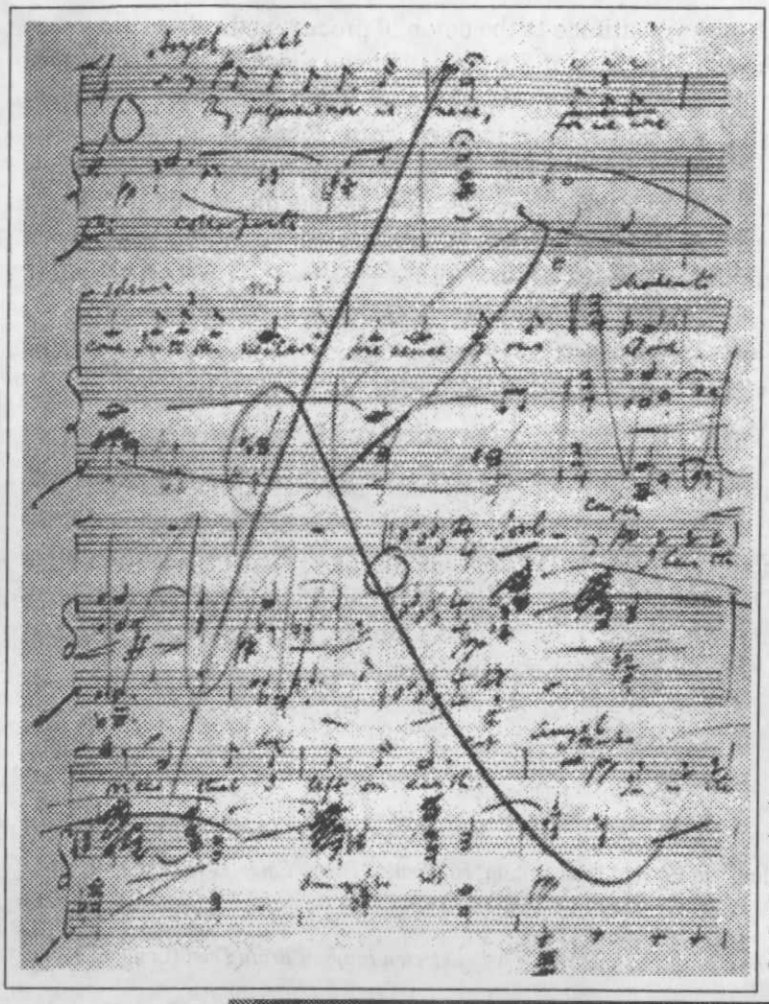
guide to understanding each author's attitude to the colonial process is the dramatic structure of their plays: Brian Friel's techniques of disorientation and displacement are as analytic as David Rudkin's reconstruction is synthetic. Richard Allen Cave places *The Saxon Shore* amongst the best Irish plays written since Independence, "plays of impotence, self-inflicted violence and loss, conceived out of the agony of dispossession."[7] However, although Rudkin certainly does not deny what Cave describes as "the trauma of the colonial experience in Ireland," he also emphasises the potential for growth out of that experience. In his Introduction to *Ashes* (1974), Rudkin writes:

> Talk about this play's 'problematic' or 'unorthodox' structure is superficial and foolish. Any play I write is an organism, its shape inwardly determined by its own inner moral necessity. [8]

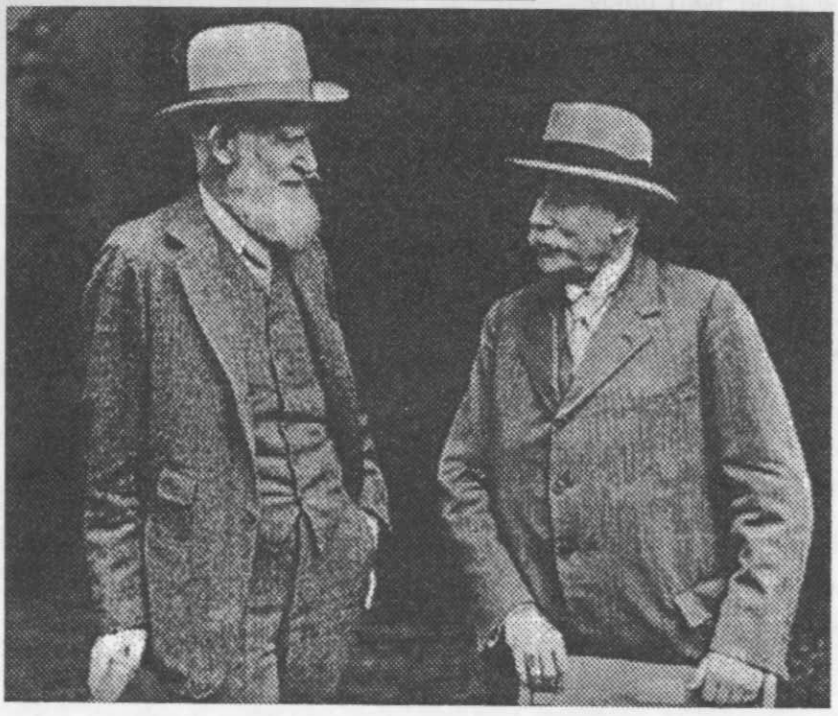
'Organic,' with all its implications of integration and the potential for growth, is the word which best describes the unity between the dramatic structure and the underlying philosophy of *The Saxon Shore*. Whereas Brian Friel focuses upon the barbaric brutality of the colonial process, for David Rudkin, as for Michael Hamburger, the isolated ruins of Hadrian's Wall are a powerful reminder that empires crumble, and that, though he may leave his language behind him, the coloniser eventually returns home.

Works Cited

1. Michael Hamburger, "Travelling," in Edward Lucie-Smith, ed., *British Poetry Since 1945* (London: Penguin Books, 1985), 203-05.
2. Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*, in Seamus Deane, ed., *Selected Plays of Brian Friel* (London: Faber and Faber, 1984), 101-69.
3. Elmer Andrews, "The Fifth Province," in Alan J. Peacock, ed., *The Achievement of Brian Friel* (Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe, 1993), 34.
4. Andrews, 35.
5. David Rudkin, *The Saxon Shore* (London: Methuen, 1986), 45-46.
6. Terry Eagleton, "Nationalism: Irony and Commitment," *Nationalism, Colonialism and Literature*, 13 (Derry: Field Day Theatre Company, 1988), 6.
7. Richard Allen Cave, "Staging the Irishman," in J. S. Bratton, ed., *Acts of Supremacy: The British Empire and the Stage 1790-1930* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1991), 121.
8. David Rudkin, *Ashes* (London: Pluto Press, 1978), 1.



An intermediate stage in Elgar's composition of "The Dream of Gerontius", composed 1899-1900. The large K (in red crayon) stands for "Koppied".



George Bernard Shaw and Edward Elgar. In: The New Grove Twentieth-century English Masters. *London: MacMillan, 1986.*

Elgar and Shaw

Stanley Weintraub

Abstract: *Edward Elgar, who would become the major British composer of his time, had read Shaw's "Corno di Bassetto" music columns in the London press in 1888-89, before Shaw had heard a note of Elgar's early music. "He was a musical critic and a good one," said Elgar later. After Shaw's critic days were over, in 1900, he heard the " Enigma Variations" (1897) and the new "Dream of Gerontius." He would become a friend, enthusiast and patron of Elgar, spurring on his creativity – an essential task, as Elgar was diffident and self-critical to the point of tearing up much of what he composed. Shaw opened him up with wit and praise and entrée to a new cultural landscape, Elgar began a lifetime of going to Shaw's plays, which were therapy for him. The relationship was good, too, for Shaw, as Elgar, a social and political conservative, helped make Shaw less extreme. This paper proves that the relationship evoked the best in both men's works.*

In the first year of the new century English composer Edward Elgar wrote music for a play by George Moore and W. B. Yeats, *Diarmuid and Grania,* produced at the Gaiety Theatre in Dublin that October. In the next year, 1902, he entered a musical competition for an "Irish Symphony" by expanding on what he had written for the play. He didn't win any prizes, and that ended his music for the theatre. By then, Bernard Shaw had become one of Elgar's admirers, and a few years later responded to a suggestion by a London impresario, Colonel James H. Mapleson, that he write an opera libretto for the French composer Camille Saint-Sans by turning the proposal upside down. "Unfortunately," Shaw joked, "I have a prior engagement with Richard Strauss, which is at present hung up by the fact that I want to write the music and he wants to write the libretto, and we both get on very slowly for want of practice. I wonder whether Elgar would turn his hand to opera?"

The implication was that if Elgar wrote the music, Shaw would furnish a libretto– the only time he ever made such an offer. The two would form a mutual admiration society. Shaw, who always wanted to write music, knew he had no talent in that direction and wrote only a few forgotten songs. Encouraging Elgar was his route to musical composition. Elgar, who would become the major British composer of his time, had read Shaw's "Corno di Bassetto" music columns in London newspapers in 1888-89, before Shaw had heard a note of Elgar's early music. "He was a musical critic and a good one," said Elgar later, "in those dull days when the two [Oxbridge] Universities and the Colleges of Music used to do nothing but sit around and accuse one another of the cardinal virtues." Later, once Shaw and Elgar became close, they would discuss setting one of Shaw's plays to music, but, Shaw recalled, "I think we agreed to my view that he could no nothing with a play except what his [symphonic poem] Falstaff did with Shakespeare's."

After Shaw's critic days were over, in 1900, he heard Elgar's symphonic *Enigma Variations* (of 1897) and his oratorio *A Dream of Gerontius*. The haunting *Enigma Variations*, he recalled, "took away your breath. Whew! I knew we had got it at last." He would become a friend, enthusiast and patron of Elgar, spurring on his creativity–an essential task, as Elgar was diffident and self-critical to the point of tearing up much of what he had composed. Shaw opened him up with wit and praise and entrée to a new cultural landscape. At first there seemed little likelihood of that. Elgar claimed to have admired Shaw's critical pieces, written when he was trying, in London, to reach beyond a purely provincial reputation, but his first known reaction to a Shaw play was less than enthusiastic. Writing to a friend, the stage set designer Arthur Troyte Griffith, after reading *Man and Superman* in 1904, he responded to it, predictably, as the conservative Roman Catholic he was. "Bernard Shaw is hopelessly wrong," he objected, "as all these fellows are on fundamental things: amongst others they punch Xtianity & try to make it fit their civilization instead of making their civilization fit it. He is an amusing liar, but not much more & it is a somewhat curious p[oin]t that in the Don Juan [in Hell dream] scene he makes his characters 'live in the remembrance' (in figure, age, etc) just, or not just but very like [Cardinal] Newman in Gerontius. Extremes meet sometimes."

It is possible that extremes did meet here, and that Shaw got something out of the dream-vision of Gerontius, which speculated on evolution, extreme age, the loss of Eden, and salvation. Elgar's oratorio referred also to a Devil, and Shaw would have the Devil as a character in his dream interlude, while the other characters in the dream would be, to quote Newman, "out of the body," beyond "space, and time." More suggestions of Elgar may have turned up in a later play Shaw called his "metabiological Pentateuch, *Back to Methuselah*—in what Newman called "the garden shade" of Eden. Elgar's early impact may have been more than Shaw ever recognized. The creative process is a mysterious one, and the computer that is our brain may store ideas in the memory for a long time before they emerge transformed. Elgar, for example, was an enthusiastic amateur chemist, with a laboratory erected in his garden that led him into chemical metaphors. In a University of Birmingham lecture on critics he gave in 1909 he had defined Bernard Shaw chemically, observing that in Shaw's writings "there was a substratum of *practical matter*, or to put it chemically, to volatile and pellucid fluid, held in solution, matter which was precipitated into obvious solid fact by the introduction of the reader's *own common sense*." Nitrogen iodide, he explained further, is formed "when an excess of aqueous ammonia is added to a solution of iodine in potassium iodide." In Shaw's fantasy *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, written in 1934, just after Elgar died–which could have awakened dormant memory–is an eccentric character, Iddy–actually named Phosphor—whose father, he claims, was a biological chemist, the reason Iddy grew up as a "nitrogen baby" fed on nitrogen-enriched food.

After *Man and Superman* Elgar would see other Shaw plays, at first largely to see his friend Troyte Griffith's sets. One occasion was the London revival of *The Devil's Disciple* in 1907, which Elgar found "unconvincing." Apparently he read a lot of Shaw, to have singled him out wryly in his Birmingham lecture. Elgar saw *Getting Married* the next year, and pronounced it "fine." In 1912 he and his wife saw *John Bull's Other Island*, with its humane and mystical–but unfrocked—Irish priest, Father Keegan. Moved, to her surprise, the ultra-pious Alice Elgar, who was a profound influence on her husband, wrote, "Most delightful. The noble & ideal left in instead of the poison of [the] other B. Shaw." In 1913 Elgar saw *The Doctor's Dilemma* and *Androcles and the Lion*. He also saw *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* in a revival, and Shaw's feminist satire *Fanny's First Play*.

Although Elgar was a committed playgoer, the Shaw and Elgar circles of friends did not intersect, and the men did not meet until March 1919, at a luncheon arranged by Lalla Vandervelde, wife of a Belgian Socialist politician who had lived in London during the wartime occupation of their country. An occasional actress, Lalla had played in Shaw's home-front farce *Augustus Does His Bit*, which the Elgars had seen. (They would soon see her again in Shaw's *Arms and the Man.)* The other guests were Elgar and the art critic Roger Fry. Elgar, so Shaw recalled in a letter to Virginia Woolf, confided that he had "enjoyed my musical criticisms when he was a student and remembered all my silly jokes. . . . We two plunged into a conversation into which Roger could not get in a word: in fact we forgot all about him."

When in 1931 Shaw collected his *Saturday Review* musical columns of 1890-94 as *Music in London* he would inscribe on Elgar's copy, "The title is wrong. There was no music until you came." Now he knew he also admired the man.

Within days of Madame Vandervelde's luncheon, Shaw was a visitor at Elgar's home in Hampstead, 42 Netherhall Gardens, where the composer's Piano Quintet was given a private run-through in the oak-floored music room dominated by a grand piano. In a thank-you note the next day Shaw wrote that the music "knocked me over at once," but ever the honest critic he added, "You cannot begin a movement in such a magical way as you have begun this Quintet and then suddenly lapse into the expected." The work did have its problems, as Elgar did not write as well for the piano as he did for strings. Shaw, a good amateur pianist, explained, diplomatically, "There are some piano embroideries on a pedal point that didn't sound like a piano or anything else in the world, but [were] quite beautiful, and I have my doubts whether any regular shop pianist will produce them: they require a touch which is peculiar to yourself, and which struck me the first time I ever heard you larking about with a piano."

Elgar responded on March 11, 1919, enclosing the score and confiding, "It was a proud moment to see you enter my room," and he closed with praise for "the vast intellectuality of your dramatic work." Shaw was now energized as an Elgar missionary, and wrote a long piece for *Music and Letters*, published in January 1920, contending, "Elgar is carrying on Beethoven's business. The names are up on the shop front for everyone to read. ELGAR, late BEETHOVEN & CO, Classics . . . ." Earlier, Shaw had been a missionary for Wagner, but now claimed that Elgar's "musical mind was formed before Wagner reached him," and Shaw didn't find that a handicap, as Elgar wrote "in the Beethovenian sense." If he were king, or Minister of Fine Arts, Shaw declared, "I would give Elgar an annuity of a thousand a year on condition that he produce a symphony every eighteen months."

In September 1921, after moving from Hampstead to the country, Elgar returned to conduct a Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall. The program included his symphonic fantasy *Falstaff*. Shaw was in the audience, and postcarded Elgar that he had never heard it before, and thought it was "perfectly graphic to anyone who knows his Shakespeare." It was, he wrote, "the true way to set drama to music"–perhaps a hint, but Elgar in return only sent Shaw his own program notes to the music. Elgar would see *Heartbreak House* with delight, and take its Lady Utterword (Edith Evans) to dinner and to a recital of his music. Soon Elgar would see Shaw's *Pygmalion, Candida* and even the lengthy *Back to Methuselah*, which took two sittings. By this time he and Shaw were good friends, and when Tory critic Sidney Colvin made cutting comments about Shaw to Elgar, the composer diplomatically put Colvin down, observing, "I don't think we shd. have 'liked' Aristophanes personally, or

Voltaire (perhaps) but I cannot do without their work. GBS's politics are, to me, appalling, but he is the kindest-hearted, gentlest man I have met outside the charmed circle which includes you. . . . As a child & as a young man & as a mature man, no single person was ever kind to me, so my heart goes out to any man or woman of assured position as G.B.S. who helps others. Enough."

The British public was unenthusiastic about British music, and Elgar in particular. They appreciated his *Pomp and Circumstance* marches, which had already become identified as the epitome of English music. They were not interested in anything more formidable, which became embarrassingly obvious at a London performance of Elgar's oratorio *The Apostles*—a fund-raiser for the Westminster Abbey Restoration Fund. Almost no one came. Shaw loyally expressed his unhappiness in a letter in the *Daily News* (June 9, 1922), writing, "It would be an exaggeration to say that I was the only person present, like Ludwig of Bavaria at Wagner's *premires*. My wife was there. Other couples were visible at intervals. . . . I distinctly saw six people in the stalls, probably with complimentary tickets." He was, he confessed, "unspeakably ashamed. . . . I apologize to posterity for living in a country where the capacity and tastes of schoolboys and sporting costermongers are the measure of metropolitan culture."

The middle 1920s, after the triumph of *Saint Joan*, were a fallow period for Shaw, and even more so for Elgar, who complained that his music brought him little money. The only financial gain from orchestral performances was that music-lovers bought piano arrangements as they would now buy recordings. Yet Shaw knew that Elgar lived in comfort and style despite financial disappointments, and recognized in the years before the recording industry became big business that a serious composer had to live on commissions, and that meant that he had to compose.

Having trouble beginning anything new he wanted to keep at, Elgar confided in Shaw, who replied on a postcard that after a hiatus in writing for the stage he had been at work again, and had completed a political fantasy, *The Apple Cart*. It will seem, after *Saint Joan*, he confessed, like "a hideous anti-climax. It is a scandalous Aristophanic burlesque of democratic politics, with a brief but shocking sex interlude." The play would be, he added, performed at the new summer festival at Malvern, not far from Elgar's Worcestershire home. "Your turn now," Shaw cajoled. "Clap it"–that is, in the sense of concocting hastily– "with a symphony." He kept pressing Elgar to write something for Malvern, and at the least to turn up as invited guest. The producer at Malvern, Birmingham impresario Barry Jackson, Shaw wrote, although it was clearly Shaw's own idea, "In his first enthusiasm . . . was bent on getting from you an overture for *The Apple Cart*, but on obtaining from [conductor Adrian] Boult a rough estimate of the cost of an Elgar orchestra, and letting his imagination play on the composer's fee, ... went mournfully to his accountants...."

His own view, Shaw teased, was that "six bars of yours would extinguish (or upset) the A[pple] C[art] and turn the Shaw festival into an Elgar one; but that it would be a jolly good thing so. So I demanded overtures to *Caesar*, to *Methuselah* (five preludes), and a symphonic poem to *Heartbreak House*, which is by far the most musical work of the lot." He was only half teasing. Had Elgar warmed to any musical introduction to, or interpretation of, Shaw, very likely G.BS. would have found some subterfuge to provide the money himself. The closest they would come to a joint work was when, in Malvern days, Elgar did ask Shaw to write an opera libretto for him. Shaw replied that his plays had a verbal music of their own "which would make a very queer sort of counterpoint" to Elgar's music. He suggested to make his point that Elgar take *Androcles and the Lion* and try setting a single

page. "You will find," said Shaw, "that you cannot make an opera of it, just as you could not make an opera of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* But you may make another *Falstaff* of it. That is really your line."

Elgar did go to Malvern. It was arranged that he would open a Shaw exhibition at the Malvern Public Library. On September 19, 1929 his informal opening remarks were taken down as he wished only in the third person. To introduce anything about his friend Shaw, he began, was one of the greatest honors he ever had. He had the best of all qualifications, Elgar claimed. He had read Shaw's works "from beginning to end." Some of them may have been "rather shattering to the nerves" of his audience. He often thought that Shaw offered the British public his plays "in the spirit in which Sterne gave the ass a macaroon"–to find out "what the dickens it was going to do with it."
Shaw responded that Elgar was one of the best living composers. "I am seriously and genuinely humble in his presence. I recognise a greater art than mine and a greater man than I can ever hope to be." Tartly, the September issue of the *Musical Times* observed that it was "apparently the only public utterance in which Mr. Shaw has acknowledged himself to be second to any creative artist, living or dead."

For the 1930 Brass Band Festival at the Crystal Palace–a national competition still ongoing, but now at the Albert Hall–Elgar was commissioned to write the test piece, which had to be performed by each of the many competitors. From earlier sketches he put together his attractive *Severn Suite*, which he dedicated to Shaw. Elgar planned to attend with Shaw, but back trouble kept him at home. Loyally, G.B.S. attended, and sent the composer a long typewritten report on September 28, 1930. " heard the *Severn Suite* yesterday only eight times," Shaw wrote, as extreme hunger and the need for catching the 5.10 train at King's Cross forced me to surrender before I ceased to find new things in it. . . . Nobody would have guessed from looking at the score and thinking of the thing as a toccata for brass how beautiful and serious the work is as abstract music." On the flyleaf of his inscribed copy of the score Shaw wrote that Elgar had dedicated the work "to me; so my name may last as long as his own." Only once otherwise did he evidence such humility about a living artist–when he declared that he might in future be known only as subject of a bust by Rodin.

Elgar's seventy-fifth birthday got his creative juices flowing a bit. His search for a subject gave Shaw an idea. On September 30, 1932 he wrote to the imperious John Reith, the director of the BBC. Shaw was on the BBC's Committee on Spoken English, and his own talks on the air were popular broadcasts. He offered a "suggestion":

> In 1823 the London Philharmonic Society passed a resolution to offer Beethoven £50 for the MS of a symphony. He accepted, and sent the Society the MS of the Ninth Symphony. In 1827 the Society sent him £100. He was dying; and he said "God bless the Philharmonic Society and the whole English nation."
> This is by far the most creditable incident in English history.
> Now the only composer today who is comparable to Beethoven is Elgar. Everybody seems to assume that Elgar can live on air, or that he is so rich and successful that he can afford to write symphonies and conduct festivals for nothing. As a matter of fact his financial position is a very difficult one, making it impossible for him to give time enough to such heavy jobs as the completion of a symphony; and consequently here we have the case of a British composer who has written two great symphonies, which place England at the head of the world in this top department of instrumental music, unable to complete and score a third. I know that he has the

material for the first movement ready, because he has played it to me on his piano. Well, why should not the BBC, with its millions, do for Elgar what the old Philharmonic did for Beethoven. You could bring the Third Symphony into existence and obtain the performing right for the BBC for a few thousand pounds. The kudos would be stupendous and the value for money ample. . . .He does not know that I am meddling in his affairs and yours in this manner. . . .

Reith immediately invited Elgar, and Shaw duly postcarded his congratulations as if the idea were a surprise. Inevitably Elgar learned that the idea was G.B.S.'s–"the wonderful plan which you invented," he wrote to Shaw when the £1000 commision was formalized. "I am overwhelmed by the loftiness of the idea & can only say *thank you* . . . " Shaw prodded him to produce it. "Remember," he wrote, answering an Elgar letter, "you have to catch up to Beethoven." But early in the next year it became obvious that he could do little if anything to further the 141 pages of musical notations, drafts and scribbled directives for the new symphony, and he wrote anxiously to John Reith before hospitalization for exploratory surgery that if the music did not "materialise" he would return the "sums you have paid on account." The operation revealed inoperable cancer. Elgar's removal to a nursing home was doubly appalling to him, as he worried that he could not afford the £50 a week it cost, and he sent Shaw a note apparently to ask assistance in withdrawing from the commission. Shaw seems to have destroyed it after paying a visit to Reith after which Elgar's financial concerns were dismissed. Shaw had made a gift to Elgar earlier in the 1930s of £1000, and now may have quietly paid additional hospital and nursing expenses, although he could not tell the proud composer that. He had once proposed to Elgar an autobiographical Financial Symphony—"Allegro: Impending Disaster. Lento mesto: Stony Broke. Scherzo: Light Heart and Empty Pocket. All[egrett]o con brio: Clouds Clearing." A few months later he urged Elgar, "Trust to your mighty Life Force and damn the doctors. . . ."

In a shaky hand, Elgar worked on the slow movement of his symphony–its opening and closing—but he could do little more. He died on February 23, 1934, and Shaw wrote sadly to a mutual friend, "Like Beethoven's tenth, [it] died with the composer." Yet enough of it had survived for it to be completed more than half a century later by Anthony Payne, and performed by the BBC Symphony in 1998 to critical kudos.

"Having friends like you," Charlotte Shaw had written to Elgar for her husband as well as herself in 1932, "is the one thing in life worth having when one reaches the age of GBS & myself." Elgar would respond that "the world seems a cold place to me when you are both away." At the Gloucester Festival in the summer of 1934, for which Shaw had suggested, knowing fully well that Elgar wasn't up to it, the setting of his Christ and Pilate dialogue, an earlier Elgar work, *The Kingdom*, was performed, and both Shaws were there. "I cannot tell you how we all miss Edward Elgar," Charlotte wrote to Nancy Astor. "We loved him . . . & when another man got up into the Conductor's Chair it was hard to bear."

When G.B.S. lay dying in 1950, Lady Astor was one of the few old friends he permitted to visit. He told her that he wanted two pieces of music at his funeral, "Libera Me" from Verdi's *Requiem* and Elgar's *We are the Masters*. Very likely he meant "We are the Music-Makers." But a friend upon whom Lady Astor depended upon for musical expertise suggested that Shaw may have meant "We are the Ministers" from Elgar's *The Apostles*. The selection was hardly in character for Shaw, or even the later Elgar, but it was appropriate in any case that the music of his countryman should play Shaw out.

Travel Literature and History

The Voyage of St. Brendan: Celtic Otherworld Tale, Christian Apologia, or Medieval Travelog?

James E. Doan

Abstract: *This essay examines various theories on the composition of the ninth- or tenth-century Hiberno-Latin text, Navigatio Sancti Brendani ("The Voyage of St. Brendan"), including its relation to the Celtic immram or voyage tale (e.g., Immram Brain), its support for the Christian order which had replaced the native religion, and its role as a travelog intended primarily to entertain a monastic audience. Based on a close reading of the text, the essay challenges many of the received notions about the work. The essay also looks at the influence of the Navigatio on medieval and early modern explorers, including those who journeyed to the New World during the 15th through 18th century.*

In a seminar I conducted at St. Anselm College in Manchester, N.H., in June 1999, the question arose during discussion of the ninth- or tenth-century Hiberno-Latin text, *Navigatio Sancti Brendani*, whether this was in fact a latinized version of an earlier Celtic *immram* or voyage tale, a support for the Christian order which had replaced the native religion, or a travelog intended mainly for the delight of its monastic audience. The former interpretation has been suggested by Celtic scholars such as James Carney, David Dumville and Proinsias Mac Cana. Carney, for example, thought that a primitive version of the tale was composed within 100 years of St. Brendan's death (ca. 570-83), i.e., sometime in the late seventh century.[1] He thought that this account was mainly ecclesiastical in nature but that it influenced the creation of the heroic, secular *Immram Brain maic Febail* ("Voyage of Bran"), written in Irish during the late seventh or early eighth century. Carney dated the extant *Navigatio Sancti Brendani* to the early ninth century, though this is over a century earlier than Carl Selmer's dating of the text in his Latin edition (based on his hypothesis that it was written by an Irish bishop, Israel Scottus, who flourished at the court of archbishop Bruno of Cologne, brother to the emperor Otto the Great).[2] Dumville believes the tale dates from the second half of the ninth century:

> The earliest extant manuscripts, which already present a corrupt text and more than one family, belong to the tenth century and probably to its second half. Selmer assigned the writing to the first half of the tenth century, which is certainly too late. Carney's suggestion of *ca.* 800 is, however, too early, being based on the assumption (which has yet to be demonstrated) that this text was written in Ireland whence it was exported to the Continent. The author was unquestionably an Irishman; the structure is that of the famous *immram*; the ethos is Irish; the work draws on Irish

sources; but there is nothing to suggest that Selmer was incorrect in believing this text to have been written on the Continent.[3]

Dumville also includes the text among voyage tales in discussing the generic differences between *echtrae* ("adventures") and *immrama* (literally, "rowing-around tales") in Old Irish tradition. He writes:

> The Latin *Navigatio* must be considered here because its structure is obviously that of the *immram* and because it is the most widely known of all the texts under consideration. Briefly, one may state that it is a text which is motivated and constructed in a more determinedly Christian fashion than any of the vernacular works. Nor need this be surprising, for whatever the limits which may or may not have operated on the circulation of such vernacular texts, the restriction on readership imposed by the Latin language of the *Navigatio* would make this a purely ecclesiastical text.[4]

Mac Cana agrees with a ninth-century dating of the text, indicating that neither Carney's nor Dumville's "argument or the evidence" is "at all conclusive," but that it is generally accepted that a form of the *Vita Brendani* (the Latin saint's life) existed before the *Navigatio*, with the three references to the Brendan legend in the Litany of Pilgrim Saints related to the *Vita*, not to the *Navigatio*.[5] He admits that it is difficult to construct a clear chronology of the Irish and Latin Voyages, but that the genre was developing from the seventh century onwards and "probably recognized as a distinct genre by the early ninth century."[6] The author of the *Vita Tripartita* composed at that time felt constrained to include an episode in which St. Patrick undertakes a rudimentary voyage during which he encounters a couple on an island who have lived in perpetual youth since the time of Christ.[7] Regarding the composition of the major voyage tales, Mac Cana writes:

> ...The indications are that the ninth century had seen the composition of the *Navigatio Brendani*, the *Voyage of Máel Dúin* and the *Voyage of the Uí Chorra*. Of these the *Navigatio* is the most thoroughly ecclesiastical... but, as James Carney has repeatedly emphasized, all the voyage tales are by their very nature of monastic provenance and inspiration, whatever native pre-Christian elements may have been incorporated in their narrative. As a group they share many of the same episodes and draw freely upon the Bible and Isidore of Seville, upon Christian apocryphal traditions and upon various learned (or pseudo-learned) compilations, such as bestiaries and lapidaries, that were accessible to their authors through the mediation of the monasteries. They are in fact the most distinctive and characteristic category of storytelling created by the early Irish monastic *literati*.[8]

One of the key concepts found in both the Irish and Latin Voyages is that of *tír tairngiri* or *terra repromissionis*, conveying the notion of both the Promised Land of the Old Testament and the Kingdom of Heaven in the New, though the Irish term also occurs as the name for a native paradise.[9] In this text, where it becomes St. Brendan's ultimate destination after which he can die happy, it is located west of the Island of Delights, related, of course, to the happy Otherworld found throughout world myths (e.g., the Garden of Hesperides, Elysian Fields, or Avalon).[10] Said to

be located *juxta montem lapidem*, which John J. O'Meara translates as "near Slieve League" (O.I. *sliab liacc*),[11] the monks here live off the fruit, nuts, roots and other greens growing wild. The western isle is a vast land taking seemingly fifteen days to circumambulate, which later turns out to be over a year (time in the Otherworld generally does not correspond to earthly time). St. Barinthus (Barrind), who had previously visited it, describes it to Brendan as follows: "We saw no plants that had not flowers, nor trees that had not fruit. The stones of that land are precious stones."[12] A river crosses the center of the island, beyond which mortals may not cross (analagous to the River Styx in Virgil's *Aeneid* or Dante's *Inferno*), since the other side of the island is intended only for God's saints. Various individuals, beginning with D. F. McCarthy in 1848, have attempted to identify the "island" as America, with the river representing the Ohio (or more recently, the Mississippi).[13]

After setting sail from Brandon's Creek on the north side of the Dingle Peninsula in their hide-covered *currach*, Brendan and his men (numbering 18 all together), land on an uninhabited isle where they are provided with food and drink; an island of sheep (possibly representing the Faroes, derived from the Danish *faar* meaning "sheep"); the back of a whale named Jasconius (from Irish *iasc*, "fish"); and a paradise of birds, all in the first part of the story. Biblical numbers such as 40 and 7 are found throughout the text, and the Christian themes of death, salvation, and resurrection dominate. Noteworthily, on the uninhabited island one of the three latecomers (who arrive after Brendan's monks have already boarded the boat) is found to have a stolen *frenum* (bridle or necklace) hidden in his bosom, given to him by the devil, depicted as a small Ethiopian (based on the common notion medieval notion that the devil is a black man, still called *fear dubh* in Modern Irish). When the monk confesses his sin, the devil flies out of his bosom. The monk receives Holy Communion, dies and is buried on the spot, though his soul is "received by the angels of light."[14] The devil, on the other hand, is cast into hell. After this the monks encounter a Procurator, a youth who provides the travellers with food throughout their journey and helps them find their way to the Promised Land. He tells them that they have a long journey ahead, but that neither bread nor water will fail them until Easter, presumably representing a Lenten fast. The importance of the principle Christian feast days cannot be underestimated in this story, particularly Easter (from which the others were calculated, hence the conflict over the date for Easter in the early Celtic church). The monks spend Holy Thursday through Holy Saturday on the Island of Sheep, and then find themselves on Easter Sunday on the back of Jasconius, thinking it an island until they light a fire and the whale begins to thrash around.[15] Brendan helps bring the monks onto the *currach* (cf. Jonah's deliverance from the whale as a type of Christ's Resurrection from the tomb).[16] They repeat the sequence of travel from one island to the next each year for a total of seven.

On the next island, they learn that the white birds are fallen angels who, though not as guilty as Lucifer, were implicated in his revolt. They are allowed to see God but are prevented from sharing in the joy of those who were faithful. They wander through "various regions of the air and the firmament and the earth, just like the other spirits that travel on their missions." However, they are given time off for good behavior: "But on holy days and Sundays we are given bodies such as you now see so that we may stay here and praise our creator."[17] They are possibly based on the stormy petrels which inhabit the many inaccessible islands off the Irish coast, whose cries are said to resemble the human voice. However, unlike the Irish voyage tales and the modern Irish folk belief, where they represent the souls

of the departed, the birds here have taken on an obviously Christian function, dwelling in a sort of Limbo (comparable to the medieval Catholic belief that unbaptized babies were denied the beatific vision). A possible connection with the historic St. Brendan may be seen from the fact that Giraldus Cambrensis mentions bird sanctuaries in his honor in south Munster.[18]

The birds observe the canonical hours, praising God with psalms taken from Scripture. After the octave of Easter has ended, the Procurator appears to Brendan and his monks. Once again he offers them food and drink but warns them about a spring on the island, saying that anyone who drinks from it will not awaken for twenty-four hours (analagous to the lotus plant in the *Odyssey* which causes men to forget their homes). After Pentecost they sail for three months until they reach the island community of Ailbe. A wind blowing from the shore keeps them from landing for forty days. After spending three days in fast and abstinence they see a landing place, large enough for only one boat. The monks debark and meet a white-haired elder who refuses to answer their questions until eleven brothers come to meet them with reliquaries, crosses and hymns, chanting a verse which may have been an actual processional hymn used to greet guests in Irish monasteries. Ailbe's monastery appears to be an ideal one, observing the Benedictine Rule with regard to hospitality as it had been developed on the Continent:

> When they had exchanged the kiss of peace, they led them to the monastery as the custom is in western parts to conduct brothers in this way with prayers. Afterwards the abbot of the monastery with his monks washed the feet of the guests and chanted the antiphon: 'A new commandment.'[19]

In a passage which does suggest Celtic mythological influence, though here rationalized and Christianized, we learn that the monks have been on this island for eighty years (cf. the company of Bendigeidfran in "Branwen ferch L_r/ Branwen daughter of Ll_r," the second branch of the *Mabinogi*, who are magically entertained at Harlech for eighty-seven years with food, drink and Otherworldly birds).[20] In "The Voyage," Ailbe tells St. Brendan that they have heard no human voice except when praising God... and that none of them has "suffered ill in the flesh or from the spirits that infest the human race,"[21] probably a testament to their healthy diet and lack of stress as much as to miraculous causes.

Brendan and his monks celebrate Christmas with Ailbe and his community, remaining there until Epiphany. Then they set off into the ocean, rowing or sailing until the beginning of Lent. Once again they encounter a soporific well, though this time the monks drink from it and fall asleep for varying lengths of time, depending on how each monk interprets Brendan's injunction against using too much of the waters (cf. Odysseus' warnings to his men about opening the bag of winds or eating the cattle of the sun god). After being becalmed for twenty days in a coagulated sea (perhaps the Sargasso Sea, west of the Azores, if the account is based on actual expeditions into the Atlantic), they eventually reach the Island of Sheep in time for Holy Thursday and the triduum. When they reach the whale (Jasconius) on Easter Sunday morning they find the pot which they had left behind the year before and, disembarking from the boat, Brendan chants the hymn of the three "boys," presumably Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, rescued from the fiery furnace (another Resurrection symbol).[22] After finishing the hymn, Brendan uses the incident as a warning to the monks not to enter into temptation and as an example of God's power to subject the savage beast without any inconvenience to them.

They spend Easter to Pentecost again on the Paradise of Birds where they are greeted

by the birds singing psalms. After sailing for forty days they see a sea-monster which is killed by an even more powerful monster. This, of course, reminds Brendan of David and Goliath and, not surprisingly, of Jonah and the whale. They land on another island where they remain for three months (cf. Christ's three days in the tomb). The number three is repeated in the next chapter, where they encounter three choirs of people: one of boys, one of youths and one of elders (the only female presences in the book are the avian interlocutor on the Paradise of Birds and later a Gryphon). The choirs sing more psalms to them and then offer Brendan and his men fruit the size of a large ball (which some have identified as grapefruit). Also, in attempts to locate these isles in an Atlantic geography this island has been identified as the Bahamas.[23] After this they visit an island of grapes of an extraordinary redness, perhaps berries, which would suggest the place called Vinland by the Vikings (usually identified as Newfoundland, where early eleventh-century Viking remains have been found at L'Anse aux Meadows). More fancifully, this has also been identified as Jamaica.[24]

Regarding the possibility that the Irish could have reached Newfoundland, or Jamaica for that matter, before the Vikings, the Irish monk Dicuil (closely associated with the Carolingian court) records in 825 that Irish monks had inhabited the Faroes for almost a hundred years but abandoned them because of the Northmen, and had even reached Iceland some thirty years before (ca. 795).[25] In addition, Ari Thorgilsson's *Islendingabók* ("The Book of the Icelanders," written ca. 1130) records that when the Northmen reached Iceland in 870 they found Christians whom they called *Papar*, who departed since they did not wish to live with heathens, but left behind some Irish books, bells and croziers from which it could be ascertained that they were Irish.[26] Whether the Irish made it to Greenland or to North America is, of course, conjectural. However, Tim Severin proved in 1976-77 that it was at least possible given the boat-building technology of the sixth century, by sailing in a two-masted, hide-covered boat from Ireland to the Hebrides, the Faroes, Iceland, Greeland and Newfoundland.[27] Geoffrey Ashe has suggested that the Irish reached Greenland ca. 900 and the Sargasso Sea about the same time.[28]

After encountering the Gryphon, a monstrous bird which is killed by a benevolent bird from the Island of Grapes, Brendan and his men return to the community of Ailbe, where they celebrate Christmas. Later, when celebrating the Feast of St. Peter the Apostle (a famous "fisher of men") in their boat the sea appears to be absolutely clear below them, with the fish "like a city of circles as they lay, their heads touching their tails."[29] This suggests the rich cod banks off the coast of Newfoundland, known to British, Irish and Continental fishermen perhaps as early as the mid-fifteenth century, well before Columbus' voyages of discovery.[30] In the next episode they encounter a "crystal pillar," which sounds very much like an iceberg, as one would expect if they were sailing in the North Atlantic (though obviously not the Caribbean!). Soon after this, they come to an island of smiths, where one of the inhabitants hurls lumps of burning slag at them, suggesting a volcanic eruption such as one would find in Iceland or the Canary Islands, though it also evokes the Cyclops episode in the *Odyssey* (found as well in the *Aeneid*).

In the next section of "The Voyage" they come upon Judas Iscariot, "shaggy and unsightly, sitting on a rock,"[31] who is punished for betraying Christ but allowed respite on Sunday and various feast days. Apparently the idea of relief for damned souls during the weekend is quite ancient and came into Christian literature as early as the fourth century. It is probably connected with the visit of St. Paul to hell, and with his and St. Michael's intercession with Christ to allow this relief.[32] Shortly after this they come to the island of

St. Paul the Hermit who had lived there without any bodily food for sixty years (quite a fast!), with food provided by an animal for thirty years before that. He predicts the end of their journey (now in its seventh year), that they will stay in the Promised Land of the Saints for forty days, after which they will return to Ireland. A great fog encircles this land, which suggests the fogs associated with the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. Taking samples of the fruit and precious stones from the *terra repromissionis*, Brendan and his monks spend three days enjoying the hospitality of the monks on the Island of Delights. Soon after returning home Brendan begins preparing for his death and fortified by the divine sacraments, he migrated from among the hands of his disciples in glory to the Lord, to whom is honor and glory from generation to generation. "Amen".[33]

The search for Brendan's Promised Land acted as a stimulant for much of the western exploration from the Middle Ages until as late as the nineteenth century. The purported location of St. Brendan's Isle shifted west and south from the North Atlantic to equatorial sites over this period as "the development of navigation and the direction of commerce" were extended to lower latitudes westwards from Europe.[34] This is clearly seen in medieval cartography, where it becomes identified with one of the Canary Isles (also called the *Insulae fortunatae* or "Isles of the Blessed").[35] Among Hispanic explorers, the search for this lost isle of "San Borondon" was eventually transferred from the Canaries to northeast Argentina, where it gave rise to the place-name Samborombon, and to coastal Ecuador (Samborondon in the Guayas Basin).[36] A related legend, that of Hy Brasil (literally "island of beauty," but also re-analyzed as "isle of the blessed"), located west of Ireland by cartographers but possibly based on the Azores, may have eventually led to the name Brazil.[37] A recent letter to the *Irish Times* suggested that this legend led "St. Brendan the Navigator to set out from Corca Dhuibhne and 'discover' American 900 years before Columbus."[38] Though citing the rival theory that the name derves from the red dye-wood, brazil, felled along the Atlantic rain forest, the letter writer prefers the notion that the name was already current among Atlantic navigators and cartographers: thus, it was "a place first 'imagined'in Ireland and then 'conquered' by Europeans."[39]

Whatever the actual situation regarding the naming of Brazil, in the case of *Navigatio Sancti Brendani* we have seen that, although it drew on the Celtic *immram* tradition, it was reformed in a Christian context with motifs taken from Classical, Near Eastern and possibly Germanic travel lore, becoming ultimately an archetypal myth of man's confrontation with the sea and his own desires.

Works Cited

1. J. Carney, "Review of C. Selmer, ed., *Navigatio Sancti Brendani Abbatis from Early Latin Manuscripts*," *Medium Aevum* 32 (1963), 37-44.
2. C. Selmer, ed., *Navigatio Sancti Brendani Abbatis from Early Latin Manuscripts* (Univ. of Notre Dame Press, 1959), xxvii-xxviii. See also Dáibhí Ó Cróinín, *Early Medieval Ireland, 400-1200* (London and New York: Longman, 1995), 229-30, for a more recent discussion of this hypothesis.
3. D. N. Dumville, "*Echtrae* and *Immram*: Some Problems of Definition," *Ériu* 27 (1976), 73-94: 89, n. 88.
4. Dumville, 75.
5. P. Mac Cana, "The Voyage of S. Brendan: Literary and Historical Origins," in John de Courcy Ireland and David C. Sheehy, eds., *Atlantic Visions* (Dún Laoghaire: Boole Press, 1989), 13.
6. Mac Cana, 14.
7. *ibid.*; Dumville, 89.
8. *ibid.*

9. Selmer, xxi; Mac Cana, 6.
10. For a fuller account of the relationship between the Celtic Otherworld and that found in other mythologies, see James E. Doan, "The Otherworld Journey: A Celtic and Universal Theme," in Bruce Stewart, ed., *That Other World: The Supernatural and the Fantastic in Irish Literature and its Contexts* (Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe, 1998), 49-65.
11. J. J. O'Meara, tr., *The Voyage of Saint Brendan: Journey to the Promised Land* (Mountrath: The Dolmen Press, 1976), 3.
12. O'Meara, 4.
13. D. F. McCarthy, "The Voyage of St. Brendan," *Dublin University Magazine* 16 (Jan. 1848), 60-74; Robert T. Reilly, *Irish Saints* (New York: Avenel Books, 1964), 37.
14. O'Meara, 14.
15. This motif is found throughout world literature, e.g., the Persian Avesta; Arabic, early Christian, Irish and classical literature; the Talmud and bestiaries). The belief that it is derived from Sinbad's travels today holds little currency (see Selmer, 86, n. 30).
16. O'Meara, 18-19.
17. O'Meara, 21.
18. J.F. Dimock, ed., *Giraldi Cambrensis Opera* V (London, 1867), 125, cited in Selmer, 87, n. 31.
19. O'Meara, 27.
20. Gwyn and Thomas Jones, tr., *The Mabinogion* (London: Dent, 1970), 39.
21. O'Meara, 31.
22. Daniel 3: 8-30.
23. O'Meara, xii.
24. *ibid.*
25. Dicuil, *Liber de mensura orbis terrae*, VII, ii, cited in O'Meara, xi; Mac Cana, 12-13.
26. H. Zimmer, "Über die frühesten Berührungen der Iren mit den Nordgermanen," *Preuss. Akad. Sitzungsber.* 1891, 288, cited in Mac Cana, 13. See also Régis Boyer, "The Vinland Sagas and Brendan's Navigatio," in *Atlantic Visions*, 37-44, for the suggestion that the Norse may have been influenced by "The Voyage of St. Brendan" in composing the Vinland sagas.
27. Tim Severin, *The Brendan Voyage* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1978).
28. Geoffrey Ashe, *Land to the West* (London, 1962).
29. O'Meara, 49.
30. For a discussion of Breton fishermen in Newfoundland and other early Breton contacts with Canada, see Claude Evans, "Early Breton Voyages to Canada," in *Atlantic Visions*, 159-66.
31. O'Meara, 56.
32. Selmer, 90-91, n. 91.
33. O'Meara, 70.
34. A. von Humboldt, *Cristóbal Conón y el Decrubrimiento de América* (1833: rpt. Buenos Aires, Centro de Difuso del Libro, 1946), 323, cited in Kent Mathewson, "St. Brendan's Mythical Isle and Toponymic Drift: From Iceland to Ecuador," in *Atlantic Visions*, 53.
35. The last expedition from Spain was sent out as late as 1727 (Selmer, 91-92, n. 101). See also David B. Quinn,
"Atlantic Islands," in *Atlantic Visions*, 77-93.
36. Mathewson, 51-60.
37. James MacKillop, *Dictionary of Celtic Mythology* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1998), 237. A student of Brazilian origin in my seminar at St. Anselm College indicated a local belief that Brazil derived from an Irish word for "blessing," though etymologically it derives from *bres*, "beauty" or "worth."
38. Angus Mitchell, "Irish Links with Brazil," *Irish Times*, July 17, 1999. My thanks to Jeffrey Dudgeon for bringing this to my attention.
39. Loc. cit.

Prince of Ulster or Arch-Traitor? The Self Fashioning of Hugh O'Neill

Eoin O'Neill and Irene Portela

Abstract: *Although in England the Elizabethan era is regarded as a golden age, the same period in Ireland has a much darker and murkier appearance. The aim of this paper is to try to somewhat illuminate this period by looking at the Hugh O'Neill, the dominant Irish figure in the last decades of Elizabeth's reign, leader of the Gaelic forces in the Nine Years War. Rather than trying to minutely analyse O'Neill's life, we intend to use the concepts of 'self fashioning' and 'the flexibility of the self' to see if they can aid to unravel the puzzle of Elizabethan Ireland.*

Introduction

The Elizabethan era is seen by many authors, with some justification, as the golden age of English history. This period witnessed a remarkable flowering of English culture, characterised by diverse figures such as Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon and Raleigh. Politically, Elizabeth's reign was a time of stability, in marked contrast with the turbulence which had disrupted the English policy since the 1530s. The subject of this paper is not, however, the brightness or glory of Elizabethan England. Rather its theme is a contrasting one. It is concerned with something darker, something murky, complicated - and at times horrific. The aim of this essay is to look into the shadows of Elizabethan (and English) history, to look at the opposite - or distorted reflection - of Gloriana: Ireland.

This work does not intend to be a comprehensive account of the Elizabethan age in Ireland. Rather, we wish to focus on a specific political personality, Hugh O'Neill, the Earl of Tyrone and leader of the Gaelic forces in the Nine Years War (1594-1603). O'Neill's career, specifically his struggle to preserve his power and independence against a centralising state, dominated the final years of Elizabethan Ireland. Although he was ultimately defeated, the reverberations of his efforts would continue to be felt throughout seventeenth century Ireland - and, indeed, England. The study of O'Neill's political performance is therefore, we believe, crucial to the understanding of Elizabethan Ireland.

This analysis will be based on the ideas of Greene (1968) and Greenblatt (1984) on the flexibility and fashioning of the self. These concepts provide a new lens with which to study both Gaelic Ireland and Hugh O'Neill, one which might also help to relate events in sixteenth century Ireland to what was happening in the rest of Europe. We do not intend to minutely analyse O'Neill's life with these concepts, nor to present a mini-biography. Rather, the two concepts will be discussed with the aim of seeing how useful they are in the context of Gaelic Ireland - for both authors deal with a literary sphere rather than a political and

military one -, and to see if they might be able to help shed some new light on O'Neill, and thereby contribute to unravelling the puzzle that is Elizabethan Ireland.

Hugh O'Neill and the end of Gaelic Ireland

The figure of Hugh O'Neill, the Earl of Tyrone, the Ó Néill, called by Queen Elizabeth (amongst other things) the Arch-Traitor, the "Running Beast, the Great Divill, the Great Bear, the Northern Lucifer" (O'Faolain, 1942, 1992: 191), is one of the most enigmatic figures of Irish history. He is the central figure in late Elizabethan Ireland, leading a long war against the Tudor state, which he close to winning and which almost bankrupted Elizabeth[1] . He won European recognition for his military exploits. Henri IV of France, according to the contemporary English historian William Camden, called him "the third soldier of the age" (Kerney Walsh, 1986, 1996: 15), after Henri himself (naturally) and the Spanish Conde de Fuentes[2] . O'Neill was not just a general. He was also a Tudor nobleman. He was the Earl of Tyrone, one of the richest and most powerful nobles in either Ireland or England; Lord Deputy Mountjoy estimated that O'Neill could raise £80,000 a year from his lands. Moreover, although he lacked direct influence with the Queen, he did have important 'friends' at Court (even though some of these had to be bribed) and in the Dublin government. Furthermore, like many Tudor noblemen, he was a politician, indeed a particularly able one, who between the 1560s and the 1590s managed to increase his power from that of a minor Gaelic lord whose survival depended on English assistance, to the most powerful lord in Ireland, whose rebellion shook the foundations of English rule. He was also a Gaelic lord, leader of the most powerful Gaelic sept, which had been ruling parts of Ulster since approximately the fifth century. He was not hidebound by tradition, rather he was an innovator who was transforming and centralising Gaelic Ulster, forging a confederacy of Gaelic lords against Elizabeth which, despite defections towards the end of the war, proved remarkably resilient, as well as forming a standing army which he kept intact (and well supplied) until the aftermath of Kinsale[3] .

O'Neill's defeat had important repercussions outside Ireland, principally in England - but also in Scotland. It allowed James Stuart to inherit a pacified and united Ireland. This inheritance was not, as Charles I discovered, without its thorns. For in defeating O'Neill, Elizabeth had come close to bankrupting the state, leaving the Stuarts with long term financial problems. She had also been forced to tacitly permit Catholicism in Ireland, leaving the mass of the people Catholic. Moreover, the plantation undertaken by James I in Ulster, beginning in 1609 after the flight of O'Neill, introduced further problems into Ireland, which would eventually lead to the 1641 Rebellion, which triggered off the English Civil War. Hugh O'Neill, therefore, as well as being central to Irish history, plays an important role in English - or British - history. He was the final important obstacle to a centralised 'British' state, and presented the Elizabethan regime with its the greatest threat and challenge:

> "For this reason the defeat of the Spanish Armada was a much less decisive event in the Anglo-Spanish war of 1585-1604 than the lesser-known land battle of Kinsale thirteen years later. The Elizabethan navy could not adequately protect the Irish coastline, and Spanish arms should have won at Kinsale. In the event, Kinsale was of the first importance in British history because instead of transforming England's Irish problem into a mirror image of Spain's difficulties in the Netherlands, it removed the last obstacle to the political unification of the British Isles." (Ellis, 1988: 45).

The Flexibility of the Self

Greene outlines how the idea of the flexibility of the self evolved during the Renaissance. He beings with Pico della Mirandola, who presents a vertical vision of self-fashioning, of the power of men to make themselves into what they wanted, whether animals or something divine: "thou mayest fashion thyself in whatever shape thou shalt prefer. Thou shalt have the power to degenerate into the lower forms of life, which are brutish. Thou shalt have the power, out of thy soul'd judgement, to be reborn into the higher forms, which are divine." (*apud*, 1968: 243). In other words, man could transform himself in either of two directions: "upward toward the angel, downward toward the brute." (id: 248-9). From Petrach on, this vertical scale came to be joined (slowly) by a horizontal dimension. Man came to be seen as pliable and flexible: "During the generations following Vergerius, the basically optimistic belief in human pliability grew. For the first time in a millennium, man saw himself as basically malleable, without quite acknowledging that his belief threatened to involve him the Pelagian heresy with which Humanism characteristically and commonly flirted." (ibid: 250). Humanists, however, still seemed to believe in some form of vertical fashioning and transformation: "The fashioning of the pupil by the pedagogue was replaced by the reflexive fashioning of the individual's own mind and soul. Humanist formation first assisted in, then gave way to, metaphysical transformation." (ibid: 252).

This "Humanist path of willed metamorphosis through intellectual discipline" (ibid: 257), was rejected by the both sides of the post-Reformation religious struggle. On the Protestant side "the will was theoretically denied *any* autonomy and above all denied the autonomy of chosing a destiny. The predestinarianism of Luther and Calvin really represented a return to the Augustinian miracle of conversion through grace, a miracle which the individual accepts but does not initiate." (ibid: id). The Jesuits, on the other hand, "seized upon the concept of fashioning through discipline and altered it brilliantly for their own purposes. The transformation they envisaged as the end of their discipline was to a new, hard, resolute unwavering dedication to God's will as interpreted by His Church." (ibid: ibid). More importantly, it was also challenged by several less optimistic sixteenth century writers, notably Machiavelli and Montaigne. Machiavelli's attitude towards vertical flexibility seems to have been negative: "For him, the vertical flexibility of man is very limited, and such as it is, leads downward to the brute rather than upward to the angel." (ibid: ibid). He does suggest a sort of horizontal alternative: "*tactical* flexibility is the great weapon if one is to hope for consistent success. Tactical flexibility is a kind of horizontal flexibility, the capacity to change one's style, one's strategy, one's mode of procedure, with the flux of events." (ibid: 258).

Following this, Greene jumps to England, where the idea of flexibility and metamorphosis was somewhat different from the continent: "If the English Renaissance was also concerned with the metamorphosis of the self, it fixed much firmer upper limits to human potentiality than did the continent. In spite of Moore, sixteenth-century England was seldom Utopian; it retained by and large a healthy scepticism toward human transcendence; and it remembered more steadily than the continent the orthodox doctrine of original depravity." (ibid: 260-1). Indeed, amongst the authors he discusses there is almost a rejection of the whole idea of flexibility. For Spenser, for example, transformation depends on grace rather than on will and, furthermore: "The process of fashioning is frustrated by the inconsistency of the clay amid the quicksand of history." (ibid: 262). This is more clearly shown in Shakespeare who represents the 'natural end point' of Renaissance discussion of flexibil-

ity. He "is not at all concerned with the discipline of Humanist formation and is too shrewd to dream with Marlowe, of miraculous transformations. His theater is a theater of horizontal manoeuvrings and adaptations, and so ushers in the modern era we still inhabit." (ibid: id). Finally, in a short paragraph, Greene discusses Cervantes to show that the Renaissance age (and its preoccupation with flexibility and fashioning of the self) was over:

> "The knight of La Mancha is so loveable a caricature because his rigidity is so pure, and his will for a world made new so movingly inflexible. But he is already *old* in 1605: he belongs to a past that is suddenly seen to be decayed. With the intuitive recognition across the continent that Don Quixote's hope was tragically anachronistic, an age was over. Europe was left with the resignation of the earthbound, and with the novel, which teaches through disillusionment. The blurring of man's upper limits had gradually yielded to a humbling lucidity and the modern age was free to play, like Don Juan and Scapin with the wealth and the ennui of our fixed condition." (ibid: 264; original italics).

The Self-Fashioning of Hugh O'Neill

Oddly enough, this closing image of Greene is not an inappropriate starting point to the study of Hugh O'Neill. Although on one level there seems to be no comparison between Don Quixote and Hugh O'Neill - O'Neill fought real giants, and he was neither pure nor rigid, flexibility and ruthlessness were needed to survive, or thrive, in Elizabethan Ireland - , at another level some useful comparison can be made. Hugh O'Neill's failure represents the end of one age and the beginning of another. In a way, and perhaps not fully intentionally, he became the focus, the key, of the struggle of Gaelic Ireland against the Elizabethan regime. He became its sort of (Shakespearean?) hero whose defeat and fall were felt by a whole society. At the same time O'Neill is more than this. He was not just a 'Celtic', or Gaelic, hero. He was also very much a Prince (in the Renaissance and Machiavellian sense) who ably sought to increase, and protect, his own power. He demonstrated considerable horizontal and tactical flexibility throughout his career. He consistently confused the English with his actions, especially his apparent waverings and frequent (public) changes of heart. Even today it is hard to unravel the reasonings behind some of his actions, which often seem to be pulling in contrary directions. This, however, I believe, was one of his skills; to be able to act like 'the fox as well as the lion'[4] . For the longer O'Neill hesitated, or made the English officials believe that he wanted a truce or a pardon, the nearer would come both Spanish aid and the death of Elizabeth. He also seems to have had more vision than many of his contemporaries. He seemed to understand the strengths and weaknesses of Gaelic Ireland as well as of the English system. He also had the ability and power (and ruthlessness) to pursue his vision and his goals.

Greene's idea of the flexibility of the self is connected with, and complemented by, Greenblatt's concept of self-fashioning. This offers another point of entry to the study of Hugh O'Neill. Greenblatt is concerned with 'self-fashioning' in sixteenth century England. His starting point is that "there is in the early modern period a change in the intellectual, social and psychological, and aesthetic structures that govern the generation of identities." (1980: 1). Or, as he puts it more bluntly: "my starting point is quite simply that in sixteenth century England there were both selves and a sense that they could be fashioned." (id: id).

Although "there were always selves, - a sense of personal order, a characteristic mode of address to the world, a structure of bounded desires - and always some elements of deliberate shaping in the formation and expression of identity." (ibid: ibid), there was something different about the act of fashioning of the self during this period. At sometime, therefore, in the (early?) sixteenth century an important change occurred: "What is central is the perception - as old in academic writing as Burckhardt and Michelet - that there is in the early modern period a change in the intellectual, social, psychological, and aesthetic structures that govern the generation of identities." (ibid: ibid).

However, it is very difficult to identify the precise nature of this change, due to its complexity:

> "This change is difficult to characterize in our usual ways because it is not only complex but resolutely dialectical. If we say that there is a new stress on the executive power of the will, we must say that there is the most sustained and relentless assault upon the will; if we say that there is a new social mobility, we must say that there is a new assertion of power by both family and state to determine all movement within the society; if we say that there is a heightened awareness of the existence of alternative modes of social, theological, and psychological organization, we must say that there is a new dedication to the imposition of control upon the modes and ultimately to the destruction of alternatives." (ibid: 1-2)[5] .

In its simplest form, this change, Greenblatt believes, can be described as follows "in the sixteenth century there appears to be an increased self-consciousness about the fashioning of human identity as a manipulable, artful process." (ibid: 2). In a way, he suggests, this was a throwback to classical ideas, which thanks to the structures of St. Augustinian had declined in influence until the early modern age: "Such self-consciousness had been widespread among the elite in the classical world, but Christianity brought a growing suspicion of man's power to shape identity: 'Hands off yourself.' Augustine declared. 'Try to build up yourself and you build a ruin." (ibid: id).

Although, the initial model for self-fashioning was Christ, in Renaissance England the idea of self-fashioning eventually became detached from the idea of the imitation of Christ[6] : "Thus separated from the imitation of Christ - a separation that can, as we shall see, give rise to considerable anxiety - self-fashioning acquires a new sense of meanings." (ibid: 3). These meanings spread to include all of social life and self-fashioning came to mean the "representation of one's nature or intention in speech or actions." (ibid: id). Expanding upon this Greenblatt suggests a similarity between self-fashioning and Geertz's idea of culture as a set of control mechanisms: "Self-fashioning is in effect the Renaissance version of these control mechanisms, the cultural system of meanings that creates specific individuals by governing the passage from abstract potential to concrete historical embodiment." (ibid: 3-4). Finally, although he emphasises the differences[7] between the different writers (and their literary creations) he discusses, Greenblatt also identifies their common characteristics, what he calls a: "set of governing conditions common to most instances of self-fashioning" (ibid: 9). He sums these up as follows:

> "To sum up these observations, before we turn to the rich lives and texts that exemplify and complicate them, we may say that self-fashioning occurs at the point of encounter between an authority and an alien, that what is produced in this encounter partakes of

both the authority and the alien that is marked for attack, and hence that any achieved identity always contains within itself the signs of its own subversion or loss." (ibid: 9).

Self-fashioning would, therefore, appear to be an important concept, which can help to understand late Renaissance society, especially in relation to psychological and sociological factors. However, two problems would seem to arise in relation to the application of this concept (as well as that of the flexibility of the self) to Gaelic Ireland. One is that both are literary concepts. Greenblatt and Greene, look at writers, and their analysis is based on essays, plays or poems written by the figures they are analysing. With Hugh O'Neill we do not have these texts. Certainly, we have copies of letters he wrote, as well as reports of meetings he, or things he said. These are political texts, written for a specific purpose, such as trying to convince the King of Spain to send military assistance, or the Queen of his own good intentions. We know O'Neill's life story well, perhaps better than some of the authors Greene or Greenblatt deal with. But we do not have the 'access' to his thinking as we do to Shakespeare or Spenser. However, I would contend, that it is still worth the effort. The texts that we have, while they might not be as fruitful to analyse as *The Faerie Queen*, or some of Shakespeare's plays, are still worth the effort of looking at. The second problem is whether these concepts can be applied to Gaelic Ireland, where a tradition of public printed discourse does not seem to have been common. In a way this problem is easier to overcome than the previous one. As I have emphasised throughout this essay, Gaelic Ireland was not cut off from the rest of Europe. In addition, by the time of Hugh O'Neill many Gaelic lords were receiving English education. They were becoming increasingly aware of political and cultural developments outside their own lordships. Indeed, interesting evidence of this is provided by Sir John Harrington (the Queen's godson, whose romantic description of Elizabeth Greenblatt cites), who in 1599 who visited Hugh O'Neill, where he was entertained by O'Neill's sons reciting Harrington's own translation of *Orlando Furioso*.

Some of the conditions identified by Greenblatt, especially the first one, might not seem to apply to Hugh O'Neill: "None of the figures inherits a title, an ancient family tradition or hierarchical status that might have rooted personal identity in the identity of a clan or caste. With the partial exception of Wyatt, all of these writers are middle-class" (1980: 9). However, although O'Neill was a noble with an inherited title, family lineage and a rooted identity, he was also a 'self-made man', who had fought for his title, and who was living in a time when the 'rooted identities' and family lineages were under attack and, to an extent, unravelling. Several of the other conditions stress the importance of an external alien entity for self-fashioning:

> 3. Self-fashioning is achieved in relation to something perceived as alien, strange, or hostile. This threatening Other - heretic, savage, witch, adulteress, traitor, Antichrist - must be discovered or invented in order to be attacked and destroyed.
> 4.The alien is perceived by the authority either as that which is unformed or chaotic (the absence of order) or that which is false or negative (the demonic parody of order)." (ibid: ibid)

For Spenser, to whom Greenblatt devotes a chapter, Gaelic Ireland, as discussed above, is alien and needs to be destroyed. In addition, Hugh O'Neill is *the* threatening Other for Spenser, and for late Elizabethan England[8] .

Yet, it is also possible, to reverse the angle, to look from at Tudor England from the Gaelic point of view. The Elizabethans were to the Irish alien, strange and as *others*. They

were hostile to Gaelic culture; they wished to eliminate it, whether by force or by less brutal 'reforms'. Hugh O'Neill was able to operate in both of these worlds[9] ; indeed, he often seemed to blur their boundaries, and this was, perhaps, one of the sources of his strength. Furthermore, he seemed to be able to assess the strengths and weaknesses of both systems, and to use this to his advantage. Moreover, he was able to present different faces (selves?) when needed: a Counter-Reformation revolutionary; a reformed Gaelic lord; or a remorseful and reluctant rebel. He appears to have constantly surprised and infuriated the English by presenting them with these different faces. O'Neill's ability to move, at ease, in both of the English and Gaelic cultures, was vital to his success. However, this ability and his many different faces also make it difficult to find out what exactly Hugh O'Neill's self fashioning was. The answer lies perhaps in Machiavelli. What O'Neill was fashioning was a (the) Prince. He wanted to hold on to (and increase) his land and his power: "Hugh O'Neill's main preoccupation was the pursuit of power and his upbringing in this regard was a great advantage because it gave him a facility with both cultures in a period of transition." (Morgan, 1993a: 214).

Part of this self-fashioning was an inherent flexibility which included the ability to present different public faces when necessary, as well as being able to negotiate and manoeuvre his way in two different cultures - different cultures in some sort of self-fashioning sense (as well as what became, much later, cultural identities). This ability accounted for the success of Hugh O'Neill and his ability to stay in power. It was also, perhaps, his *virtu*: "I also believe that the one who adapts his policy to the times prospers, and likewise that the one whose policy clashes with the demands of the times does not." (Machiavelli, 1961: 131). However, O'Neill was defeated, and Gaelic culture definitely became something different. It is possible that, if he had been luckier, for the Battle of Kinsale was really lost because of an unfortunate mishap, or if *fortuna* had not deserted him at the crucial moment, then he could have won the war.

> "I conclude, therefore, that as fortune is changeable whereas men are obstinate in their ways, men prosper so long as fortune and policy are in accord, and when there is a clash they fail. I hold strongly to this: that it is better to be impetuous than circumspect; because fortune is a woman and if she is to be submissive it is necessary to beat and coerce her. Experience shows that she is more often subdued by men who do this than by those who act coldly. Always, being a woman, she favours young men, because they are less circumspect and more ardent, and because they command her with greater audacity." (id: 133).

He might, therefore, have become the Prince, the 'order' giver, as he doesn't seem to have exceedingly relied on *fortuna* alone, but in his self-fashioning, to have attempted to deal with *virtu* with the facts and the times presented to him. Maybe, he should not have relied at all on the 'alien', the foreign armies, a symbol of an always moving world, away - or apart - from the island, that seemed to be in the process of stopping the movement of self-fashioning and crystallising, instead, ideas of 'civilisation' and of order that did not need Machiavellian princes (or princesses) any more, be it Hugh O'Neill, or Astea's queen. One may think that they, simultaneously, shaped and destroyed each other; as the 'new order' evolved in the British Isles, as well as in other parts of Europe, with different types of clashes and conflicts.

Conclusion

The sixteenth century in Ireland was a period of immense change and of much conflict. It was not a time of clarity. Rather, if anything, it was a time of confusion, as individuals and groups tried many different strategies (with varying degrees of success) to come to terms with the new institutions, theologies, and structures. Many, including Hugh O'Neill, also attempted to mould the shape of the future. They struggled with both the emerging social forces as well as the old. These struggles were in Ireland, and throughout Europe, often (a cynic might say invariably) bloody. As the century wore on they became bloodier. In the following century they would become bloodier still. To try to study and understand this society is difficult. Records (when they exist) are haphazard and biased. To many Elizabethans, Ireland was a dark land, a land of un-understandable savagery. They saw their armies and money disappear there, apparently swallowed up by the great bogs and forests. Trying to look at Gaelic Ireland, from the vantage point of the late twentieth is more difficult still, as whatever meanings this society had are now blurred to us. It is cut off from us, as it never was to the Elizabethans. But, I believe, it is a period that has to be studied. It is the opposite of the glory of Elizabethan England. It is dark, murky, and tragic. Yet the Irish dark and the English light were closely connected. The future of the English light was based upon, was guaranteed by, their final victory in Ireland. Indeed judging by the increasing importance of England in Europe in the following centuries, it can also be said that this victory played its part in the subsequent unfolding of European history.

Notes

1. In a letter written in exile in early 1608 to Philip III, O'Neill described the results of the war as follows:"They waged war for the space of eleven years with the success which was known throughout Europe, gaining many signal victories in the course of which the enemies lost much infantry and artillery, and the flower of the nobility and militia of England perished; among those who were killed were seven generals and the Viceroy of Ireland, called the Baron Bures [i.e. Lord Burgh], about two hundred captains with many other soldiers and innumerable gentlemen and officers. As a result, and because of the taxes which Queen Elizabeth imposed on the English in order to maintain an army of sixteen to twenty thousand soldiers every year in that war of Ireland, they were forced to recall their experienced soldiers who were serving against Spain in Brittany in order to send them to Ireland; they were forced to stop sending their fleets to the coasts of the Indies and of Spain [...]; they were finally brought to such straits that they were forced to coin money of copper instead of silver and they were on the point of losing both England and Ireland if the Earls had received help at the right time. Moreover, when the said Queen died, the English were so exhausted from the war in Ireland and so hopeless of being able to maintain themselves with their strength alone that they surrendered to the Scot and chose him for their King, despite the fact that those two nations are great enemies. " (*apud* Kerney Walsh, 1986, 1996: 134).
2. According to Camden, King Henri stated this in the presence of the Duke of Osuna, who, in turn, repeated it to Camden.
3. In his play *Making History*, Brian Friel has O'Neill sum up his own position as follows: I have spent my life attempting to do two things. I have attempted to hold together a harassed and a confused people by keeping them in touch with the life they knew before they were overrun. It wasn't a life of material ease but it had its assurances and it had its dignity. And I have done that by acknowledging and indeed honouring the rituals and ceremonies and beliefs these people have practised since before history, long before the God of Christianity was ever heard of. And at the same time I have tried to open these people to the strange new ways of Europe, to ease them into the new assessment of things, to nudge them towards changing evaluations and beliefs. Two pursuits that can scarcely be followed simultaneously. Two tasks that are almost self-cancelling. But they have got to be attempted because the formation of nations and civilizations is a willed act, not a product of fate or

accident." (1989: 40).

4. "You must understand, therefore, that there are two ways of fighting: by law or by force. The first way is natural to men, and the second to beasts. But as the first way often proves inadequate one must needs have recourse to the second. [...]. So, as a prince is forced to know how to act like a beast, he must learn from the fox and the lion; because the lion is defenceless against wolves. Therefore one must be a fox in order to recognize traps, and a lion to frighten off wolves. Those who act simply like lions are stupid. So it follows that a prudent ruler cannot, and must not, honour his word when it places him at a disadvantage and when the reasons for which he made his promise no longer exist." (Machiavelli, 1961: 99-100).
5. This point has, I believe, important implications for the study of Gaelic Ireland. Ireland was not alone in facing
problems of adapting to social change, to new institutions, or to new powers and new social forms. Throughout Europe during the sixteenth (and much of the seventeenth) century there were widespread changes. These changes did not all follow a single path of 'progress' or 'modernisation'. Rather they pulled in a multitude of directions, solving some problems but creating many more. It seems as if the whole meaning of 'social change' was being built and enmeshed in life itself, perhaps in a sense parallel and linked to the one that was happening with the fashioning of the self.
6. Greenblatt shows that the verb *to fashion* gained in the sixteenth century a new meaning: "When in 1589 Spenser writes that the general intention and meaning that he has 'fashioned' in the *Faerie Queen* is 'to fashion a gentleman', [...], he is drawing on the special connotations for his period of the verb *fashion*, a word that does not occur at all in Chaucer's poetry. As a term for the action or process of making, the word had been long in use, but it is in the sixteenth century that *fashion* seems to come into wide currency as a way of designating the forming of a self." (1980: 2; original italics).
7. "The closer we approach figures and their works, the less they appear as convenient counters in a grand historical scheme. A series of shifting, unstable pressures is met with a wide range of discursive and behavioural responses, inventions, and counterpressures. There is no such thing as a single 'history of the self' in the sixteenth century, except as the product of our need to reduce the intricacies of complex and creative beings to safe and controllable order." (Greenblatt, 1980: 8).
8. Spenser labels O'Neill the "arch-rebell" (1596, 1633, 1997: 108) and recommends that he be executed: "*Irenius* He was (I assure you) the most outcast of all the O'Neales then, and lifted up by her Majesty out of the dust, to that he hath now wrought himselfe unto, and now hee playewth like the frozen snake, who being for compassion releived by the husbandman, soone after he was warme began to hisse, and threaten danger even to him and his. *Eudoxus*: He surely then deserveth the punishment of that snake, and should worthily be hewed to pieces." (id: 110).
9. Until recently (the 1990s in fact) it was widely believed that O'Neill had been raised in England by Sir Henry Sidney (the father of Philip). This 'myth', which entered the school curriculum, is at its most eloquent in O'Faolain (who, although not the originator, who certainly the great populariser of it): "This, then, was the world in which the boy grew away from his memories of Ireland - Shropshire's 'coloured counties', the Kentish chalk-hills, the narrow streets of London, one of the most modest and serious homes in England, glimpses of the court, murmurings of that new learning, both colourful and sober, which was the blending of the Renaissance and the Reformation." (1942: 42). By contrast, Morgan, who shows that O'Neill was actually raised in the Pale, by the Hovenden family, puts it somewhat less colourfully: "It cannot be stressed enough that Hugh O'Neill was not brought up in at the home of the Sidneys at Penshurst to adorn the court of Elizabeth. Far from being trained in the refined graces of the courtier, he probably received a basic education by attending grammar school or by getting a private tutor. " (1993a: 214).

Works Cited

Canny, Nicholas. 1970. "Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and the Changing Face of Gaelic Ulster." in: *Studia Hibernica 10, 1970.*

Ellis, Steven G. 1988. "'Not Mere English': The British Perspective 1400-1650." in: *History Today 38, 1988.*

Ellis, Steven G. 1996. "The Tudors and the Origins of the Modern Irish States: A Standing Army." in: Bartlett, T. and Jeffery, K. (eds). *A Military History of Ireland.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Friel, Brian. 1989. *Making History.* London: Faber and Faber.

Greenblatt, Stephen. 1980. *Renaissance Self-Fashioning: From More to Shakespeare.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Greenblatt, Stephen. 1992. "The Cultivation of Anxiety: King Lear and his Heirs." in: Greenblatt, Stephen. 1992. *Learning to Curse: Essays in Early Modern Culture.* London: Routledge.
Greene, Thomas. 1968. "The Flexibility of the Self in Renaissance Literature." in: Demete, P., Greene, Thomas, Nelson, L. Jr. 1968. *The Disciplines of Criticism. Essays in Literary Theory, Interpretation and History.* New Haven: Yale University Press.
Kerney Walsh, Micheline. 1986, 1996. *Hugh O'Neill Prince of Ulster: An Exile of Ireland.* Dublin: Four Courts Press.
Machiavelli, Niccolò. 1961. *The Prince.* Harmondsworth: Penguin.
Morgan Hiram. 1995. "Faith and Fatherland in Sixteenth Century Ireland." in: *History Ireland 3, 2, 1995.*
Morgan, Hiram. 1988. "The End of Gaelic Ulster: A Thematic Interpretation of Events Between 1534 and 1610." in: *Irish Historical Studies XXVI, 1988.*
Morgan, Hiram. 1993a. "Hugh O'Neill and the Nine Years War in Tudor Ireland." in: *The Historical Journal 36, 1, 1993.*
Morgan, Hiram. 1993b. *Tyrone's Rebellion: The Outbreak of the Nine Years War in Ireland.* Dublin: Gill and MacMillan.
O'Faolain, Sean. 1942, 1992. *The Great O'Neill.* Cork: Mercier.
Quinn, David Beers. 1966. *The Elizabethans and the Irish.* Ithaca: Cornell University Press/ The Folger Shakespeare Library.
Spenser, Edmund. 1596, 1633, 1997. *A View of the State of Ireland.* Oxford: Blackwell.

Autobiography and Biography

Self portrait of Picasso

Self portrait of Tarsila

Newman by Himself; New Man, by O'Faolain

Munira H. Mutran

Abstract: *John Henry Newman's* Apologia Pro Vita Sua (1865) *shows the divided self and the search for a spiritual identity. Sean O'Faolain's biography* Newman's Way (1952) *presents a new man in a larger social context. Self portrait and portrait prove quite different and the examination of the two texts tells much about the frontiers between autobiography and biography.*

> A man, I believe, meets with many
> difficulties in playing even his own character.
>
> Daniel O'Connell

> We are here in the presence of a man
> whose mind was a perfect onion of worlds
> within worlds.
>
> Sean O'Faolain on Daniel O'Connell

As a "matter of history" John Henry Newman (1801-1890) was born in London, studied at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was ordained in the Anglican ministry. He became the leader of the Tractarian Movement with his Tracts for the Times.

By 1842, however, his doubts on what had been his religious certainties grew stronger. He withdrew from the Anglican Church, leading a life of austerity, reflexion and prayer. In 1845 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church and ordained priest in Rome. As Cardinal Newman he influenced hundreds of young clergymen in England. Among his writings, *Grammar of Assent* (1870), his most philosophical work, *An Idea of a University*, and his autobiography *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* (1869) were read in Europe and in America.

A brief survey of the most significant autobiographical documents in different literatures will indicate attempts at self-definition, self-celebration (*Vive Moi!*, by O'Faolain is an example), self-justification, self-discovery, and so on. Besides this primary concern, and closely linked with it, an autobiography may mirror a cultural moment which moulds the self, or against which it resists; or it may reflect the relationship of the self with the Other. For the last two centuries the notion of self has become central, not only in the autobiographical genre, but in every literary manifestation.

Fiction, again and again, examines the formation of the self, its divisions or multi-

ple aspects, discussing ideas of alienation and reaching even extremes of pathological condition, with or without, the device of fantasy. A recurrence of doubts, shadows, twins, apparitions, change of gender, prove how the fragmentation of the self has become an important motif in the literature of the period (And afterwards: James Joyce, in his autobiographical *A Portrait of the Artist* and Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* illustrate the tendency in the 20th century).

A concern with the self can also be noticed in painting with the successful development of the portrait, a record of certain aspects of a particular human being as seen by another. The sitter may be flattered, deified or satirized by the painter.

The self portrait, believed to be invented when mirrors were invented, is a portrait of a person by herself, mainly concentrating on face, eyes (mirrors of the soul) and hands. If we look at the self-portraits, Picasso's eyes seem to be directed towards an internal search, and Tarsila's impassible face, heavily made-up, seems to be "floating", bodiless; it is a veil or a mask with enigmatic eyes, which, instead of revealing, hide what lies beneath them. The other self-portraits belong to different periods and different schools. Environment is generally not present; in the one exception, Rubens' self-portrait with Isabel Brant, the self is seen in relation with the Other; their attitudes (the way they hold hands), jewels and clothes they wear allow us a glimpse of their world.

As to scenes with many people as Renoir's *Le Moulin de la Galette*,they would be closer to what a novel does, depicting a larger canvas.

The complexity of the modern autobiography can be compared to the "triple self-portrait" (1960) by Rockwell, seen and discussed in Lejeune's *Moi Aussi* (p.77): an artist paints his image reflected in a mirror and also looks at reproductions of famous self-portraits (Durer, Rembrandt, Picasso, Van Gogh) pinned on the canvas: tradition, the intertext. In the process of gazing from the mirror to the unfinished canvas, "unreadings" occur: the painted image is without glasses, the pipe is in a different position and so on.

And what about the painter? Lejeune explains (1986: p.77):

> Le peintre et son image dans le mirroir se correspondent parfaitement: même taille (le peintre de dos en entier, l'image de face et seulement en plan americain) mêmes lunettes (qui nous cachent le regard). L'autoportrait sur la toile est, lui, beaucoup plus grand que "nature", sans lunettes, agréablement stylisé. La pipe qu'il fume est horizontale, et non pas tombante comme dans la "realité". En même temps qu'il oppose la "realité" (fictive) à la fiction, le *Triple Autoportrait* articule les trois "degrés" possibles de l"autoportrait.

If Lejeune stresses the idea of the triple degree (quadruple), since there was a real painter, Rockwell, who produced this scene, I think that in this example the most significant aspects are the deviations throughout the process. They constitute an important issue for both the autobiography and the biography because of the gaze, the mirror and the lenses. Does the mirror show an ameliorated version to the eyes which stare at it? A proof that this may be the case is that we generally try to look our best in the mirror, and at times, unaware of a mirror, we are shocked at our own image, taking some time to recognize it.

Those reflections lead us to accept the fact that "truth" is difficult to achieve in documents of the self, since self-deception is one of the characteristics of the writer of an autobiography or of the painter of a self-portrait. As André Maurois has remarked (MCMXXVIII: p 79):

> Certains journaux sont destinés à la posterité; l'auteur y adopte une attitude et se represente avec complaisance l'effet que fera cette attitude sur le lecteur. Même quand le journal est authentiquement destiné a ne pas être lu, il est trés frequent que l'ecrivain pose devant lui même. . . Tout mémorialiste est un auteur, qu'il le veuille ou non; le moi qu'il a fixé sur le papier se détache de lui; il le contemple à la distance.
>
> . . So, it seems, "truth" is problematic in the biography as well.

Although the biographer likes to believe that he is like a historian, basing the study of a life on facts, there are aspects of selection, omissions, emphasis, treatment, attitude, the period in which he writes,which "colour" his narrative. Citing again André Maurois (MCMXXVIII: p.22).

> Il serait absurde d'imaginer le biographe moderne comme un être parfaitement impartial.

Back to Newman. The bare facts about him, related in the beginning show a self torn between two approaches to religion, conflict which is central to his *Apologia*, whose subtitle, "Being a History of His Religious Opinions" stress both the focus of interest in this search of the self and an unusual use of *he*, instead of *I*, normally the point of view adopted in an autobiography. Nevertheless, a quick glance through the table of contents reveals a shift in point of view. So we have, "History of My Religious Opinions, Position of My Mind Since 1845, etc". This is a history of his soul and intellect, a spiritual autobiography in the tradition of *Grace Abounding* by John Bunyan,the description of a split self between two opposing forces. In being restricted to the religious battle it omits other important aspects of the multiple self mainly due to the belief in the wholeness of being which can be reached with the help of Divine Being. So Newman thinks of his autobiography as a duty, a contribution he owes to posterity (1947: 1):

> It may easily be conceived how great a trial it is to me to write the following history of myself; but I must not shrink from the task. The words "Secretum mehum mihi" keep ringing in my ears; but as men draw towards the end, they care less for disclosure.

This is not generally the case with most autobiographies since the writers, as they get older, do want to disclose their secrets, not to keep them for themselves.

Far from being a history of himself, Apologia is just a history of a spiritual struggle, leaving all other aspects of human life untouched. We read in the introduction (1947: XI):

> Though Newman's *Apologia* has been acclaimed as one of the masterpieces of English autobiography, many readers are nonplused or disappointed on first opening its pages. The reason is not hard to ascertain. Newman's book, like many great masterpieces, is difficult reading.

Besides being difficult reading, what makes *Apologia* less significant in the twentieth century are Newman's statements that from the time he became a Catholic he has had no anxiety of heart whatever, he has been in perfect peace and contentment, he never has had

one doubt. The modern reader loses interest in this self which is not multiple, fragmented, and therefore in his certainties, offers no challenge.

Look at the picture O'Faolain chose from his book's cover. What is there behind this young face? By concentrating on a picture of his mind at work Newman gives us only a partial view of his self (of his self-portrait). One would wish to know more. An attempt to define this New Man, quite different from the one in the *Apologia* is O'Faolain's *Newman's Way* (1952), a biography among others he wrote. His four historical biographies, *Constance Markiewicz* (1934), *King of the Beggars* (1938), *De Valera* (1939), *The Great O'Neill* (1942) are complemented by *The Irish* (1947) in his endeavour to understand and describe the Irish national character. In the words of Maurice Harmon (Sean O'Faolain, 1984: p.3):

> This method of concentrating on a particular person as a way of illuminating a time of history is an attempt at understanding how a great figure emerges from his background and calculating to what degree his is the personification of the people's instincts or explicit needs, and at determining the extent and nature of the heritage he created for subsequent Irishmen.

Before discussing *Newman's Way*, which does not fall into the pattern of his historical biographies, let us mention the development of O'Faolain's ideas on biography with the help of *King of the Beggars*, his most successful study of a life. The inclusion of acknowledgements and debts to friends, scholars, the National Gallery of Ireland, and biographers of O'Connell; tables of contents and illustrations; a historical note and an index signal to the author's wish to establish links with history, depending heavily on written record and sometimes on oral tradition in his search of facts which will, hopefully, reveal the "truth". In his *The Great O'Neill*, O'Faolain's concern with the historical documents could almost be called obsessive and excessive. However, biography and history have differences of approach. According to Sir Sidney Lee (1911: p.28):

> The historian looks at mankind through a field-glass. The biographer puts individual men under a magnifiyng glass.

In *King of the Beggars* O'Faolain invokes the assistance of innumerable sources: the first and most important of them are O'Connell's *Diary*, his collected letters and speeches.

If the documents left by O'Connell are a rich source in O'Faolain's attempt at achieving the "truth", the memoirs, letters, travel books, histories, biographies, drawings, pamphlets, and articles in the newspapers, by his contemporaries, may contribute to enhance the picture of Ireland, its people and the rôle O'Connell played in its history.

What about tradition and folk memory? Can history rely on them? O'Faolain's answer is *no*, because they are "filtered" by partisans on both sides.

This word could well be applied to the biographer because all the information received will be filtered through his own mind, which belongs to a different period and environment.

So many sources to consult: the difficulty is to select and interpret. One can sense much doubt in O'Faolain's belief in the documents' power to reveal facts. Some, it is true, he says, are "a matter of history", while others, like some biographies, read already like legend.

Besides portraying the national character in *King of the Beggars*, O'Faolain's main interest lies in O'Connell's complex self, in his incoherence and ambiguity, in his religious and political beliefs, and his relationships with family, friends and enemies, he being "as open as a shellfish".

O'Faolain reminds us that in one of his letters, O'Connell had written that a "man meets with many difficulties in playing even his own character" (1970: p.67) showing his awareness of the different rôles or masks expected of him. The biographer will be concerned with this multiple self, and his difficulties will also be many "in the presence of a man whose mind was a perfect onion of worlds within worlds" (O'Faolain, 1970: p.204). The quotations above, part of which I have chosen for epigraphs of this paper, describe the problems the writer of his autobiography and the biographer have to face.

It is, then, on this labyrinthine personality, a Chameleon or Sphinx that the biographer will focus. From different sources and angles, O'Faolain will expose, but not decipher, this "tortuous mind". For so complicated a man, he says, "we can look at him from the outside, state the problem, and utter an opinion and not a shred more" (1970: p.73). In his attempts to penetrate the enigma, the biographer asks and answers: "what position have we arrived at? Probably as many positions as there are types of readers" (1970: p.86) giving his biography, not a kind of definitive interpretation of his hero, but an open ending, typical of modern fiction.

Is it possible, after all, to get inside the "minds and hearts of these people" through imagination? Is the biographer tied up, and the novelist free, as Virginia Woolf stated?

One should remember that when *King of the Beggars* was written,O'Faolain had already published *Midsummer Night Madness*, (1932) *A Nest of Simple Folk* (1934), *Bird Alone* (1936) and *A Purse of Coppers* (1937); in all those, the complexity of the human heart and mind was one of the main themes,and the building of characters showed his skill and creative power as a short-story writer, mainly.

If O'Connell "had all the joy of the creative artist in his life and work" and "had moulded an Irish Atlas carrying a world in its back" (O'Faolain, 1970: p.232), the biographer will mould his character from infancy to the grave, and after, nor stopping in the years of glory, in order to show how Time (a favouritetheme!), old age and illness destroyed the "Old Giant", the homeless Lear, the Minotaur in his labyrinth, a Lion in his cage,his claws cut, the Irish Atlas whose "living muscles [had] held the strain and cracked beneath it" (O'Faolain,1970:p.232).

> Not even Hercules can murder Time, and not even
> an O'Connell can evade or circumvent it. . .
>
> (O'Faolain, 1970: p.266)

While the letters and speeches are used as documents to reveal facts, they are also

used as literary devices "disclosing unconsciously" the personality who wrote them.

King of the Beggars is a biography where art has seeped gradually. Although based on facts selected and coloured by his own mind and time, O'Faolain by asking himself how intimately can we know the other's self (and what a self!) drifted towards literature. His treatment is realistic, avoiding what Stevenson expected of his biographer, "to blush and to draw the veil". However, his realism, as in his fiction, is mixed with compassion for human frailty, and he also gives his hero the benefit of doubt.

Having briefly discussed O'Faolain's blurring of the frontier between history and fiction, let us now turn to the last biography he wrote, the one about Newman. It has very little to do with the Irish national mind as in the historical biographies. The aim, not an analogy between a person and a nation, is the
individual struggles that may clarify the biographer's experience. O'Faolain had also many religious doubts throughout his life. He admired and wanted to understand Newman inside the context of his family and 19th century England.

With a distancing (and external point of view) and help of other biographies and documents, he allows us to meet a completely new man.

But the documents in Newman's Way are not used as explicitly as in O'Faolain's other biographical books. It is true that countless letters by Newman to his parents, brothers, sisters and friends; his Tracts, diaries, sermons, essays; diaries of friends and relatives (his brother Frank wrote a bitter book about him); registers in Churches and legal documents, all these become the foundation and structure on which the biographer builds the half-real, half-fictional house of Newman's life. The bridge between facts and imagination is crossed over with the help of expressions such as: "we can guess, one may imagine, one can see, it must have been, leading us to wonder, we may speculate wildly", introducing passages where imagination predominates. The inclusion of acknowledgements, sources, detailed notes, and a genealogical table of Newman's family may lead us to consider the biography close to a historical approach; it may be, however, a novelist's device, as the letters in Richardson's Pamela.

As soon as the story begins, we realize that the emphasis is in a fluent narrative. The biographer "reconstructs" his sources, and thus enlarges the distance between himself and a historian. As a matter of fact, frequent allusions and analogies with famous novelists and their work remind the reader that real life can
be like fiction, and that fiction may portray real life. Titles of chapters as "Hard Times" or "The Quest For Things Past" are certainly echoes of fictional works; a character is described as a Bunyan - type or Newman's father, "our Pére Goriot".

A few examples:

> John II got a wife with a tidy dowry of £ 5000, and we may remember that Elizabeth Bennet, as Jane Austen carefully records, had only £ 2000. (p.5)

Or:

> How did he keep going? We may recall Thackeray's *The Newcomes*. (p.9)

Or still:

> Sometimes, nowadays, as when we read Thackeray or Dickens and find them sentimental, we cannot believe that so much continued happiness and pleasure ever existed in the world. (p.13)

Or another illustration:

> If we were fixing the Newman children in place, like the Brontës at Haworth, or the Barretts in Wimpole Street, we would speak most aptly of the Newmans of Norwood. (p.20)

And better still:

> Dickens would have done the scene beautifully. (p.50)

As in Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh, Newman's Way* describes three generations in a changing world, a typical world of a 19th century novel with its history (1815, Waterloo, the Coronation of a King, the death of a Queen) its thoughts and ideas (in politics, religion, science, art), even its fashion, Finishing Schools for Young Ladies, movements of Emancipation of Women, etc.— a rich background to Newman's story, intermingled with the story of the family. Vivid portraits of father, mother and each child (they were 6) "humanize the whole Newman legend". (IX) We can see him as a boy at home (a fanatically evangelical family) and at school, where he was considered a very strange child:

> His sense of reality became weak. . .. At times the world hardly existed for him. "I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception" (p.24-25)

His narratives about himself,"schizophrenically third-person" show how he was detached from a "self".

He became so fanatically evangelical that O'Faolain mentions he had irreverently played with the idea of titling his biography "A Genius in the Family", with a subtitle "Or a Blessed Nuisance". As the story unravels, the tragic falls of both the family and Newman, become "real", when this comment is made:

> What enormous differences can be produced within a family of identical background and like temperament by the slightest alteration of emphasis!

This wealthy family of the young banker, with a big house in London, and two country-houses, goes down low in the world, the father becoming a tavern-keeper in one of the most sordid streets of the city.

Newman's dreams of wisdom and knowledge, to become an Oriel Fellow in Oxford (they come true, but have to be given up) are changed utterly by the end of his life (so full of conflicts). The allusions to Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* can be detected in many passages, like the following:

> Oh, the pleasure of hearing them. It leads my mind to a longing after something, I know not what. . . Such is my feeling at this minute as I hear the evening bells of Oxford.

And:

> He would live, for ever, among those golden stones and gleaming lawns,. . . Still, Oxford did not fall into his lap. He had to slave for it. (p. 63)

When he was forty "a bad age for any man to have to begin again" he had been "more alone than he had ever been before, a bad thing for any man in an hour of trial. .. his friends "creeping away from him in his fall". (p. 301)

The conflict between his previous beliefs and his conversion to Catholicism tears his soul in two.

> What in the world am I doing this for except that I think I am called to do so?. . . I have a good name with many; I am deliberately sacrificing it. I have a bad name with more; I am fulfilling all their worst wishes, and giving them their most coveted triumph. I am distressing all I love, unsettling all I have instructed or aided. I am going to choose whom I do not know, and of whom I expect very little. I am making myself an outcast, and that at my age ! Oh, what can it be but stern necessity which causes this?

A lonely old man, without friends, his family circle broken up by death and strong different religious conviction of brothers and sisters, his life's struggle reaching its end is thus described:

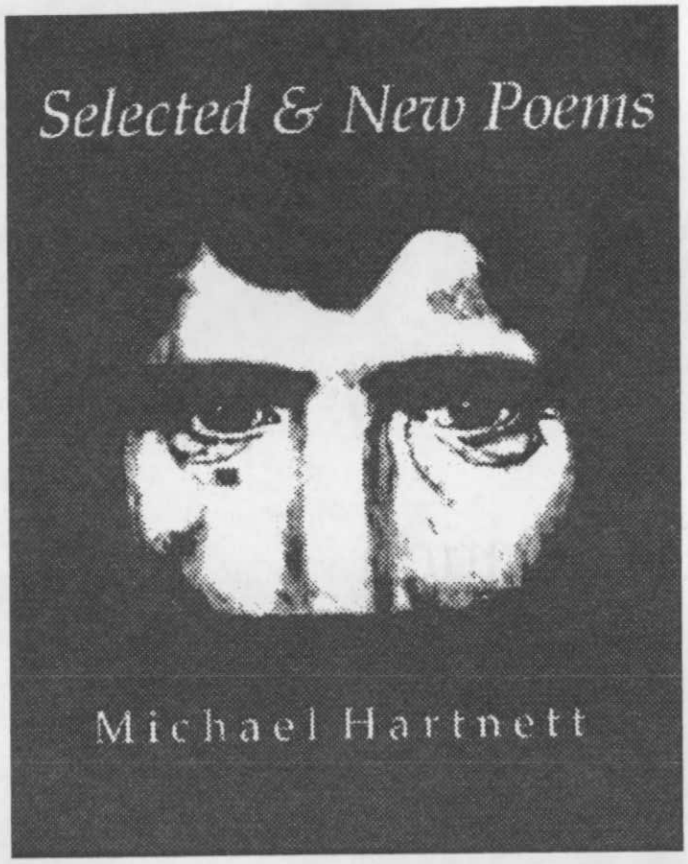
> He did not see Oxford again — apart from such glimpses of its spires as one may have from a passing train — until he was an old man of seventy-seven, from whom, by then, the world had taken away almost every desire except the longing to leave it — an old Tithonus — a gray grasshoper, the evaporating mist of a forgotten morning. (p. 315)

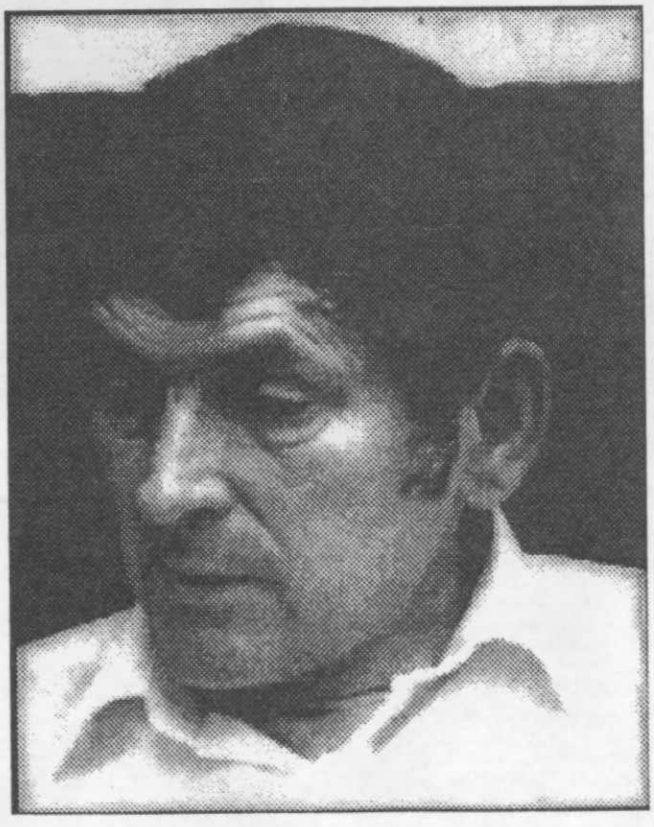
With these reflections, which could include so much more about *Newman's Way* the differences between biography, history and autobiography were touched upon. *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* and *Newman's Way*, two books on the same person, both about the complexity of one's and other's self, become different because Newman could only see his spiritual development, and O'Faolain, on his attempt at penetrating in the forest of his mind ("the forest is deeper and the paths more puzzling" than he had antecipated == IX), wrote a wonderful biographical novel with the lonely hero, like Jude, facing conflicts of soul and spirit against the everyday difficult life about him. He wants to be left alone, but what he gets is utter loneliness.

Works Cited

Gusdorf, Georges. *Auto-bio-graphie*. Paris: Editions Odile Jacob, 1991.
Harmon, Maurice. *Sean O'Faolain. A Critical Introduction*. Dublin: Wolfhound Press,1984.
Lee, Sir Sidney. *Principles of Biography*. The Leslie Stephen Lecture. Cambridge: at the University Press,1911.
Lejeune, Phillippe. *Le Pacte Autobiographique*. Paris: Seuil, 1975.
_____. *Je Est Un Autre*. Paris: Seuil, 1980.
_____. *Moi Aussi*. Paris: Seuil, 1986.
Maurois, André. *Aspects de la Biographie*. Paris: Au Sans Pareil,MCMXXVIII
Newman, John Henry Cardinal. *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. London: Longmans, Green and Co. , 1947.
_____. *The Idea of a University*. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. , 1947.
_____. *Oeuvres Philosophiques de Newman*. Paris Aubrier, 1945.
O"Faolain, Sean. *King of the Beggars*. A Life of Daniel O'Connell. Dublin: Allen Figgis, 1970.
_____. *The Great O'Neill*. Cork: Mercier, 1970.
Shelston, Alan. *Biography*. London: Methuen, 1977.
Woolf, Virginia. "The Art of Biography". In *The Death of a Moth and Other Essays*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co, 1942.

Translation


Selected & New Poems
Michael Hartnett



Presenting and Translating Michael Hartnett/Mícheál Ó hAirtnéide (1941-1999)

Heleno Godoy

"The death of any poet of stature is always to be lamented," wrote Joe Humphries in *The Irish Times* the day after Michael Hartnett's death, on early Wednesday, October 13, 1999, in St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin. The poet was only 58 years old.

A native of Newcastle West, Co. Limerick, son of a house painter and a housewife, Michael Hartnett was locally educated before spending one year, from 1962 to 1963, at University College Dublin, where he studied philosophy and logic. He lived in London and Madrid, Spain, and again in Dublin, during the 1960s, settling down later in Co. Limerick, between 1974 and 1984; in 1985 he moved to Dublin where he spent almost of the rest of his life. He worked for many years in the Department of Posts and Telegraphs and later as a lecturer in creative writing at Thomond College, Limerick. He co-edited the magazine *Arena* with James Liddy and Liam O'Connor (1963-1965) and worked on a version of the *Tao Te Chin* while a curator of Joyce's tower at Sandycove. He also co-edited another magazine *Choice* with Desmond Egan, having also worked as a poetry editor of *The Irish Times* for a period.

Among Michael Hartnett's early works from his late teens, "Sulphur" drew some attention, but it was with the publication of *Anatomy of a Cliché* in 1968 that he became known and respected as a poet. Several books followed in subsequent years, not only of his own poetry, but also translations such as *Tao: A Version of the Chinese Classic of the Sixth Century* (1971), Federico Garcia Lorca's *Gipsy Ballads: A Version of the "Romancero Gitano"* (1973), poems by the Hungarian Ferenc Juhász: *An Damh-Mhac* (1987), and poems by St. John of the Cross: *Dánta Naomh Eoin na Croise* (1991). He also published selections he translated from Irish poets such as Daibhí Ó Bruadair (1985), Nuala Ní Domhnaill (1986), Pádraigín Haicéad (1993), and Aodgaghán Ó Rathaille (1999).

For Michael Hartnett poetry does not begin with W. B. Yeats ("our bugbear Mr Yeats/ who forced us into exile/ on islands of bad verse," he wrote in *A Farewell to English*), but in the cultural turbulence of 17th century Ireland. This explains at least two characteristics of his work and literary development. First, the poetic craft acquired with all those Irish poets, which gave him both a mastery of the formal verse and a novelty and freshness in imagery, as well as a great freedom in technical spaciousness. It is as if in having to learn how to deal with Irish old poetic forms in order to translate them (for example, the dánta grádha, classical Irish love poems, which were to influence his first book), that Michael Hartnett became conscious of the power that kind of poetry could have, mainly if combined with more developed longer poetic forms (of which "An Lia Nocht/The Naked Surgeon," about his father's

death is a good example). The second aspect of Michael Hartnett's poetry is his decisive and "for life" promise to abandon the English language in favour of Irish, as he said in one of the poems translated here, "to court the language of my people." With *A Farewell to English*, published in 1975, he not only forsook English language but offered a challenge to all living Irish poets at the time, deriding Yeats and all others who had written in English in the past and/or had gone on doing so, in a highly provocative and polemical form.
In his presentation "Contemporary Irish Poetry" for *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing* (1992), Declan Kiberd draws attention to the fact that Michael Hartnett's retreat into Gaelic poetry lasted less than a decade, during which he discovered "that it may not be a question of a writer choosing a language, so much as a case of the language choosing to work out its characteristic genius through a writer." Despite his assertion that "[he] belong[ed] to the Gaelic poets and they to [him]," Hartnett later confessed: "I happen to think in two languages. I wake up at night thinking in two languages. It breaks my heart."

The poet returned to writing in English with books such as *Inchicore Haiku* (1985) and *A Necklace of Wrens* (1987). As Michael Hartnett himself recognised, his attempt to write only in Irish, distanced him from his readers. In a kind of prophetic statement, he had written in a poem called "A Visit to Croom 1745" that

> I had walked a long time
> in the mud to hear
> an avalanche of turf fall down,
> fourteen miles in straw-roped overcoat
> passing for Irish all along the road
> now to hear a Gaelic court
> talk broken English of an English king.
> It was a long way
> to come for nothing.

Although, as Declan Kiberd puts it, Michael Harnett seems to say that his "longed-for Gaelic court of poetry promises much but delivers 'nothing'," and that "he never quite equalled his English output" while writing in Irish, many other critics, poets and readers would gladly say that Hartnett's poetry is one among the best ever published in Ireland in the second half of the XX Century, in English as well as in Irish. Tony Curtis, a fellow poet and friend, declared to *The Irish Times* that Michael Hartnett "was not one to draw big crowds but poets loved him for his craft. He'd more lyrical talent in his little finger than any of the rest of us in our whole bodies." Paying tribute to him, Labour TD, Michael D. Higgins, said that "[w]hat he brought to life and letters was a very particular incisive, wry and deeply human perspective." His publisher, Peter Fallon, also a poet and an anthologist, declaring that "[h]is dying [was] a darkness in the world," also said that "[i]n his honesty and dedication, he was in some ways the personification of poetry." Kiberd himself, recognising him as "an anticlimax poet," because of his being "an anatomist of the cliché," says that "Hartnett can shift a single lyric through a remarkable emotional range. His love of striking images is qualified by a tendency towards abstraction, which often takes the form of moral indignation at the failure of the world to live up to its own imagery." Eoghan Ó hAnluain, in his "Irish Writing 1900-1988," also in *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing*, wrote that Michael Hartnett "brought a new excitement to poetry in Irish and [that] his imaginative resourcefulness in his 'resumed' language is remarkable."

As the poems translated here clearly show, Michael Hartnett's concern with Ireland's rural crafts and country rituals ("The Wounded Otter," "Maiden Street Wake," "Mrs. Halpin and the Lightening") constitute the core of his poetry. His love poems ("1", "2," and "3" of *Anatomy of a Cliché*) extend this concern to family ("To My Grandmother, Bridget Halpin") and country life ("A Small Farm," "Death of an Irishwoman") and, through his refusal of the English language, to highly political attitudes and statements ("5" and "7" of *A Farewell to English*," "Patience of a Tree"). In all of his poetry, the reader can find the "hidden Ireland" Daniel Corkery wrote about in 1924.

Besides the books already mentioned above, Michael Hartnett published other ones: *Poems in English* (1977), *Adharca Broic* (1978), *An Phurgoid* (1983), *Do Nuala: Foighne Crainn* (1984), *Collected Poems in English* 2 vols. (1984-1985), *Poems to Younger Women* (1988). His last major collection was *New and Selected Poems* (1995). He is the co-author, with Caitlín Maude, of a play, *An lasair Choille* (1961). His *Collected Poems* is forthcoming. Critical and background material about the poet include:

Cronin, John: A review of *Haicéad* in *Irish Studies Review* 9: (Winter 1994/95) 49-50.
Denman, Peter: "*Haicéad*" in *The Irish Literary Supplement* 13: (Fall 1994) 18.
Drexel, John A review of *Michael Hartnett: Collected Poems Volume 2* in *The Irish Literary Supplement* (Spring 1988) 12.
Goodby, John: "New Wave 1: 'A Rising Tide' Irish Poetry in the 60s, iii) Michael Hartnett and the Farewell to English" in Dorgan, Theo (ed.), *Irish Poetry since Kavanagh*, Dublin: Four Courts Press, 1996, pp. 129-131.
Grennan, Eamon: "Wrestling with Michael Hartnett" in *The Southern Review* 31 (Summer 1995) 655-675).
Hunter, Charles: "Michael Hartnett; a poet of Many Masks" in *The Irish Times*, 4/30/1988, Weekend 11.
Ní Chuilleanáin, Eiléan: "In the Forest of English." Review of *A Necklane of Wrens*, *The Irish Literary Supplement* 7: 2 (Fall 1988) 36.
O'Driscoll, Dennis: "An Interview with Michael Hartnett" in *Poetry Ireland Review*, 20: (Aug. 1987) 16-21.

The following should also be seen: *Modern Irish Poetry An Anthology, Between the Lines Poems on the Dart, Anthologie de la Poésie Irlandaise du XX*e, and Brady, Anne & Brien Cleeve (eds.) *A Biographical Dictionary of Irish Writers* (Dublin: The Lilliput Press, 1985). Also: Robert Hogan's *The Macmillan Dictionary of Irish Literature* (1980), Louis McRedmond's *Modern Irish Lives: Dictionary of 20th Century Irish Biography* (1996), and Robert Welch's *The Oxford Companion to Irish Literature* (1996), as well as many sites on the Web.

The poems translated and published here were taken from Seamus Deane (gen. ed.): *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing* (Derry: Field Day Publications, 1992), Peter Fallon & Derek Mahon (eds.): *The Penguin Book of Contemporary Irish Poetry* (London: Penguin Books, 1990), and Michael Hartnett:: *Selected & New Poems* (Wake Forest: Wake Forest University Press, 1994). Of these translations, "Morte de uma Irlandesa" was first published in "Poesia Irlandesa Contemporânea," "Opção Cultural" nº 150 (Goiânia: *Jornal Opção*, 8/3-9/1997, p. C-4), "Paciência de uma Árvore," "Velório na Rua Maiden," "Uma Pequena Fazenda," "A Lontra Ferida," and "A Sra. Halpin e o Raio" were first published in the same cultural supplement: "Seis Poemas de Michael Hartnett," "Opção Cultural" nº 266 (Goiânia: *Jornal Opção*, 10/24-30/1999, p. C-4); the others are published here for the first

Cultural" nº 266 (Goiânia: *Jornal Opção*, 10/24-30/1999, p. C-4); the others are published here for the first time. I am grateful to Prof. Patrick John O'Sullivan, my colleague at the Catholic University of Goiás, for his gentle and careful reading of these translations, and some invaluable suggestions.

Patience of a Tree

A knife awaited him in London
in a drawer, in darkness
in a pocket, in darkness.
Fooling,
tricking,
mocking –
he saw the phantom knife.

He burnt the tree of fear
and went across the sea
but a knife awaited in London.
In a hand, in the darkness
in a fight, in the darkness.

The knife was waiting there
and though metal formed the blade
from a tree's revenge
the hilt was made.

Paciência de Uma Árvore

Uma faca esperava-o em Londres
numa gaveta, na escuridão
num bolso, na escuridão.
Escarnecendo,
enganando,
iludindo –
ele viu a faca fantasma.

Ele queimou a árvore do medo
e foi, cruzando o mar,
mas uma faca esperava-o em Londres.
Em certa mão, na escuridão
numa luta, na escuridão.

A faca estava esperando lá,
e embora metal formasse-lhe a lâmina,
da vingança de uma árvore
seu cabo fora feito.

Maiden Street Wake

I watched the hand
until a finger moved
and veins above the index knuckle
pulsed.
That was his last movement.
She had a band
of tan tobacco juice
upon her chin. Her few teeth buckled.
That was all the grief she showed.
In public.

Columned and black with women in shawls,
yellow and pillared with penny candles,
bright-eyed and blue-toed with children
in their summer sandals,
that was the mud house, talkative and lit.
In the bed, the breeding ground and cot,
he wore his best blouse

Velório na Rua Maiden

Eu olhei a mão
até que um dedo se moveu
e as veias sobre as juntas do indicador
pulsaram.
Aquele foi o último movimento dele.
Ela tinha um fio
escuro de sumo de tabaco
sobre seu queixo. Seus poucos dentes batiam.
Foi todo o sofrimento que ela demonstrou.
Em público.

Encolunada e enegrecida por mulheres de xales,
amarelada e sustentada por velas baratas,
olhobrilhando e pisazulada por crianças
com suas sandalhas de verão,
aquela era a casa de barro, tagarela e iluminada.
Na cama, chão procriador e abrigo,
ele vestia sua melhor camisa

and would have seen
the finest teacups in his life.
But he was white
as an alabaster Christ
and cold to kiss.

We shuffled round and waited.
Our respects were paid.
And then we ate soft biscuits
and drank lemonade.

e teria visto
as mais finas chávenas de sua vida.
Mas ele estava pálido
como um Cristo de alabastro
e frio para o beijo.

Misturamo-nos e esperamos.
Nossos respeitos prestamos.
Depois, comemos biscoitos amanhecidos
e bebemos limonada.

Small Farm

All the pervasions of the soul
I learnt on a small farm.
How to do the neighbours harm
by magic, how to hate.
I was abandoned to their tragedies,
minor but unhealing:
bitterness over boggy land,
casual stealing of crops,
venomous card tables,
across swearing tables,
a little music on the road,
a little peace in decrepit stables.
Here were rosary beads,
a bleeding face,
the glinting doors
that did encase
their cutler needs,
their plates, their knives,
the cracked calendars
of their lives.

I was abandoned to their tragedies
and began to count the birds,
to deduce secrets in the kitchen cold,
and to avoid among my nameless weeds
the civil war of that household.

Uma Pequena Fazenda

Todas as infiltrações da alma
aprendi numa pequena fazenda.
Como aos vizinhos fazer o mal
por mágica, como odiar.
Fui entregue às suas tragédias,
menores, mas incuráveis:
amargura sobre terra alagada,
roubo casual de colheita,
maliciosos carteados
sobre mesas praguejantes,
uma musiquinha pela estrada,
um pouco de paz em estábulos decrépitos.
Aqui havia contas de rosários,
uma face sangrante,
as portas brilhantes
que de fato enclausuravam
suas necessidades de cuteleiros,
seus pratos, suas facas,
os rachados calendários
de suas vidas.

Fui entregue às suas tragédias
e comecei a contar os pássaros,
a deduzir segredos na cozinha fria,
e a evitar, entre minhas ervas sem nome,
a guerra civil daquela situação doméstica.

The Wounded Otter

A wounded otter
on a bare rock,
a bolt in her side,

A Lontra Ferida

Uma lontra ferida
sob uma rocha nua,
uma seta em sua flanco,

stroking her whiskers,
stroking her webbed feet.

Her ancestors
told her once
that there was a river,
a crystal river,
a waterless bed.

They also said
there were trout there
fat as tree-trunks
and kingfishers
bright as blue spears –
men there without cinders
in their boots,
men without dogs
on leashes.

She did not notice
the world die
nor the sun expire.
She was already
swimming at ease
in the magic crystal river.

alisando seus bigodes,
batendo seus pés palmados.

Seus ancestrais
disseram-lhe uma vez
que havia um rio,
um rio de cristal,
uma cama sem água.

Eles também disseram
que havia trutas lá,
gordas como troncos,
e muitos pássaros
brilhantes como lanças azuis –
homens lá sem cinzas
em suas botas,
homens sem cachorros
em correias.

Ela não notou
que o mundo morre,
nem que o sol expira.
Ela estava já
nadando, à vontade,
no mágico rio de cristal.

Mrs Halpin and the Lightening

When thunder entered like an easter priest
and draped its purple on Mullach a'Radhairc[1]

a horse took fright and broke its neck
against a pierstone:
the carshafts gave like small bones
and the tilted wheel spun.
When the blue sheets crackled
with electric starch
Mrs Halpin with a goose's wing
flailed holy water drops
like the steel tips of holy whips
to beat the demons from the room.
But they would not go away.
Their garments shook her rosary
as they danced on the stone floor.
Her fear was not the simple fear of one

A Sra. Halpin e o Raio

Quando o trovão entrou como um padre na páscoa
e drapejou sua púrpura sobre Mullac a'Radhairc[1]

um cavalo se assustou e quebrou seu pescoço
contra um pilar de pedra:
os varais da carroça cederam como ossinhos
e a roda encerada rodopiou.
Quando os raios azuis crepitaram
com energia elétrica,
a sra Halpin, com a asa de um ganso,
malhou gotas de água benta
como pontas de aço de chicotes santos
para expulsar os demônios do quarto.
Mas eles não iriam embora.
As vestes deles balançaram seu rosário
enquanto dançavam no chão de pedra.
Seu medo não era o simples medo de alguém

who does not know the source of thunder
these were the ancient Irish gods
she had deserted for the sake of Christ.
They waited in the earth and sky
to punish and destroy
their fickle congregation.
Mrs Halpin knew the reason why.

1 Hills to the south-west of Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.

que não sabe da origem do trovão:
estes eram os antigos deuses irlandeses
que ela abandonara por causa de Cristo.
Eles esperavam na terra e no céu
para punir e destruir
sua volúvel congregação.
A sra. Halpin sabia bem a razão.

1 Colinas a sudoeste de Newcastle West, Co. de Limerick..

For My Grandmother, Bridget Halpin

Maybe morning lightens over
the coldest time in all the day,
but not for you. A bird's hover,
seabird, blackbird, or bird of prey,
was rain, or death, or lost cattle.
The day's warning, like red plovers
so etched and small the clouded sky,
was book to you, and true bible.
You died in utter loneliness,
your acres left to the childless.
You never saw the animals
of God, and the flowers under
your feet; and the trees change a leaf;
and the red fur of a fox on
a quiet evening; and the long
birches falling down the hillside

Para Minha Avó, Bridget Halpin

A manhã talvez brilhascenda sobre
a mais fria hora em todo o dia,
mas não para você. Um pássaro planando,
ave marinha, melro, ou ave de rapina,
era chuva ou morte ou gado perdido.
Os avisos do dia, como vermelho maçarico,
tão cauterizado e pequeno o céu nublado,
era livro para você, e verdadeira bíblia.
Você morreu em absoluta solidão,
seus acres deixados para os sem filhos.
Você nunca viu os animais
de Deus e as flores sob seus
pés; as árvores mudarem a folha
e a pele vermelha de uma raposa num
calmo entardecer; e as longas
bétulas desmoronando na ladeira

Death of an Irishwoman

Ignorant, in the sense
she ate monotonous food
and thought the world was flat,
and pagan, in the sense
she knew the things that moved
all night were neither dogs nor cats
but *púcas*[2] and darkfaced men
she nevertheless had a fierce pride.
But sentenced in the end
to eat thin diminishing porridge
in a stone-cold kitchen
she clenched her brittle hands
around a world
she could not understand

Morte de uma Irlandesa

Ignorante, no sentido de que
ela comeu comida monótona
e pensou que o mundo era plano,
e pagã, no sentido de que
sabia que as coisas que se moviam
à noite não eram nem cães nem gatos,
mas *duendes* e homens de cara escura;
ela, no entanto, tinha um orgulho feroz.
Mas sentenciada, no fim,
a comer ralo mingau minguado
numa cozinha de extremo frio,
ela fixou suas mãos frágeis
ao redor de um mundo
que não podia compreender.

I loved her from the day she died.
She was a summer dance at the crossroads.
She was a card game where a nose was broken.

She was a song that nobody sings.
She was a house ransacked by soldiers.
She was a language seldom spoken.
She was a child's purse, full of useless things.

Eu a amei desde o dia em que morreu.
Ela foi uma dança de verão nas encruzilhadas.
Ela foi um jogo de cartas em que um nariz foi quebrado.

Ela foi uma canção que ninguém canta.
Ela foi uma casa saqueada por soldados.
Ela foi uma língua raramente falada.

Anatomy of a Cliché

1. *mo ghrá thú*

With me, so you call me man.
Stay: winter is harsh to us,
my self is worth no money.
But with your self spread over
me, eggs under woodcock-wings,
the grass will not be meagre:
where we walk will be white flowers.

So rare will my flesh cry out
I will not call at strange times.
We will couple when you wish:
for your womb estranges death.
Jail me in this gentle land;
let your hands hold me: I am
not man until less than man.

2.

Some white academy of grace
taught her to dance in perfect ways:
neck, as locked lily, is not wan
on this great, undulating bird.

Are they indeed your soul, those hands,
as frantic as lace in a wind,
forever unable to fly
from the beauty of your body?

And if they dance, your five white fawns,
walking lawns of your spoken word,
what may I do but let linger
my eyes on each luminous bone?

Anatomia de um Cliché

1. *mo ghrá thú*

Comigo, desta forma me chamas homem.
Fica: o inverno está severo sobre nós,
meu eu nem vale preço em dinheiro.
Mas com teu eu espalhado sobre
mim, ovos sob asas de galinhola,
a grama não será escassa:
por onde andarmos haverá flores brancas.

Tão raramente minha carne clamará, que
eu não te solicitarei em horas estranhas.
Nós nos acasalaremos quando quiseres:
pois tuas entranhas desconhecem a morte.
Aprisiona-me nesta terra gentil;
deixa tuas mãos me apoiarem: eu não sou
homem até que menos do que homem.

2

Alguma branca academia de beleza
ensinou-a a dançar de modo perfeito:
o pescoço, lacrado lírio, não é lânguido
neste grande pássaro, e ondulante.

São eles realmente tua alma, aquelas mãos,
tão frenéticos como laço de renda ao vento,
para sempre incapazes de sair voando
da beleza de teu corpo?

E se dançam, teus cinco gamos brancos,
andando por gramados de tua palavra falada,
que posso fazer a não ser deixar tardarem
meus olhos por cada luminoso osso?

Your hands... are music and phrases
escape your fingers as they move,
and make the unmappable lands
quiet orchestra of your limbs.

For I have seen your hands in fields
and I called them fluted flowers
such as the lily is, before
it unleashes its starwhite life:

I have seen your fingernail cut
the sky and called it the new moon...

3

Listen,
if I came to you, out of the wind
with only my blown dream clothing me,
would you give me shelter?
For I have nothing –
or nothing the world wants.
I love you: that is all my fortune.

But I know we cannot sail without nets:
I know you cannot be exposed
however soft the wind
or however small the rain.

from **A Farewell to English**

5

I say farewell to English verse,
to those I found in English nets:
my Lorca holding out his arms
to love the beauty of his bullets,
Pasternak who outlived Stalin
and died because of lesser beasts;
to all the poets I have loved
from Wyatt to Robert Browning;
to Father Hopkins in his crowded grave
and to our bugbear Mr Yeats
who forced us into exile

on islands of bad verse.

Among my living friends
there is no poet I do not love

Tuas mãos... são música e frases
escapam de teus dedos enquanto se movem,
e fazem de terras imapeáveis
a quieta orquestra de teus membros.

Pois eu já vi tuas mãos nos campos
e as chamei de aflautadas flores,
tal como o lírio é, antes que
desatrele sua vida alvaestrelada:

Já vi tuas unhas cortarem
o céu e as chamei de lua nova...

3

Ouve,
se eu viesse até ti, saído do vento
e só com meu exaurido sonho me vestindo,
tu me darias abrigo?
Pois eu nada tenho –
ou nada que o mundo queira.
Eu te amo: esta é toda a minha riqueza.

Mas sei que não podemos navegar sem redes;
sei que tu não podes ser exposta,
por mais que suave o vento
ou por mais que branda a chuva.

de **Um Adeus ao Inglês**

5

Eu digo adeus ao verso inglês,
àqueles que achei em armadilhas inglesas:
meu Lorca estirando seus braços
para amar a beleza de suas balas,
Pasternak, que sobreviveu a Stalin,
e morreu por causa de bestas menores;
a todos os poetas que eu amei,
desde Wyatt a Robert Browning;
ao Padre Hopkins, em sua visitada tumba,
e ao nosso amedrontante Sr. Yeats,
que nos forçou ao exílio

em ilhas de mau verso.

Entre meus amigos vivos
não há poetas que eu não ame,

although some write
with bitterness in their hearts;
they are one art, our many arts.

Poets with progress
make no peace or pact.
The act of poetry
is a rebel act.

7

This road is not new.
I am not a maker of new things.
I cannot hew
out of the vacuum-cleaner minds
the sense of serving dead kings.

I am nothing new.
I am not a lonely mouth
trying to chew
a niche for culture
in the clergy-cluttered south.

But I will not see
great man go down
who walked in rags
from town to town
finding English a necessary sin,
the perfect language to sell pigs in.

I have made my choice
and leave with little weeping.
I have come with meagre voice
to court the language of my people.

embora alguns escrevam
com amargura em seus corações;
eles são uma arte, nossas muitas artes.

Poetas em progresso
não fazem paz ou pacto.
O ato da poesia
é um ato rebelde.

7

Esta rota não é nova.
Não sou um fazedor de coisas novas.
Eu não posso eliminar
das mentes de aspirador de pó
o senso de servir a reis mortos.

Não sou nada novo.
Não sou uma boca solitária
tentando escavar
um nicho para a cultura
no clero-tumultuado sul.

Mas não verei
grandes homens caírem,
os que andam em andrajos,
de cidade a cidade,
achando o inglês um pecado necessário,
a língua perfeita pra se vender porcos.

Eu fiz minha escolha
e parto com pouco lamento.
Eu vim, com parca voz,
para cortejar a língua do meu povo.

O mamafesto (104.1 - 107.7)

Donaldo Schüler

Jacob Drachler, in Id-Grids and Ego-Graphs — A Confabulation With Finnegans Wake.
Brooklin: Gridgraffitti Press, 1978.

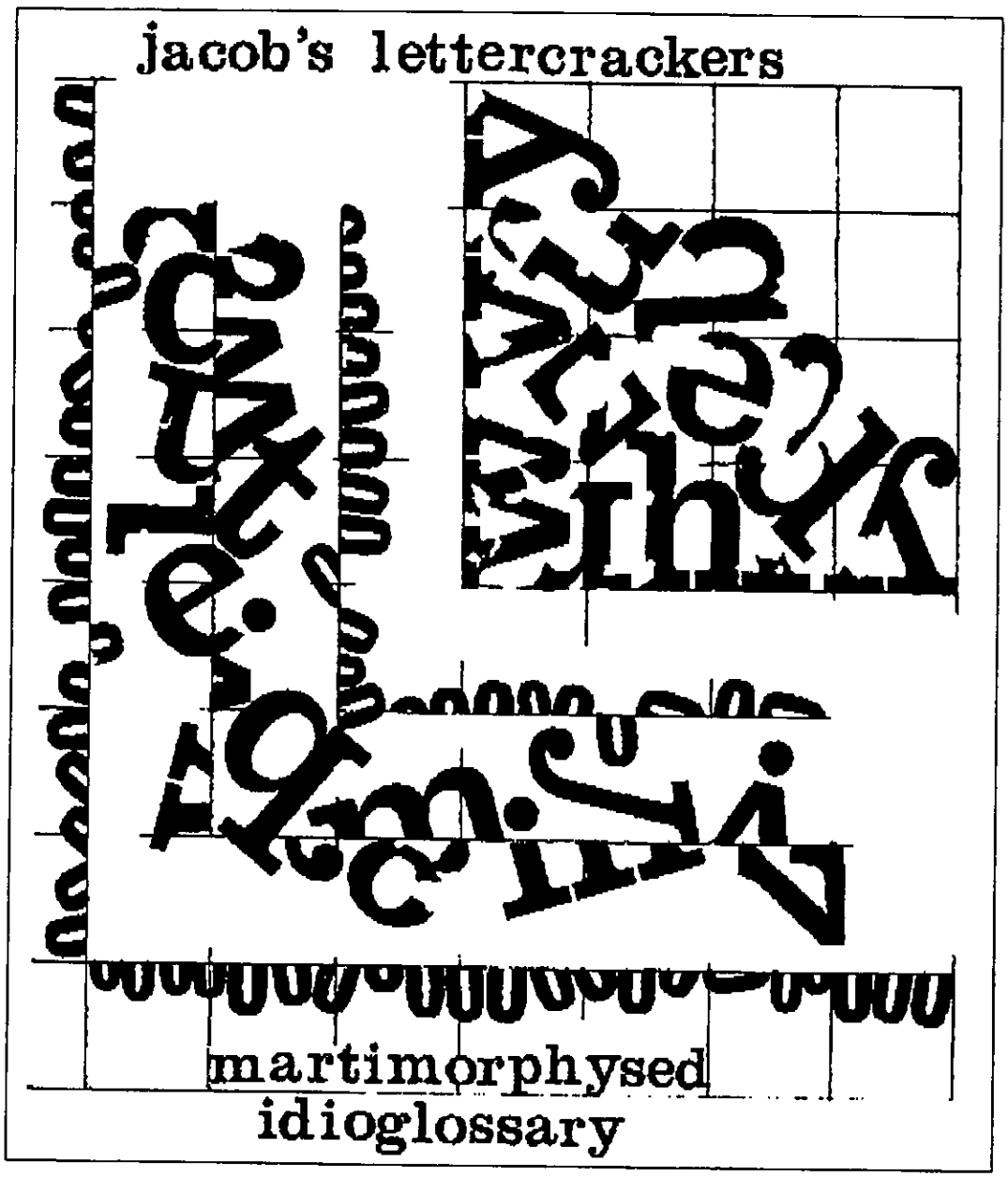
In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singtime sung, her rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!
Her untitled mamafesta memorialising the Mosthighest has gone by many names at disjointed times. Thus we hear of, *The Augusta Angustissimost for Old Seabeastius' Salvation, Rockabill Booby in the Wave Trough, Here's to the Relicts of All Decencies, Anna Stessa's Rise to Notice, Knickle Down Duddy Gunne and Arishe Sir Cannon, My Golden One and My Selver Wedding, Amoury Treestam and Icy Siseule, Saith a Sawyer til a Strame, Ik dik dopedope et tu mihimihi, Buy Birthplate for a Bite, Which of your Hesterdays Mean Ye to Morra? Hoebegunne the Hebrewer Hit Waterman the Brayned, Arcs in His Ceiling Flee Chinx on the Flur, Rebus de Hibernicis, The Crazier Letters, Groans of a Britoness, Peter Peopler Picked a Plot to Pitch his Poppolin, An Apology for a Big* (some such nonoun *as Husband* or *husboat* or *hosebound* is probably understood for we have also the plutherplethoric *My Hoonsbood Hansbaad's a Journey to Porthergill gone and He Never Has the Hour*), *Ought We To Visit Him? For Ark see Zoo, Cleopater's Nedlework Ficturing Aldborougham on the Sahara with the Coombing of the Cammmels and the Parlourmaids of Aegypt, Cock in the Pot for Father, Placeat Vestrae, A New Cure for an Old Clap, Where Portentos they'd Grow Gonder how I'd Wish I Woose a Geese; Gettle Nettie, Thrust him not, When the Myrtles of Venice Played to Bloccus's Line, To Plenge Me High He Waives Chiltern on Friends, Oremunds Queue Visits Amen Mart, E'en Tho' I Granny a-be He would Fain Me Cuddle, Twenty of Chambers, Weighty Ten Beds and a Wan Ceteroom, I Led the Life, Through the Boxer Coxer Rising in the House with the Golden Stairs, The Following Fork, He's my O'Jerusalem and I'm his Po, The Best in the West, By the Stream of Zemzem under Zigzag Hill, The Man That Made His Mother in the Marlborry Train, Try Our Taal on a Taub, The Log of Anny to the Base All, Nopper Tipped a Nappiwenk to his Notylytl Dantsigirls, Prszss Orel Orel the King of Orlbrdsz, Intimier Minnelisp of an Extorreor Monolothe, Drink to Him, My Juckey, and Dhoult Bemine Thy Winnowing Sheet, I Ask You to Believe I was his Mistress, He Can Explain, From Victrolia Nuancee to Allbart Noahnsy, Da's a Daisy so Guimea your Handsel too, What Barbaras Done to a Barrel Organ Before the Rank, Tank and Bonnbtail, Huskvy Admortal, What Jumbo made to Jalice and what Anisette to Him, Ophelia's Culpreints, Hear Hubty Hublin, My Old Dansh, I am Older northe Rogues among Whisht I Slips and He Calls Me his Dual of Ayessha, Suppotes a Ventriliquorst Merries a Corpse, Lapps for Finns This Funnycoon's Week, How the Buckling Shut at Rush in January, Look to the Lady, From the Rise of the Dudge Pupublick to the Fall of the Potstille, Of the Two Ways*

Em nome de Annah a Allmissassombrosa , a Sempreviva, a Portadora de Plurabilidades, santificada seja sua evigília, venha o reino de seu canto, ritmem suas rimas sem peias assim na terra como no céu! Seu nãotitulado mamafesto, memorializando o Altíssimo correu com muitos nomes por disjuntos tempos. Assim ouvimos de, *A Augusta Angustimíssima para Todos Sibestiana Salvação, Rocklamação do Corpo do Mar Rolante, Eis as Relíquias da Velha Decência, Anna Stásia Sobe à Noitícia, Nico Demos Cojoelho no Chão Areou Sobre Ocânon, Minha Boba de Ouro e Minhas Bodas de Prata Amorooso Triistão e Tão Isolada. Disse Sinharanha pra Sinhamosca yo te amo et tu mihimihi. Daquela Nasceuela pruma Mordidela, Qual de vossos Hesontens Mencionareis Amenhã? O Hebridense Hebreu Hispanicou o Heteu. Os Arcos Celestes na China fogem dos chins no chão, Rebus de Hibernicis, Cartas Malucas, Grunhidos de uma Britônica, Pepe Povo Picou a Pipa de seu Popolino, Apologia para um Big* (certos nonomes como *Marido* ou *maritirizado* ou *amarrado* hão de entender-se porque temos também o plutopletórico *Meu Amarrido rumou a Portogalo e Nunca me Perguntou a Hora), Deveríamos Visitá-lo? Em Lugar de Arca Veja Zoo, Tapessaria Cleópatra Ficturando Albrahão no Sahara com o Comboio dos Caimelos e as piramidamas do Egito, Galo na Panela pra Papá, Placeat Vestrae, Nova Cura pra Velha Venérea, Onde pra Portentos Gansas Cultivaram Batatas como Eu Queria ter Sido Ganso Vencedor, Gentil Néscia, não Confie Nele, O Mircador de Vanessa Executado pras Vinhas de Bloccáccio, Pra Manter-me Alto Esposa aos Filhos dos Amigos, Oremos que a Cauda nos Visite de Marte Amém. M'smo que Eu fosse AB ração Finn me Cortejaria, Quarenta Quartos, Sessenta e Dez leitos e Um nos Etecétera, Levo a Vida, Aos Trancos e Barrancos Levantes nas Casas com Escadas Douradas, A Fork a Forguinte, Ele é meu Jeru Salém e Eu sou seu Poe ta, Oestótimo. Junto às Correntes de Zem-zem sob o Monte do Zigue-zague, O Homem de Bem Supôs a Mãe no Trem Madrevilha, Cuenta o Cuento Nosso da Cuba, O Logos de Anny pra Base de Tudo, Nap o Leão Ditou Nota pras Danzig Girls, Lakr* Orelhal Orelhinha Prncpe das Orelhas, Monolábio Intiamor dum Monólito Extorrior, Bebo à Saúde dele, Meu Jóquei, És a Negrinha do Meu coração, Quero que Creias que Eu fui Amante Dele, Ele Texplica De Victrólia Nuância a Allaberto Na Ânsia, Minha Margarida Migra ao Hans cestral, O que Bárbara Dona Santa Aprontou *pros Hombres de Rango, Cudecachorro, Uísque Ad mortem, O que o elefante Jumbo fez a jAlice e o que Anisette fez a Ele, Ophelia's Culpas, Douta Doida Dublin, Meu Bat Avô Batavo, Sou mais Velha que as Rochas onde Pousa e Ele me Chama Sósia de Mona Lassa, Suponha que um Ventrilicorroroso despose um Corpse.Voltas do Finn da Semana Finnicuna, Como Buckling baleou um Russo no Rush de Janeiro, Lookalize a Lady, Ascensão desde as Águas da Pupublicolandesa à Queda da Poststilha,*

of Opening the Mouth, I have not Stopped Water Where It Should Flow and I Know the Twentynine Names of Attraente, The Tortor of Tory Island Traits Galasia like his Milchcow, From Abbeygate to Crowalley Through a Lift in the Lude, Smocks for Their Graces and Me Aunt for Them Clodshoppers, How to Pull a Good Horuscoup even when Oldsire is Dead to the World, Inn the Gleam of Waherlow, Fathe He's Sukceded to My Esperations, Thee Steps Forward, Two Stops Back, My Skin Appeals to Three Senses and My Curly Lips Demand Columbkisses; Gage Street on a Crany's Savings, Them Lads made a Trion of Battlewatschers and They Totties a Doeit of Deers, In My Lord's Bed by One Whore Went Through It, Mum It is All Over, Cowpoyride by Twelve Acre Terriss in the Unique Estates of Amessican, He Gave me a Thou so I serve Him with Thee, Of all the Wide Torsos in all the Wild Glen, O'Donogh, White Donogh, He's Hue to Me Cry, I'm the Stitch in his Baskside You'd be Nought Without Mom, To Keep the Huskies off the Hustings and Picture Pets from Lifting Shops, Norsker Torsker Find the Poddle, He Perssed Me Here with the Ardour of a Tonnoburkes, A Boob Was Weeping This Mower was Reaping , O'Loughlin, Up from the Pit of my Stomach I Swish you the White of the Mourning, Inglo-Andean Medoleys from Tommany Moohr, The Great Polynesional Entertrainer Exhibits Ballantine Brautchers with the Link of Natures, The Mimic of Meg Neg end the Mackeys, Entered as the Lastest Pigtarial and My Pooridiocal at Stitchioner's Hall, Siegfield Follies and or a Gentlehomme's Faut Pas, See the First Book of Jealesies Pessim, The Suspended Sentence, A Pretty Brick Story for Childsize Heroes, As Lo Our Sleep, I Knew I'd Got it in Me so Thit settles That, Thonderbalt Captain Smeth and La Belle Sauvage Pocahonteuse, Way for Wet Week Welikin's Douchka Marianne, The Last of the Fingallians, It Was Me Egged Him on to the Stork Exchange and Lent my Dutiful Face to His Customs, Chee Chee Cheels on their China Miction, Pickedmeup Peters, Lumptytumtumpty had a Big Fall, Pimpimp Pimpimp, Measly Ventures of Two Lice and the Fall of Fruit, The Fokes Family Interior, If my Spreadeagles Wasn't so Tight I'd Loosen my Cursits on that Bunch of Maggiestraps, Allolosha Popofetts and Howke Cotchme Eye, Seen Aples and Thin Dyed, i big U to Beleaves from Love and Mother, Fine's Fault was no Felon, Exat Delvin Renter Life,The Flash that Flies from Vuggy's Eyes has Set Me Hair On Fire, His is the House that Malt Made, Divine Views from Back to the Front, Abe to Sare Stood Icyk Neuter till Brahm Taulked Him Common Sex, A Nibble at Eve Will That Bowal Relieve, Allfor Guineas, Sounds and Compliments Libidous, Seven Wives Awake Aweek, Airy Ann and Berber Blut, Amy Licks Porter While Huffy Chops Eads, Abbrace of Umbellas or a Tripple of Caines, Buttbutterbust, From the Manorlord Hoved to the Misses O'Mollies and from the Dames to their Sames, Many-

Das Duas Maneiras de Abrir a Boca. Não barrei água onde devia fluir, Conheço os Vintenove Nomes da Attraente. Tortor da Ilha do Touro Trata a Galásia como sua Vaca leiteira, De Alba Gato a Cru Vale por Alívio na Luta, Fuminhos pra Suas Gracinhas, Tia Formiga e Seu Cigarro, Como Sacar um Bom Horúscopo mesmo quando Osire tá Morto pro Mundo, Vai a Bar Rotado de Walter Lu, O Fado Ele é Sukcedido segundo Minhas Espectações ,Três Passos Prafrente Diz Pare Pratrás, A pelos da pele a Três dos Sentidos, Meus beiços Carnudos demandam beijos da Colum Bina, Belas das Ruas de Hon Cão ao Alcance da Poupança do Sacristão, Ladinos formam o Trio dos Vigias das Combatentes e Estas Executam o Dueto das Frangas, Pelo Leito de meu Lorde Passou a Gata do Peito, Mãe Tou Bem, Toureitos Cauboyrais por Doze Acre Terris nos Estados Únicos das Anêmicas, Ele me deu Tu e Eu lhe dou Ti. De Todos os Pingos Xucros no Xucro Pego do Aperto, O. Donodenada, Clara Donodenada, Ele é matiz pros meus cricris, Sou Espinho na Carne Dele, Sem Mamãe não és Nada, Remover o Forte da Corte, Deixar o pequeno porte sem Suporte, Bacalhau do Norte encalha em água de Calhau. Ele me Picou Arteiro com Ardor de Arqueiro, O Bebê Chorava e Mamãe Segava, Meu coração, do fundo das Dobras da Indigestão te Auguro Auspiciosa Função, Melodias Anglo-Andinas pra Audicções Matutinas, O Polinésio Grande Diretor Teatral Exibe Vaudeville com Sabor Natural, o Mimo de Mega Nega e as Macacas, Entrou por Derradeiro no Roteiro Pauperiódico da minha Teporada de Janeiro. Loucuras de Sigifrido e ou Mau Passo de um Gentil-homem, Veja no Primeiro Livro de Celônesis Passim. A Sentença Suspensa, Estória da Bela do Tijolaço pra Heróis Tamanho Criança, Devagar que o Sonho é de Barro, Sabia que Deus Tava em Mim assim Isso arregla Aquilo. Capitão Thorvão Semete e a Bela Selvagem Bocadasantas, A Via do Vetusto Vesgo Valentim Ducha na Mariana, O Último dos Finngalianos, Quem o ovariou na Bolsa das Valerosas e Lhemprestou respeitosa Cara pra Serviços Alfandegários foi Mim, Xi xi xi nos Micgócios da China, Pedro me Pega,Lumptytumtumpty teve Grande Queda, Pimpimp Pimpimp, Sensacionais Aventuras de Duas Piranhas e a Queda do Banana, O Interior da Família Foca, Se Minha Águia Desfraldada não Estivesse tão Cerrada Eu Afrouxaria o Espartilho a Esse Bando de Meretríssimos, Alô Locha Popofeito, Hei Coça-me Ei, Ver o Nabo e Depois Morrer, eu ti pido de A creditar em A mor di Ma mãe, O Fim de Finn não Foi Felonia, Sai Del Finn e Entra Lavida, O fulgor que Fulge dos Olhos da Fulva põe Fogo nos Meus Bigodes, Esta é a Casa onde Fabricam Malte, Vista Divina de Trás Prafrente, O Abade do Sare Foi Gelo Neutro até Brahma lhe falar de Sexo Comum, A Maçã de Evita Limpará esta Tripa, Tudo por uma Ceva, Sons e Saudações Libidinosos, Sete Velhas Velam o Velho, Ari Ana e Barba Azul, Amy Lambe Porter Equanto CHefe no Chope a Come, Abraço de Belas ou um Triplo de Canas, Buen-bueno-buenazo, Da Cabeça de Meu Lorde Às Misses O'Molle, Das Damas às Camas, Mamafestações para as

festoons for the Colleagues on the Green, An Outstanding Back and an Excellent Halfcentre if Called on, As Tree is Quick and Stone is White So ts My Washing Done by Night, First and Last Only True Account au about the Honorary Mirsu Earwicker, L.S.D., and the Snake (Nuggets!) by a Woman of the World who only can Tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his Conspirators how they all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Lucalizod about Privates Earwicker and a Pair of Sloppy Sluts plainly Showing all the Unmentionability falsely Accusing about the Raincoats.



Jacob Drachler, in Id-Grids and Ego-Graphs —A Confabulation With Finnegans Wake. *Brooklin: Gridgraffitti Press, 1978.*

Colégas no Verde, Um Soberbo Traseiro e um Excelente Centro-Médio se Convocados, Certo como a Árvore é Alta e a Pedra é Alva assim Minha Roupa é Lavada à Noite, Primeiro e Último Verdadeiro Desconto dos Honorários do Sr. Lacrainha até aos Últimos Centavos, A Cobra (Que Tesouro!) junto à Dama do Mundo que Sabe só Dizer Verdades Nuas sobre um Caro Senhor e Todos os seus Conspiradores como Todos tentaram Provocar-lhe a Queda Pondo Tudo em torno de Lucalizod Sobre Privacidades de Lacrainha e um Par de Sórdidas Mijonas Mostrando a Não-mencionalidade no Chove mas não molha de Falsas Acusações sobre Capas.

Comentário

Pai Nosso? As petições o sugerem. Paráfrase? Mais que isso. Considere-se a distância. Paródica é aqui e alhures a reelaboração joyciana. No trono do pai assentou-se Annah. Dela é o reino, o poder ilimitado no céu e na terra, o fluir sem barreiras. Feminino é o imarginável, origem das pluralidades. Annah, a universal (**all**), a aparência que vela (Maia), a origem da redenção (Maria), a assombrosa (**amazing**)! Annah é tudo isso e sempre viva. Emite notas, retém na memória, honra HCE, o poderoso. Um manifesto de Annah, a mãe de todos, de tudo, recebe com propriedade o nome de *mamafesto* ou *mamafesta,* manifesto que é festa. Falam dele muitos documentos, de vários lugares, culturas e tempos. Como retornar da pluralidade à unidade? Visto que o um não tem nome, toda tentativa de nomear, séria ou jocosa, distancia do que se pretende definir. Como prender nas fronteiras dos conceitos o que é sem limites?

A unidade só é possível no silêncio. Quebra ao impacto do primeiro traço. Escrever fragmenta. De um mundo estilhaçado, audível no fundo da prece, busca-se a unidade negada, perdida nos intervalos, na paz que se espraia antes da primeira palavra e depois do ponto final.

O tempo acompanha a infração. No fluxo temporal, a unidade não se mantém. Recolham-se estes e outros títulos. Todos (cômicos ou sérios, elevados ou vulgares, castos ou obscenos, sagrados ou profanos) pretendem dizer o mesmo, embora profiram coisas diversas. Entre *Finnegans Wake* e o circundante alargam-se caminhos de ir e de vir. A fragmentação vigora lá e cá. A indecisão que se observa entre o livro e o mundo aproxima na falha livro e mundo.

Títulos... Um mar de títulos. Onde estão as conexões? O trabalho de ligar o que se rompeu é nosso. Se quiséssemos reconstituir elos, teríamos de escrever um livro maior que *Finnegans Wake.* E não seria um livro. A cada retomada descobriríamos buracos no tecido, conseqüência do que consumindo se consome. O retoque definitivo acabaria com fluxo e festa. Runas se abrem no ruir e na ruína. *Riverrun* é tudo: runa, ruína, rir e festa.

Não se busque sentido prévio. Perguntar: — O que Joyce quis dizer — não é sensato. Joyce disse o que disse. Ao dizermos entramos no jogo. Há outro modo de ler?

Dentre os títulos, destaquemos alguns.

Das duas maneiras de abrir a boca. Annah, a portadora de pluralidades, é no princípio uma substância indefinida. A pluralidade começa com o abrir da boca, a passagem do zero ao um. O zero é a fonte de todas as divisões, da vida. Romper unidades é o primeiro modo de abrir a boca; suturar, é o outro.

A Augusta Angustimíssima para Toda Oceanobestiana Salvação. Augusta evoca Augusto, o imperador, que reunia em seu poder o vasto império romano, unificação do diverso. Os que freqüentavam o império de Augusto davam com a diversidade. Onde estava o império está a linguagem, *Finnegans Wake.* Oceano é o mundo. Bestas, os seres todos, vivem na e pela nomeação. Espaço angustíssimo, já que o não-nomeado supera o nomeado. Em muito! Ser esquecido é recair no grande Oceano de que tudo provém.

Eis as Relíquias da Velha Decência. A velha decência constituía sistema. Na ruína do sistema, proliferam relíquias. Arrancadas do corpo, despidas de pele, de carne, relíquias recendem indecência. Vem o meandrolato para revesti-las de nova decência.

Anna Stásia Sobe à Notícia. Anna, em si mesma, é sem Notícia. Só sabemos o que dela se diz. Conhecemo-la como Anastásia, a ressurreta. Na notícia, notícia que emerge durante a noite, no sonho, Annastásia ou Anna Stásia vive.

Qual de vossos Hesontens (**hes, heri** - ontem) *Mencionareis Amenhã?* Como residir no amanhã sem nome? Como prever o que merecerá menção amanhã? A pergunta é irrespondível. Algo sobreviverá. O quê? O *amém* que se insinuou no amanhã traduz desejo de restauração.

Apologia para um Big. Em vida, o Big, lembrança do *Bygmaster*, levantava imagifícios sobre imagifícios. Morto, não há lugar para o Big fora da apologia. Que seria de Sócrates sem a Apologia de Platão? A escrita rompe unidades, distingue, ergue monumentos.

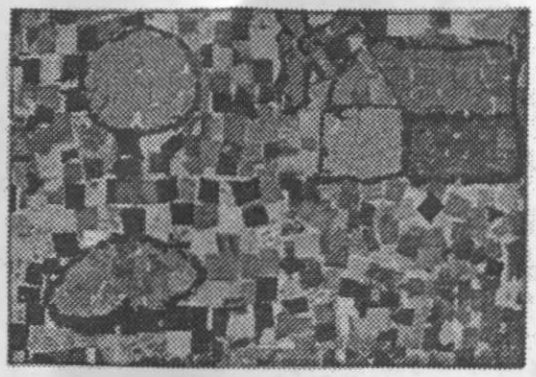
Em Lugar de Arca Veja Zoo. Da terra à arca, da arca ao zoo, do zoo ao discurso. O discurso salva em seu espaço o que resta de outro espaço. Nossa vida interior, nossos projetos, nossas realizações se constituem ameaçados pelas águas que cobrem até os montes mais altos. Discurso é arca, zoológico, fragmento, monumento.

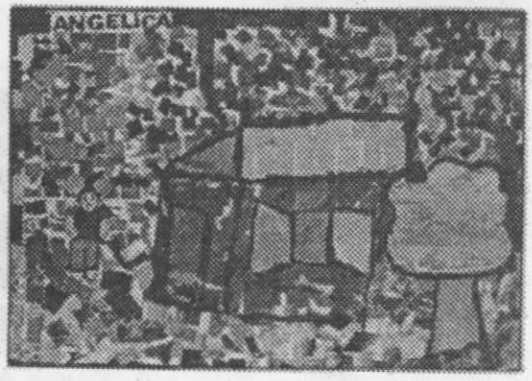
Monólogo Interior do Monólito Exterior vem-nos como tradução apressada de *Intimier Minnelips of an Extorreor Monolothe.* Porque desprezar **time** (tempo), **Minne** (amor), **lips** (lábios), **lithos** (pedra), **torreo** (secar ao sol, queimar)? A *Monólabo Intimior para o Monólito Extorrior* chegamos depois de alguma hesitação. Reflitamos. O monólogo é fluido, é dádiva. O discurso exterior é um monólito racionalmente construído, seco. Desvinculado do *Monólabo Intimior* (o mover imperceptível de lábios escondidos na sombra, o fluxo gerado num ato de amor, dádiva), a fala comunicativa litifica-se em requerimentos, decretos, comunicados oficiais... Recorremos ao *monólabo intimior* para quebrar monólitos discursivos. Molly Bloom que o diga. A deslitificação regenera o tempo.

Como Sacar um Bom Horúscopo mesmo quando Osire tá Morto pro Mundo. Quem escreve entra nos domínios da morte. O texto avança como diário da perigosa navegação de Osíris (*Osire*) pelo outro mundo. Quem comanda o teclado assume a direção de operações distantes. É Hórus no papel de vingador de Osíris, o deus assassinado. Escrever é um exercício de vida e morte. Os signos dispõem-se enigmáticos, oferecidos a investigadores que deduzem *horúscopos* em lugar de horóscopos para os que atuam à luz do dia. O escritor morre para o mundo para atuar no mundo. É como Hórus o traço de união entre a vida e a morte.

Houve quem quisesse negar a existência do autor da carta. Fato é que a carta materialmente aí está. *Word* e *world,* convergindo, formam o univerbo. Os títulos enumerados foram buscados ao acaso numa biblioteca cósmica. Quem escreveu e em que circunstâncias? As perguntas não são irrelevantes, mas não levam à solução do mistério da escrita originária. Podem lançar luz sobre determinado texto, mas não sobre a escrita. Invoca-se uma força que ilumine, *lousadoor,* iluminador.

The Irish in South America





Clarke , Patrick J.
Pão e Poesia. *São Paulo: AM Edições, 1994.*

Living Memory

Patrick Joseph Clarke

Adilson was three years old when he joined the workforce of volunteers building the community creche. Wearing his giant hip high wellingtons, and a grin that stretched from ear to ear, he seemed to be everywhere on the building site. Sometimes carrying sand to the cement mixer. Sometimes stacking up bricks for the bricklayers. And other times playing in some corner in the sun, with the many children who spent their days making their own fun, as the building that would one day be their creche, grew slowly out of the ground.

All that, was back in 1986. By the time the creche was eventually opened in August 1989, Adilson, if he could have voiced his thoughts, might well have said; "My life and these walls are one. This creche will be mine forever".

Many times since then, I have thought about this child who made such an impression on everyone at the time. I often wondered what became of him and if I would recognise him if I saw him now.

Those were my thoughts as I passed by the same creche two days ago. And to my surprise, standing in the doorway of her home nearby, was Adilson's mother. Immediately, I put words on my thoughts. "How's Adilson"?, I asked. "It's so long ago since I saw him". "It will be six months this month", replied his mother, "since he died". "What ever happened him"?, I asked. "He was assassinated by a bandit named "Carioca". Three bullets in his head. All because of a debt of R$3,00. It's a terrible thing to bring a child into the world for him to leave it that way". And she turned her face away to hide her tears.

This is one of the grimmest aspects of the terrible reality of life in a favela. It's something that the people who live there face every day of their lives. Often as I pass through the alleyways that wind like a labyrinth between wooden houses, I see written on the faces I come across, the word "hell". And if hell could be defined as a place into which you are locked never again to be able to get out, then surely this is it.

By some irony of fate, destiny or providence, this is the place I have found myself associated with for almost a quarter of a century now. I'm not trying for a minute to suggest that I know what that kind of hell is. Or that hell is all there is to a favela. On the contrary, I'll never know what it's like to experience the kind of hell that Adilson's mother described to me. Or the hell of living on US$80,00 a month. Or the hell of being born condemned to marginality because the colour of your skin is the wrong colour. Or the hell of rearing children as a single parent because the other one doesn't "exist", disappeared, or is in prison. Or the hell of trying to preserve children as young as eight from the drug culture. Or all the other hells that structural injustice and misery condemn so many people in this opulent land to.

On the other hand, of course, I have my own kind of hell. The traps and cul-de-sacs of my own life that are as enslaving as anything one could imagine in a favela. Except that at least I feel I have some access and means to do something about it. Whereas, the people of the favela have none.

So, what am I doing there? Pretending to be one of them? Pretending to comfort

them and cushion them from their misery? Satisfying and stroking my own ego? On a power trip amid the ruins of humanity where no one can really challenge me? Maybe a bit of all that, to be honest. And perhaps a bit more than all that.

What I would like to be about is somewhat different. Seeing ministry among them as the possibility of awakening in them, the power of their own "ministry". There is so much richness among them. Their compassion, their vitality, their amazing resistance in the face of so much oppression and death. Their legendary and irresistable hospitality. Their sharing of the bread of life. Their sense of triumph over adversity revealed in their capacity to celebrate in dance, song and festa. It is hard to be among them and not feel indebted, immensely. Without any false romanticism of "the poor can do no wrong" variety.

And that is what I feel. Immensely indebeted. The *favelas* have been a school where I have learned some lessons in what is ultimately important. Namely, friendship, the precedence of the heart over the head, simplicity, listening, and maybe above all, belonging. A sense of place, roots, community. Values that the globalised mania that now besets the world, is set on destroying.

Some practical expressions of all this potential have emerged down the years. Projects with children in the arts and crafts, theatre, music, dance, pottery, painting, literacy, capoeira, judo, information technology, circus, kindergarten, youth groups, groups of reflection on politics, religion, Bible studies, culture, history, economy, housing, employment, alternative health and medicine, waste recycling, cooperative housing projects, drugs awareness schemes, sewerage projects, womens groups, black consciousness groups.

In all of this, the main aim has been empowerment. Handing over. Becoming dispensable. Moving out of centre stage. Learning that joy is in being rather than possessing. Not an easy lesson. But, if one is lucky to have teachers like I have had, some lessons at least, can be learned. To the benefit of all.

The Language and Literature of the Irish in Argentina

Juan José Delaney

Abstract: *This is a brief account of what happened to the language of the Irish migrants who left their territory and established themselves in Argentina, the curious way they protected their identity by preserving the English language which was not their own, and how fluctuations of the Irish Language reflect the ups and downs of their slow integration into Argentine society. The second part refers to Literature. First in Irish-English and gradually in Spanish, the Irish and their descendants – William Bulfin, Kathleen Nevin, Benito Lynch and Rodolfo Walsh, among others – created a corpus of what can be called "Irish-Argentine Literature."*
An expanded Spanish version in book-format will be published in Buenos Aires next year.

The story of thousands of Irish people who had to leave their land on account of social and economic crises and because of the Great Famine (1845-1849), and therefore emigrated to England, United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand is well known. The same cannot be said of those who opted for a far-off country named Argentina. Formerly a Spanish colony, Argentina had much to offer: work, large areas of land and the Catholic religion. Language was the only serious obstacle: Spanish is the official language in Argentina and most of the population of Italian and Spanish ancestry.

In spite of this, nearly 350,000 Argentines now claim to be directly or indirectly linked with Ireland. So when Jorge Luis Borges said that Argentineans are nothing but exiled Europeans he was probably also thinking of those Irish immigrants.

How did they relate with other nationalities in the South American melting-pot? What happened to their language? What about their literature? These are the questions I shall now try to answer.

Although Irish names can be traced back to the Spanish colonisation period (16th century), the beginning of this story is to be found in the unsuccessful British invasions of 1806 and 1807, the first one commanded by the Irishman William Carr Beresford, and the second by John Whitelocke. After the defeat, Irish mercenary soldiers stayed on in what was called the Virreinato del Río de la Plata. Some of them translated their surnames: Queenfaith became Reynafé; Campbell, Campana and McGowan, Gaona, just to give a few examples. This gives one an idea of the Irish immigrants' attitude towards their adopted land.

By 1820 there was a reasonably important Irish community in Buenos Aires, and this was just the beginning of the process. Letters, *The Standard* newspaper propagating the great opportunities Argentina was offering to European immigrants, the Irish chaplains in Buenos Aires, and the Great Famine in Ireland did the rest. According to Korol and Sábato[1]

10,500/11,500 Irish people went down to Argentina (including those who took the wrong steamer, thinking they were going to the States). In brief, it is considered that, by 1890, about 75,000 Irish were living in Argentina, mostly in Buenos Aires and a few of them to the south of Santa Fe. These numbers should be considered carefully because at that time Irish and English people were all registered as being "British" without distinction.

Father Anthony Fahey (1804-1871), a Dominican, was the indisputable leader in the organisation of the Irish colonies in Buenos Aires and his role can be compared with that of Moses Hirsch in relation to the Jewish Community in the Argentine Republic. An apostle, organiser of the Irish chaplains, founder of important Irish-Argentine institutions, a hard-working labourer, a social adviser, and even a matchmaker, Father Fahey has been recognised as the true Patriarch of the Irish settlers in the Argentine Pampas. In his difficult work he was helped by a wealthy, insufficiently recognised Irish-Protestant called Thomas Armstrong, in whose house he lived.

> He persistently urged his people then residing in the city, to move out to the camp, where remunerative employments were easily obtained. The city was not the most suitable place for them. They were mostly from the central counties of Ireland, more accustomed to rural life than to their actual occupations.[2]

He was able to distinguish who could and who could not take advantage of the possibilities offered by the new country. By comparing the following two letters, quoted by James Ussher in his book on Father Fahey, it is possible to see how the Irish Patriarch dealt with people:

> 1. Would to God that Irish emigrants would come to this country, instead of the United States. Here they would feel at home; they would have plenty of employment, and experience a sympathy from the natives very different from what now drives too many of them from the States back to Ireland. There is not a finer country in the world for a poor man to come to, especially with a family. Vast plains lying idle for the want of hands to cultivate them, and where the government offers every protection and encouragement to the foreigner. (p. 57)
>
> 2. Should any young men of respectable connections ask you for letters to come out here, tell them from me it is a bad country unless they bring out some capital. Labourers and men of capital can do well, but no other class. The want of the Spanish language is a terrible drawback on all young men. (p. 58)

As usually happens with small communities in strange or adverse territories – I am thinking of the so-called "Gauchos Judíos,"[3] established in the Argentine Entre Ríos Province in 1899 – the Irish started working in isolation from the native residents and around the Catholic Church: they had their own chaplains, schools, clubs and libraries. Most of them worked as shepherds and sent their children to Irish-Argentine boarding schools or tried to manage with preceptors (Irish, American or British). The curious thing was that they preserved their unity by relying on the English language which, in fact, was not their original one.

They did not intermarry and they had a very low opinion of the "natives." Far from social activities, camp duties provided an essential solitude. Alcohol was an escape but the foundation of a family appeared as a natural and positive option. (By the way, it may be

argued that solitude, together with linguistic isolation has been determinant in the formation of a melancholic and usually pessimist literary expression). The family therefore became the first guardian of the Irish-English language and Irish culture. Gaelic words used to appear intermixed within their English-Irish speech, and the settlers' English was the variant they had spoken in Westmeath, Wicklow, Wexford, Cork, Longford and Tipperary. Later on they started incorporating not only Spanish words but expressions belonging to rural Argentine slang. Thus it was that the Irish contributed towards the constitution of that Spanish dialect which is the Argentine language. From another point of view it is clear that fluctuations of the Irish-English language reflect the ups and downs of their slow integration into Argentine society.

As time went by, people started to change. See this letter published by *The Hiberno Argentine Review* on 14 December1906:

> Among the Irish-Argentine community many parents there are, who get a school master to teach their children, or will send them to a school where they will receive all instructions in the English language, and probably learn the history and geography of Ireland; but they will not receive one single lesson in the National language, much less be instructed in the slightest degree in the history or geography of the land of their birth.
> This is a great mistake, a mistake which the child will regret in after years, and even may be the cause of its failure. For a proper education in the language and history of one's country will always be a help to satisfy our necessities, and very often is the cause of success in life. (...)
> It is not my intention in the foregoing to approve or disapprove of the actions of parents or of those who manage the institutions, but it is simply my desire to reiterate the opinions already sincerely expressed that the children are Argentines, and should therefore be educated principally in the language etc. of their country, and instil into their minds a holy love for the land of their birth, and secondly for that of their fathers and forefathers, for if they don't first learn to love their own country, much less will they love that of their parents, and therefore they will not be in heart either Argentine or Irish.
>
> A. McHana

The following is a list of texts commonly used in Irish-Argentine institutions up to the beginning of this century, a legacy that had much to do with the formation of more than one generation of Irish-Argentines: *Imitation of Christ, How to Converse with God, Voices from Purgatory, The Catholic Girl in the World, Life of St. Paul of the Cross, Life of Don Bosco, Life of St. Patrick, Royal Readers* (Christian Bros. School Books), poems by Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Moore, William Wordsworth, Oliver Goldsmith, and novels by Charles Dickens and William Thackeray. From the pulpit or from a horse, Catholic Priests were always controlling books and habits. The severe admonition published by *The Hiberno Argentine Review,* relating to the danger that certain readings implied is an example:

> His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Walsh
> Archbishop of Dublin
> On Objectionable Literature

> Infidel works and tracts, and inmoral (sic) poetry and romances, whick (sic) undermine faith, darken the understanding, and corrupt the heart, should be carefully excluded from Christian homes. Heads of families should prevent their children from reading newspapers or periodicals containing irreligious or immoral matter. (...)

The results of this, among those who were tempted by literature, were various although fundamentally similar. On theological questions, the following lines, taken from a reader's letter, reveal a common behaviour in relation to the so-called unquestionable dogmas:

> In your last issued appeared an article on «New Theology». Pardon me, Mr Editor, but I think it was too high for us camp people.
> Plunket's catechism is good enough for us. An Irish yarn, or camp story, to make us laugh on Sunday afternoon is what we like.[4]

In 1845 an Irish immigrant from Westmeath started keeping a Diary he gave up in 1864. Edited by Eduardo Coghlan in Spanish in 1981, *Andanzas de un irlandés en el campo porteño (The Customs and habits of the country of Buenos Aires from the year 1845 by John Brabazon, and his own adventures*) is not only the first important document on the struggles of the Irish trying to improve in the Argentine "camp" but a work of true literary value. In spite of spelling and construction mistakes and the translator's free version, Brabazon, an Irish-Protestant (a fact that Coghlan seems to ignore) gives a powerful account of his subject. Accurate descriptions and comic or tragic situations are wisely presented in an amusing narrative rhythm.

> (...) we went up to a boarding house that was kept by a man by the name of Michael Heavy where we were met by my brother and other friends from the old country. That night one of the young fellows invited me to the theatre, but brought me to a diferent (sic) place to a house of bad fame, were I was surounded (sic) by young ladys (sic); as my friends disapierd (sic) and left me alone without knowing the language, I began to get a little scared; and I gave them all the cash I posest (sic) not knowing what it was worth, as brother Tom changed the little money I brought out.

In spite of adversity, optimism pervades the whole book, even when the author refers to crime episodes. He changes when he alludes to that characteristic and despicable South American figure, the dictator. His writing actually coincided with the bloody dictatorship of Juan Manuel de Rosas (1835-1852). Although Irish camp people liked him because he defended them from the Indians, Brabazon appears surprised at the way the famous tyrant enslaved lives which were naturally free.

Brabazon's work concerns people of different social and cultural backgrounds. Thus he refers to moving episodes like the murder of his wife and sister-in-law, and to an *estancia* run by people of various nationalities: French, German, English and natives. He distinguishes "natives" from European immigrants but his memoir is not Manichean: drinkers, gamblers and ungrateful Irish are also shown in this book which can be considered a *Bildungsroman* in the sense that the "hero" searches for wealth and, at a deeper level, identity.

The author clearly refers to language difficulties but, being an optimist, he makes an effort. His papers are full of Spanish words not always properly written.
Curiously realistic and optimistic at the same time, the book proves that each of us has at least one story to tell: our own.

In 1861 Edward T. Mulhall (1832-1899) founded *The Standard,* the first English paper in South America. Mulhall was Irish but his newspaper was not devoted to the Irish Community; according to *The Hiberno-Argentine Review* it was "a splendid English commercial newspaper" (5 April 1907) and, indeed, you could find ads like this one:

> Wanted, at once, a young nursemaid of smart appearance who must either be English or speak English correctly, to look after child of one year. Irish nursemaids need not apply. Salary $60 per month. Apply at Calle Rivadavia 3391. (7 January 1912).

Due to their strong Irish accent, the Gaelic words threading through Irish-English, and the neologisms frequently employed by immigrants it was considered that theirs was not "pure English". (Many years later urban Irish-Argentines – mostly working in American or British companies – were only too well aware of this. That is why, in order to gain promotion at work, they accepted being called "ingleses.")

By way of example, it may be interesting at this point to examine some Irish-Argentine words, idioms and typical expressions adopted by the so-called Irish-Porteños;[5] although not exclusively coined by them, such phrases gave rise to what may be called *Irish-Porteño slang.*

a) Words:
1. "Nap": member of the Italian Community (abbreviation originating in 'Naples");
2. "Gushing": (from "Gush": talk with excessive enthusiasm) member of the Spanish Community;
3. "Turk": member of *any* Arabian community;
4. "Russian": referring to Jews of *any* origin;
5. "Camp": (from the Spanish word "campo"): countryside;
6. "Department": instead of "apartment" or "flat";
7. "Mopa": mope. Also: "mopazo" (augmentative);
8. "Grip": Flu;
9. "Buck": Young Indian or Negro;
10. "Bucktoes": according to William Bulfin, "(. . .) is the colloquial Irish-Argentine way of alluding to citizens of Gaucho Stock". (Bulfin: *Tales of the Pampas,* p. 217).

b) Idioms:
1. Interrogative form with a typical Argentine tip (vocative): "What, *che?* ";
2. Spanish words interpolated within English-Irish speech:
– "I'm afraid the food won't *alcanzar".* (Be enough);
– "He is not moving, for the *momento*" ("for the time being");
– "That book is no good. Throw it into the *basura".* (waste-bin);
– "Tickets for the *asado* (barbecue) can be obtained at. . ."
– "Love and kisses from Susie, for *Papa, Mama* and Charley. Mind yourself. *Chau"* (Bye). (From a family letter dated 23 March 1953);

– "(. . .) and if a mix were to take place before the lambs were *señalled* (stamped) there would be no telling what the consequence might be. (Bulfin, p. 231);
– «*Que (qué*/what a) man! (Bulfin, p. 245);
– "Don't be a fool and *aprovechar!* (take advantage of).

The following are Irish-English sentences with a Spanish structural basis:
– *"Give me with* Jane" (Instead of "Put me through to Jane");
– "How do you feel?";
– *"Well". (Fine)*;
– "Peter *got down* from the bus" (instead of *got off)*;
– "What happened to the old man?
Then I'll tell you (And not "I'll tell you *later")*;
– Adaptation of the Spanish way of ending sentences with the rhetorical question: no?: How do you do? It is a nice day, *no?* (Nevin: *You'll Never Go Back,* p. 123).

c) Spanglish: a rather funny combination of English and Spanish mostly used by Puerto-Ricans and sometimes by Argentine bilingual (Spanish-English) speakers:
– *Tipear*: to type.

d) Transferred errors:
– *Actually:* meaning "at present" (in Spanish you say *"actualmente");*
– *Suggestion:* meaning "insinuation" (in Spanish you say *"sugerencia").*

e) Gaelic words:
– *"Musha!"* (interjection) Sometimes meaning acceptance of a situation;
– *"Gossun"*: Originally not exactly Gaelic but French (garçon): boy.

Other weekly newspapers devoted to the Irish-Argentines were *The Hiberno Argentine Review*[6] absorbed by *The Argentine Review, Fianna* and *The Southern Cross.*
Founded in 1875 by Patrick Dillon, *The Southern Cross* was and still is the true paper of the Irish-Argentine people. Published initially in English, later on as a bilingual paper, it worked and works as a kind of a thermometer of the relations between the Irish descendants and the rest of the country.
At a time when it was still considered shameful to marry "natives," "naps" or "gushings," the social events section altered certain surnames to render them more acceptable:

Lamberti » Lambert
Ruiz » Rice

References to language fluctuations and Irish-Argentine customs are frequent in *The Southern Cross*:

> The Indians are coming!
> The Indians again. The savages have made an inroad by Pedernal near the Fortín Mercedes, as far as the estancia of Mr. Legarsa.
> A diligence with seventeen passengers narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the wild children of the Pampas. They have taken away a large number of mares

and horses. Commandeer Berrante has gone in pursuit. (15 April 1875).
Mrs Lucy M. de Carey, has returned to her home in Carmen de Areco, after leaving her children, Margie, Lucy and Tessie in St. Brigid's College. (6 July 1956).

A very touching ceremony was witnessed recently in Lugones 2068, when very Rev. Simon Histon, P.P. of St. Patrick's, Belgrano, assisted by Fr. Lancelot Carrol, consecrated to the Sacred Heart the home of Mrs Norah Dunne de Fussari. (6 July 1956).

Argentines and Irish

The Porteño daily Tribuna, on the occasion of publicising a Bazaar organized by the Ladies Irish Beneficent Society, after giving details of the forthcoming event, goes on to say:

"The Irish, from the day they step upon the molehead, by their industry, integrity and affable manners, cause themselves to be respected and beloved. The Irishman does not come amongst us to grasp at whatever is within his reach, and, having gained it, take the next steamer back to his native land.
No; the Irishman settles down for life, buys a comfortable home, marries, brings his children up in the country and lives and dies in the land of his adoption. It is a rare occurrence to see a rich Irishman leave the country. (. . .) (9 September 1875).

(Compare the above text from the *Tribuna* with these bitter, anonymous lines, from an oral refrain:

This is my last Hesperidina[7]
And thanks God my last propina[8]
To hell with Argentina
I shall never come back again!)

About Modern Ballroom Dances

(Complaining about what another reader had written about the tango:

(. . .) Referring to the "tango" there are several ways of dancing it. The modern tango, when danced without "corte" or exaggeration by decent ladies and gentlemen in respectable Irish Argentine circles is far different from what was danced by the half naked savages years ago. I am positive that the "tango" of today has neither a step nor figure that bears resemblance to the old "criollo" dance; all that it has to connect it with the savages is the name.
A.M.M. tells us where the "tango" originated, and the course it followed, down to the present day; but he does not say a word about the changes it underwent since its origin. He gives the shocking impression that it is danced today in all saloons, exactly as it was danced by the Indians long ago. (. . .)
Yours sincerely,
Hannah
(21 January 1921)

It should be remembered that there is a strong connection between the tango and the immigration process. This popular "Porteño" music is recognised for having been able to express the immigrant's solitude and melancholy. One of the most famous Argentine tangos – *"¡Cómo se pianta la vida!" (The way life flies!)* – was written by an Irish-Argentine, Miguel Rice Treacy, whose pen name was Carlos Viván.

The Southern Cross usually accepted spontaneous literary contributions and most of them are more relevant to socio-linguistic studies rather than as literature. Picked at random, the short story entitled "Jim Kelly's Rancho. A Christmas Camp Story," written by a mysterious P.J.R., and published on 25 January 1935 (p.3) is a good example of what happened to the Irish-English language:

> When Jim Kelly arrived from the old country he went straight to the camp and took up sheep farming with one of his well-to-do countrymen, who gave him a flock of sheep on interest. Jim worked for a number of years as third owner, and then struck out on his own; rented one hundred squares of camp, built a rancho for himself and was very successful as a sheep farmer. Being kind-hearted and of a jovial disposition, he always had a few of his countrymen hanging around at this rancho. These were mostly roving blades, generally known as "knockabouts." (. . .)
>
> Kelly kept a peon,[9] an Irish-Argentine, by the name of Dalton, who did all the general work about the place; but cooking was not in his line. (. . .)

Dialogues are full of rural Spanish words such as: "puchero," "pulpería," "mate,"[10] and so on.

William Bulfin, born in Offaly in 1862, was the third editor of *The Southern Cross* and at the beginning of the century he published *Tales of the Pampas,* a singular collection of short stories related to the Irish-Argentine people working in the "camp."[11] Bulfin reproduces the Irish-Porteño way of speaking, which results in a comic mixture of English, Gaelic and Spanish. *His stories show that the Irish were doing with language what they had already done with their lives, namely they were trying to adapt it to their new situation.* In *Tales of the Pampas* we meet "gauchos," scamps, matchmakers, "cheenas"[12] and deserters like sailor John, "A Bad Character" who "was a knockabout, or camp *atorrante*"[13] (. . .) sleeping wherever he falls, and invariably making trouble around the *pulperías."*

We may also be surprised by curious conversations:

> I was talking with Francisco about the weather, and the price of hides, and one thing or another, when ould Domingo came in – he that lives over beyant by Johnny Leyden's wirin.
> "'Good mornin", gintlemin," sez he in Spanish, "how goes it, Miguel?" sez he to me.
> "'Purty well," sez I. "Have you any news?" sez I.
> "'No," sez he, "nothin sthrange, Miguel," sez he. I asked him to have a tot, and while the Gallego[14] was fillin' it out for him, what do you think, he doesn't up and ask if the sailor was around the place. (From "A Bad Character," pp.20-21)
>
> But, Mike, they sent me out with Castro. It wasn't my fault to go.
> (. . .) If you're always stuck with the natives behind the galpon[15] instead of attendin'

> to your good name, you'll be sent with them, and you'll get into their ways, and the day'll come when the dickens a decent man in the country will have anything to say or do with you.
> Mike was as good as gold, and meant well by me. But he failed to convince me. (From "Campeando," pp.164-165).

"The Course of True Love," the last story in the collection, distills the essence of the Irish experience in Argentina:

> Spanish phrases and idioms have inflected the English which they habitually use; but the brogue of Leinster and Munster has remained intact. Spanish and Creole customs have, in a greater or less degree, insensibly woven themselves into their life; but they are unwilling to admit this, and their struggle to preserve the traditions of the motherland is constant and earnest. (p.207).

This is only the beginning of a love story built up by a matchmaker:

> Stay at home, every one ov yez," he said, directing his command to Boxer, the senior dog; "stay at home now and mind your business. The flock'll be home at sundown, and mind yez don't go out on the rodeo[16] to prevint thim from lyin'down. I'm going over to Joe Hagan's to give him a hand to coort that garrahalya[17] he's afther, and I won't be back until late." (pp.208-209).

The girl is Julia Dooley and Brady advises Hagan:

> Don't be goin' gabblin án' makin an oncha[18] of yourself whin we go over to Dooley's. (p.211).

But he is betrayed by his own excitement:

> Tom and me came to ax yez for Julia. I have the house ready beyant, and I can go and see the priest any day (. . .) If yez give her to me, well and good; ef not, thez as good fish in say as ever was – I mane – no, I don't mane that – I mane that I want the girl – as I was tellin' Tom – and he sez to me – about it – "If it comes to that," sez he, and I say the same – "I don't care the bark of a dog whether I get the girl or not!" (p.225).

The ending is a happy one; but this time what matters is the conjunction of different voices, the re-creation of a transplanted world aiming to establish its roots in a new land. Benito Lynch, a descendant of Patrick Lynch, Lord of Lydicam, Galway, who appeared in Buenos Aires in the 18th century, wrote short stories and novels, one of them considered a classic of Argentine literature.

Although written in a flat, sometimes awkward, style, *El inglés de los güesos*[19] is a powerful story of love and the difficulty of communication, of solitude and tragedy. It also reflects the writer's love for the country, its gauchos and typical way of life.

An Englishman, Mr James, and a young native, Balbina, nicknamed "La negra,"[20] are the principal characters and, in spite of the fact that they are able to overcome the barri-

ers of language, this does not appear to be enough. Lynch imitates the way English people try to speak Spanish. Even when the resemblance is not always accurate, the parody works. In any case the writer takes advantage of the dramatic possibilities of the situation by creating moving and powerful dialogue.

Kathleen Nevin published a novel called *You'll Never Go Back*;[21] in Boston in 1946, in which she gives an account of her mother's experience as an Irish immigrant in Argentina. The story includes a country or "camp" episode but it may be considered an urban novel since the principal characters are young girls who used to stay in town working as nursemaids, governesses or teachers until they married some wealthy compatriot who would then take them back to the camp.

The title refers to what they had gone for:

> . . . just make some money as quickly as possible and go back and be independent. (p. 26)

Most of them never went back and Nevin tells the initial story of a group of immigrants. The main difference between Nevin's writing and that of Brabazon and Bulfin concerns Nevin's attitude towards the "criollos":[22] from the very beginning her characters are surprised and even scandalised at the natives' behaviour.

Narrated in the first person, the writer repeats what the Captain said to her as soon as they left Liverpool:

> Now and then he protected me, and warned me against some dreadful men in Buenos Aires whom he called "the natives". He said they would be apt to fall in love with my fair hair and my Irish eyes, but I must on no account pay heed to them, because they were tough customers and low curs. (p. 12).

The fact is that it took the Irish-Argentines nearly two generations to start intermarrying. Nevin's report specifies that

> (. . .) the native was a poor specimen, physically and morally, and that there was no hope for the country because it was not a British Colony. (p. 13).

These opinions are confirmed when the protagonist stops at a boarding house run by an old Irish lady:

> (. . .) Life in this country has many snares and pitfalls; and the native, my dears, is not to be trusted. My first and last word to you must ever be: Beware of the native!
> I interrupted next, hoping that some light would be thrown on this mysterious subject.
> But what's the matter with the natives, Miss Brady? What do they do?
> You will understand in time, my dear child. Meanwhile the less you have to do with them, the better. My house, it gratifies me to say, is occupied exclusively by our own people! (p. 22).

This is a leitmotif in the book and no effort is made to understand the native. In addition, the storyteller marries a countryman and none of the rest have much to do with the

"criollos." Nevin here differs from Brabazon and Bulfin, who do not consider natives a problem nor Argentina "a queer country" (page 27). But, just as Bulfin does, Nevin quotes the Irish-Argentine language in its anomalous voices:

> Take the "basura"[23] out of that and not be stinking up the whole place. (p. 24)
> Come to the sala[24] at once, please. (p. 33)
> (. . .) but I didn't know anything about ponchos[25] at that time. (p. 36).
> "I'll thank ya," she said, "not to be wastin' yer time nor soilin yer mind wid thrash while y'are in my sight" (. . .). (pp. 54-55).

Referring to a native woman who apparently fooled an Irishman, obliging him to marry her, we read:

> She's a cheena woman (. . .) with three children (God forgive him), one blacker than the other. (p. 135)

Notwithstanding constant allusions to the need to get rich quick, to dangerous natives and to Argentina as a strange and queer country, an optimistic view supported by the Catholic Chaplain (the only true authority), prevails in a sometimes superficially comic atmosphere and, in the end, the writer appears grateful to the country that welcomed her and her people.

In 1947, the year after *You'll Never Go Back* was published, a very young and gifted poetess published her first book of poems. Famous for the songs and stories she wrote for children, María Elena Walsh is a descendant of those who arrived with the 1880s immigration process: Irish, British and Spanish blood run in her veins, as we can see in the beautiful lines she created when trying to explain what Buenos Aires is:

> Es un chico que piensa en inglés
> y una vieja nostalgia en gallego.[26]
> (from "Vals Municipal"[27])

In 1990 she published a "memoir," *Novios de antaño* ("Old Fashioned Sweethearts"). The last section – "Grandmother Agnes" – consists of a collection of family letters related to the life of Irish and British immigrants in Buenos Aires, during the eighties, the same period covered by Nevin in her novel, from which we discover hitherto unknown aspects of the process. Agnes reports that many newly wealthy Irish shepherds behaved like aristocrats and felt free to exploit their compatriots. She also says that, being a Protestant, it was not easy to overcome difficulties caused by her determination to marry a Roman Catholic. Alcohol, she assures us, is a damnation for the Irish and British. *The Standard* and *The Southern Cross* seem to have been the principal sources of consolation for this poor immigrant.

María Elena Walsh writes graceful and limpid Spanish, rich in original resources and techniques, as does her unrelated namesake Rodolfo Walsh (1927-77). An innovator in journalistic techniques – his *Operación Masacre* ("Massacre Operation"), published in 1957, nine years before Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood,* is considered to be the first non-fiction novel –, a playwright and an excellent short-story writer, Walsh published four tales based on his experience as a pupil in an Irish-Argentine boarding school: "Irlandeses detrás de un gato" ("Irish chasing a Cat"), "Los oficios terrestres" ("Terrestrial Occupations"), "Un oscuro día de justicia" ("A Dark Day of Justice") and "El 37" ("The 37"). In these stories school is

nothing but a microcosm of society. Walsh is ironic, critical and, ultimately, political, towards the Catholic Church (seen as a symbol of Power). Life is equated with suffering and, by using the language of the transgressor, he offers a profound view of solitude, injustice and pain.

In "El 37" he assures us that, in the two Irish schools in which he was a boarder, he was able to discover that there was amongst his fellow pupils a compulsion for seeking prestige, courage and strength. In the same story we are moved by an evocative portrait of his father, an emblem of (anonymous) defeated Irish immigrants:

> It was Sunday when our father paid us a visit. We were allowed to go to the garden and sit on the grass. He opened a package and produced a piece of bread and salami which he shared with us. I felt he was hungry and that it was not just one day's hunger. He spoke of football, Moreno, Labruna, Pedernera: both of us were fans of River Plate Club. I am not sure, but perhaps he spoke of politics. He was a radical.[28] The first bad word I learnt at home was uriburu.[29] Later on, fresco, pinedo, justo.[30] I believe that, in a way, I identified these names with the daily plate of semolina. We were happy for a while, although I saw him sad, anxious to hear that we were having a nice time. And, indeed, we were really having fun. Afterwards I learnt what they were going through. In fact he was smashed, unemployed.[31]

A promising writer, in 1977 Rudy Walsh – who wrote that memory is the only true cemetery – became a "desaparecido," another victim of the 1976 military dictatorship.
A scholar and a former professor at Harvard University, Enrique Anderson Imbert belongs to a previous generation. Far from the concerns of immigration, his account of the Irish in Buenos Aires has an aesthetic purpose: the stories he wrote about the Irish-Argentines are characterised by the fantastic. The plot of "Mi prima May" ("My Cousin May") deals with a mysterious leprechaun; in "Patricio O'Hara, el libertador" ("Patrick O'Hara, the Liberator"), he compares Celtic mythology with that of Argentina, and in "Mi hermana Rita" ("My Sister Rita") he utilises Irish folklore to create a wonderful new tale. Anderson's writing represents the inevitable disappearance of the Irish-Argentines as a isolated community, and their communion with that curious and rich miscellany which is Argentine culture.

Other Argentine writers of Irish extraction are: Bernardo Carey, a short-story writer and a well-known playwright; Eduardo Carroll, poet and novelist; Alfredo Casey, poet, playwright and a translator of Pádraic Pearse; Eduardo Cormick, who was presented with a Prize from the Fondo Nacional de las Artes for a novel on Admiral William Brown, founder of the Argentine National Army; Teresa Deane Reddy, a writer involved with vernacular subjects; Guillermo Furlong, a Jesuit and historian who studied neglected aspects of Argentina's cultural history like the life of Thomas Fields, one of the first Irishmen ever to step foot in South America; Patricio Gannon, traveller and lecturer who reported his meetings with T.S. Eliot, Max Beerbohm, Pío Baroja and Bertrand Russell; Luis Francisco Houlin, a poet; Esteban Moore, poet and translator; Luis Alberto Murray, poet and essayist; Pacho O'Donnell, playwright and writer, and Ana O'Neill, a mystery writer.

This brief survey leads us to certain conclusions:

a) language was the main handicap in preventing the Irish from integrating quickly into Argentine society;

b) in order to organise themselves and maintain their unity the Irish tried to preserve the English language which, in fact, was not their own. Consequently, Gaelic played an insignificant role in the process;

c) a parallel in the fluctuations of the Irish-English language can be found in people's slow integration. This is clearly revealed by the regular literary works published by *The Hiberno-Argentine Review, Fianna, The Argentine Review* and *The Southern Cross*;
d) first in Irish-English and later on in Spanish, the Irish and their descendants created a *corpus* of what may be described as Irish-Argentine Literature, which has been largely disregarded by Argentine and Irish scholars alike;
e) most members of the Irish-Argentine community are now fully bilingual. For descendants of the original Irish settlers English became a second language, and their writers have been concerned with the ups and downs of the South American country to which their forebears emigrated, a country which is still seeking its own identity.

Notes and Works Cited

1. Korol, Juan Carlos and Sabato Hilda: *Cómo fue la inmigración irlandesa en Argentina.* Buenos Aires, Plus Ultra, 1981, p. 48.
2. Ussher, James M.: *Father Fahy,* Buenos Aires, 1951, p. 49.
3. "Jewish Gauchos". "Gaucho": Pampas man *(Appleton's New Cuyás Dictionary).*
4. *The Hiberno Argentine Review.* 19 April 1907, p.9.
5. "Porteño(s)": of or pertaining to Buenos Aires or Puerto de Santa María (Appleton's).
6. On January 25th, 1907, a literary competition, subject to certain conditions, was announced by this magazine: "*1st. Competitors must write in English or Irish and be born in Argentina. (. . .) 5th. Competitors must select from among the following subjects: 1st. Past, Present and Future of the Irish in Argentine Community. 2nd. Father Fahy and his work. 3rd. Admiral Brown. 4th. Robert Emmet. 5th. Woman Suffrage. 6th. The coming Pilgrimage to Luján.*"
7. Argentine liquor made from oranges. Patented in 1864 by M. S. Bagley.
8. Bribe.
9. A servant boy or hired man (Bulfin).
10. "Puchero": typical Creole stew; "mate": South American tea. *It's matty," Eliza explained, "made like tea. You suck it. Laws don't look at it like that, Miss Connolly!* (Nevin, page 28); "pulpería": a country shop or store, a shebeen. (Bulfin).
11. In 1910 Alberto Gerchunoff, a Jewish immigrant from Oriental Europe, published *Los gauchos judíos,* an account of the Jewish Immigrants in Argentina. In intention and conception, both works are alike.
12. Anglicised version of the rural word "china," which means "young Creole girl,"
13. Scamp.
14. Gushing. Properly an inhabitant of the Spanish Galicia County.
15. Shed.
16. Rodeo: "A bare and trampled space in front of a corral where sheep are allowed to stand before being shut in. *Rodeo* also means the place where cattle are rounded up. (Bulfin).
17. (Gaelic). Colleen, young woman, girl.
18. (Gaelic). Female fool.
19. A near translation to this untranslatable title may be: "The British Paleontogist".
20. The Black One.
21. NEVIN, Kathleen: "You'll Never Go Back". Boston, Bruce Humphries, Inc., 1946, 226 pages.
22. Creoles
23. Rubbish
24. Hall
25. (. . .) "a kind of cloak or shawl with a hole in the center for the head to go through (. . .). (Bulfin).
26. "It is a boy who thinks in English / And old Spanish nostalgia".
27. *"Municipal Waltz"*
28. Argentine political party, representative of popular and immigrant interests.
29. José Félix Uriburu. Head of the 1930 military coup, inaugurator of Argentina's lengthy and disgraceful period of alternating democratic andl military governments.
30. Note that sportsmen's surnames are written, as usual, with capital initial letters, while those referring to politicians and the military are not.
31. *Caras y caretas,* Number 2210, May 1984, page 7.

Book Reviews

Contemporary Irish Novels

Rüdiger Imhof

Edna O'Brien, *Wild Decembers*. London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1999; 247pp., £ 16.99, ISBN 0-297-64576-5.

Roddy Doyle, *A Star Called Henry*. London: Cape, 1999; 344pp.; £ 16.99; ISBN 224-06019-8.

Wild Decembers concludes what is apparently intended as the author's latter-day Ireland trilogy, the series also including the preceding two novels, *House of Splendid Isolation* and *Down by the River*, and representing a rather idiosyncratic stock-taking of the state of affairs in O'Brien's native country during the second half of the twentieth century. We are in Cloontha, "*a locality within the bending of an arm*", where fields "*mean more than fields, more than life and more than death too*" (p. 2). It is difficult to place the events in a particular time, for the author takes no trouble to authenticate the period. Girls wear platform shoes and talk of hot pants, and one character owns a mobile phone. Most anachronistic of all, everyone in Cloontha is obsessed with sex. The women talk openly about it and speculate about the romantic entanglements of their friends and acquaintances. Two sisters, called Reena and Reeta, run a kind of brothel from their tiny cottage. O'Brien may deliberately have obscured time in this love-hate story, which - according to the blurb -"explores the depth and darkness at the root of all possession", in order to imbue her narrative "with the permanence of myth".[1] Nevertheless, the averred mythical quality of the incidents in *Wild Decembers* remains contestable and, this apart, the atmosphere in the novel is that of the mid-Sixties, middle Ireland mid-Sixties: cattle markets, dinner dances in the local town, and life on the land.

Joseph Brennan has a smallholding on the side of a mountain and a beautiful, shy, passionate twenty-two-year-old sister, Breege, who cooks for him, keeps the house and feeds the chickens. Enter upon the scene tall, dark and handsome Michael Bugler, returned from life on an Australian sheep station to claim his inheritance of the land adjoining the Brennans'. With him comes "the first tractor on the mountain and its arrival would be remembered and related; the day, the hour of evening and the way crows circled above it, blackening the sky, fringed, soundless, auguring" (p. 3). Joseph and Michael get on reasonably well at first, but before too long old family feuds are reignited:

> The families, though distantly related, had feuds that went back hundreds of years and by now had hardened into a dour sullenness. The wrong Joseph most liked to relate was of a Bugler ancestor, a Henry, trying to grab a corner of a field which abutted onto theirs and their uncle Paddy impaling him on a road and putting a gun to his head. (p. 4)

Bugler is engaged to be married to one Rosemary, who is still in Australia waiting for the moment when he finishes their house. After Rosmary's arrival in Cloontha, Breege, who is in love with Bugler and has spent one passionate night with him ("'For one night I

knew I had found happiness'" (p. 216), she later confesses to someone), is momentarily unbalanced and has to spend some time in a mental home. But Breege's situation notwithstanding, a fierce legal tangle ensues between her brother and Bugler. Letters are sent flying back and forth between the lawyers of the two parties. A bona fide right to go up and down a corridor of the mountain held by one of Bugler's ancestors, a certain D'Arby Bugler, who had lost the right to that part of the mountain to Joseph's grandfather, is declared null and void. Finally, Joseph becomes a man possessed by irrationality and with a craziness in his eyes, as one acquaintance puts it (p. 220). And so he shoots Bugler dead, winding up in Mountjoy Prison. Breege, bearing Bugler's child, can see the lights in the windows of Bugler's house each evening, and she knows that Rosemary is within, and she finds herself wondering "if the old wars are brewing again and will they, as women, be called on to fight the insatiate fight in the name of honour and land and kindred and blood" and hoping that there "is communion between living and dead, between those, who even in their most stranded selves are on the side of life and harbingers of love" (p. 244).

There is some experimenting with point-of-view: whereas most chapters are rendered from an objective, quasi-omniscient angle, some feature a first-person stance offering Breege's voice, presumably in an effort to invest the narrative with a personal note of some emotional depth expressive of love and devotion, a note that is pitted against the all-prevailing hatred and resentment which trigger off the behaviour of Bugler and, in particular, Joseph Brennan. Nothing, it seems, has changed in Cloontha in the course of hundreds of years. This is made apparent for instance through the alternate use of the past tense and the present tense: "the wrongs of years and the recent wrongs all lumped together" (p. 66). Feuds over land are still fought; deadly hatred still quenches all love; the meek are still those who suffer the most. Yet, if *Wild Decembers* is really meant as a state-of-the-nation novel, then the account lacks some credibility on account of some of its characters, for example the spiteful Crock and the two sisters, Reena and Reeta, who could be straight out of a Somerville&Ross story involving an Irish R.M. and are damagingly reminiscent of stage-Irishry.

The title of the novel is taken from the third stanza of Emily Jane Brontë's poem "Remembrance", the appropriate part of which O'Brien quotes at the outset - incorrectly as some commas and a colon are missing. The stanza reads:

> Cold in the earth - and fifteen wild Decembers,
> From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
> Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
> After such years of change and suffering![2]

The poem has some bearing on the narrative, in particular on Breege's predicament. In it, the lyrical 'I' bemoans her "only Love", who has been cold in the earth for fifteen wild Decembers, asking herself whether she has "forgot [...] to love thee, /Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave". She goes on to plead:

> Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
> While the world's tide is bearing me along;
> Other desires and other hopes beset me,
> Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

After all, she admits that

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

It was only when "Despair was powerless to destroy" that she learned "how existence could be cherished,/ Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy", and she resolved to "check the tears of useless passion" and to wean her "young soul from yearning after thine". For she became aware that she could never "seek the empty world again" if she dared to let her young soul languish and "indulge in memory's rapturous pain". The lines do indeed fittingly sum up Breege's situation at the close of *Wild Decembers*.

The cover design of Roddy Doyle's latest novel to date, *A Star Called Henry,* may serve to deconstruct the marketing design that the publisher has thought fit to deploy presumably on account of Doyle's enormous sales figures. The author's name is printed on the dust-jacket in bold red letters over one inch high, whereas the book's title is given in slim white letters barely a quarter of an inch tall. This must be taken to mean that a potential buyer is intended to go for the book not because it is by Roddy Doyle *and* a new narrative offering, in which case the title should have been represented in a manner more akin to that of the author's name, but first and foremost because it is by Roddy Doyle and never mind its contents. Perhaps this is as it should be, for *A Star Called Henry* is, in the final analysis, an execrably bad novel. In his review for *The Irish Times*,[3] Carlo Gébler opined: "this really is a masterpiece" - a silly hype, no more, which above everything else appears to suggest that Gébler would not know a masterpiece if one stood up and hit him in the face.

What is Doyle up to in *A Star Called Henry*? He has written an historical novel about the Irish Republic's first twenty-two years in the twentieth century, reviewing, in particular, the politico-historical events during the Easter Rising, the War of Independence and the founding of the Free State and pointing out, for instance, that the Volunteers in the G.P.O. were a bunch of rosary-clutching gobshites:

Some of the Volunteers had their beads out and were down on their knees, humming the rosary. [...] Like a come-all-ye, the prayer was taken up by other men [...], down on their socialist knees. I took my eyes from the street for a few seconds and watched Connolly across the hall, grinding his teeth; I could almost hear them crumbling above the rosary drone. Pearse was in a corner, on a high stool, his head in a notebook; he was mumbling as well. Collins, to be fair to him, looked ready to go in among them and kick them back to earth.[4]

The leaders, such as Pearse (with "arms [that] had no more muscle than his poetry", p. 124), Collins ("[Collins] loved his horseplay. As long as he was the horse.", p. 198), de Valera and others were no more than Catholic capitalists ("- Catholic and capitalist, Henry. It's an appalling combination", p. 116). In short, the Irish Fight for Freedom only replaced one exploitative government with another that turned out to be no less exploitative without any interest whatsoever in the poor and socially underprivileged, who before and after the Big Historical Change got it equally squarely in the neck himself. Thus Doyle has, bravely enough, written a chapter of revisionist Irish history, for which act he has got it, and will continue to get it, in the neck. This is of course deplorably unfair, but must be expected if someone debunks the political and historical holy of holies of any given country as a mere myth. In all fairness, though, Doyle should not be excoriated for having a snipe at the hallowed founding-fathers of the Irish Republic, but rather for the manner in which he has

gone about the business. *A Star Called Henry* is a bad novel principally because Doyle's iconoclastic act of revisionism in the end fails to work and that is due to the flawed manner in which its protagonist, Henry Smart (*nomen est omen*), and by extension Doyle himself, has rendered his story.

But first, what of that story? The novel is divided into four parts. Part I deals with Henry Smart's childhood. Born into the Dublin slums of 1901, Henry is the son of a one-legged bouncer-cum-jobbing-hitman, who worked at Dolly Oblong's brothel and also settled scores for her partner, the mysterious Alfie Gandon, obligingly bumping off Gandon's enemies, preferably with a clout from his wooden leg, and getting rid of the bodies piece by piece in the rivers, streams and canals of Dublin environs. His mother, Melody, married at sixteen, after having walked into her future husband, causing him, being utterly stocious with drink and holding himself up on a number seven shovel because he was missing his wooden leg, to fall to the ground. She helped him get up and hobble along, and soon enough the two of them wound up before a priest to be married. Melody succumbed to consumption and alcoholism by her early twenties. When Henry was five, she became too sick to look after her children, and Henry took to the streets together with his eighteen-month-old brother Victor, shouting "Fuck off" at King Edward V when he was parading the city in July 1907. For three years, the two boys lived under boxes, in hallways and on wasteland:

I had Victor, my father's leg and nothing else. I was bright but illiterate, strapping but always sick. I was handsome and filthy and bursting out of my rags. And I was surviving. (p. 70)

Henry eked out a living by turning his hand to everything from ordinary thieving to rat-catching and mutilating cattle to order. On the day of George V's coronation, little Victor died, and Doyle has him expire in a way worthy of a Victorian weepie.

Cut to Easter 1916 and Part II, which focuses on certain events during the Rising. Henry is now fourteen and wearing the uniform of the Irish Citizen Army. The incidents highlighted confirm the view that much, if not all, that happened was of the Keystone Cops variety, such as when Henry remarks:

We marched out across Sackville Street [now of course O'Connell Street]. Behind me, the horses pulled two lorries, full of our pickaxes, crowbars, sledges - weapons for the working men's war: Connolly's idea of urban warfare was tunnelling, knocking down walls, advance and retreat without having to go out into the rain - our few extra rifles and pistols, boxes of cartridges, bayonets, hatchets, cleavers. We marched straight across the wide street and felt the power as we stopped the trams and cars and people gaped and wondered. There were British officers outside the Metropole Hotel. They were used to marching Paddies. They laughed and one or two of them waved. (p. 94)

What is actually told of the occurrences during the Easter Rising amounts to pretty little if assessed within the context of an historical novel: the confusion inside the G.P.O. and the mayhem on the street outside (looting, real fireworks set off by kids who had broken into Lawrence's toy and sports bazaar, the shawlies' attack, Lewis and Vickers and Maxim guns that kept going at the G.P.O., the eventual escape from the G.P.O. into Henry Street via a building backing onto it, the unconditional surrender, the killing of a few rebels, Henry's get-away through a manhole and some waterways under Dublin, and, not to be forgotten, Henry's copulating with his former teacher Miss O'Shea, whom he subsequently married and whose first name he — and the reader — never learns:

I was falling onto my back when it happened. I'd been pushed on top of a high bed made of blocks of stamps, sheets and sheets of the things, columns of them, sticky side up.

I was stuck there with my britches nuzzling my ankles as miss O'Shea grabbed my knees and climbed on top of me. (p. 119)

Generally speaking, the description of the events inside and outside the G.P.O. is somewhat chaotic, lacking a discernible *raison d'être*. At best, it might be said that, yes, this is exactly what they were - chaotic. And yet, one must be forgiven for suspecting that Doyle has it not in him to offer more. One side-effect of this kind of narrative procedure is that a strain is put on the reader in his efforts to concretise what is told in his imagination.

Henry finds himself in the General Post Office along with a collection of largely middle-class revolutionaries. He is convinced he is fighting to avenge the wrongs suffered by his family and his class and to create a glorious new world. But he is forced to realise that the Volunteers and most of the revolutionaries are Catholic, Anglophobic, stupid and petite bourgeois ("We were fighting a class war. We weren't in the same battle at all as the rest of the rebels", p. 107). They abhor the looters out on Sackville Street and they detest the shawlies who beat a path to the G.P.O. door in search of the pensions of their men folk, who are on the Western front. The Volunteers ("the poets and farmboys, the fuckin' shopkeepers", p. 103), who cannot understand how poverty determines behaviour, see these women and their men as pro-British traitors:[5]

The women weren't giving up. I could see some of them, climbing over their friends to get at the door. A bunch of shawlies they were, all shapes and ages under their black hoods; they'd come down from Summerhill and I knew why. They were here to collect their allowances. Their men were over in France, or dead under the muck. And the shawlies wanted their money. (p. 101)

In Part III, Henry goes underground and comes to live with Piano Annie, who was one of the shawlies. He becomes a docker, working under a fat dwarf as stevedore who is in the habit of fornicating with the wives of all the men he presides over. Henry is made to shovel coal and phosphorite. His Granny, who miraculously acquired the ability to read at Henry's birth, has meanwhile progressed to *Don Quixote* and *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* (p. 162). One of Henry's overriding interests is to find out who Alfie Gandon is, for whom Henry's father killed off a number of men. One day Henry bumps into Jack Dalton, who will later become an influential member of the government of the Free State. Dalton tells him of the revolutionary plans for the New Ireland. But Henry senses that from his own point of view there is a good deal amiss about these plans:

[...] it struck me even then [...] that his Ireland was a very small place. Vast chunks of it didn't fit his bill; he had grudges stored up against the inhabitants of most of the counties. His republic was going to be a few blameless pockets, connected to the capital by vast bridges of his own design. (p. 171)

Still, Henry finds himself ready to die for Ireland again, but now it is a version of Ireland "that [has] little or nothing to do with the Ireland I'd gone out to die for the last time" (p. 171). He becomes a Volunteer, joining the First Battalion, F Company. It is the time of Michael Collins, and before he can bat an eyelid Henry is sworn into the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, and he goes to stay in the Irish Midlands, training IRA volunteers in Rusg, in the course of which activity he meets Miss O'Shea and in September 1919 they marry, and together they conduct a kind of Bonnie-and-Clyde terror campaign, setting the Midlands ablaze in the name of Irish freedom. He is next made one of Collins's Twelve Apostles and stiffs dozens of spies for his boss (none of them real spies, it turns out, just men with minds of their own whom the Republican Movement could not tolerate.)[6]

In Part IV, Henry is in Kilmainham Gaol. But he manages to escape with the help of

Miss O'Shea. It is now the period of "executions and counter-executions, reprisals and counter-reprisals" (p. 310), and for much of the time Henry and his wife are on the run. One day, he encounters a rebel leader called Ivan, whom Henry himself had trained in the Midlands. Ivan is quite an influential man now, and he, without so much as by your leave, tells Henry to call off his wife, who through her campaigns is ruining his business by "interfering with free trade" (p. 316):

> Nobody works without the nod from Ivan. A sweet doesn't get sucked without a good coating of the profit ending up on Ivan's tongue. I'm a roaring success, boy. (p. 315)

And when Ivan remarks: "I'll be ready to lead my people into a new Ireland", Henry counters: "- And it'll be very like the old one" (p. 315). A short while later, Henry is shown his very own death warrant by another of his former revolutionary cronies, and after crossing "Ireland in the groundwater" (p. 328) for months and after having been able to see his daughter, somewhat oddly named Freedom ("Saoirse"), Henry, now aged twenty, flees to Liverpool.

The picture that emerges of the Irish Fight for Freedom during the first two decades of the twentieth century, as of the Free State, is none to complimentary, to say the least. The members of the R.I.C. and the G-Division as well as the soldiers, the Black and Tans and the Auxiliaries were not the monsters of Republican lore. They were just hard-nosed men who did a job and they did their job well. The founding fathers of the Republic had no vision and no genuine commitment to improving the lot of the Irish people. The glorious uprising, with its hundreds of dead people, achieved nothing more than the transfer of power to a questionable group of men who founded parties with Gaelic names that have milked the common men ever since.[7] Henry Smart takes part in some of the key events in Irish national history, but being a member of the underprivileged class he comes to the awareness that he has never been a true part of that history. In Doyle's hands, the grand patriotic narrative is tainted with a sharp sense of human frailty. Smart's sympathies lie unequivocally with his own social class. He is a disciple of James Connolly and a soldier in the socialist revolutionary Irish Citizen Army. In the end, though, he is compelled to admit that Irish socialism was interred with Connolly's bones and that the subsequent leaders had not the faintest interest in social justice or people like him. Under the cloak of Irish national liberation, the main concern of most of the influential revolutionaries did not extend much beyond merely changing the personnel in Dublin Castle, beyond painting the pillar boxes green and ensuring the continued sanctity of private property rights. The Irish revolution, as depicted here, is far too true to be good. It is shown riven with petty jealousies, murderous passions, anti-Semitic prejudice and ruthless self-advancement. 1916 was ultimately a bourgeois affair, since very little changed for those who had very little in the first place. Towards the end, a former rebel leader and erstwhile friend of Henry's presents Henry with his death warrant:

> — Why? [asks Henry.]
> — Well, he said, if you're not with us you're against us. That's the thinking. And there are those who reckon that you're always going to be against us. And they're probably right. You've no stake in the country, man. Never had, never will. We needed trouble-makers and very soon now we'll have to be rid of them. And that, Henry, is all you are and ever were. A trouble-maker. The best in the business,

mind. But - (pp. 326f.)

Post-revolutionary Ireland is run by men like Alfie Gandon, who now spells his surname O'Gandúin. During the War of Independence, he was Mister Gandon, a businessman, a Home Ruler and a Catholic. Later someone says of him:

He's a giant in this city [...]. Property, transport, banking, Corpo. He's in on them all. He's a powerful man, Henry. And a good fellow. There's more widows and orphans living off that fella's generosity than the nuns could ever handle. And he doesn't like to boast about it either. Chamber of Commerce, Gaelic League and a great sodality man. (p. 189)

When Dáil Éireann is formed in 1919, Alfie Gandon or Mr O'Gandúin becomes Minister of Commercial Affairs and the Sea (p. 209). During the Great War, he is said to have very quickly "become respectable, the party of the parish priests and those middle-class men cute enough to know when the wind was changing. It was the party of money and faith" (p. 207). When the Free State is born, he is holding down two ministries (p. 328), "a national politician, of a nation eager to prove itself to the world" (p. 336). But Henry Smart realises that while he was training country boys for the IRA, his fellow revolutionaries were adding letters to their names: Michael Collins M.P., Denis Acher M.P., Alfred Gandon M.P., Jack Dalton M.P.. He may have been bang in the middle of what was going to become big, big history, and he may have been "one of Collins's anointed" (p. 208), but actually he was excluded from everything. None of the men of the slums and hovels ever made it onto the list. "We were nameless and expendable, every bit as dead as the squaddies in France. (...) We were decoys and patsies. We followed orders and murdered" (p. 208)

All this naturally amounts to a powerful debunking of the shibboleths of the 1916 Rebellion, the War of Independence and the Civil War. The pity, though, is that Doyle should have elected to cloak his devastating critique as he did. It is a manner that, for various reasons, beggars credulity. To begin with, it is not a good idea to have a radical exposé of the shibboleths of a most crucial period in Ireland's history - and one that is intended to be taken seriously - presented by a foul-mouthed narrator who is inevitably bound to discredit whatever he is offering through the utterly unreliable way of his telling. Doyle presumably chose such a narratorial voice because, as his previous novels show, he is good at it. Yet the problem is that ttoo much Doyle codology is thereby permitted to enter into the account for it to be convincing. Moreover, the character of Henry Smart is, in many ways, too good to be true. Here are a few examples of how he presents himself:

I was a broth of an infant, the wonder of Summerhill and beyond. I was the big news, a local legend within hours of landing on the newspaper. (p. 22)

I had charm and invention. Women saw the future Henry under my crust and they melted; they saw a future they wanted now and badly and knew they'd never get. They wanted to touch me but couldn't, so they patted little Victor instead. (p. 65)

I was six foot, two inches tall and had the shoulders of a boy built to carry the weight of the world. I was probably the best-looking man in the G.P.O. [...] My eyes were astonishing, blue daggers that warned the world to keep its distance. (p. 89)

My eyes were blue and fascinating whirlpools, they could suck in women while warning them to stay well away, a fighting combination that had them running at me. (p. 108)

Why should this be so? Dashing, intelligent, irresistibly handsome (curiously the terrible privations of his early life had no adverse effect on his development), he is physically almost perfect. This contestable state of affairs is mitigated only by Henry's very patchy moral sense, though we are led to believe that he will come good in the end. Also why should his birth be surrounded by preternatural events? The midwife who delivers him finds that her hands mysteriously tingle ever afterwards. Additional miracles occur. His illiterate crone of a grandmother strangely acquires the ability to read: "Granny Nash [...] picked up the *Freeman's Journal* and discovered that she could read" (p. 22). Fianlly, baby Henry's "shite" is collected every evening and transported to Lady Gregory's rose-bushes at Coole Park (p. 23).

Why, to continue, has Doyle seen fit to people his novel with so many grotesques, like Piano Annie, with whom Henry shacks up after the Rising, or the priapic dwarf? Henry's female counterpart, Miss O'Shea, becomes another legendary figure, battling valiantly for personal and political liberty by pedalling around on a bicycle with a machine-gun fixed to its handlebars. Gifted with supra-human fortitude, she carries the wounded Henry to safety when her arm is riddled with bullets. Black and Tans and Sinn Feiners alike detest her unwomanly presumptions. Only Henry approves of her demands for sexual parity. There is, to give a final instance, book-perusing Granny Nash, at one time seen reading two books at one and the same time (p. 117).

The entire business with Henry's father's wooden leg is simply too risible. For example, during the Anglo-Irish war Henry wields his only legacy, the said wooden leg, to tremendous effect, and murders merrily in the name of Kathleen Ni Houlihan. Henry's childhood is so grim that its poverty makes the world of Frank McCourt's *Angela's Ashes* look like sheer blooming luxury. The fetid details of slum life in Dublin and torture and barbarity in the city's prisons are supplied in great profusion, but squalor and savagery keep being smothered under facetiousness. It is rather whimsical to have Henry's father and then Henry after him make their escapes from the rozzers and soldiers "be the water", meaning via the subterranean waterways of Dublin, Harry-Lime fashion. The sex-scene in the G.P.O. during the Easter Rising is a laugh, and it puts a completely new complexion on the meaning of the term Easter, erm, Rising. The death of little Victor puts one in mind of Oscar Wilde's remark that one must have a heart of stone not to laugh at the death of Little Nell in Dickens's *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Certain aspects of Doyle's revisionist account, although mildly amusing, are out of place in an attempt of this sort that wants to be taken in earnest. Thus Henry claims:

I'd played *The Last Post* at the grave of O'Donovan Rossa the year before. The history books will tell you that it was William Oman, but don't believe them: he was tucked up at home with the flu. (p. 90)

Or take his contention that when the famous photograph was taken of de Valera after the surrender, he, Henry, had been standing next to the great man:

> The photographer was a bollocks called Hanratty. [...] The first time I saw the photo my elbow was in it, but even that went in later versions. No room for Henry's elbow. [...] If Hanratty had moved his camera, just a bit to the right, just a fraction of a bit. I'd have been in. (pp. 138f.)

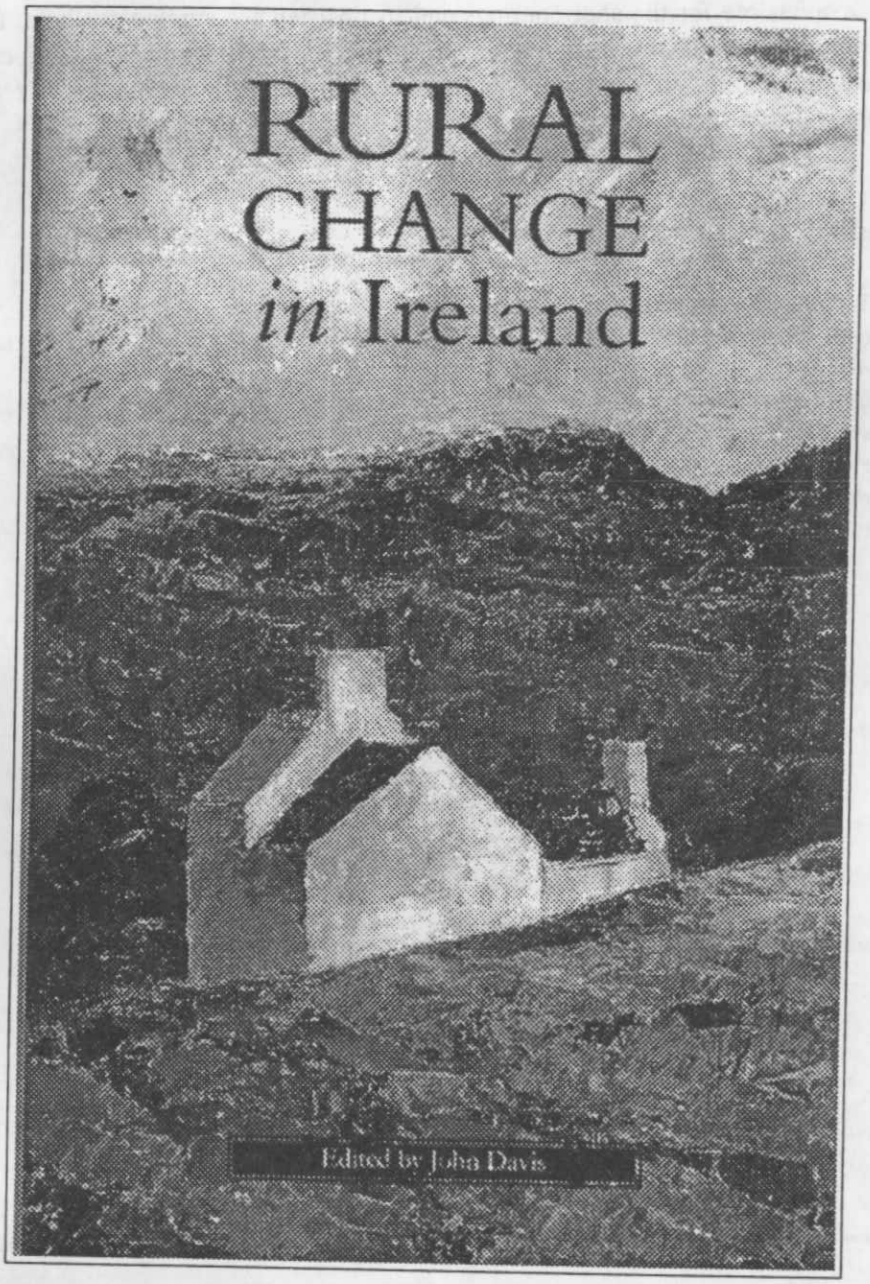
The idea may be designed to underscore Henry's conviction according to which there was no real place for the poor in the Irish Fight for Freedom, and yet the same point

could have been made in a less flippant manner. Lastly, why should only the poor and underprivileged have been decent during the time and events in question?

It could probably be argued that Doyle has peppered his narrative with all those imbecilities in order to forestall critical reactions against his reading of Irish history. After all, he may point out, this is not really his own interpretation of the events during those crucial twenty-odd years in the twentieth century, but that of his foul-mouthed protagonist who alone is responsible for the shortcomings and inconsistencies singled out here. But such an argument simply will not wash. *A Star Called Henry* is the first novel in a projected series of three entitled *The Last Roundup*. Quite conceivably, there are any number of readers who cannot wait for the next two books to appear. But I definitely can.

Works Cited

1. Cf. the publisher's blurb to the novel.
2. Emily Jane Brontë, "Remembrance", in: Christopher Ricks (ed.), *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. Oxford: OUP, 1999, p. 446.
3. *The Irish Times*, August 21, 1999.
4. Roddy Doyle, *A Star Called Henry*. London: Cape, 1999, p. 111.
5. Cf. C. Gébler's review.
6. Cf. C. Gébler's review.
7. Cf. C. Gébler's review.


RURAL
CHANGE
in Ireland
Edited by John Davis

Rural Change in Ireland

Leonardo Mendes

Davis, John (ed.). Rural Change in Ireland. Belfast: The Institute of Irish Studies, 1999. 228p.

John Davis, Head of Agricultural and Food Economics at the Queen's University of Belfast and Director of Economic Research in the Department of Agriculture for Northern Ireland, is the editor of this collection of essays on Irish historical and contemporary rural affairs. The chapters cover the period from the formation of the Queen's Colleges in 1845 until the end of the 20th century, varying from traditional historical analysis to detailed evaluations of contemporary European rural policies. The underlying theme is economic and social change in rural Ireland.

The centrality of rural affairs in Irish history justifies the reunion of these essays which aim at tackling major Irish themes having "the land" as a point of departure. Indeed, the so-called "Irish question" in the nineteenth and early twentieth-century British politics was in many ways an "Irish *land* question". From the Great Famine of 1845 and 1846 to the prominence of the agri-food sector in Northern Ireland today, the land has played a major role in defining patterns in Irish history and imagination. It comes as no suprise, then, that the best essays in this collection are those which explore the interrelatedness of land questions and cultural life in Ireland.

This is the case of Gearóid Ó Tuathaigh's "Ireland's Land Question: A Historical Perspective", which shows how the understanding of the land question in Irish history is crucial to the understanding of the country's major cultural configurations. The problem of political disaffection and the menace of Irish nationalism were the legacy of the conquest, confiscations and land settlements of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The cultural split that lives on today emerged precisely from this early rural society "over which presided a culturally alienated Protestant landlord class, and below them, a large Catholich sub-landlord community of occupying tenant-farmers and their labourers" (17). Departing from these historical grounds, the author shows how recent Irish scholars have viewed the land as "a site of belonging", as "the repository of an historical consciousness, and as key site of the imagination" (23). The importance that *the sense of place* has for the literary imagination of Irish writers is well documented — for the more ardent members of Yeats's Celtic literary circle, for example, the land was a privileged site of spiritual value. The act of describing the Irish land question, then, raises a series of interrelated issues deeply embedded in the consciousness and imagination of the Irish people.

This premise might inform all the other essays from the collection but unfortunately this is not the case. Tom Boylan's "The Founding of the Queen's Colleges: Context and Origins" aims at providing a brief contextual account of the circunstances surrounding the establishment of the Queen's Colleges. The author indulges in long descriptions of the dynamics of Irish rural economy and society, including the failures of the potato crop which led to the Great Famine of 1845 and again in 1846, but fails to connect the founding of the

Colleges to this specific background. The author's excessive concern with nineteenth-century Irish rural affairs may justify the inclusion of his essay in this volume, but what emerges from his own account is that the decision to establish the Queen's Colleges in 1845 was part of a policy of conciliation to counteract Daniel O'Connel's campaign for repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. This decision was the result of the understanding that in Ireland at that time there existed an inadequate provision of higher education, which had a long history that involved issues of education as well as of politics, religion and economics. The author himself shows that nineteenth-century Irish agricultural economy — paricularly the Great Famine — is too narrow a background against which to place the founding of the Colleges.

Leslie Clarkson's "The Modernization of Irish Diet, 1740-1920", Tony Varley's and Chris Curtin's "Defending Rural Interests Against Nationalists in Twentieth-Century Ireland: A Tale of Three Movements", and Carla King's "Co-operation and Rural Development: Plunkett's Approach" are informative essays, interesting to read. Clarkson shows how the potato period, which lasted for little more than a century, retreated after the Great Famine. After 1848 the population started a "tendency to be fed via the ports rather than the farm gate" (38). The result was an increasing modernization of the Irish diet, which started to include larger amounts of meat, butter and flour. Varley and Curtin study the rural movements that appeared in the post-independence period. It is interesting to note how after the independence some thought that the dominant nationalist political establishment was not serving rural interests well. The result was the emergence of three movements: Muintir na Tíre [People of the Land] and Clann na Talmhan [Family of the Land] in the 1930s, and the "Save the West"of the 1960s. The fact that none of the three succeeded in their attempts is evidence that the powerful organizing political forces lay beyond the efforts of these social actors' capacity to control them. King investigates the role played by Horace Curzon Plunkett (1854-1932) in organizing agricultural co-operative movements in Ireland. Plunkett's efforts were instrumental in introducing innovations in traditional societies that were to be carried out on a group basis rather than on an individual one. He was also one of the first persons to recognize how the comfort of people's surroundings affects "not only how people feel about themselves but also their effectiveness at work" (55).

Vincent Tucker and Liam Kennedy, on the other hand, are able to push their historical findings into the development of further theoritical considerations. In "Images of Development and Underdevelopment in Glencolumbkille, County Donegal, 1830-1970", Tucker shows how "dichotomising categories such as developed/underdeveloped, modern/traditional, periphery/core and even urban/rural" are not self-evident "but are constituted through class and power" (113). In his studies of Glencolumbkille, a rural community in south-west Donegal, Tucker shows how the region had long been integrated into the global economy through extensive sea trade. The area was no periphery and it was precisely the colonial state that "severed Glencolumbkille's links with the wider world and reestructered it as peripheral part of the British Empire" (113). In "Farm Succession in Modern Ireland: Elements of a Theory of Inheritance", Kennedy, like Tucker, uses the evidences of his investigations to challenge traditional socio-historical notions and categories. The author explores the role of inheritance in preserving family farm economy in Ireland. The system "insulates heirs from the full play of market forces" and "has acted as a breakwater against market pressures and the triumph of agro-capitalism" (136). Both Tucker's and Kennedy's researches succeed in refining our understanding of Irish history as they propose new categories of understanding which challenge larger theoritical systems.

The last three chapters of *Rural Change in Ireland* concern themselves with aspects of contemporary Irish rural society as well as with present-day public policies. Taken as a group, Mary Cawley's and Michael J. Keane's "Current Issues in Rural Development", John Greer's and Michael Murray's "Changing Patterns of Rural Planning and Development in Northern Ireland", and John Davis's and 's "Towards a Brave Liberal World? Living with European Rural Policies" seem to indicate that a lot still needs to be done in order to bring well-being to rural Ireland. Whether studying the impact of rural planning in the Republic of Ireland or the role of DANI (Department of Agriculture) in bringing about rural development in Northern Ireland, the authors of the three chapters seem to agree that many adjustments are needed. The "brave liberal world" of Davis's and Shortall's last essay still awaits exploration in Ireland's rural communities. The excitement of the people of Ireland to what lies ahead in the new millenium (in rural affairs as elsewhere) should echoe Miranda's excitement in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* when she uttered her famous words. The implication here, as the authors borrow Miranda's speech, is the determination to look ahead, to what is to come, and the hope that this collection of essays may provide some answers to the challenges of the future in rural Ireland.

The Princess Grace Irish Library 9

BECKETT AND BEYOND

Edited by Bruce Stewart

Beckett and Beyond: A Review

Maria Sílvia Betti

Bruce Stewart. *Beckett and Beyond.* Monaco: The Princess Grace Irish Library, 1999.

Collecting the papers presented in the 1991 International Symposium on Samuel Beckett, Beckett and Beyond came out last year under the aegis of the Princess Grace Irish Library, edited by Bruce Stewart [1]. A number of distinguished scholars of international reputation participated of the event, and the proceedings, published in 1999, provide us an in-depth view of the studies of Beckett's works and of their resonance in areas such as philosophy, literature, language, translation and media, just to mention some.

Were the papers to be assorted in groups or sections categorized according to their themes, the largest group would be the one focusing on Beckett's theater. Text scrutiny and intertextuality provide the tools for the analyses, focused on objects that range from the use of silence or the relationship between stage signs and icons to Beckett's relationship with contemporary dramatists.

A second division of the papers would subsume another considerably large, yet more specific, group, related to the first: the one dedicated to the relationship between Beckett's theater and literature, particularly from the point of view of his incredibly diversified literary sources. The papers rated here would be the ones that examine the links between Beckett's work and the ones of other canons of European literature such as Dante, John Ford, Leopardi, Baudelaire, Camus, and Joyce.

Particularly representative of the complexity of the papers comprised in the volume is the third group, focusing on philosophical and theoretical aspects elicited by Beckett's literature. Once again, the emphasis falls on the density and multifariousness of Beckett's production, grounded on the assimilation of concepts enrooted in areas that include psychoanalysis and metaphysics, particularly ontology and epistemoloy.

Beckett's incredibly instigating dissection of language and of its presumed communicative exhaustion is the center of a fourth group, where translation is included. Two other sections would cover the aspects of Beckett's relationship with postmodernism and with media, particularly radio and film.

The first group of papers, in this hypothetical sorting, opens with Normand Berlin's "Beyond Beckett - Before Beckett"[2], where the author tries to rediscover drama that historically preceded Beckett taking the Irish dramatist as the chief guide. His aim is the examination of some moments in traditional drama Beckett came to experience more fully.

Considering Shakespeare more closely connected to Beckett than to any other playwright, Berlin points out the ways Beckett allows us to see Shakespeare more clearly. An interesting insight into Beckett's remarkably allusive nature can be found in Berlin's references to *Endgame, Happy Days, and Waiting for Godot,* setting up a parallel between the latter and the revival of O'Neill's reputation in 1956.

The counterfactual background in Beckett's plays is discussed in Colin Duckworth's

Beyond the stage space [3]. For the author, the center of dramaturgical interest in Beckett's theater (in the plays of his maturity, more precisely) does not lie within the visible mimetic space, but in some other region, buried in the verbal message. Contrasting the minimal theater space and maximal evocation, Duckworth shows how Beckett evolved from a mimetic and still sparsely conventional use of mimetic space to a more complex relationship between on-stage signs and icons to possible worlds beyond it.

Silence is another element analysed in the discussion of Beckett's theatrical language: for James Frish [4] silence is the means through which dramatic action occurs in Beckett's theater, particularly through what he calls "counter emotions of units".

Havel is another playwright concerned with the use of silence: for him, exquisite ironies and acquiescence to an oppressive regime are entailed through Beckett's use of silence.

If silence can be an effective means of probing into Beckett's theatrical lines, the author's achievement in dialogue can also be presumed to have considerable complexity. This is Andrea Kennedy's point [5] in her study of Beckett's soliloquising. For the author, Beckett sustained creative innovation and was always going beyond his own previous work, what makes it virtually impossible to go "beyond him".

Listening and talking are the two major types of Beckettian plays as designated in Marek Kedzierski's "Image and voice in Beckett"[6], particularly in the late plays, free of any character-in-setting pattern, and independent of social and historical time and space indicators. Listening is the result of an unembodied voice whose influence can be observed on the stage, as in *That Time or Ghost Trio*. Talking is developed without the unseen voice: what is performed stands in an equivocal relationship to what is said, as in A Piece of Monologue, or *Ohio Impromptu*.

As concerns characters, they are said to occupy a more limited space in Beckett's theater than in his fiction - this is the central idea in Geneviève Chevalier's study [7]. For the author, represented space is bound to the time and place of the performance, and characters have no existence beyond the curtain. Whatever is going to happen to any of the characters, it can only be narrated (not acted); therefore, what is beyond the stage is, presumably, less a theatrical object than an object of fiction. In Chevalier's polemical analysis, what is beyond the stage is dangerous; yet, it delimitates the inside and gives it a meaning. Characters, for their part, go through a ritual which progressively rids them of the contingent aspect of the physical world.

A different, yet correlated approach is developed by Ruby Cohn's in his paper [8]: discussing Rockaby, he states that Beckett does not preach a passive acceptation of death. It is Barbara Hardy [9], however, who will more extensively discuss the representation of inanimated objects in Beckett's theater: the things in Beckett's texts are profoundly and self-consciously imagined. The reduction and the denuding of things are ordinary and strange, and appear out of proportion to their surroundings, as in a surrealistic painting. Beckett's means of animating things is showing them by imagination. For Hardy, props are more self-consciously present, in Beckett's plays, than in most others.

The central topic of the second largest category of papers in *Beckett and Beyond*, Beckett's literary sources, are examined and discussed not only in Beckett's theater but also in his prose. This is the case with "A Mermaid Made over: Beckett's 'Text' and John Ford", by John Piling[10], where the author analyzes the prose poem or prose fragment first published in The New York Review of Books in 1932, and which found its way into section two of the novel Dream of Fair to Middling Women. The principal source, for Piling, is John

Ford's drama: of the two hundred words of Text, more than twenty are taken over from Ford, particularly from *The Lover's Melancholy, The Broken Heart, 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, Love's Sacrifice and Perkin Warbeck.*

Beckett's reading of Baudelaire is the point in Hersh Zeifman's From That Time to No Time: Closure in Beckett's Drama [11]. Zeifman analyzes Hamm's reference to Baudelaire in Endgame, transforming Baudelaire's linearity into circularity.

This process, which undermines the desire for closure in the play, somehow anticipates Beckett's presumed stance in the final decade of his playwriting, which, for Zeifman, gradually moved closer to an acceptance of the Absolute, or of its "relative presence".

"Joyce seen by Beckett" is another study categorised in this group, where Beckett's theater is discussed from the point of view of its literary sources. The author, Kevin Dettmar [12], operates a paradigm of literary history to the literature of Joyce's period: Joyce and not-Joyce, or, more concretely, Joyce and Beckett. Dettmar points to the fact that, after spending the early years of his career trying to follow Joyce's footsteps, Beckett rebelled against identification with Joyce's techniques or achievements. The remarks Beckett made on this respect had enduring effects, constructing a beckettian view of Joyce's work, and, at the same time, downplaying his own continuity with the Joycean project.

In Adele King's paper, "Camus and Beckett" [13], a parallel with the French existentialist is put forward, evincing the way rational language and rhetoric are mocked in both *L'etranger and Waiting for Godot. For King, Molloy, Godot and L'étranger* embody a spirit of disillusionment with the values enshrined in Western civilization, what makes it possible to read them as forms of writing essentially against patriarchy.

Beckett's correspondence is another topic of utmost importance among the papers rated in this group: having written over fifteen thousand letters, widely scattered in public and private collections worldwide, Beckett provided precious material for scholars, critics and interpreters.

Martha Fehsenfeld and Lois Overbeck[14] tackle some of these aspects in their study of Samuel Beckett's correspondence. Providing an insight into the author's revisions, choices and abandonments, Beckett's letters provide evidence about the relationship between his writing to XX century painting, music and philosophy.

Part of the letters highlighted by the authors, such as the ones exchanged with the director of the National Gallery of Ireland, engage a continuing dialogue on art and artist. Also highly illustrative of Beckett's position (especially as concerns artistic freedom) are the letters written to the Archbishop of Dublin, protesting the refusal of a request for a Votive Mass to celebrate the Dublin Theater Festival, on the grounds that the program included plays by Sean O'Casey and McClelland.

Another extremely pertinent discussion of literary aspects in Beckett's works is performed in Linda Ben-Zvi's study of Beckett's aborted fragments [15]. Ben-Zvi focuses on *Human Wishes*, Beckett's first attempt at drama, an aborted text written in 36 and based on the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

The characters are all women, inhabitants of Samuel Johnson's home, waiting for an unmanned man on an unadorned stage; the work, however, counters the recurring claim that Beckett's plays privilege women.It is true that the text, which is the very first thing Beckett wrote for the stage, does illustrate his choice to focus on females and marginalised males, who are depicted as dead, late, asleep or inebriated.

Ben-Zvi's observes, however, that such a choice is not contingent, and shows the author's option for a theater that is feminine in the three acceptions of the word:

1) showing characteristics traditionally assumed to be intrinsic to women, especially concerning female tactics for survival;

2) adopting a type of writing that controverts the law of the Father (the phallic agency);

3) and using theatrical depiction arising from the representation of women on the stage.

Ben-Zvi's point is that the idea of feminine in Beckett implies more than a matter of gender or sexual figuration. For her, Beckett's decision to keep the sexes separate, as well as his refusal to cross-gender, result fromthe existence of two loci observed in his plays (the ontological and the societal one), and not from his will to prevent ellision of the sexes

The complexity of Beckett's works triggers a third series of investigations of utmost importance in the studies discussed herein: the one dedicated to philosophical aspects.

The concept of negativity, by Marius Buning [16], could open this series with its discussion of the aspects of Beckett's works that seem to defy verbalisation. Buning's starting point is the publication of the anthology of theoretically-oriented essays entitled *The Languages and the Unsayable: the Play of Negativity in Literature and Literary Theory*, which he rates as the most wide ranging study of the phenomenon of negativity in literary and philosophical discourse.

Buning traces a brief historical summary of the studies of negation from Plato to Derrida, raising a host of questions elicited by the phenomenon of negation. What attracts Buning to the theme is the fact that negation is a form of discourse which attempts to articulate the unsayable, the unwritten and the unwritable. as well as the unsayable and the unsaid.

Observing general patterns of negativity linked with Beckett's work, Buning stresses Beckett's attempts to avoid speaking, as well as the painful awareness of absence in the later plays and his strategies of evasion.

For the critic, Beckettian negativity should be approached in analogy with the discourse of negative theology and mysticism. This is why Buning sketches a history of negativity from Plato to Derrida, posing a host of pertinent questions raised by the phenomenon of negation. Aiming at investigating its processes, he finally describes it as a form of discourse that attempts to articulate the unwritten and the unwritable, as well as the unsayable and the unsaid.

Constant interplay between presence and absence, maximal negation and minimal affirmation may lure presence into absence, but ends up by subverting that presence and turning it into a carrier of absence, of which the readers would otherwise be unaware.

Another insight into the speculative nature of Beckett's work is performed by Thomas Coussineau [17] in his approximation between Beckett's trilogy and Deleuze's and Guattari's *Anti-Oedipus*. The central argument is based on the assumption that the family in a capitalist society initiates the infant into a world characterized by domination and reppression, teaching him that desire is essentially a form of lack for which he must compensate by imposing ever more alienating forms of repression on himself.

Coussineau argues that Beckett has anti-Oedipal tendencies that progressively generate a more extreme dismemberment of the family, undertaken by each of the three novels.

For him the family unit is seriously under attack in Beckett's trilogy, and its disappearance as a central subject is one of the most striking facts. Instead of the family, Beckett explores the region of the unconscious, which has not been territorialized by Oedipal structures. Through the replacement of representation by repetition, Beckett produces the proliferation of de-Oedipalized techniques

Coussineau also believes that directors are generally mistaken in departing from

Beckett's requirements. For him Beckett did not create a genuinely new theatrical aesthetic, but replaced traditional theatre with a theater where stage image is emancipated from all models. By doing so, Beckett's plays stage the return of a pre-conceptual experience which is beneath representation. Emphasis is placed not on image itself, but on the barely perceptible gap between divergent images simultaneously present.

A bridge between past and future - this is the aspect of Beckett's stance in contemporary criticism highlighted by St. John Butler [18] in his paper. For him, Beckett's texts fit into the new paradigm of Western consciousness, comprehended under such terms as postmodernism and postructuralism: Beckett would be a deconstructionist "avant la lettre", a kind of Janus-faced figure in an essentially crucial position - the one of speaking about the impossibility of speaking.

Rather than a postmodernist, Gottfried Büttner [19] rates Beckett as a "modern initiate", the title of another paper comprised in this hypothetical grouping of the papers in Beckett and beyond. Büttner distinguishes three forms of of initiation: two which integrate the initiate into society by making him/her achieve a higher or superior state, and the third one, which sets him/her apart.

For Büttner, looking at Samuel Beckett as a modern initiate means to consider the question of the author's spiritual freedom. Beckett's desperate spiritual desolation is the crucial point: the critic believes Beckett, selfless as he was, gave us a true picture of the inner needs of his time as he experienced it.

His argument is that, as a result, we should not only appreciate him as the most important writer of today, but as a modern initiate who opened up again the entrance into the spiritual world around us through his method: the one of internalisation and contemplation.

It is Annamaria Sportelli [20], however, who tackled the aspect perhaps most widely and commonly associated to Beckett in the history of theater forms: his condition as an absurdist.

Avoiding references to texts like *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*, by Camus, and Adorno's Study of Endgame in favor of an etymologic study of the word, the author examines Beckett's playing with stranger systems of generalisation of which geometry is one.

The discussion of Beckett's works in the light of an etymologic study of the word serves to prove the critic's central hypothesis: the one that the absurd, together with the premises of reason, is comprised both in the semanticism and in the modellisation of the XVIII century world.

The theoretical support is the one of Juri Lottman's *Tipologia della Cultura*, source of the two fundamental assumptions of the paper: the one that argues that any model of the world implies its own semantic interpretation of that world, and the one that states that any language becomes the metalanguage of the type of culture it describes, thus yielding a correlation of the models of a culture with the texts it comprehends.

"Language investigation", the theme of the following group of papers, is the topic in Carla Locatelli's study [21]. Dealing with the linguistic resistance which Beckett underscores, Locatelli produces an analysis centered on Beckett's idea of language. This, in its turn, leads to a discussion of the philosophical implications of the Beckettian unwording.

For the critic, Beckett's love for words made him perceptive of the inanity of words rather than of the "falsehood" his contemporaries were concerned with. Beckett's linguistic practice was always connected to a cognitive and ethical quest which exempts him from the "complacency of postmodern artifacts".

For Locatelli, with Beckett's later works, we are not faced with the prescriptions of a

minimalist poetics, but with classical avant-guarde and with an unprecendented critique of traditional logocentrism.

To what extent do texts actually reflect Beckett's final conceptions ? This is one of the questions raised by James Knoulson's paper [22], also comprehensively categorised in this group focused on language aspects.

It is widely known that Beckett effectted changes as he directed his own texts. Knoulson observes that, seven or eight years before his own death, Beckett said that the texts were all in a terrible mess. For the critic, this eventually leads to three hypotheses: that there had been discrepancies between the different editions, that an eventual source of such discrepancies is the use of different languages, and that the state of the texts no longer reflected the way in which he wanted them to be played.

Beckett's bilingual work is the object of still another paper in this same category: the one presented by Charles Krance [23], claiming a preeminently postmodern and post-Babelic stance for Beckett. For the critic, only a bilingual reading as conceived by the author can assure a safe way of giving a glimpse of his unique oeuvre.

Antonia Rodriguez Gago [24], who also elaborated on the aspect of translation in Beckett's work, examined the matter from a rather different point of view: the one of the problems observed in the translation of Beckett's works, understood mostly as an act of adaptation.

For Gago, free translations are bad translations, while literal translations are impossible to be carried out. Beckett's bilinguism is, for her, a great help, since it enables the translator to observe how Beckett solved a particular problem.

Gago was at the same time fortunate and privileged to have her translations of *Rockaby, Ohio Impromtu and Catastrophe* annotated by Beckett: she sent them to him and he quickly returned them with comments. His scarce suggestions refer to structure, but facilitated Gago's task of making Beckett's voices sound poetically in Spanish, too.

Postmodernism, aforementioned and discussed in Locatelli's paper on *Endgame*, is the topic in the fifth group, where it is the topic most especifically investigated. Stan Gontarski [25], who studied Beckett's notebooks in the light of postmodern theories, examined the revisions done by Beckett, and concluded that the process of publication (especially initial publication) signaled , for Beckett nothing like the termination of the creative process or even the "completion of a work". Tendency toward revision suggests, for Gontarski, an instability and a theatrical insufficiency, a kind of uncompleteness. Beckett directed some sixteen stage productions of his work and some five works for German TV, each time making adjustments. This produced multiple versions of the creative process in his work, while published documents represent an incomplete stage of the works' creation as a whole.

Beckett's notebooks offer a wealth of information not available in the printed texts. How publication of theatrical notebooks will affect future performances is difficult to predict, but the plurality of texts implicit in The *Reverse Acting Texts*, and in *The Theatrical Notes* can easily be inferred.

Another careful investigation of postmodernism implied in Beckett's work underlies the paper presented by Giuseppina Restivo entitled "Caliban/Clov and Leopardi's boy: Beckett and Postmodernism"[26], where the author shows recurrent aspects in Beckett's theater, particularly in *Endgame*.The title hinted chess game and multiple quotations. It leads back to Marcel Duchamp, Beckett's friend and chess expert, author of a treatise on special cases of "endgame" in which the outcomes of the third and final phase of a game of chess are analysed.

It echoes the enigmatic chess game in Shakespeare's The Tempest, evoked in Hamm's words from Prospero's "our revels" passage, actualised, in its turn, in T.S. Eliot's reference to the Tempest and the chess game metaphor in The Waste Land.

The link between Shakespeare's The Tempest and Beckett's Endgame , however, implies not only the obvious "revels passage" or the chess game, but a closer link between Clov and Caliban, cutting through the structure of Beckett's play and its central opposition between a master and a servant.

In *The Tempest*, Caliban is finally freed by a departing Prospero, and solves his love-hatred relationship with him by ackowledging his master's qualities. In *Endgame*, Clov's rrepetitive love-hatred attitude towards his master does not change.

The author discusses the link between the two plays through Juri Lottman's theory of cultural codes. Seen through it, the negation present in both "récits" can be explained as today's necessary exploration of the two different possible outcomes of one code our culture is heir to, exposed in the link between the two plays.

Beckett appears to be restating at a further level the philosophical problem which had been posed at the close of the age of the enlightenment during the beginning of the 19th. century by Leopardi. for the author, Leopardi can be recognized as the second major influence on Beckett after Dante. The analogy of positions seems to suggest Leopardi's influence on Beckett's criticism of the code he is exploring in *Endgame*, and a specific possible meaning in the outcome of the chess game between Hamm and Clov.

By adding Beckett to Leopardi and vice-versa, the process of contemporary culture leading to postmodernism becomes clearer. Postmodernism is Beckett's immediate beyond, and can acquire a new sense as one of the main codes Lottman describes as typical of western civilization.

Winding up the series of papers in the new sorting sketched here, two extremely pertinent elaborations allow us to briefly apprehend the complexity of the relationship between Beckett and the media, particularly radio and cinema.

James Acheson's paper [27] deals with *Film*, a motion picture script written and produced in the 60's, but bearing strong similarities with the films in the 20's.

For Acheson the epigraph, taken from Berkeley, indicates that self-perception is central to Film. Berkeley considers the existence of unthinking things, with no relation to their being perceived, perfectly unintelligible. In a similar process, "O" (a character), who wants to attain a state of non being, believes he must avoid being perceived. Tearing up a print representing God's face, he remains anxious about the blank spot on the wall. "E", the part of himself that engages in self perception, replaces divine observation and maintains "O" in being. Introspection is shown as a definitely painful experience, and the protagonist, as Beckett observes in the Prefatory Notes to the script, is sundered into object and eye.

For Acheson, this idea is enrooted in Schoppenhauer's conception of the imperceptibly operating force of will, which Beckett himself seems to echo in his comments of the script.

Another source for *Film* is *Murphy*, Beckett's early novel whose main character attains to nothing through imperfect dedication to aestheticism.

Beckett's radio play, *All that Fall*, is the theme of Enoch Brater's paper [28] that winds up this group of presentation focusing Beckett's relationship with media.A celebration and at the same time a discovery of the radio as a new medium, *All that Fall* evinces Beckett's commitment to language, which achieves its fulfilment in the use of voice.

In radio, words meet their essentially physical root: they become an active force,

requiring more grammatical sense. Beckett conceives of language as a repository of possible pitches, durational divisions, amplitudes and timbres. Silence quantifies the existence of the protagonist and shows Beckett's faith in the vitality of language. In the acts of listening - in silence, specially - one has moments of lucidity.

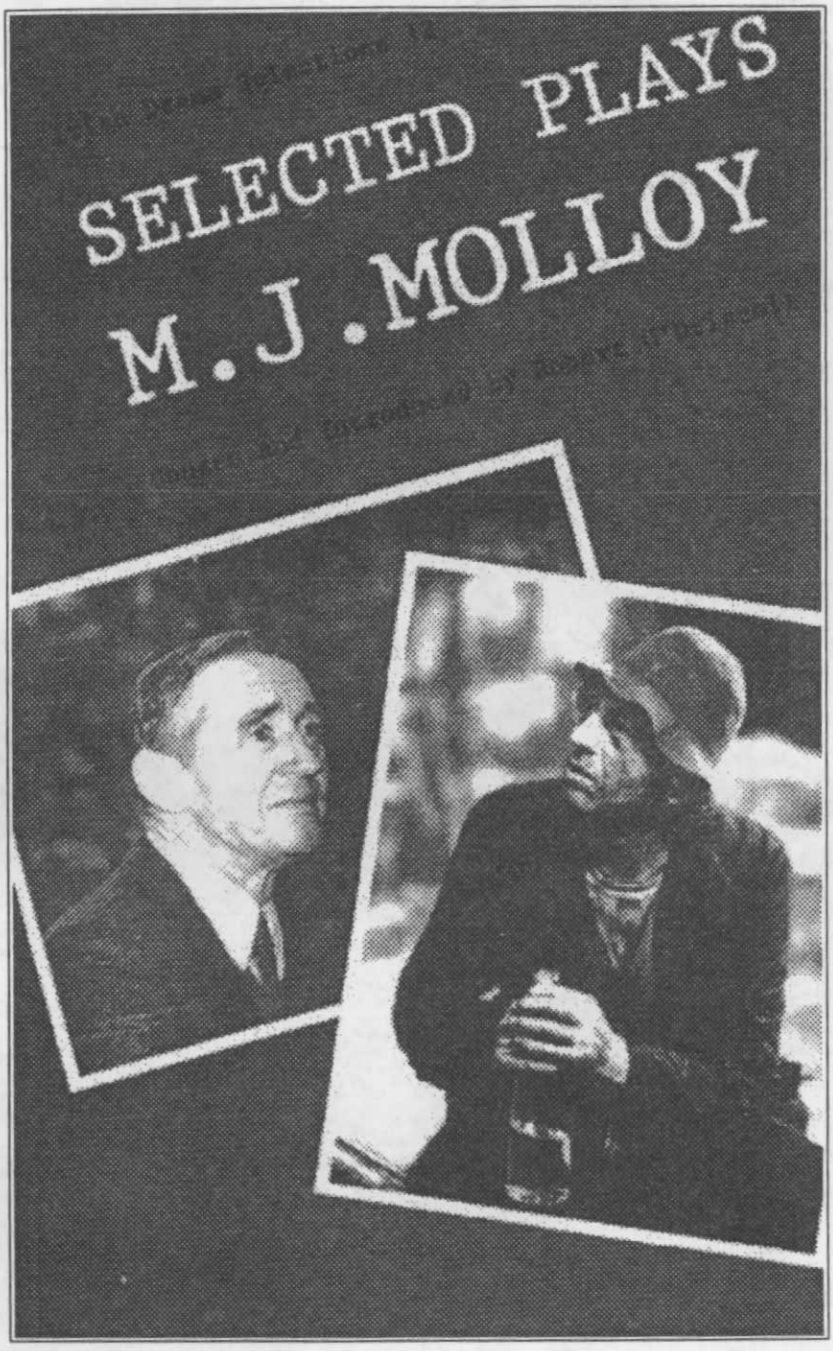
Beckett and Beyond represents, by all means, an extraordinary effort of analysis and criticism in which Beckett's thoughtful and lucid speculations are investigated and discussed, thus opening the path for contemporary re-readings of Beckett's works. The wide ranging series of theoretical approaches contained in the volume is comprehensively and effectively applied without limiting the scope to the academically conventionalized aspects, or appealing to scholarly vogues doomed to disappear.

Samuel Beckett is one of the indisputable playwrights of twentieth century century world, and the compilation of studies carried out in this volume is unquestionably worth of his artistry and complexity.

Works Cited

1. Stewart, Bruce [editor] Beckett and Beyond. Monaco, The Princess Grace Irish Library, 1999.
2. Berlin, Norman. "Beyond Beckett - Before Beckett" in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 16-22
3. Duckworth, Colin. "Beckett's Theater: Beyond the stage space" and "Murphy's Return". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. op. cit. pp 93-101
4. Frish, James. "Beckett and Havel: A Personification of Silence". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit.pp 115-127
5. Kennedy, Andrea. "No Beyond 'All to End'. in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 163-169
6. Kedzierski, Marek. "the Space of Absence: Image and Voice in Beckett's later Plays". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit.pp. 155-163.
7. Chevalier, Geneviève. "Pacing Absence: Beckett's characters as quantity surveyors in Insignificance". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 53-61
8. Cohn, Ruby. "An Abstract". in Stewart, Bruce, op. cit.pp. 61-62.
9. Hardy, Barbara. "samuel Beckett: Adapting Objects and Adpting to Objects". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 145-155.
10. Piling, John."A Mermaid Made Over: Beckett's 'Text' and John Ford". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit.pp. 211-217.
11. Zeifman, Hersh. "Form 'that Time' to No Time: Closure in Beckett's Drama". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit.pp. 260-268
12. Dettmar, Kevin. "The Joyce Beckett Built". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit.pp. 78-93.
13. King. Adele. "Camus and Beckett: Against Patriarchy, 'L'étranger', 'Molloy', and 'En attendant Godot'. in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 169-176.
14. Fehsenfeld, Martha & Overbeck, Lois. "The Correspondence of samuel Beckett: Windows on his Work". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 103-115.
15. Ben-Zvi, Linda. "Feminine focus in Beckett". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit.pp. 10-16.
16. Buning, Marius. "The Play of Negativity in The Beckettian Text". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 32-41.
17. Coussineau, Thomas. "Beneath Representation: On Staging Beckett's Plays" & "Anti-Œdipal Tendencies in the Trilogy". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit 62-70 &.pp. 70-78
18. St. John Butler, Lance. "Samuel Beckett's End, or The Future Perfect". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp 32-41.
19. Büttner, Gottfried. "Samuel Beckett Looked at as a Modern Initiate". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 42-53.
20. Sportelli, Annamaria.
21. Locatelli, Carla. "Samuel Beckett's Obligation To Express': From a Mythology of Demystification to the Utterance of Better Failures". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp 193-205.
22. Knowlson, James."My Texts are in a Terrible Mess". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 176-187.
23. Krance, Charles. "French for 'Company'." in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp 187-193.
24. Gago, Antonia Rodriguez. "Beckett's voices in Spanish. Translation as an Aspect of Adaptation." in

Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 231-239.
25. Gontarski, Stan. "A Hat is not a Shoe: The Theatrical Notebooks of Samuel Beckett and Postmodernist Theories of Texts and Textuality." in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 129-145.
26. Restivo, Giuseppina."Caliban/Clov and Leopardi's Boy: Beckett and Postmodernism". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 217-231.
27. Acheson, James."Beckett's 'Film', Berkeley, and Schoppenhauer". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 1-10.
28. Brater, Enoch. "Acts of Enunciation in 'All That Fall'". in Stewart, Bruce, [editor] op. cit. pp. 23-32.


SELECTED PLAYS
M.J.MOLLOY

M. J. Molloy. Selected Plays

Beatriz Kopschitz Xavier Bastos

Joseph Ronsley & Ann Saddlemyer. *Selected Plays. M. J. Molloy*. Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe and Washington D.C.: The Catholic University of America Press, 1998. 394 pp.

Writing in the mode of acclaimed peasant playwrights like Synge and Fitzmaurice has earned Michael Joseph Molloy (1917-1994) the reputation among literary historians as the last foklorist, the last of a line which gradually faded in the gallery of Irish drama. Until recently, Molloy's work was relatively undervalued and his plays often regarded as chronicles of the West of Ireland which explored no new direction and ventured no new enterprise. Now, however, Molloy's theatre is valued not only as a cultural document but also as a sharp sociological and historical analysis of his time, his people and his place. Molloy is often cited as an 'insider', who was born and lived in the region represented in his plays, Co. Galway region, which he loved and knew intimately.

Robert O'Driscoll's selection includes *The King of Friday's Men* (1948), *The Paddy Pedlar* (1952), *The Wood of Whispering* (1953), *Daugther from over the Water* (1963), *Petticoat Loose* (1979) and *The Bachelor's Daughter* (1985), first published in this edition, apart from a Bibliographical Cheklist. Some of the plays are introduced by prefaces where Molloy discusses the themes of the plays in a literary and historical context. He refers to and analyzes aspects of Irish history and folklore and alludes to the work of Irish playwrights such as Shaw, Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory and Oscar Wilde.

In the introduction, Robert O'Driscoll discusses Molloy's significance in the Irish dramatic tradition, specifically in the tradition of folk-drama. He considers Molloy's theatre "as significant as Synge's in that it is a full and authentic representation of the survival of anciente Celtic customs and wisdom in the modern world" (vii). After describing Molloy's life and first contacts with the theatrical world, O'Driscoll presents a brief study of folk life as a source for drama. He discusses how the representation of a folk world functions in terms of theme, characters, action, stage conventions and languange, most specifically in Molloy's plays. O'Driscoll also refers to the reception of Molloy's plays by a naturally prevailing rural audience: "The rural Irish audience of Molloy's time has the same credulity and involvemente in the action as Shakespeare's audience, carrying the willing suspension of desbelief to the furthest point, reacting to events on the stage as if they were events in real life" (ix). Apart from the evident folk aspect of Molloy's work, O'Driscoll discusses its historical and sociological approach. According to him,

> the romantic and poetic past Molloy regards as 'a hill' from which to view the harsh social and economic realities of contemporary Ireland. In considering the social backdrop to the plays, the modern Irish people, Molloy believes, were prisoners of history, free politically, but not free in "their own souls and minds from the ill effects of having been born is slavery" (xii).

However, O'Driscoll sees the ultimate significance of Molloy's theatre neither in its folk aspect nor in its historical approach, but in the kind of dramatic art that his plays exemplify and in the theatrical methods they use. According to O'Driscoll, Molloy's "plays resist classification into the common classical genres, comedy and tragedy, but are more in the tradition of the forms of drama developed in the Middle Ages: morality and farce" (xiv), categories in which he includes *The King of Friday's Men, The Wood of Whispering, Petticoat Loose and Paddy Pedlar.* He reads *Daughter from Over the Water*, using Molloy's own words, as a "religious problem play" and *The Bachelor's Daughter*, as "documentary drama".

Among the approaches proposed by O'Driscoll, let us privilege, in our reading, the historical aspect of Molloy's plays; let us consider their insertion in certain historical and literary moments and their reponse to those moments. The period after "The Emergency" or the war years (1939-45) was marked by mass emigration and rural depopulation, which generated a widespread national pessimism. In the late fifties, however, Irish society began to plant the seeds for the social and economic regeneration that would take place in the following decades. The harsh bitternes of earlier times gave way to a more humanistic and hopeful view of society. Besides, a new concept was brought into discussion in Ireland: historical revision. (see Terence Brown, *Ireland – A Social and Cultural History*, 1922-1979. Fontana Paperbacks, 1981).

Most of Molloy's plays in this edition seem to meet the prevailing spirit in Ireland in the years following the war and in subsequent decades. They are initially imbued with anxiety and pessimism. Molloy depicts the melancholy, desolation and impoverishment of the West of Ireland menaced by hunger and depopulation. Yet, there is often a note of hope, a solution which suggests reconstruction and regeneration.

The Wood of Whispering, taking place in the West of Ireland, in 1950, supposedly comic, dramatizes the tragedy of an older generation, menaced by depopulaion, struggling to keep their youth in Ireland and thus manage to build a better future. Thus, after a series of successful marriage arrangements, the final words of the play suggest hope for non-extinction and for the beginning of a new era:

> SANBATCH... maybe now He thinks we have enough good sense got again, and may be soon He'll bestow children on the village again. If He does, we'll have nothing more to want or to do, only wait for the death, and then die happy because we will be leaving room for more (177).

Daughter from Over the Water is a comic representation of the same problem with a different focus, however. The emphasis is on the clash between the values of an urbanized youth gone abroad and returning home and those of the elders who stayed faithful to their land and old beliefs. To a certain extent it anticipates a theme explored by future writers, that of the "émigré returning to Ireland" (xiii).

The Paddy Pedlar transports the audience to 1840, the time of Ireland's Famine. Although taking place in a past time, the misery and anxiety dramatized in the play could be easily recognized and reflected upon by an audience in the fifties. A dead mother carried in a pedlar's sack to be buried, perhaps symbolizing the death of an old suffering Ireland, and the marriage of a young girl who is, this way, "saved from going foreign" bring forth once more a pattern which seems to be recurrent in Molloy's treatment of history: the rising from pessimism towards reconstruction.

The King of Friday's Men and *Petticoat Loose* also bring the audience back in time, the first to a pre-famine feudal world, the latter to a Famine time of fairies, changelings and superstitions. Yet, both plays depict not the glamour of an ancient world, but its cruelty. *The King of Friday's Men* dramatizes the "droit de seigneur" and *Petticoat Loose*, the religious war between the Fairy Doctors with their cruel methods of salvation and the Priests with their curing gospels. Molloy's prefaces provide the reader with folk and historical references useful for the understanding of these plays. One might say that these two plays show Molloy's integration with the new concept of historical revision brougth into discussion and into literature in the fifties and following decades.

The Bachelor's Daughter was written more than forty years after Molloy's first play, *Old Road* (1941), not included in this edition. Irish society had suffered profound changes and was preparing for even more significant transformations. There was an inevitable sense of estrangement, of dealing with the unknown, with social questions never thought of before. In *The Bachelor's Daughter*, then, while still dealing with his folk material and somehow happy ends, Molloy introduces the presence of an invisible poltergeist which in fact interacts with the other characters as a character itself through sounds, whistles and objects thrown on the stage, creating an atmosphere of conflict with the uncontrollable and the unknown.

Molloy's plays are enjoyable and at the same time bring a repertoire of themes to be reflected upon. The audience of his time may have experienced a sense of *déjà vu*, of redundant repetition of folk material in his peasant plays. Yet, for the audiences of our time, on the verge of a new century, this blend of anxiety and hope, of historical reality and mythical worlds, of regionalism and universal values is likely to have a prevailing appeal upon the perhaps repetitive localism of the plays.

Voices from Brazil

Surviving on Paper: Recent Indigenous Writing in Brazil

Lynn Mario T. Menezes de Souza

QUANDO VOCÊ FOR

Edson Ixã Kaxinawá

Quando você for,
me chama em voz baixa.
Daí eu fico contigo.
Mas a tua voz não chega de verdade.
Como sentir
cheiro de flor na boca
da minha flor?

A ORIGEM DA POESIA

Isaac Pianko Ashenika

A poesia apareceu junto com a escrita. Ela foi sonhada por uma pessoa. Depois escrita numa carta. Desse sonho foram criados vários versos que foram escritos também em cartas e publicados em livros de poesias.

Antologia da Floresta. *Rio Branco: Comissão Pró-Indio do Acre & Rio de Janeiro: Multiletra, 1997.*

The revised Brazilian constitution of 1988 represents a sea-change in Brazilian indigenism, by officially recognizing Brazil as a multi-lingual and multi-cultural society. This modified the constitution of national identity and consequently modified the previous tenet of Brazilian official indigenism, which was to acculturate indigenous cultures into a monolingual Portuguese-speaking national culture by eliminating the cultural and linguistic characteristics, which were their marks of difference. What official policy has not modified, however, is the need for tutelage and protection which continues to subjugate the indigenous population to official federal policy, given that this protection and tutelage are seen to be the jurisdiction of the central federal government. A direct product of the new constitution of 1988 was the creation of the Committee for Indigenous Education and the drawing up of the Indigenous Education Policy of 1993 now under the auspices of the national Ministry of Education, and no longer subordinated as indigenous policies previously were, to the Ministry of the Interior - the same ministry responsible for interests in conflict with indigenous interests, such as the "development" and opening up of the interior. The Indigenous Education Policy in turn called for the creation of bilingual indigenous schools with specific and differentiated curricula to attend to the characteristics and demands of each indigenous community, and to be established in cooperation with these communities, though always under the official tutelage of "a multi-disciplinary team consisting of anthropologists, linguists and educators" (Diretrizes p. 13).

This legislation led to the introduction of a new protagonist in Brazilian indigenism, the role of the 'indigenous teacher' ("professor indígena"), who was to be nominated by each community and trained by the mediating agencies in courses regionally organized to receive teachers from various indigenous communities.

Besides teaching, the function of the 'professor indígena' was also to write the materials to be used in indigenous schools, with an emphasis on the contents deriving from indigenous "ethno-knowledge" and oral culture, as part of the official policy to "recuperate" and "rescue" the fast vanishing indigenous languages and cultures. As a result, these teacher-training programs were transformed into events of collective written authorship. The texts produced were then edited by the mediating tutors in book form and circulated among the indigenous schools of that region. On account of the simultaneous existence of several of these indigenous education programs in various parts of the country, the books produced by one group of indigenous authors/teachers tended to be exchanged with those produced by similar groups in other parts of the country. In a fund raising effort, some of these books have also been sent for sale to bookshops in the urban markets where they find their way into the sections of Children's literature.

Curiously, then, the new Indigenous Education Policy has led to the creation of a widespread nation-wide indigenous authorship and readership of written texts and has created a new para-national identity of the Indian. The "whiteman's Indian" of previous Brazilian indigenism has been replaced by the "Indian's Indian" of recent official Brazilian indigenism.

Positive as it may seem, the new indigenism, in maintaining the necessity of tutelage and mediators (albeit now involving several NGO mediators in the process) continues to subjugate the indigenous communities to national Brazilian norms and values, creating as it were a new phenomenon: the whiteman's Indian's Indian.

In this study I focus on how this phenomenon operates in the new written literary poetic of the texts written in Portuguese and Kashinawa as part of these collective teacher/ authorship programs mentioned above. These texts are characterized by their profuse use of illustrations, which heralds in a new semiotic and poetic landscape in Kashinawa culture,

and misunderstood by the well-meaning official and NGO mediators responsible for the publication and distribution of these texts to the indigenous readership and the national markets.

In their analysis of multimodal texts, that is texts which include visual and written components, Kress and van Leeuwen (1996) remind us that visual semiotics is culturally and historically specific, and that this specificity is often highly problematic in situations of cross-cultural contact.

As a result, the multimodal texts produced by Kashinawa authors, marked by the profuse use of drawings and multicolored illustrations, are often interpreted by their tutors and mediators as irrelevant doodles or mere figurative decoration of the verbal texts (see Monte 1996).

For Kress and van Leeuwen (1996:159-160):

> From the point of view of social semiotics, truth is a construct of semiosis, and as such the truth of a particular social group arises from the values and beliefs of that group. As long as the message forms an apt expression of these beliefs, communication proceeds in an unremarkable, 'felicitous' fashion [...] people not only communicate and affirm as true the values and beliefs of *their* group. They also communicate and accord degrees of truth or untruth to the values and beliefs of other groups.

The Kashinawa texts are marked, as mentioned, by their profuse use of images in the form of line drawings and multicolored illustrations, where their use of modality markers (defined by Kress and van Leeuwen's as color saturation, absence of background, lack of pictorial detail, lack of depth, lack of illumination, excessive brightness) leads them to be read by their external mediators as "primitive" or infantile.

These multimodal Kashinawa texts are thus read as having low cultural significance and no literary value. Even when written in Portuguese, these poetic texts with high visual and color content are distanced from the Brazilian national literary canon.

(In contrast, one may compare the texts ***transcribed*** from the oral tradition and published by renowned anthropologists, narrating similar mythical/fictional events, but this time with no visual component authored by indigenous hands, or only accompanied by photographs taken by the anthropologist/transcriber. Whereas this latter type of publication is perceived as having greater truth-value (though still seen as anonymous "myth" with middling literary value) by non-indigenous interpreters, the indigenous multimodal text is seen as having lower truth-value and almost no literary value.

In her innovative analysis of the classroom diaries of Kashinawa teachers, Monte (1996), an NGO Indigenous Education (*CPI do Acre*) mediator , seems to be taken unawares by the presence of seemingly misplaced illustrations and drawings permeating the texts. However, Monte interprets the major part of the drawings as principally ornamental and attempts an analysis of one of the drawings, which she sees as more complex and thus possessing a 'metalinguistic' function:

> Such a drawing is not only the manifestation of an esthetic and ornamental exercise, with the function of filling the empty spaces of the pages of the exercise-book, as in the case of those we previously mentioned, but is above all, a type of non-alphabetic writing which says something about the school and writing itself. It tells us something about the author's conception of the act of studying and writing,

culturally founded on the new meaning of the Kashinawa word ***kene***" (ibid 122-123, my translation).

At the same time as Monte sees no apparent significance in the generalized use of illustrations in the texts of her author/subjects, she draws attention to the fact that the Kashinawa have extended their word ***kene***, referring to the geometric graphic illustrations used in weaving, basketry and ceremonial tattooing, to refer to writing in general. As such, for the Kashinawa, writing and decorative graphics fall into the same semantic category of ***kene***.

Kene, however, does not traditionally refer to non-geometric figurative illustrations, uncommon in Kashinawa culture before the advent of writing; this may explain Monte's interpretation of figurative illustrations in verbal written texts as basically decorative with no greater semiotic significance.

Monte, here, may be read as representing a typical non-indigenous interpreter unable to access certain levels of Kashinawa cultural intertextuality, and thus attributing an interpretation deriving from Brazilian dominant written culture ("naturalistic" in Kress and van Leeuwen's terms) on multimodal Kashinawa texts. This interpretation can be seen to be clearly inscribed within a persisting discourse of Brazilian indigenism and its power relations which inspite of, (or because of) their benevolent stance, have paternalistically considered the Indian as child-like and in need of protection, and therefore inferior: a clear indication of the albeit reluctant persistence of the white-man's Indian in present Brazilian indigenism.

However, a different look at Kashinawa multimodal poetics permits a grouping of these texts into two clear-cut categories:

- abstract and geometric ***kene*** graphics and
- figurative illustrations.

The figurative illustrations are generally, though not exclusively, characterized by the predominance of circularity in the form of serpentine waves and spirals and curved lines, and have a narrative structure. Unfortunately these characteristics seem to be invisible to non-Kashinawa interpreters, who see them as unmotivated, uncodified and random.

From the point of view of the new Kashinawa written poetics, these texts are indeed intertextually codified and profoundly inscribed the traditional oral poetics and the ideological processes of construction of social identity of Kashinawa culture, where they are being transformed by the introduction of writing into the culture; this sets the scene for interpretive conflict to occur, as indeed it does.

Yet Monte is extremely close to overcoming this interpretive conflict when she points out the use of the word ***kene*** to refer to writing and when she gives exclusive attention to the only illustration she finds which reproduces the geometric graphics of ***kene*** .

In her study of graphic art in Kashinawa culture, the anthropologist Lagrou (1996) states that ***kene*** graphics are the product of a shamanic culture where a hallucinatory concoction, ayahuasca, is ritually ingested almost exclusively by men. Also in this culture, as we have noted, before the advent of writing, ***kene*** graphics were the exclusive domain of women, forming the basis of the feminine gender identity. ***Kene*** as symbolic of femininity, has also traditionally been the unceasing object of desire of Kashinawa men. The connection between ***kene***, ayahuasca and the feminine is explained in the Kashinawa oral tradition where the anaconda is venerated as the goddess of culture, wisdom and civilization, whose intricate and elaborate geometrical skin patterns seduce men. It is these patterns that inspire

and are imitated by ***kene*** graphics. The anaconda in its periodic skin shedding, its wavy movements, and its connection to water, symbolizes circularity and cyclical transformation identified with the feminine.

Unable to ingest ayahuasca, the principal means of spiritual experience available to Kashinawa women are contemplatory (meditations on existing ***kene*** graphics during basketmaking, weaving and tattooing), or through dreams which also appear in geometric patterns. It is considered dangerous for women to dream or contemplate entities from higher realms in figurative or human form.

The anaconda is seen as ambivalent, and after terrifying men, seduces them into submission by transforming into a beautiful woman and permits them access to higher realms of consciousness and knowledge. The hallucinatory process of ayahuasca consists of two stages: an initial stage of physical discomfort (or terror) where the vision of psychedelic geometric patterns predominates (seen as the establishing of contact with the anaconda); the discomfort and terror of this stage have to be overcome to attain the second stage, which is characterized by a vision, where the entities of the higher realms take human or animal physical forms, and where action occurs in a seemingly sequential narrative fashion.

In these encounters with entities of nature in human form, men become transformed into entities of nature themselves, and therefore have access to the knowledge and wisdom of these entities.

The occurrence of these two stages should not however be read in a linear sequential fashion. In hallucinatory visions time is suspended and one enters into a plane of simultaneity where "the figurative phenomena of the second phase is superimposed on the geometric designs of the first phase" (Lagrou 1996: 211. My translation).

The principal means of masculine spiritual *experience* is therefore mediated by the ayahuasca vision. The principal means of spiritual *expression* accessible to males, and the basis of masculine identity, is the visionary song or chant during the ayahuasca ritual narrating desired or actual encounters with entities of the higher realms and the consequent transformations.

According to Lagrou (ibid), in Kashinawa shamanism, the *representation* of an object or entity in a vision becomes the unmediated *presentation* of that object or entity itself; therefore the songs or chants are seen to substantiate in visual form actual encounters with entities rather than the safer, feminine, mediated encounters represented through the use of ***kene*** graphics.

Gender identities for the Kashinawa are thus constructed on their discursive shamanic relations with the world, and their transformative capacities, based on an internal/external dualism (Lagrou ibid:206). In this view, women transform what is **external** into what is **internal** (the raw into the cooked, the raw fiber into the dyed fiber, seeds into tinctures etc.).

Kashinawa men on the other hand, penetrate deeper into **external** alterity, the world of the other, where, isolated from the security of their place of origin, they themselves become transformed into an other. They move freely between the **internal** and the **external** not only changing the external, but also themselves suffering the consequences of change.

Consequently, whereas women in their weaving, cooking and their formulation of ***kene*** graphics represent a specific one-way relationship with nature and the world of transformation (they are the subjects or agents of these transformations), men, in their ayahuasca visions and encounters see nature and its entities transformed into human form, and are themselves transformed into nature.

Besides expending the effort to survive the transformation they undergo, the knowledge and wisdom they acquire from their transformation into an **other** has then to be

brought home for the benefit of the community. The masculine identity therefore is constructed on the complex dialogic tripartite concept of being the *initiator and agent* of transformation (when contact is established with the other), the *object* of transformation (when he is transformed by the knowledge acquired from the other), and once again the *agent* of transformation (when the newly acquired knowledge is brought back to the community).

Read against the grain of these shamanic cultural intertexts, the production of multimodal texts by Kashinawa authors, almost exclusively male, may therefore be seen to be representing on one hand, the two stages of the masculine shamanic experience (***kene*** and figurative narratives), and on the other hand, the dialogic concept of transformation and identity construction.

The advent of writing has thus played a major role in the transformation of traditional gender identities, now permitting masculine access to ***kene*** graphics, but also dialogically transforming ***kene*** itself from a a feminine means of internal, mediated spiritual experience into a masculine means of direct unmediated contact with the external world; unmediated in the sense that it is through the new poetics of writing/ ***kene*** that they seek to liberate themselves from the mediation of the white man.

Besides being a feminine mode of experience, ***kene***, as we have seen, is also the first stage of masculine visionary experience, heralding contact with the anaconda spirit and anticipating entry into the higher realms. The appearance of ***kene*** graphic illustrations in the poetics of the intermodal texts may be seen to also herald or frame a contact with the knowledge contained in the verbal sections of the intermodal text, functioning therefore as a mark pointing to a potential experience of acquisition of knowledge, and therefore of transformation, to be accessed via the reading of the verbal text. In this sense, the verbal text acquires the characteristic of the second stage of the visionary experience, assuming greater salience, and is to be read as the core of the experience of the acquisition of transformative knowledge.

The figurative illustrations, on the other hand, do not function as mere illustrations of verbal texts, but function as texts themselves containing transformative narratives. In many cases, in the new poetics, it is the written text (***kene***) which assumes the anticipatory quality characteristic of traditional ***kene*** graphics and functions as a pointer to the figurative visual text to be read as the core (as in a second visionary phase).

In this case, the use of the terms 'pointer', 'pointing','preceding' and 'anticipatory' should not be read in a linear, temporal fashion, but in the simultaneous ideogramatic sense where the reading of two figurative elements in a composition is simultaneous and dialogic, occurring within what Derrida calls an 'economy of the supplement'(1976) (cf. Derrida's discussion of Chinese ideogramatic poetry where he claims that to understand and translate Chinese poetry into an alphabetic western language, one must protect oneself from the copula and the temporal and spatial linearity of western grammars.)

The serpentine circularity predominant in the figurative visual texts reinforces this concept of non-linear writing and reading among the Kashinawa, where the laws of composition do not follow the western semiotic of given/new, ideal/real, margin/center (Kress and van Leeuwen 1996). As Kress and van Leeuwen rightly point out, "in the Western visual semiotic, then, the syntagmatic is the realm of the process of semiosis (ibid:198)".

What becomes apparent in the new poetics of Kashinawa multimodal texts is the conflicting simultaneity of the syntagmatic and paradigmatic axes of representation that generates meaning, both, *within* a visual text and *between* the visual and the verbal

components in the composition of a multimodal text.

Moreover, from the shamanic perspective of representation as presentation, as mentioned above, the alphabetic script within a previously oral Kashinawa culture, has to represent and therefore transubstantiate the spoken word on paper and its intricate connections with the shamanic semiotic. The profuse use of geometric and figurative illustrations in verbal written texts therefore indicates the resistance of Kashinawa writers to the temporal and spatial linearity and the limitations of the alphabetic script.

True also to the masculine discursive identity based on the capacity to transform, be transformed, and transform again what is external, the new Kashinawa poetics produced by male Kashinawa writers once again displays this discursive characteristic. By learning to read and write, the Kashinawa male authors initiated a process of contact with alterity and hence became agents of the transformation of the previous status quo; by learning an alphabetic script totally foreign to their shamanic semiotic and their oral poetics, they themselves had to undergo transformation of which they were patient objects; however, once they dominated the alphabetic script, they recuperated their agency, appropriated it into their own, now also transformed, semiotic and transformed writing into the multimodal medium as it presently exists in their culture, founding a new written Kashinawa poetics.

In conclusion then, the incapacity or reluctance to apprehend the complexity of this new Kashinawa poetics, besides representing a restricted view of literacy as independent and unaffected by the ideology of the culture into which it is imported, also represents a restricted view of literariness and coherence as a property of a text and not a property which interpreters impose on a text.

More significantly, however, this reluctance on the part of non-indigenous mediators is evidence of the persistence of traditional Brazilian indigenism and as such a persisting ideological attempt of control over indigenous culture and the circulation of texts in national Brazilian society. This underlying ideological desire for control contradicts, therefore, the expressed desire by these same mediators to applaud the end of traditional indigenism and tutelage.

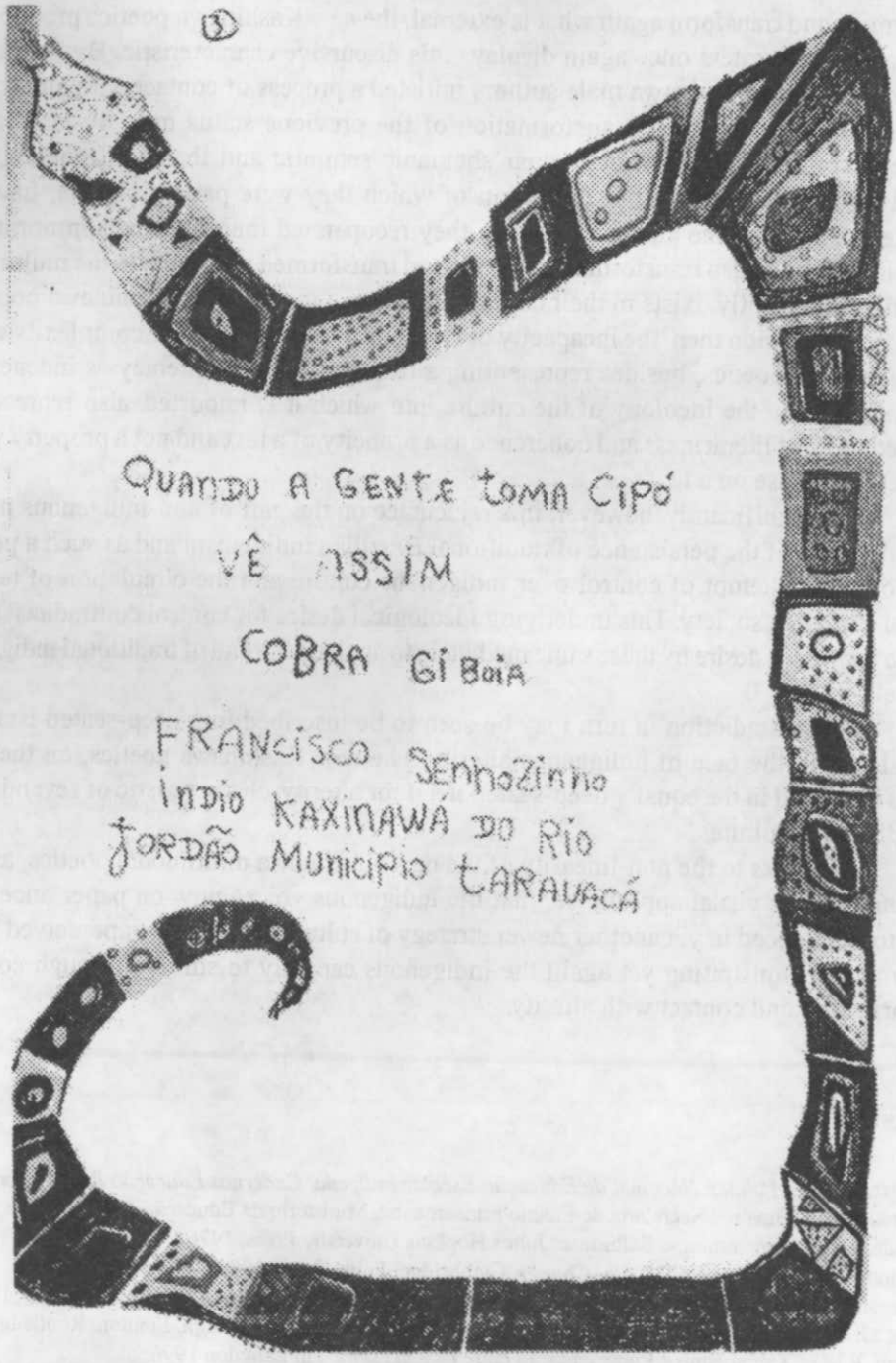
This contradiction in turn may be seen to be inscribed in a deep-seated Brazilian national fear in the face of indigenous alterity. The new Kashinawa poetics, on the other hand, is inscribed in the equally deep-seated **need** for alterity, characteristic of several Amazon indigenous cultures.

It is thanks to the non-linearity of the new Kashinawa multimodal poetics, and the strangeness of its visual appearance, that the indigenous voices now on paper once again refuse to be silenced in yet another newer strategy of cultural resistance unperceived by the white-man, demonstrating yet again the indigenous capacity to survive through constant transformation and contact with alterity.

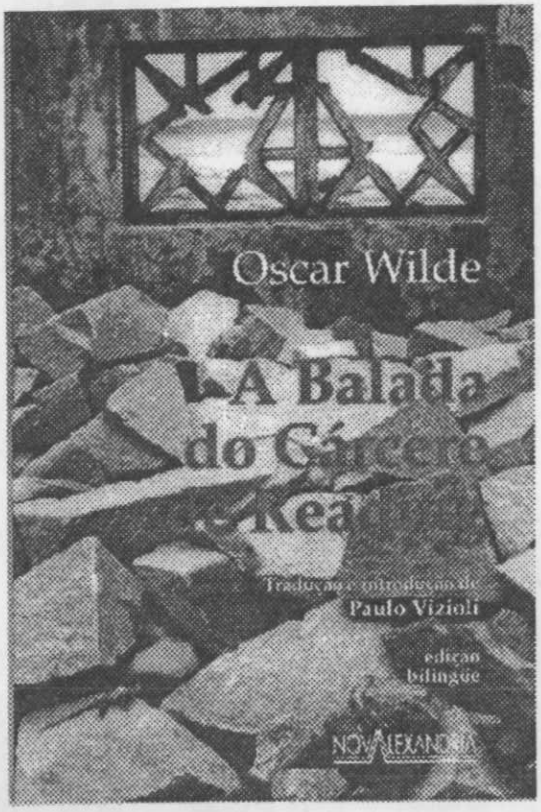
Works Cited

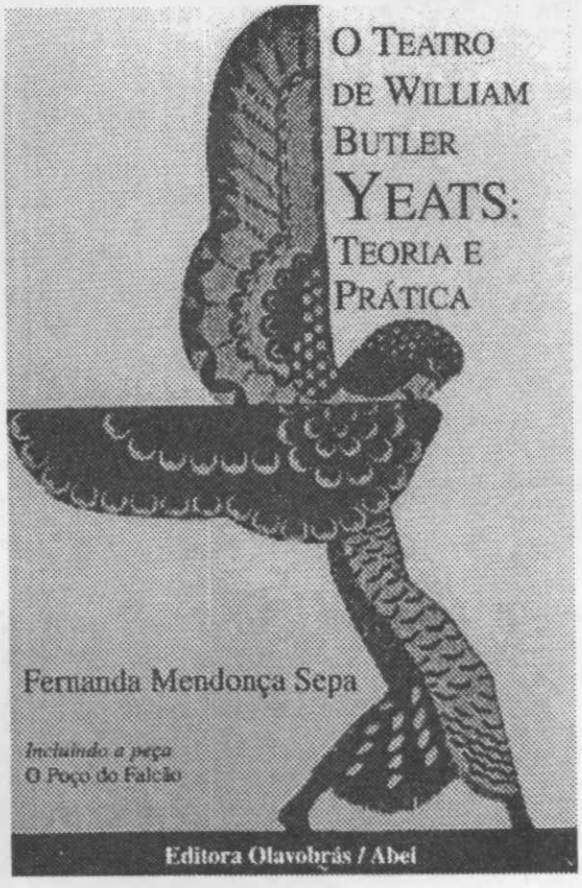
1. *Diretrizes Para a Política Nacional de Educação Escolar Indígena, Cadernos Educação Básica*. Série Institucional, vol. 2, Brasília: Secretaria de Ensino Fundamental, Ministério da Educação e do Desporto, 1994.
2. Derrida, J. *Of Grammatology*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976.
3. Fairclough, N. *Discourse and Social Change*. Cambridge: Polity Press, 1992.
4. Finnegan, R. *Orality and Literacy: Some Problems of Definition and Research* (unpublished MS), 1981.
5. Kress, G. and van Leeuwen, T. *Reading Images: The Grammar of Visual Design*. London: Routledge, 1996.
6. Lagrou, E.M. "Xamanismo e Representação entre os Kaxinawá", in Langdon 1996.
7. Langdon, E.J.M. (ed.) *Xamanismo no Brasil: Novas Perspectivas*. Florianópolis: Editora da UFSC, 1996.

8. Monte, N. *Escolas da Floresta: entre o passado oral e o presente letrado*. Rio de Janeiro: Multiletra, 1996.
9. Monte, N. ____ *Quem são os Kaxinawá?*, in Shenipabu Miyui: história dos antigos, Comissão Pró Índio do Acre, Rio Branco.
10. Street, B.V. *Literacy in theory and practice*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984.



News from Brazil


Oscar Wilde
A Balada
do Cárcere
Rea
Tradução e introdução de
Paulo Vizioli
edição
bilíngüe
NOVA ALEXANDRIA


O Teatro
de William
Butler
Yeats:
Teoria e
Prática
Fernanda Mendonça Sepa
Incluindo a peça
O Poço do Falcão
Editora Olavobrás / Abei

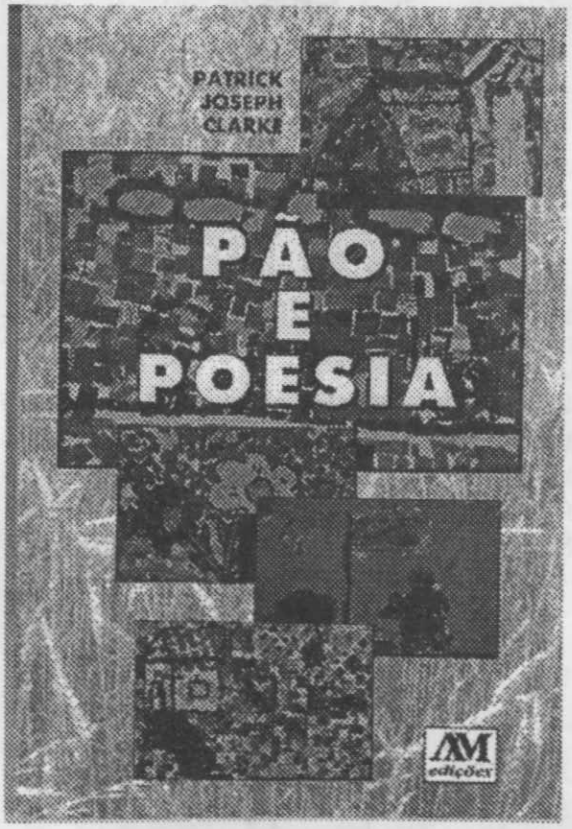
Publications

1. **A Balada do Cárcere de Reading**. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol.* **Oscar Wilde.**
São Paulo: Nova Alexandria, 1999.
Translation and Introduction by **Paulo Vizioli**.

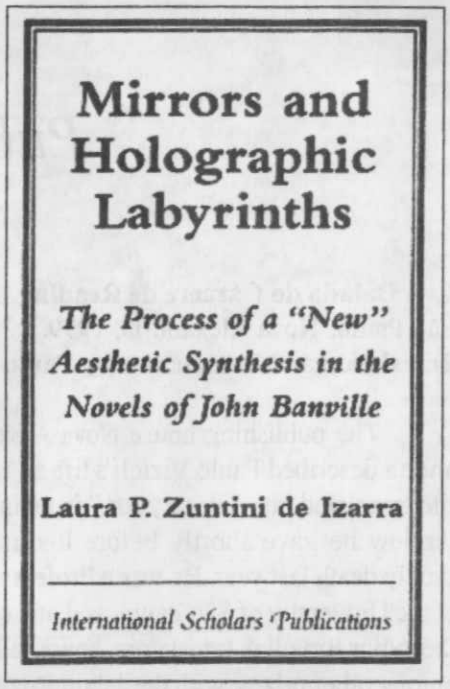
The publishing house Nova Alexandria described Paulo Vizioli's life as "a life translated into Literary Art," in an interview he gave shortly before his untimely death last year. He was a Professor at the University of São Paulo, and one of the major Brazilian translators, honoured, among other prizes, with the Jabuti Prize, for his translation of William Blake's poems. His work includes translations of Coleridge, Pope, T.S. Eliot, Derek Walcott's *Omeros*, and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, as well as North-American poets like Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Wallace Stevens, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams and e.e. cummings. His posthumously published translation of Oscar Wilde's famous poem *The Ballad of Reading Goal,* is a bilingual edition that allows the Brazilian reader to experience aesthetically an autobiographical testimony. Paulo Vizioli's critical introductory essay and polished translation demonstrate his fine talent at work and remind us of the irremediable loss that Brazilian translation has suffered with his death.

2. **O Teatro de William Butler Yeats: Teoria e Prática**
Fernanda Mendonça Sepa.
São Paulo: Editora Olavobrás/ABEI, 1999.

3. **Pão e Poesia**
Patrick Joseph Clarke.
São Paulo: AM Edições, 1994.



4. **Mirrors and Holographic Labyrinths: The Process of a New Aesthetic Synthesis in the Novels of John Banville. Laura P. Zuntini de Izarra.**
San Francisco, London & Bethesda: International Scholars Publications, 1999.



5. **Finnegans Wake / Finnicius Revém James Joyce** translated by **Donaldo Schüler. Vol. I and II.**
Illustrated by Lena Bergstein.
São Paulo: Ateliê Editorial, 1999.

6. **Irish Dreams. (Including a CD with traditional Irish music and Joyce's texts translated by Haroldo de Campos.)**
Organized by **Marcelo Tápia.**
São Paulo: Editora Olavobrás/ABEI, 2000.

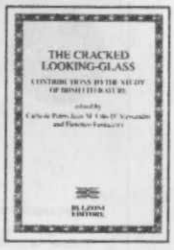
Books received

Chris Arthur. *Irish Nocturnes.*
USA: The Davies Group, Aurora CO, 1999. (daviesgroup@msn.com).

John Davis (ed.) *Rural Change in Ireland*
Belfast: The Institute of Irish Studies. The Queen's University of Belfast, 1999.

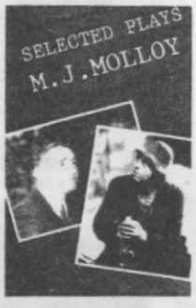
Juan José Delaney. *Moira Sullivan*
Buenos Aires: Corregidor, 1999

Joseph McMinn *The Supreme Fictions of John Banville*
Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1999.



Carla de Petris, J. M. E. D'Alessandro and F. Fantaccini (eds.) *The Cracked Glass. Contributions to the Study of Irish Literature*
Roma: Bulzoni Editore, 1999.

Martine Pelletier. *Le Théâtre de Brian Friel. Histoire et histories.*
France: Presses Universitaires du Septentrion, 1999.



Joseph Ronsley & Ann Saddlemyer (eds.) M. J. Molloy. *Selected Plays of M. J. Molloy*. Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe and Washington D.C.: The Catholic University of America Press, 1998.

Bruce Stewart (ed.) *Beckett and Beyond.*
Monaco: The Princess Grace Irish Library, 1999.

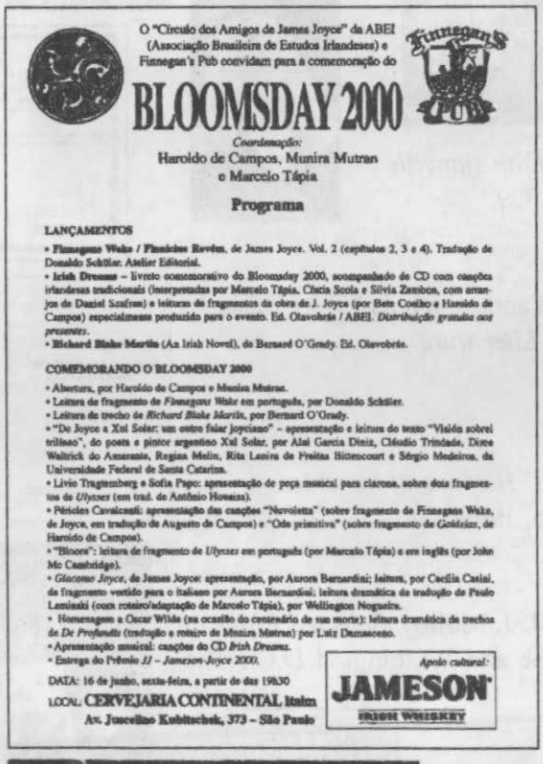
Nicholas Grene. *The Politics of Irish Drama. Plays in Context from Boucicault to Friel.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press,1999.

Events

1. St. Patrick's Day

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with Irish traditional music and popular pub songs played by the four-man band Murphy's Law. The musicians came direct from County Cork in Ireland and played at Brazil's only St. Patrick's Day street party, organised by O'Malley's pub in São Paulo on 17th March. The band went on to play at St. Patrick's School in Rio de Janeiro the following day.

2. Bloomsday 2000



O "Círculo dos Amigos de James Joyce" da ABEI
(Associação Brasileira de Estudos Irlandeses) e
Finnegan's Pub convidam para a comemoração do

BLOOMSDAY 2000

Coordenação:
Haroldo de Campos, Munira Mutran
e Marcelo Tápia

Programa

LANÇAMENTOS

- **Finnegans Wake / Finnicius Revém**, de James Joyce. Vol. 2 (capítulos 2, 3 e 4). Tradução de Donaldo Schüler. Atelier Editorial.
- **Irish Dreams** – livreto comemorativo do Bloomsday 2000, acompanhado de CD com canções irlandesas tradicionais (interpretadas por Marcelo Tápia, Cíntia Scola e Sílvia Zambon, com arranjos de Daniel Szafran) e leituras de fragmentos da obra de J. Joyce (por Bete Coelho e Haroldo de Campos) especialmente produzido para o evento. Ed. Olavobrás / ABEI. *Distribuição gratuita aos presentes.*
- **Richard Blake Martin** (An Irish Novel), de Bernard O'Grady. Ed. Olavobrás.

COMEMORANDO O BLOOMSDAY 2000

- Abertura, por Haroldo de Campos e Munira Mutran.
- Leitura de fragmento de *Finnegans Wake* em português, por Donaldo Schüler.
- Leitura de trecho de *Richard Blake Martin*, por Bernard O'Grady.
- "De Joyce a Xul Solar: um outro falar joyciano" – apresentação e leitura do texto "Visión sobre el trilinao", do poeta e pintor argentino Xul Solar, por Alai Garcia Diniz, Cláudio Trindade, Dirce Waltrick do Amarante, Regina Melin, Rita Lenira de Freitas Bittencourt e Sérgio Medeiros, da Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina.
- Livio Tragtenberg e Sofia Pupo: apresentação de peça musical para clarone, sobre dois fragmentos de *Ulysses* (em trad. de Antônio Houaiss).
- Péricles Cavalcanti: apresentação das canções "Nuvoletta" (sobre fragmento de Finnegans Wake, de Joyce, em tradução de Augusto de Campos) e "Ode primitiva" (sobre fragmento de *Gotéicos*, de Haroldo de Campos).
- "Bloom": leitura de fragmento de *Ulysses* em português (por Marcelo Tápia) e em inglês (por John Mc Cambridge).
- *Giacomo Joyce*, de James Joyce: apresentação, por Aurora Bernardini; leitura, por Cecília Casini, de fragmento vertido para o italiano por Aurora Bernardini; leitura dramática da tradução de Paulo Leminski (com roteiro/adaptação de Marcelo Tápia), por Wellington Nogueira.
- Homenagem a Oscar Wilde (no ocasião do centenário de sua morte): leitura dramática de trechos de *De Profundis* (tradução e roteiro de Munira Mutran) por Luiz Damasceno.
- Apresentação musical: canções do CD *Irish Dreams*.
- Entrega do Prêmio *JJ – Jameson-Joyce 2000*.

DATA: 16 de junho, sexta-feira, a partir de das 19h30
LOCAL: **CERVEJARIA CONTINENTAL Itaim**
Av. Juscelino Kubitschek, 373 – São Paulo

Apoio cultural:
JAMESON IRISH WHISKEY

Munira H. Mutran

Luiz Damasceno reads De Profundis

Marcelo Tápia, Cíntia Scola and Sílvia Zambon sing Irish songs

Aurora Bernardini and Cecília Casini read Giacomo Joyce

Remembering

Oscar Wilde – Death Centenary

A conversation with Oscar Wilde by Maggi Hambling (Oscar Wilde II, 1996-7, bronze, unique cast, 28x58.5x38.1) shows him alive, rising up from his coffin, indulging his passion and genius for good talk.

Sean O'Faolain – Birth Centenary

Author photo by Tania Heineman.

Letter to Munira and Marcello Mutran describing his daily life in his old age.

10
1977

Dear MARCELLO UNIRA :-

Lovely to hear from you both and thanks for the elegant desk diary. We have often thought of you. My publisher is keen on producing a selection of my best 7 stories in 1978 and so does his American counterpart. Our lives are as quiet as a mouse when the cat is around. It rains and blows but we reck not. One of the regrets of age is non-participation

i.e. not being part of the busy world outside; but this is also one of the charms of retirement.

Pardon this 'used' envelope – Eileen is sending out her Christmas cards in my envelopes and it is too wild and wet to go out for replacements! We do live like hibernating squirrels once December comes. This, it has been said, is why Scandinavian longships were so finely carved – in the days of short light they carved by the firelight. I like this wintry enclosure. It is a good time for writing, tho' at my age I 'potter' rather than Compose. We send you all our warmest affections.

Sempre:–

Dorothy

Contributors

BEATRIZ KOPSCHITZ XAVIER BASTOS has an M.A. on Denis Johnston's plays from the University of Chicago. She is currently a doctoral student in Irish Studies at the University of São Paulo.

MARIA SÍLVIA BETTI is Assistant Lecturer in American Literature at the University of São Paulo. She has published *Oduvaldo Vianna Filho* (Edusp/FAPESP, 1997) and translated *Brecht and Method* by Fredric Jameson (Vozes, 1999). She co-ordinates the Décio de Almeida Prado Centre of Theatre Studies and has published many articles in that field.

PATRICK JOSEPH CLARKE was born in Ireland and is a member of the Holy Spirit Congregation. His M.A. dissertation in Education was published under the title *Pão e* Poesia (São Paulo: AM Edições, 1994) with a preface by Paulo Freire. Since 1977 he has lived in a suburb in East São Paulo, where he started missions for shanty-town dwellers and indian nations.

JUAN JOSÉ DELANEY was born into a large Irish-Argentine family in Buenos Aires and holds the chair in Twentieth Century Latin American Literature at El Salvador University. He is also a fiction writer and has published four books of short stories and a novel *Moira Sullivan* (Buenos Aires: Corregidor, 1999). *La Carcajada*, his first collection of short stories published before his twentieth birthday, was highly praised by Jorge Luis Borges. He founded and directs *El Gato Negro*, a magazine which specializes in thrillers: crime, police and mystery.

JAMES E. DOAN is Professor in the Department of Liberal Arts, Nova Southeastern University, Fort Lauderdale. He obtained his Ph.D. in Folklore and Celtic Studies from Harvard University in 1981 and has published widely in the areas of Celtic literature, folklore and mythology, and the arts. He has served as Secretary of the American Conference for Irish Studies, U.S. Secretary/Treasurer of IASIL, Celtic Studies Representative on the MLA Executive Committee, and President of the South Florida Irish Studies Consortium. He was a visiting professor at the University of São Paulo in March 1997.

DAWN DUNCAN is an Assistant Lecturer in English, specialising in British Postcolonial Literatures, at Concordia College, Moorhead, MN. She has published on numerous Irish authors, among them Edna O'Brien and Brian Friel, as well as on topics dealing with postcolonialism in general and Irish drama specifically. Forthcoming from Blackwell in *Postcolonialism Reconsidered* is her chapter "Creating a Flexible Foundation for Postcolonial Studies." Also forthcoming in the new Irish series from Mellen is Duncan's study *Postcolonial Identity in Irish Drama*.

HELENO GODOY has a Master of Arts in Modern Languages from the University of Tulsa in Oklahoma, and is a doctoral student in Irish Studies at the University of São Paulo. He is a Lecturer in English Literature at the Federal University of Goiás and Assistant Lecturer in Literary Theory at the Catholic University of Goiás. He is also a writer and has published nine books, including four collections of poetry (*Os Veículos*, 1968; *Fábula Fingida*, 1985; *A Casa*, 1991; *Trimeros*, 1993), a novel (*As Lesmas*, 1969) and three collections of short stories (*Relações*; *O Amante de Londres*, 1996; *A Feia da Tarde e Outros Contos*, 1999). Together with Miguel Jorge and Reinaldo Barbalho he co-edited *O Ser da Linguagem* (essays), 1983 and *Poemas do GEN: 30 Anos* (interviews and anthology), 1994.

CHRISTINE GREINER, PhD in Semiotics and journalist, is dance co-ordinator of the undergraduate course in Communication and Arts of the Body and a lecturer in the programme of post-graduate studies in Communication and Semiotics at the Catholic University of São Paulo. She is the author of many articles on dance and Japanese culture, and of the books *Butô, pensamento em evolução* ["Butoh, thought in evolution"] (São Paulo: Fundação Japão e Escrituras, 1997) and *Noh Theatre and the West* (São Paulo: FAPESP e Anna Blume, 2000).

NICHOLAS GRENE is Professor of English Literature at Trinity College, Dublin and the Director of the Synge Summer School. He has been an invited speaker on Irish literature in many countries, including Brazil in 1993. His books include *Synge: a Critical Study of the Plays*, *Bernard Shaw: a Critical View*, *Shakespeare's Tragic Imagination* and, most recently, *The Politics of Irish Drama* (published in January by Cambridge University Press).

MAURICE HARMON, Emeritus Professor of Anglo-Irish Literature and Drama, University College Dublin, has published many books. Among the most influential have been *Irish Poetry After Yeats* and *Select Bibliography for the Study of Anglo-Irish Literature*. His most recent works are *Sean O'Faolain: A Life* and *No Author Better Served: The Correspondence between Samuel Beckett and Alan Schneider*.

PETER JAMES HARRIS lectures in English Literature and English Culture at the State University of São Paulo (UNESP). Born in London he has an M.A. in Creative Writing from the University of East Anglia and a Ph.D. in Irish Studies from the University of São Paulo (USP), with a thesis entitled *Sean O'Casey's Letters and Autobiographies: Reflections of a Radical Ambivalence*. He is currently researching into the presence of Irish dramatists on the London stage in the period from Independence to the present day.

RÜDIGER IMHOF is Professor of English at Wuppertal University in Germany, where he specialises in Anglo-Irish literature. He has published widely on contemporary Irish drama and fiction, including *Alive-Alive O!* a study of Flann O'Brien's *At Swim Two Birds* (Wolfhound Press, 1985) and *John Banville: A Critical Introduction* (Wolfhound Press, 1989).

CHRISTINA HUNT MAHONY studied at Marquette University, Wisconsin, and University College, Dublin. She is Associate Director of the Center for Irish Studies at the Catholic University of America, Washington, DC, where she supervises an interdisciplinary graduate program in Irish Studies and teaches in the English Department. Recent publications include "London Meets Laredo, A Nightmare: Louis MacNeice's Irish War" in *Irish University Review* (Autumn/Winter, 1995) and "Women's Education, Edward Dowden and The University Curriculum: An Unlikely Progression" in *Gender Perspectives in 19th Century Ireland*, ed. M. Kelleher and J. H. Murphy (Dublin: Irish Academic Press), 1997.

LEONARDO MENDES has a BA in History and Literature from the Fluminense Federal University. He is a Lecturer in Anglo-American Literature at Castelo Branco University (RJ), and obtained his Ph.D. at the University of Texas at Austin in 1998. His book on the crossroads between Brazilian naturalist fiction and sexuality is forthcoming from the Catholic University of Rio Grande do Sul Press (EDIPUCRS).

DONALD E. MORSE, Visiting Professor of American, Irish, and English Literature, Kossuth University, Hungary, is also Emeritus Professor of English and Rhetoric, Oakland University, Michigan, USA. The author or editor of nine books and over ninety scholarly essays, he is also well known as an international lecturer on a variety of subjects including Irish literature. With the Hungarian scholar, Csilla Bertha, he wrote *Worlds Visible and Invisible: Essays on Irish Literature* (1994) and edited *A Small Nation's Contribution to the World: Essays on Irish Literature and Language* (1993), and *More Real than Reality: The Fantastic in Irish Literature and the Arts* (1992). He has been awarded two Fulbright fellowships to Hungary (1987-1989 and 1991-1993), two Soros Professorships (1990, 1996-1997), a Rockefeller Study Fellowship (1991), and an honorary doctorate from Kossuth University (1999).

MUNIRA H. MUTRAN has been responsible for the postgraduate programme in Irish Studies at the University of São Paulo since 1980. She is the editor of an anthology of Irish short stories, *Guirlanda de Histórias* (1996), and *Joyce in Brazil* (1997), is co-editor of *ABEI Journal – The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies* and has published several articles on Irish drama and fiction.

EOIN O'NEILL is studying for a Ph.D. in Sociology at IUPERJ (Rio de Janeiro). His research is concerned with Hugh O'Neill, the Nine Years War and the formation of the Irish State. He obtained a Masters degree in Sociology from IUPERJ with a thesis entitled "Some Aspects of the Relationship between State, Welfare State and Class in Contemporary Irish Society."

IRENE PORTELA is currently concluding her Ph.D. in Politics at IUPERJ (Rio de Janeiro). The title of her thesis is "A Pretexto da Irlanda: Reflexões sobre sujeito nacional, multiplicidade e democracia." She has a Masters degree in Social Anthropology from PPGAS/MN/UFRJ, with a dissertation entitled "Dos Brasileiros, da Civilização e de Africa: Um estudo antropológico da identidade nacional portuguesa na segunda metade do século XIX."

DONALDO SCHÜLER is a Lecturer at the Federal University of Rio Grande do Sul (UFRGS). He is also a fiction writer, poet, translator and author of many books on literary theory. He has won many awards for his work and he has recently translated *Antígona* by Sophocles (Porto Alegre, L&PM, 1999), and James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake / Finnicius Revém,* I.1 (São Paulo: Ateliê, 1999) and *Finnegans Wake / Finnicius Revém*, I.2, 3, 4 (São Paulo, Ateliê, 2000).

STANLEY WEINTRAUB is Evan Pugh Professor Emeritus of Arts and Humanities at the Pennsylvania State University. He has written more than 40 books, 20 of which are about Shaw, including *Private Shaw and Public* Shaw, *Journey to Heartbreak* and an edition of Shaw's art criticism, *Bernard Shaw on the London Art Scene.*

SCOR
Gráfica
TECCI

Impressão e Acabamento:
Caixa Postal 11481
São Paulo - SP - CEP 05422-970
Telefax: (11) 211 2298/815 1177
Http://www.scortecci.com.br
E-mail: grafica@scortecci.com.br

ISSN 1518-0581

Number 2

June 2000

ABEI

Associação Brasileira de Estudos Irlandeses