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Editors
Elisa Abrantes
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Cover: *An Irish Peasant Family Discovering the Blight of their Store* by Daniel MacDonald, c. 1847.

Projeto de Diagramação
Selma Consoli – MTb n. 28.839

Diagramação
Victor Augusto da Cruz Pacheco

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When Women Speak

Dirce Watrick Amarante

Abstract: *I propose here a feminist reading of* Finnegans Wake*, or rather, another feminist reading of the novel, since this approach is not new: there are some quite solid studies on the theme. It is believed that in* Finnegans Wake *Joyce brings woman to light, contrary to what happens in* Ulysses*, a novel in which the writer leaves her (or them) practically mute for more than six hundred pages. My thesis is that Anna Livia is the great narrator of the* Wake*, but instead of silencing the other voices, she allows everyone to speak, and unites the talk of everybody in a colorful weave, a collage of narrative threads that she is careful not to break, so that they may have a continuity, albeit tenuous.*

Keywords: Finnegans Wake*, Feminism, contemporary female artists.*

I propose here a feminist reading of *Finnegans Wake*, or rather, another feminist reading of the novel, since this approach is not new: there are some quite solid studies on the theme.

It is believed that in *Finnegans Wake* Joyce brings woman to light, contrary to what happens in Ulysses, a novel in which the writer leaves her (or them) practically mute for more than six hundred pages. It should be remembered, though, that in the final pages it is Molly Bloom the protagonist in one of the most famous monologues in literature.

Molly Bloom would represent many women from the beginning of the twentieth century. Although she is a singer, which could be seen as a daring profession at that time, those who surrounded her refer to her with innumerable clichés about this profession for women, in a male-oriented world of the beginning of the last century.

But let's proceed to the "silence" imposed on Molly. According to the feminist American writer Rebecca Solnit (33; my translation), in her book *The Mother of all Questions*, the silence was what allowed the predators to attack throughout the decades, without impediments. It is as if the voices of these important public men devour and annihilate the voices of others in narrative cannibalism. In chapter XV, when Leopold Bloom confesses that he wants to be a mother, the critics (most of them male, bur some female) say that he embodies the feminine man, and therefore *Ulysses* could not be considered a male-oriented novel or one that would privilege the point of view of the male characters. Dr. Dixon, one of the characters in *Ulysses*, refers to Leopold Bloom in this way: "Professor Bloom is a finished example of the new womanly man. His moral nature is simple and lovable. Many have found him a dear man, a dear person. He is a rather quaint fellow on the whole, coy though not feebleminded in the medical sense" (613-614).

As a matter of fact, in *Ulysses*, woman appears to be silenced by men, men either like Dr. Dixon or Leopold Bloom. It is men who speak for the women, about the women, about their "simple and lovable" moral nature, for example (By the way, couldn't this be another

cliché reworked and given a new significance by Joyce?). In the end, men take the place of women, as when Leopold Bloom gives birth to more than half a dozen children.

The right to speak is a kind of wealth, as Rebecca Solnit emphazises, and obviously, in 1904, when the novel takes place, or in 1922, the year it was published, this silencing of feminine voices was even stronger. Although some women were already using their voices, such as Virginia Woolf and Gertrude Stein, whose voices were exceptions.

Moreover Joyce is attributed with the following utterance made to Mary Colum: "I hate intellectual women" (543). This particular declaration doesn't seem incomprehensible, bearing in mind that some intellectual women didn't like him either.

On one occasion, Richard Ellman tells us, the Paris-based American writer Gertrude Stein is reputed to angrily have said, "Joyce is good. He is a good writer. People like him because he is incomprehensible and anybody can understand him. But who came first, Gertrude Stein or James Joyce?" (543). Of course, in a heated discourse, reason doesn't talk very loud. Stein, mother of the modernists, knew that Joyce wasn't merely "good". But, as a woman, she knew she wasn't heard as much as Joyce was.

According to Solnit, the liberation struggle consists, in part, in creating the conditions for the silenced to speak and to be heard (32). It seems to me that in *Finnegans Wake* Joyce created these conditions, permitting his female protagonist to finally speak, in this case in a dream. Concerning the nocturnal nature of *Finnegans Wake*, darkness, says Solnit, is the only form we have for involving ourselves in another culture, another thought than our own, since darkness imposes a limit, everything can't be seen clearly in it. This may have been the form used by Joyce to give woman a voice, knowing in advance, one may suppose, that he wouldn't succeed in revealing the secrets of the opposite sex.

In accordance with all that has been commented so far, *Ulysses* would be a novel of men, told by and represented by men. Joyce appears to have understood this and made his mea culpa in *Finnegans Wake*. On page 123 of his last work, in the language typical for the novel, we read: "[…] lastly when all is zed and done, the penelopean patience of its last paraphe, a colophon of no fewer than seven hundred and thirtytwo strokes tailed by a leaping lasso — who thus at all this marveling but will press on hotly to see the vaulting feminine libido of those interbranching ogham sex up-andinsweeps sternly controlled and easily repersuaded by the uniform matteroffactness of a meandering male fist?".

One could also add that it is Anna Livia Plurabelle who utters this phrase. I will explain why: if we depart from the thesis that *Ulysses* is prolonged in *Finnegans Wake*, as stated above, and considering that it is Molly Bloom who ends the first book with her monologue, in my view it can only be she that continues talking, in her dream, through Anna Livia Plurabelle, in *Finnegans Wake*. In the dream, Molly Bloom unfolds into Anna Livia, the wife of Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, the extension of Leopold Bloom, who has three children, Issy, the extension of Milly Bloom, Shaun and Shem, I dare say that the twins could represent the dead child of Molly and Leopold Bloom, and/or Stephen Dedalus himself, "adopted" by Leopold Bloom.

Furthermore, *Finnegans Wake* ends with Anna Livia's speech, and, as the final phrase unites with the first one, she is also the one that begins to tell the story.

But, as the critics use to say, and in part I agree with them, it is difficult to determine who the narrator in *Finnegans Wake* is. To some scholars, everybody is talking, everybody narrates the adventure in their own way.

My thesis, though, is that Anna Livia is the great narrator of the *Wake*, but instead of silencing the other voices, she allows everyone to speak, and unites the talk of everybody in a

colorful weave, a collage of narrative threads that she is careful not to break, so that they may have a continuity, albeit tenuous. Continuing from this affirmation I would also say that there exists a thread, or several narrative threads in the wakean weave that we can follow if we want, from the beginning to the end of the book (or from the end to the beginning). This is what I proposed in, for instance, *Finnegans Wake (por um fio)*, published in 2018.

Regarding the thread, the activity of spinning a thread is a womanly activist, in Chile, according to the Chilean artist, writer and performer residing in the USA, Cecilia Vicuña. In her native land, it is the women that spin the thread from the ball of wool from the vicuña, an Andean camelid; this because they do it carefully, so that the thread is never broken. With this image she concludes: "Woman is the one who conserves the unity and the union. This is the art of women, and that's why they are hounded all over the world, because the continuity of life depends on them." In *Finnegans Wake*, it would be Anna Livia's task to unite the various narrative threads of the novel.

Besides, in the book, Anna Livia is the life-generating figure, she symbolizes the river Liffey, water. In addition, her name is associated to *Danu*, *Anu* or *Ana*, the mother-goddess of Irish mythology, sometimes described as the Irish Eve. The legend says that Danu was probably the goddess of fertility, magic and the wind.

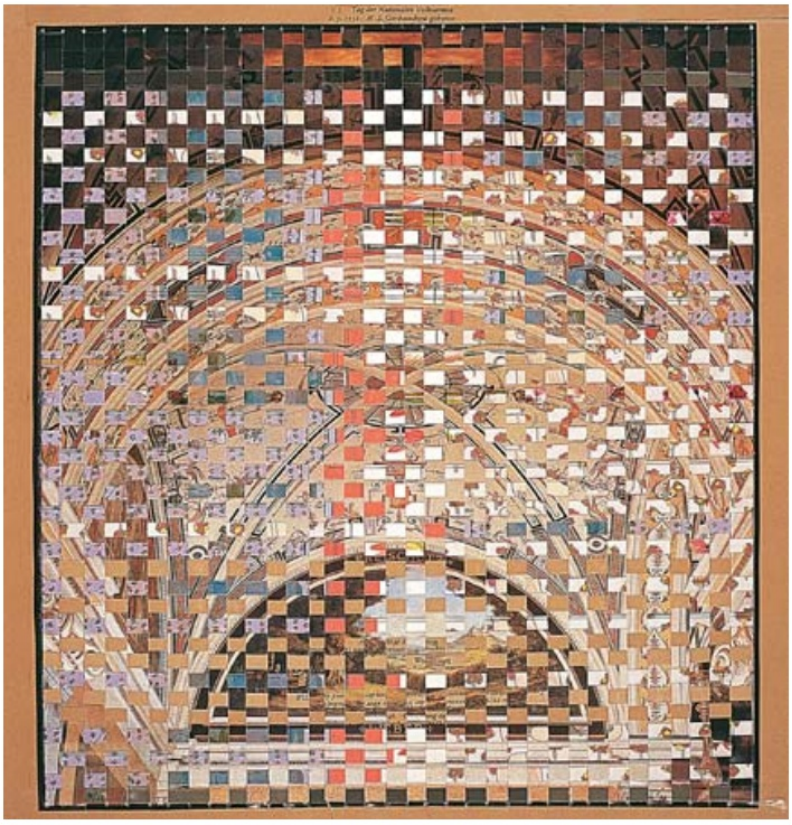
The poem "Word and thread" from the book *New and Selected Poems by Cecilia Vicuña* could serve to define *Finnegans Wake*. It says: "A line joining other lines./ A word written risks linearity,/ but word and thread exist on another dimensional plane./ Acts of union and separation./ Word is silence and sound./ Thread, fulness and empty/ The weaver sees her fiber as the poet her word./ Thread feels the hand, as word the tongue./ Sense structures in the double sense" (147).

As a weaver, Molly Bloom has by some critics been compared to Penelope, the mythical figure who weaves and unravels a cloak while waiting for *Ulysses* to return. In Finnegans Wake, the weaver is Anna Livia, who, with her *penelopean patience*, keeps weaving the threads in the Joycean weft.

On the role of the weaver, in the cited poem, Vicuña says that she "is both weavering and writing a text/ the community can read" (149). And the Chilean artist concludes, "An ancient textile is an alphabet of knots, colors and directions we can no longer read"[7]. But "To dream, the diviner sleeps on a textile made of *wik'uña*"[8]. The seer could be us, the readers. In the fiction, Anna Livia could also be considered a seer: after weaving the cloak, she lies down upon it and narrates what she has weaved.

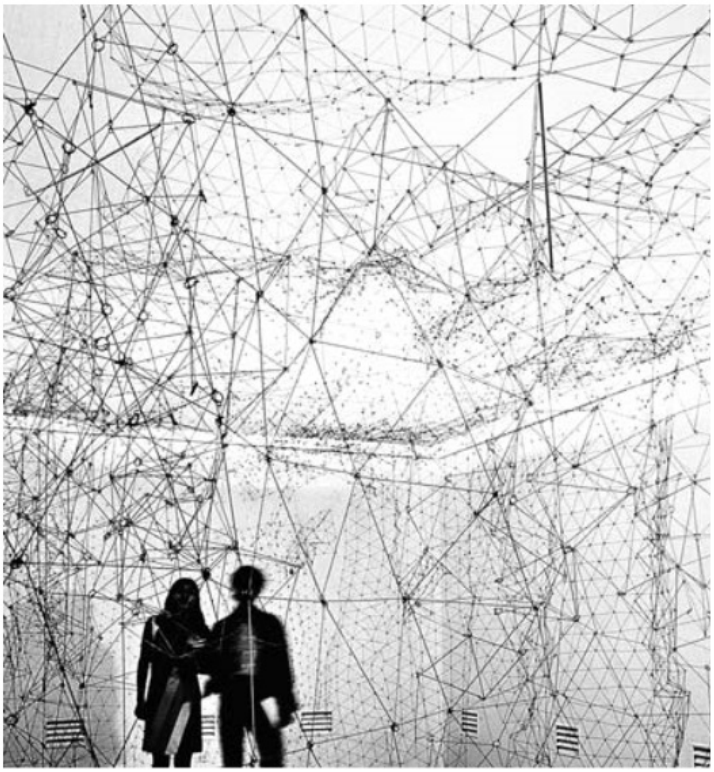
There are, in fact, many feminine elements in *Finnegans Wake*, elements that I perceive in the visual works of artists posterior to Joyce, as for example Ana Mendieta, a Cuban living in the USA, or Gertrud Goldschmidt, known as Gego, a German living in Venezuela, or the above-mentioned Cecilia Vicuña. All of them lived or, in Vicuña's case lives, far from their native country, like Joyce, who left Ireland as a very young man and settled in continental Europe.

Gego's work is quite similar to the Chilean artist's, in that she also uses the idea of weaving threads, especially in a series of works entitled *tejeduras*, where she crosses threads/lines, forming abstract images, but always united in a single space. The *tejeduras* are also a form of cubist collage (in this work she includes photographs, news magazines, cigarette packs, etc.), a form that according to the specialists would have inspired James Joyce when composing *Finnegans Wake*. Gego's tejeduras come very close to some works by Picasso, but also to the works of avant-garde artist Sonia Delaunay, one of her references.



"Tejeduras" Gego

To the Venezuelan artist, the threads can be transformed into anything, gain the most different formats. Often the lines of Gego create a mess in space, a chaos, in the style of *Finnegans Wake*, one could say.



The following consideration by Gego would serve to conceptualize every word of *Finnegans Wake*: "I discovered the charm of the line in and of itself—the line in space as well as the line drawn on a surface, and the nothing between the lines and the sparkling when they cross, when they are interrupted, when they are of different colors or different types"[1]. Gego once said: "I discovered that sometimes the in-between lines [are] as important as the line by itself."[2]. Joyce knew the importance of what's between the lines, between the words of his last novel. In this "between-places" resides the "caosmos" (to use a word from the book), the raw material of *Finnegans Wake*.

Moreover, Gego has another series of works called *Triangulaciones*; in them she always maintains a base, a point of stability for her threads, maybe the foundation that the reader, if so inclined, could try to find in Joyce's nocturnal book. This is my search, and perhaps that is why I recognize in the triangulations of Gego my (feminine) form of reading the *Wake*.

As for the Cuban artist Ana Mendieta, she is known in particular for performances in which her body unites with the elements of Nature, as in *Buried in Mud* from 1975, where the artist is buried in mud, and after a while we see the mud breathe – not her. Intentionally, here it is woman that is being born out of clay, not man; he may emerge later, from one of her ribs. Mendieta said that emerging from Nature would only be something new if Adam was excluded, and that she too, as a woman, "wants to emerge from earth/nature or actually has – and not from some sleeping man's rib, who later would prove too easily fooled"[3].

In *Burial Pyramid* (1974), the artist is buried under rocks and slowly emerges from them, but not completely. It doesn't seem difficult to see in these two performances specific wakean characters that are now river, now woman, now mountain, now man, now cloud, now etc. Talking about rocks, in chapter VIII of *Finnegans Wake* one of the washerwomen is turned to stone, going the opposite way to Ana Mendieta, who emerges from the stone.

With this reading I include contemporary women with the women in Joyce's fiction. This way I also propose that we may have a Mollybloomsday this year, perhaps the first of many.

Notes

1 https://www.levygorvy.com/wp-content/uploads/2016_05_01_Artist_Dossier_Gego_Art_Auction.pdf

2 https://uk.blouinartinfo.com/news/story/1429576/gegos-liminal-lines-at-dominique-levy-london

3 *Covered in Time and History: The Films of Ana Mendieta*. Minneapolis; University of Minnesota, 2015, p. 39.

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"Life we must accept as we see it" – A critical Reading of Joyce's "Drama and Life"

Tarso do Amaral de Souza Cruz

Abstract: *James Joyce's fictional works have been vastly analyzed and discussed ever since the first decades of the twentieth century. Nevertheless, only recently there has been a consistent growth of the critical attention given to Joyce's essayistic production. One of the most emblematic essays written by Joyce is "Drama and Life" (1900). In this essay, Joyce introduces and develops concepts – such as his concept of drama – that would eventually turn out to be of paramount importance to the unfolding and the understanding of his work as a whole. This article aims to critically analyze "Drama and Life" and provide enough evidence to support the hypotheses that Joyce's conceptualization of drama is based upon essentialist premises, which have foundational importance for the development of Joyce's fictional work. The ideas on Joyce's essayistic output, as well as on "Drama and Life" itself, posited by Caetano Galindo, Richard Ellmann, Sérgio Medeiros, and Andrew Gibson are used as theoretical basis for the development of the article.*

Keywords: *Drama; Essentialism; James Joyce.*

Brazilian scholar and translator of most of Joyce's works in Portuguese, Caetano W. Galindo argues that a continuous reading of James Joyce's fictional works allows us to identify a 'project' (301). According to Galindo, such 'project' is identifiable both in the formal development of Joyce's work and in an ongoing re-investigation of themes, ideas, and notions (303). Galindo also argues that if, on the one hand, Joyce's essays may be understood as brief deviations from the path of formal investigation, on the other hand, when it comes to the themes, ideas, and notions, the essays may be seen as a relevant constituent part of Joyce's work as any other of his texts (304).

As Kevin Barry remarks in his introduction to *Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing*, a collection of Joyce's non-fictional writings, the materials collected in the abovementioned volume covered, "albeit unequally, forty years of Joyce's life" (ix). Taking into consideration that when Joyce died when he was 58 years old, it is possible to argue that Joyce wrote non-fictional texts throughout his life.

Joyce's essayistic output had in fact a very early beginning. For instance, in 1899, when Joyce was but a 17-year-old student at University College, in Dublin, he wrote an essay on the Hungarian painter Michael Munkacsy's *Ecce Homo*. In this text – "Royal Hibernian Academy 'Ecce Homo'" – Joyce presents his concept of drama for the first time, a concept of great importance for those interested in understanding Joyce's ideas about art in general and, more particularly, about his own work as a whole. Writing about Munkacsy's work, Joyce asserts that "the picture is primarily dramatic" (17) and explains that: "By drama I understand the interplay of passion; drama is strife, evolution, movement, in whatever way unfolded" (17). By asserting

that, Joyce develops a notion of drama that becomes fundamental to his work from this point on.

It is not by chance that the title of the next essay Joyce wrote was "Drama and Life". This text, written to be delivered at a meeting of the University College's Literary and Historical Society on 20 January 1900, is properly defined by Joycean scholar and translator Sérgio Medeiros as one of the most important manifestations of Joyce's artistic convictions (qtd. in Joyce 39). In addition, Literary critic Andrew Gibson sees it as "an account of the relationship between art, specifically drama, and the self-assertion of a race entering into the fullness of its power" (44). In fact, Gibson argues that Joyce's critical texts, including "Drama and Life", "repeatedly turn out to be about Ireland, its history and prospects, its politics and culture, its relation to the Church and the colonial power and, perhaps above all, the place of art in the Ireland Joyce knew" (42).

Joyce's most acclaimed biographer Richard Ellmann sees "Drama and Life" as "Joyce's strongest early statement of method and intention" (73). Ellmann argues that, from the conception of drama conveyed in and by "Drama and Life", Joyce "kept to his principle by making all his novels dramatic" (73). That is, Ellmann acknowledges that the notion of drama introduced and developed by Joyce in "Drama and Life" had a great influence on his fictional works.

When one reads "Drama and Life", it is actually possible to agree with Medeiros, Gibson, and Ellmann, for it is precisely in and with this essay that Joyce fully develops his seminal conception of drama, firstly introduced in "Royal Hibernian Academy 'Ecce Homo'". In fact, the connection between these two essays is so evident that it is even possible to find passages from the 1899 text reproduced in "Drama and Life".

In "Drama and Life", before presenting a brief historical overview of the history of drama, Joyce defends that "Although the relations between drama and life are, and must be of the most vital character, in the history of drama itself these do not seem to have been at all times, consistently in view" (23). With that, right at the very beginning of his essay, Joyce establishes an inextricable relation between drama and life, and asserts that such relation had not always been taken seriously into consideration throughout the history of drama. Joyce makes it clear that he believes in the existence of an unavoidable relation between life and drama, while he criticizes the way this relation had been historically dealt with. Joyce develops and elaborates on this assumption throughout the essay.

Thereupon, addressing ancient Greek drama, Joyce argues that the "conditions of the Attic stage suggested a syllabus of greenroom proprieties and cautions to authors, which in after ages were foolishly set up as the canons of dramatic art, in all lands" (23). Moreover, Joyce argues that "the Greeks handed down a code of laws which their descendants with purblind wisdom forthwith advanced to the dignity of inspired pronouncements" (23). Joyce seems to disapprove of such understandings, as the following passage illustrates: "For good or for bad it [ancient Greek drama] has done its work" (23). From Joyce's perspective, Greek drama had already been overcome by Shakespeare's, for "it was the power of the Shakespearean clique that dealt the death blow to the already dying drama" (23). After this somewhat brief historical overview of drama, Joyce sets himself to, in his own words, "draw a line of demarcation between literature and drama" (23).

Joyce makes an assertion of paramount importance for his conception of drama and, consequently, of art: "Human society is the embodiment of changeless laws which the whimsicalities and circumstances of men and women involve and overwrap" (23). This assertion has a series of implications for Joyce's thought and work.

To begin with, it seems relevant to call attention to the belief exposed by Joyce's assertion, that is the conviction that 'changeless laws' do exist, that they would be embodied by human society and that they would also be 'overwrapped' in the various circumstances of men's and women's lives. In other words, independently of the historical, economic, and/or social conditions in which men and women may be living, they would embody these laws and, thus, compose human society. This line of thought, that is clearly an essentialist one, is from this point on intrinsically related to Joyce's concept of drama and consequently to all the theorization he develops around it.

The thought expressed by Joyce's assertion may be easily related to his major novels *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), *Ulysses* (1922), and *Finnegans Wake* (1939), for there are constitutional associations between their main characters and mythological figures, as if the characters (re)lived certain situations and were indeed interchangeable with their mythological counterparts. By asserting that 'Human society is the embodiment of changeless laws', Joyce conveys the idea that independently of the historical period in which one lives, any human being will embody such laws: be it the mythological Dedalus or the young Stephen Dedalus; be it the epic Ulysses or the ordinary Leopold Bloom; be it the numberless avatars of Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. All of them, all of us embody the same 'changeless laws'.

Moving forward into "Drama and Life", we come to know that from Joyce's viewpoint literature "is the realm of these accidental manners and humors – a spacious realm" (23), whereas drama "has to do with the underlying laws first, in all their nakedness and divine severity, and only secondarily with the motley agents who bear them out" (24). Therefore, Joyce understands that it would be up to literature to deal with circumstances of men's and women's lives, with 'these accidental manners and humors'. Conversely, drama 'has to do with the underlying laws first'.

Joyce, thus, establishes different valuations for the two art forms. Drama is placed on a higher position because it deals directly with the 'changeless laws', while literature, because it is about the lives of men and women, is defined in the following way: "literature is a comparatively low form of art" (25). As Ellmann remarks, later, Joyce would change his perceptions on literature and on drama: "The exaltation of drama above all other forms was to be reformulated later in his esthetic system" (73).

Joyce corroborates his essentialist understanding of drama when he claims that it deals with the aforementioned 'changeless laws' "in all their nakedness and divine severity" (23). By relating 'divine severity' to an art form, Joyce makes it clear that his idea of drama goes beyond mere aesthetic speculations and delves into the metaphysical realm, into an essentialist realm. This line of thought is reinforced throughout the essay.

Confirming what he had already put forward in "Royal Hibernian Academy 'Ecce Homo'", Joyce restates that by drama he understands "the interplay of passions to portray truth; drama is strife, evolution, movement in whatever way unfolded" (24). Joyce goes further and posits the following ideas:

> However subdued the tone of passion may be, however ordered the action or commonplace the diction, if a play or a work of music or a picture presents the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of us, or deals with a symbolic presentment of our widely related nature, albeit a phase of that nature, then it is drama (25).

In this passage, Joyce adds "the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of us all" to the "changeless laws", "divine severity", and "truth". In other words, Joyce reinforces the

essentialist quality of his concept of drama not only by affirming all these elements do exist but also by asserting that such elements may be searched and (re)presented. Actually, according to Joyce, it is in the (re)presentation of such elements that drama is brought into being.

Nonetheless, the abovementioned passage also points to a different and important direction. By supporting this idea of drama, Joyce clears the way for drama to relate itself to virtually any tone of passion, any order of action and/or any type of diction. That is, from Joyce's point of view, drama is not supposed to be connected only to appropriate, noble, right, high passions, actions and/or dictions. The ignoble passions, the wrong actions, and the inappropriate dictions also fit into drama, as long as they (re)present "truth", "the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of us", as long as they search "our widely related nature", as long as they deal with the "changeless laws" in their "divine severity". Despite developing an undoubtedly essentialist concept of drama and, in fact, exactly because it is an essentialist concept, Joyce seems to intend to distance it from moralism.

As "Drama and Life" continues, Joyce asserts: "First, clear our minds of cant and alter the falsehoods to which we have lent our support. Let us criticise in the manner of free people, as a free race, recking little of ferula and formula" (25). It is possible to associate the sanctimonious 'cant' and 'the falsehoods to which we have lent our support' to the dramatic tradition passed on by the Greek. However, if we take into consideration that when Joyce wrote "Drama and Life", that is in 1900, his faith was irreversibly shaken – according to Ellmann, around 1897 Joyce's "faith in Catholicism tottered" (50) –, it is also possible to relate the "cant" and "falsehoods" to the catholic precepts, that are inescapably attached to moral values. It is still possible to relate them to the artificiality of the classical and/or neo-classical theater in its non-acceptance of "however subdued the tone of passion […], however ordered the action or commonplace the diction".

Exactly because Joyce sees drama through an essentially metaphysical glass, relating it to the divine, he places it, as Nietzsche formulated it, "beyond good and evil" (7). A place that "cant" and all "the falsehoods to which we have lent our support" cannot reach precisely because they are related to circumstances of men's and women's lives, and not with the "changeless law". Joyce, thus, makes room for an understanding of drama that is free from traditional rules, free from moral judgment. Which is clear in his urging his readers/audience to "criticise in the manner of free people, as a free race, recking little of ferula and formula".

Nevertheless, it is important to stress that the notion of drama posited by Joyce presupposes "free people", "a free race". One may easily link such presupposition to the Irish people's longing for freedom from the British. Such assumption also corroborates what Gibson argues in relation to Joyce's critical texts, that they "repeatedly turn out to be about Ireland, its history and prospects, its politics and culture, its relation to the Church and the colonial power and, perhaps above all, the place of art in the Ireland Joyce knew" (42).

Furthermore, the freedom Joyce refers to may also be associated to at least two other elements: traditional and/or classical aesthetics, and the catholic religion. The former had propagated the models, patterns and dramatic "formulas" since Ancient Greece; the latter had contributed to the propagation of a moralizing concept of art.

The relation between Joyce's artistic notions and his shaken religious beliefs may also be noticed in the following passage from "Drama and Life": "the artist forgoes his very self and stands a mediator in awful truth before the veiled face of God" (26). It should come as no surprise that Joyce put forth such understanding of the artist. It is exactly because the artist is human but at the same time has access to the "changeless laws", that he becomes a kind of a filter between the "veiled face of God" and dramatic art. The artist actually (re)presents the

"changeless laws" in and through his art.

There is still much that may be said about the abovementioned passage. Let us try and explore a little bit more some of its aspects. Firstly, it is unambiguously essentialist: by writing about "very self" and "the veiled face of God", Joyce makes it clear that his conceptualization of drama is based on undoubtedly metaphysical assumptions and that the artist presented by Joyce is different from ordinary people. If "Human society is the embodiment of changeless laws which the whimsicalities and circumstances of men and women involve and overwrap" (23), how could the artist (re)present them if not via a particular access to such laws? Furthermore, the artist, consciously or unconsciously, "forgoes his very self", that is the artist knows his "very self", acknowledges it, and he necessarily forgoes it exactly because he is an artist. Whereas it is up to the ordinary human being to (unconsciously) incarnate the 'changeless laws', it is up to the artist to play the role of mediator between the laws and their (re)presentations through and in dramatic art, between the divine and the artistic.

Another relevant aspect of this particular conceptualization presented by Joyce had great influence on his art. If, in dramatic art, the artist "forgoes his very self", he becomes automatically incapable of producing genuine lyrical art, that is an art form that genuinely expresses his inner feelings and thoughts, for his 'very self', and everything that is related to it, is abandoned once dramatic art starts to come into being. This conception of drama as an inherently non-lyrical art form was later further developed by Joyce and is traceable, for example, in the aesthetic theories presented by Stephen Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

Further on in "Drama and Life", we see Joyce battling against the moralizing tendencies of traditional drama. Joyce argues that many people believe that drama should "instruct, elevate, and amuse" (26) which he sees as "yet another gyre that the jailers have bestowed" (26-27). It is highly probable that these are the same "jailers" that prevent the Irish from criticizing drama and art as "free people, as a free race".

Joyce persists asserting that a "yet more insidious claim is the claim for beauty. [...] chiefly because beauty is to men an arbitrary quality and often lies no deeper than form, to pin drama to dealing with it, would be hazardous" (27). He goes on arguing that "Art is marred by such mistaken insistence on its religious, its moral, its beautiful, its idealizing tendencies" (27). By enumerating these four tendencies, Joyce puts on the spotlight those who could be seen as the 'jailers' he writes about. It is not by chance that the religious and moral tendencies are the first and the second tendencies respectively on his list.

When dealing with the arbitrariness of a concept such as 'beauty', Joyce presents a viewpoint that contrasts with the essentialist understanding he had already put forward in "Drama and Life". It is exactly this understanding that resurfaces when Joyce asserts that "Art is true to itself when it deals with truth" (27). If, on the one hand, Joyce questions the arbitrariness of beauty, on the other hand he posits an idea of a supposedly existent truth that could/would allow art to be 'true to itself'. Such ideas are strictly related to the following passage: "art cannot be governed by the insincerity of the compact majority but rather by those eternal conditions […] which have governed it from the first" (27). The "truth" that allows art to be "true to itself" seems to be placed within the same metaphysical framework as the "eternal conditions […] which governed it from the first", the "changeless laws", "divine severity", "the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of us", and "the veiled face of God". In other words, although Joyce questions the assumptions in which a concept such as beauty is understood, he relies on metaphysical and arbitrary concepts himself to develop his personal conceptions of drama, art, and the artist.

Near the end of "Drama and Life", Joyce tackles a central point of his theory of the dramatic art: the idea that it is possible to find drama in the lives of ordinary people. According to Joyce, "out of the dreary sameness of existence, a measure of dramatic life may be drawn. Even the most commonplace, the deadest among the living, may play a part in a great drama" (28). If we think about Joyce's major novels, we may easily realize that all of them depict ordinary people in ordinary situations

Joyce continues with his argument on the following passage:

> It is a sinful foolishness to sigh back for the good old times, to feed the hunger of us with the cold Stones they afford. Life we must accept as we see it before our eyes, men and women as we meet them in the real world, not as we apprehend them in the world of faery. The great human comedy in which each has a share, gives limitless scope to the true artist, today as yesterday and as in years gone. The forms of things, as the earth's crust, are changed (28).

From Joyce's perspective, accepting life as it is and accepting people as they are means neither to idealize them nor to ignore their supposedly negative aspects. Everything dramatic arts needs is in the lives of ordinary men and women, because it is precisely the circumstances of their lives that overwrap what the "true artist" can to see and unveil: drama.

Concluding his essay, Joyce, in an assertion that seems to echo throughout his work, still argues that "the deathless passions, the human verities [...] are indeed deathless, in the heroic cycle, or in the scientific age" (28). Joyce believes that such passions and verities attest the existence of "a world drama" (28) "of universal import" (29).

If taken into consideration what Joseph Campbell argues about Joyce's last major work, Finnegans Wake: that it "might be the keystone of the creative arch that Joyce had been constructing carefully since youth" (xxi), and if we also consider that, according to Campbell, Finnegans Wake allows us to realize that Joyce "never tires of telling us, 'The same returns'" (xxiii), it is possible to appreciate Ellmann's following words on "Drama and Life" through a renewed perspective: Joyce's "defense of contemporary materials, […] his aversion to conventions, and his insistence that the laws of life are the same always and everywhere, show him to be ready to fuse real people with mythical ones, and so find all ages to be one" (73).

As Galindo accurately points out, Joyce's essays may indeed be seen as a relevant constituent part of Joyce's work as any other of his texts (301). Because it shows Joyce to be ready to put into practice one of the most distinctive marks of his fictional works, because it shows Joyce to "be ready to fuse real people with mythical ones, and so find all ages to be one", "Drama and Life" is certain to figure among the most relevant Joycean texts, fictional or non-fictional. Therefore, having a better understanding of "Drama and Life" and of other essays written by Joyce may help us to better grasp not only the Joycean 'project' Galindo writes about but also all the masterpieces it brought about.

According to Terry Eagleton, "It was through his art that Joyce was finally able to reconcile two of the strongest impulses he inherited from Ireland: his delight in its popular life and language, and his rejection of its major institutions" (307). "Drama and Life", with its focus on accepting life "as we see it" and its refusal to perpetuate traditional artistic conceptions, may be understood and one of Joyce's first attempts to articulate the two impulses Eagleton writes about.

Joyce's major works may have expanded some of the notions presented in "Drama and Life" to unforeseeable developments and directions. Nonetheless, as Ellmann

precisely asserts, Joyce "kept to his principle by making all his novels dramatic" (73). That is one more reason why "Drama and Life" as well as all of Joyce's essayistic output seems to invite continuous reassessment.

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The Apotheosis Of Tins And/Or Reinterpretation Of The "Phenomenological" In Irish Literature With Special Reference To The Poetry Of Derek Mahon

James Mc Elroy

One of the most intriguing features of Derek Mahon's work is his fascination with some of the seemingly less animate, or inanimate (as known), forms of life. It is these variable forms, according to Eamon Grennan, that allow Mahon's speech to surrender its identity to the "simple acknowledged presence of the object" (25). Grennan goes on to say that such surrender involves an "almost programmatic commitment to the phenomenological presence of ordinary objects in the ordinary world" as evidenced by the way Mahon's speech "resists the verb and embraces the adjective and noun—the locations of being, presence" (27, 28). Grennan maintains that this fondness for the phenomenological makes itself felt in an almost "neutral lyricism of naming" and that Mahon's poetic tropes represent an engagement with objects for their own sake (23). What Grennan overlooks in his phenomenological discussion, of course, is that any sustained reference to the acknowledged presence of objects without a corresponding acknowledgment that such objects are anything but simple ultimately falls short of the mark. Hence, even though a poem like "Courtyards in Delft" might serve, as Grennan suggests, to commemorate the phenomenological presence of certain objects —"Immaculate masonry," "broom and wooden pail," "coal /Glittering in its shed" -- these objects are not so much things in themselves as they are representational signifiers nestled within an intricately defined mnemonic discourse.

Where Grennan contends that Mahon offers a commitment to the phenomenological presence of objects, Dillon Johnston takes the view that Mahon's "phenomenological intention is served by metaphors that confuse the living and insensate" (230). Johnston tells us that Mahon's approach, as evidenced in what he calls the phenomenological poems of *Lives* and *The Snow Party*, is predicated on the "unconscious state" of rocks and trees (240). Johnston further claims that Mahon follows Edmund Husserl's "first directive" to return to things in themselves (233). It is unfortunate, to say the least, that in the course of making such a claim Johnston fails to see how much his own prescriptive sense of unconscious exchange never distinguishes between Mahon's culturally-grounded sense of things and Husserl's analytic sense of things in themselves. Apart from anything else, he never once stops to consider how much Husserl's efforts to accomplish transcendental reduction, grasp general essence, or apprehend experience within brackets (*einklammern*), is so very different, in kind, from Mahon's poetic ventures.

Unlike Grennan and Johnston, Andrew Waterman takes the view that Mahon's inanimate poems (or so-called inanimate poems) are nothing more than a load of rubbish. Waterman writes that "Short of wanting to be a stone, and one sometimes suspects Mahon of even that notion, this is about as far as passive quietism disaffected from human endeavour can go" (40). Waterman's related criticism of what he believes to be Mahon's inanimate semiotica as instances of "terminal imaginative impairment" makes even more negative the usual phenomenological applications found among Mahon's critics (47). No great surprise, then, that Waterman's reference to Mahon's preoccupation with the "vestigial and non-vestigial" has him

announce, once he has finished commenting on "The Mayo Tao" and "Nostalgias" — in the former, "the sob-story/of a stone on the road," in the latter, how a "kettle yearns for the/Mountain"—that he does not believe a word of it and does not think the poet believes a word of it either (41).

Whatever his base claims, it must be said that Waterman's position serves as little more than a case of critical legerdemain whereby what he calls frivolous absence is, upon further analysis, something of a near partner to the unfrivolous presence that Grennan and Johnston believe is at work in Mahon's verse. Hugh Haughton, offering a variation on theme, presents a similar reading of Mahon's attachment to inanimate objects as those of Grennan and Johnston, if not Waterman (323). For example, at one point Haughton zeros in on Mahon's poem, "Roman Script," which, dedicated to Pier Paolo Pasolini, takes as its epigraph, "Nei rifiuti del mondo nasce un nuovo mondo" ("in the refuse of the world a new world is born"). Haughton cites Pasolini's Lutheran Letters to make the point that Pasolini was intrigued by the "pedagogical" language of spent things (323). Still, no matter how much Haughton bears down on Pasolini's fascination with physical objects, his accompanying argument that Pasolini's sense of the "dumb, material, objective" is essentially the same as Mahon's use of seemingly inanimate entries per the "sob-story / of a stone on the road," leaves a great deal out of account (323): while Haughton's initial claim that rubbish is one of Mahon's "enduring preoccupations" carries with it a certain appeal, Mahon's actual poetic practice represents something altogether more demanding than the unopposed premise that he is somehow "into" rubbish (324).

In light of the foregoing commentaries of Grennan, Johnston, Waterman, and Haughton, it is incumbent on us to initiate a process of (as it were) breaking things down in an attempt to facilitate a more dimensional reading of Mahon's "inanimate" tropes. If nothing else, this means we have to consider how much Mahon's inanimate poems are far less phenomenological than either Grennan or Johnston believes, far less whimsical than Waterman assumes, and far more political than Haughton ever countenances. All of which, in a roundabout way, brings us to David E. Williams who seems to offer an alternative reading of Mahon's supposedly phenomenological verses with his argument that one of Mahon's greatest strengths is his capacity to take on even the most "humble existences" and let them establish "otherwise disregarded autobiographies" -- make his objects "speak for themselves and state their claims for our attention" (88, 89).

But how is Williams so sure Mahon wants his objects to "speak for themselves" -- "themselves"? Conversely, how much credence should we give Williams' unverified assumption that Mahon, by way of imaginative retrieval, awakens in his readers a "new responsiveness to seemingly commonplace objects and experiences which are literally before our eyes" -- "before our eyes"? (91). What is more, when Williams writes that there is a "chameleon-like" quality to Mahon's work which helps him to "lose his own personality and enter into the most disregarded types of existence" it is necessary to stop and ask how, exactly, Mahon does this. How does he lose his personality and enter into "disregarded types of existence"? And then there is the perennial why of the thing. Why is Mahon so taken by "disregarded" types of object existence to begin with? Is it perhaps, just perhaps, because such semiotic variables in some way, or some unbidden sense, harbor the kinds of irreducible Northern experience Mahon cannot quite remember while, at one and the same time, can never -- ever -- forget?

Compared to Williams and his talk of humble existence, Catriona Clutterbuck prefers to talk about the way Mahon gravitates towards the "unseen life" of manufactured objects (7). Clutterbuck argues that when it comes to looking at most of Mahon's object poems the "significance of the numinous and its relationship to the poetic imagination becomes apparent"

(7). Unfortunate for Clutterbuck, her untried sense of the "numinous," once again something of a variation on theme, goes nowhere fast since her assertionist rhetoric that the world of "abandoned manufactured objects challenges Mahon because it declares an independent extradimensional presence with an unashamed, unanswerable stare," makes an unsustainable reference to "extradimensional presence" (7). For the record, Mahon himself has, on more than one occasion, provided a very different sense of the "numinous" with the following statement (in an interview with Paul Durcan) being one such statement with reference to Northern Protestantism and its ascetic bent:

> The culture I grew up in was devoid of barraka. I was brought up deprived of a sense of the holiness of things. Protestantism is a rejection of barraka. The historical sources of Protestantism are rooted in a fear of disease, syphillis and plague. Cleanliness is next to Godliness or, rather, Cleanliness is Godliness. (Durcan)

It comes as something of a relief that close on the heels of her remarks concerning the extradimensional Clutterbuck realizes, or seems to, that the numinous might be viewed otherwise: "Things have an irrevocable independence forced upon them; they are, in their way, another of Mahon's lost tribes" (7). This provisional reference to Mahon's "lost tribes" might therefore prove to be useful in trying to situate the to-and-fro of his supposedly phenomenological pieces. For even on those occasions when Mahon does appear to dally with the phenomenological there is almost always an intrepid pressure, call it political, call it religious, call it sociological, that is brought to bear on the enunciation and situatedness of his object choices. Before we finally get down to reading Mahon's "phenomenological" works in more detail, then, it might be beneficial to first consider, and differentiate, his literary practice alongside a host of other writers who have incorporated a variety of things in their works and who have served as influences, in varying degrees and at different times, on Mahon's work.

To begin with there are some obvious things like Richard Wilbur's poem, "Junk," as a poem that considers things which "Have kept composure,/ like captives who would not/Talk under torture" (10). Other examples include Theodore Roethke's "The Waking," "Her Becoming," and "Dolor" with Roethke's references to "inexorable sadness"—"I have known the inexorable sadness of pencils,/Neat in their boxes, dolor of pad and paper-weight,/All the misery of manilla folders and mucilage"—rekindling the "unalterable pathos of basin and pitcher" that signatures Mahon's texts (51, 143, 165-167). As well as Roethke, some James Merrill poems, for example, "The Broken Bowl" and "Stones," also come to mind (7, 72). Next, and this in no particular order, there are several pieces by Carl Sandburg whose "Manufactured Gods" ("They didn't know a little tin god/Is as good as anything in the line of gods"), "Dusty Doors" (consider the resemblance between this and "A Disused Shed in Co. Wexford"), and "The Hammer" ("Today/I worship the hammer"), all bear witness to what is commonly referred to as the inanimate (182, 187-188, 650). We might also mention, in this regard, W.S. Merwin's "Eyes of Summer" (4) and Charles Tomlinson's "The Insistence of Things" and "Elemental" (23, 29-30). A similar interest in fashioning a statement by way of things is true of Wallace Stevens who writes that he would like to be "a thinking stone" ("Le Monacle De Mon Oncle"), celebrates "The rhapsody of things as they are" ("The Man with the Blue Guitar"), runs down a consideration of the human person as a "Socrates/Of snails, musician of pears" in Part 1 of "The Comedian as the Letter C," 'The World Without Imagination,' and, as

something of a set piece, does a quick bit about a "florist asking aid from cabbages" in Part IV of "The Comedian as the Letter C" under title as 'The Idea of a Colony' (13, 183, 27, 37)

Mahon's takeaway, relative to the aforementioned, is to incorporate miscellaneous object types in order to express the difficult exigencies of his people as a demographic under siege. The same can be said of his engagement with some French materials as when he toys with Comte de Lautréamont's (Isidore-Lucien Ducasse's) description of the "chance meeting of an umbrella and a sewing machine on a dissection-table" — from *Les Chants de Maldoror* (1869)— which is given a new lease on life in Mahon's "A Kind of People." Of course what separates Mahon from Lautréamont in "A Kind of People" is, as soon becomes clear, the "kind of people" he has in mind. For his are a people who look after "their own" and who "have shivered/In the cold draught of despair." They are, as the poem makes ever so clear, a people who know a thing or two about "old navy raincoats." More to the point, the poem's "stripped down" version of reality, and this is not very hard to imagine, is reminiscent of a city known for its "Sirens, bin-lids/And bricked-up windows." So much so, in fact, that even though the poem features occasional French descriptives -- "parasols," "promenades," etc. -- Mahon, more often than not, gravitates towards the kinds of functional tools and implements that are ever so familiar (some might say totemic) to any Protestant who grew up in Belfast.

"A Kind of People" is, in the end, a poem where one of its opening gambits, "Stripped down in tool-sheds / Or behind basement boilers," not only offers an *entrée* into a Belfast of machines and machine parts but it presages a "We" of lasting endurance; a we that is inextricably bound to an embattled sectarian order which strives to grow "clean and new" in a place renowned for linen mills and "Taut linen drenched with sunlight." It is, moreover, a poem that states, and states categorically, that such implements are "really a kind of people" who are well versed in the utilitarian for theirs is a place of industrial production and frequent rains; a forlorn but gritty people who dwell in a world of shipyards, factories, back streets, back entries, outside toilets, and hard times amidst the tools of the trade with an admixture of umbrellas, old navy raincoats, sewing machines, shovels, tool-sheds, and the like.

Closer to home than either the American, British, or French influences just cited, some of Mahon's Irish precursors on the "phenomenological" front include the likes of Jonathan Swift whose poems Mahon has published as selection with

Faber's *Jonathan Swift: Poems Selected by Derek Mahon*, and who, according to Sophie Gee in Making Waste: Leftovers and the Eighteenth-Century Imagination, filled his writing with "waste matter: excrement, snot, sweat, nail clippings, garbage, dead dogs" (91). As Gee likens it, Swift favors waste matter not because it can be "converted into glorious spoils" but rather because it tells a story of Englishness that he wanted to evidence as and when he envisions an Ireland "literally covered in burdensome residues dispatched from England" (91, 92). Probably the best known expression of this "waste matter," what Gee calls Swift's "satirical substitution of plenitude for waste in his Irish writing," is *A Modest Proposal* where the dialectic between plenitude and waste implicates a determinate set of paradoxes: "waste is animated by paradoxes. It is empty but full. Abject but life-intended. It putrefies, and it proliferates. Perhaps most importantly, we want to dispose of it, and we long to hold on to it. Waste is a sign that our lives are beset by loss" (93, 108).

In contradistinction to Swift's formative engagement with waste and noxious byproducts, Mahon, more often than not, shies away from degenerate organics and unseemly messes. W.B. Yeats, another obvious precursor in the world of things, and such, is someone who (as we know full well) uses discarded materials, notably, refuse and rags, on an as-needed basis with one of the most obvious instances of Yeats doing just that being "The Circus

Animals' Desertion" which creates what Michael Wutz has referred to as the "recycled raw materials of masterful images" (501). In so doing, claims Wutz, Yeats expresses a certain disdain for the modes of consumption that came "to constitute the economic system of the Western industrial complex" (502). Yeats's lines, though familiar, are worth quoting here if only to emphasize the fact that unlike Swift he tends to steer clear of noxious waste material and is much more inclined, as is Mahon, to talk about things that are contained and fixed, even if somewhat scuffed, in appearance ... "Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can, / Old iron, old bones, old rags" (346-348).

Elizabeth Bowen, for her part, takes the fascination with things to a whole new level than Swift or Yeats in the way she positions furniture, and an array of other household items, to ensure that they (as Elizabeth C. Inglesby puts it) "register opinions and have relationships with one another, regardless of whether or not a human mediator is present to act as the source of inspiration of or inspiration for such acts of personification" (307). As a writer who has an avowed interest in discovering the "secret lives of things," it is perfectly reasonable for Bowen to embrace what Inglesby calls "literary animism" (306). Inglesby further writes that in Bowen's view each and every human mind has an "'objective correlative'" relative to the material world, i.e., all the things in the world "compete with people for the right to claim personalities" (324, 313).

Whatever the similarities between Bowen and Mahon, there remain a number of striking differences between the two. Thus when Inglesby says that Mahon shares in Bowen's "animistic sensibilities" it is necessary for us to draw a hard and fast distinction between, and across, the animistic sensibilities of an Anglo-Irish writer like Bowen and the requisite values of a Northern Protestant like Mahon who writes, as he does (and must), from under quite different circumstances than those of Bowen considering the industrial and political -- inexorable -- heritage that comes with life in the North (307). Hence, although it is true that Mahon can, and sometimes does, afford his discarded objects the semblance of autonomy this is different in kind from the near reverence Bowen brings to bear in talking about her most cherished items as embodiments of eminent worth. What really counts in all this, therefore, is not so much the outside possibility that Mahon might be concerned with things in themselves but rather that his first and final concern has to do with endurance: the endurance of his people as if things, the endurance of things as if his people.

According to Edna Longley this recurring and culturally-affixed use of objects enlists "the stigma of industrial, commercial and domestic Belfast" (293). Robert Taylor takes much the same approach as Longley when he writes that Mahon's "catalogues of trash and archeological odds and ends manifest the defunct culture of a modern city not unlike Belfast, gutted by the disasters of war" (389). Christopher Moylan offers a similar reading to those of Longley and Taylor though he enters a cautionary tale about what is going on with Mahon's referential use of material things by judging the poem, "The Apotheosis of Tins," to be a verse which uses available items to speak from somewhere inside "the safety of inert voluble things removed from conflict" (258, 250). Every bit as important, Moylan writes that in Mahon's hands metamorphosis "represents a displacement of identity from the social to the detritus of material culture" (258). This last point is an important one except that it stops short and fails to consider in any detail how much Mahon's detritus not only displaces Protestant identifiers, but, in the same transversive acts of displacement, ensures that his material leftovers are able to withstand the perils, sanctions, and sectarian woes that ring true of Protestant experience in inanimate guise -- as Moylan likes to put it, whatever Mahon's interest in detritus it is

inescapably "grounded in the specific circumstances of the North of Ireland" (259).

From the very beginning of "The Apotheosis of Tins" we are told of a "we" who have "spent the night in a sewer of precognition." The same "we" (the poem's purposive tins) are described as a marginalized community waking up "among shoe-laces and white wood." Such rubbish, if such it be, is "Deprived of use" and liberated from the horrors of history: "we are safe now / from the historical nightmare." In tandem with such a thing-likened freedom there is also an awareness of what their world, as a distinct "we," comes to: "This is the terminal democracy / of hatbox and crab, / of hock and Windowlene." No less telling, the many inhabitants tins which/who are scattered throughout the verse's "terminal democracy" -- "labels," "Promoted artifacts," "Imperishable by-products" -- are things we "can learn from." In other words such tins, in the midst of their mute but urgent meaning, invite us to concentrate less on Mahon's objects as things and instead turn our critical gaze on the attendant gaps, lapses, and silences which permit such objects to be deemed superficial nonsense, or inauspicious object, rather than being treated as symptomatic expressions of a repressive and endarkened cultural inheritance.

Any such symptomatic reading, if undertaken, might in due course stir us to take another look at Mahon's prolific terms of reference rather than accede to Eamon Grennan's position that poems like "The Apotheosis of Tins" have to do with how "presence registers in the world." To accomplish this, or even get close, it will first be necessary to reappropriate the concave/convex politics of the "we" Mahon likes to use and remember that his suppositionally phenomenological lines accommodate parapractic traces bound to the social, historical, political, and religious facts of life in Northern Ireland. So, all right, who (who, as in plural~singular) does Mahon have in mind when he foregrounds material objects in "The Apotheosis of Tins" and related verses? Do such object figures personify his fire-loving people? Or what, pray tell, should we make of the phenomena he refers to as mute? And do they, as happens in "The Mute Phenomena," instill or install metaleptic references to a social and political world -- "Already in a lost hub-cap is conceived / The ideal society which will replace our own" -- Mahon feels he must, as necessity, remember "not to forget"?

So what, one wonders, is there to glean from Mahon's poems as an attendant series of textual parapraxes involving different and differential iterations of so-called phenomenological, whimsical, or deconstructive reference lines? How, if at all, are we to accommodate poems ranging from "Consolations of Philosophy" with its "integrity of pebbles," "The Antigone Riddle," with its "Shy minerals," or "Light Music" with its vigilant stone watching "snow fall/on the silent gate-lodge"? Or what are we supposed to make of verses like "The Small Rain," from The Hudson Letter, and how it opens up with an emphatic statement about objects being linked to a community of material things scattered through an otherwise unidentified city of first encounter: "The objects too are conscious in their places— / lamp, chair, desk, oil-heater and bookcases / brisk with a bristling, mute facticity / connecting them to the greater community / of wood and minerals throughout the city."

A necessarily incomplete answer to all this is that Mahon actually spends a lot less time looking at the eidetic makeup of things than he does looking at the imminent perils which might befall them, given the time. As case in point just consider "The Studio," based on a photograph of Edvard Munch's studio in Oslo, that offers a series of everyday household goods or appliances which serve as a kind of echo chamber for the myriad conflicts and tensions known to inhabit so many of Mahon's thing-apportioned poems. For those who would like to dub "The Studio" a venture in the phenomenological there is, not to put too fine a point on it, cold comfort. Cold comfort because the poem's "deal table," "ranged crockery,"

"oilcloth," "bulb," and "cracked porcelain" are, as durable points of reference, not so much essentialist commodities as they are objects which/who try to survive within the confines and legislations of an enclave known for its "dark origins." In point of fact, each and every object's referential semiotic is cast in a state of near-turmoil while the evangelical turn of the poem's isolated and woe-begotten objects recalls a Protestant population in dire need of denominational worship and final answers -- "To meet, sing and be one."

As is, the poem's object catalogue is not so much grounded in fixed notions of empirical matter as it is steeped in the "oblique" relationship of a person, or people, to historical circumstances set amidst "violent and complex political upheaval" (Egan 80). Throughout, Mahon exercises a liberal use of household goods and manufactured objects -- "bulb in the ceiling," "all-purpose bed-, work-, and bedroom," "door-knobs" -- to reinforce how much the poem's protagonist is at his wit's end given the violence and fractious circumstances he faces under conditions of political flux: "The ranged crockery freak and wail/ Remembering its dark origins, the frail / Oilcloth, in a fury of recognitions, / Disperse in a thousand directions." Add to this the poem's "occasional cries of despair" and it soon becomes painfully obvious that we could just as well be reading one of Mahon's earlier "inanimate" poems, for example, "Nostalgias" -- "The kettle yearns for the mountain / The soap for the sea/ In a tiny church / On a desolate headland / A lost tribe is singing 'Abide With Me' "-- except that this time around we are treated to a different (as in the same but different) version of "dark origins" and "mourning faces."

In "Stone and Driftwood" (uncollected) Mahon tracks another memorable line in objects that includes a "stone," a "piece of driftwood," a "torn-off bough," a "dawn shingle," and a "twisted stick" (16-17). Here, much as before, Mahon's items reference their troubled pasts as a matter of some urgency with Mahon describing the poem's driftwood as "tragic" before assigning it a strict scriptural notation as a "Bone-brittle, corpse-pale" branch that "thrusts deformed limbs/outward as if to cry,/'Why hast thou forsaken me?'" Among the questions that could be asked about this piece is how or how much, while never forgetting why, does Mahon endow this poem's driftwood with a "unique dendritic self" which lies "beyond ventriloquism"? Put another way, why does he want his readers to consider a certain "vocative gesticulation" as having a gnarled sense of teleological existence? Also notable when it comes to reading "Stone and Driftwood" is how the same kinds of material objects we have encountered throughout the course of this article are here present and accounted for as, and by way of, a standing stone that "seems to rebuke / ideation, to invite / intransitive perception." The same goes for the aforementioned driftwood that, as we quickly realize, points to "more than itself, / insists on its own past / and that a tragic one" -- as so often happens in Mahon's poetry the treatment of an isolate, that is thing, fashions a likeness which bears a striking resemblance to a group of Ulster Protestants who have been known to cry out, "Why hast thou forsaken me?"

At this point in our argument it might be instructive to mention Stan Smith who, in "The Twilight of the Cities: Derek Mahon's Dark Cinema," argues that Mahon feels most at home when he treads the "margins among the residual bric-à-brac of the real" and that at the heart of such bric-à-brac Mahon secures an imaginal space where he can posit a "kind of survival" (267). In a limited or liminal sense this is certainly so. And it is so because here is where Mahon's objects actuate the stringent social and political circumstances of a Protestant writer who grew up in a world of sectarian gable-ends and well-scrubbed stoops. Michael O'Neill agrees that Mahon's tins and tatters can never "jettison" their longing for lasting significance and that no matter how much Mahon might try to extricate himself from the

inordinate influence of his people, a "fire-loving people" their, and his, experience determines and defines everything he ever writes about even when the opposite seems to be the case (216).

The same recurring search for some kind of survival finds another means of expression in "Shapes and Shadows" where Mahon celebrates the remnants of a community -- a "long-sought community" -- that, from beginning to end, identifies with "the nitty-gritty / of surfaces and utensils." And this, give or take, is exactly what gives " 'Shapes and Shadows' " its preferred outline as it delves into the textured hues of a William Scott oil painting and revisits a familiar kitchen setting which, à la Mahon, comprises the inevitabilities of a "black kettle and black pot." The same ekphrastic verse also features a certain respect, more properly, reverence, for everything to do with a "communion" of frying pans which are said to dwell in a "polished interior space." Protestant through and through this is a Scott painting, and Mahon poem, about a circumspect and centrifugal world that throws into sharp relief the manic cleanliness of Ulster Protestantism with its talk of purification as something that underwrites -- indemnifies -- the utensils Mahon so loves.

From the poem's opening lines Mahon takes us from "shapes deft and tranquil, / black kettle and black pot" to the strictures of simple manufacture. After all, this kitchen is not just any old kitchen. It is, as set out in print form, a Northern kitchen that counts among its inhabitants "spoons, / colander and fish-slice / in a polished interior space." More, it is Mahon's intrepid belief that within the "furniture, function," etc., there stirs a new beginning -- "the fresh / first morning of the world / with snow, ash, whitewash" -- that in turn evidences the verities of "limestone," "bleach," "soap," and "foam." All these items, and cleaning aids, not only betoken the quintessential cleanliness of an Ulster Protestant scene but ask us to find "in the nitty-gritty / of surfaces and utensils" a certain something. And that something, or, if preferred, that "other," is what the painting and the poem's goods and services are all about since hidden inside the corresponding items of household zeal, and stringent cleaning products, there resides an enduring desire to secure "the shadow of a presence" -- the "long-sought community" that Mahon's myriad objects have alluded to from the genesis of his career.

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Tá Súil Agam: Deadly Visions of History in Ireland

Ray O'Neill

Abstract: *In Sophocles' Antigone, the unburied dead and the too quickly buried narratives of their deaths are more than a ghostly present-absence or absent-presence, they are an undead over-presence that haunts generations. Trauma is never about episodes, so much as how episodes cannot be symbolised, therefore remembered / known. The Irish lost over two million people within five years, but more significantly, their language, their capacity to linguistically symbolise their loss. The Great Irish Famine known in Gaelic as* An Gorta Mór *evokes both the word* gort *(crop / field) and more significantly* gortaigh *(to wound / injure). Nationalist Irish history proffers narratives of suffering that can only be incorporated within a dead filled history, a deadly present with horrific statistics and frequencies of child abuse, endemic national alcoholism, suicide and depression. The historical legacies inherited within the Irish unconscious are forged through narratives of suffering, while disavowing re-memorying, silently and repeatedly denying the transgenerational trauma of Irish subjectivity.*

Keywords: *Transgenerational Trauma, Irish History, Psychoanalysis, Subjectivity, The Great Irish Famine.*

"I had a deadly weekend."
"What did you get up to?"
"I haven't a clue, I was smashed out of it."
"Deadly!"
(Hiberno-English colloquial speech)

For Sigmund Freud, words possess a godlike, "magical power. By words one person can make another blissfully happy or drive him to despair, by words the teacher conveys his knowledge to his pupils, by words the orator carries his audience with him and determines their judgements and decisions. Words provoke affects and are in general the means of mutual influence among men." (Freud, 1916, 17)

For Jacques Lacan, Freud's psychoanalytic unearthings were not like those of Columbus discovering a new continent but rather those of Jean-Francois Champollion, the decryptor of the Rosetta Stone: "A psychoanalyst is not an explorer of an unknown continent, or of great depths; he is a linguist. He learns to decipher the writing which is under his eyes, present to the sight of all; however, that writing remains indecipherable if we lack its laws, its key". (Lacan, 1957)

In Hiberno-English, the English variant spoken in Ireland, there is an inclination to the using of ordinarily negative and violent words and phrases to describe things positively; thus "went down a bomb" means worked successfully and popularly. Similarly, the word "deadly" in Hiberno-English signifies immense enjoyment. An immense jouissance that demands oblivious absence. The only other cultural group to harness this English signifier "deadly" in the same way are Aboriginal Australians, another indigenous people whose history

with English colonialism has undeniably been a deadly encounter.

> You taught me language; and my profit on't is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you; For learning me your language! (Shakespeare, I.ii, 517-19)

Shakespeare's Caliban, another colonised subject, comes to bewail language's castrative gift of consciousness. The irony of Language's creative power is that it produces and therefore limits and castrates. Language is Deadly.

Researching what is written regarding The Great Irish Famine, that period in Irish History between 1845 and 1850 of mass starvation, disease, and emigration, has truly been deadly. And this is only through the spoken discourses of information, statistics, of History. What of the other stories, silences, the unspoken dead stories, the languages of the dead? It is hard to remain objective, neutral when reading, and in silences only imagining, the horrors, inhumanities, ignorance and cruel indifference. Yet the fantasy of neutrality significantly haunts much of academic research and psychoanalytic schools and discourses. Lacan's argument of the analyst's desire as the analytic catalyst, never to 'cure', but to manoeuvre the analysand's unconscious manifestations is far from neutral; desire can never be. Yet we, as researchers, academics and psychoanalysts, cling to our fantasy of the neutral researcher, Freud's "evenly suspended attention", (1912, 110) observing but not involved, dismissing and minimising our own prejudices, counter-transference, and blind spots.

The Stories of/in History

Producing history is both a key weapon and tool in the control of thinking. Production and exclusion, language and silence within historical discourses establish and define not just visibility or invisibility, but potential for power. There is political reasoning why most people struggle to name three women in history who were not wives or mothers, when 'historically' this is all women have ever been, and thus can ever be. Whoever writes history excluding or limiting peoples does so in the present to produce a past. Comparing an Irish schoolbook on Ulster history to one produced in England evinces how controlling discourses of the past can both limit and dictate the future. Only archaeological acts aiming to unearth what is buried, discarded below the surface can create new knowledge and thus questions. Foucauldian interrogations of the past demand an archaeology of language and discourse themselves. How did things come to be said; how did others come to be silenced.

History's focus may seem to be on the past, but it is always written in and from the present. It always consciously and unconsciously evidences more of the "here" and "now" than the "there" and "then"; it is always a history of the present. Hence why Michel Foucault's philosophical interrogations, his archaeologies and genealogies are critical. Foucault's methodology operates more as guiding strategies than a prescribed method for analysis, a "problematisation of truth ... ensuring that the process of reasoning is correct in determining whether a statement is true or concerns itself with our ability to gain access to the truth" (Foucault, 2001, 170). There is a critical approach to truth "concerned with the question of the importance of telling the truth, knowing who is able to tell the truth, and knowing why we should tell the truth" which founds the "roots of what we could call the 'critical' tradition in the West" (ibid).

Modern historical studies recognise the impossibility of neutral objectivity with greater

awareness to how history is mediated through language rather than with 'what' happened. There is greater recognition that 'the past' is indeed, not only a foreign country, but a deceased idiom for which there are only ever, at best, highly subjective second-hand accounts. History is not grounded in a past that actually occurred, but in the discourse of the historians who create it; as Orwell recognised "He who controls the past, controls the future; he who controls the present, controls the past." (1989, 37).

Psychoanalysis is unique among psych discourses in its cautious attendance to the personal histories, narratives we were told, we are told, that we tell, that tell us. All narratives and histories must be spoken and listened to with a self-consciousness that recognises its own slippages, inadequacies and desires. This is rigorous postmodern academic practice; this is a psychoanalytic training. History and meaning can only exist in fragments. Psychoanalysis approaches this fragmentation through exploring language to draw conscious attention to the gaps between the signifier, the representation, history and the signified, the represented, the past.

Holocaust Studies and the Impossibility of History

Theodore Adorno calls all historical representations into question. For him, the Holocaust was not merely a crisis in itself, but it became a crisis beyond its own events, its past, because it destroyed the possibility of conceiving of history in the traditional way, as a rational progression but instead can now only be understood as discontinuity.

For Adorno, the barbarism of writing after Auschwitz lies in a narrative's inability to acknowledge its own inadequacy for representation. It is barbaric because in the reification of knowledge, the totalitarianism of science, or the subjection of the One who knows, all self-reflection is lost. Adorno is advocating for narratives which bear witness to their own impossibility, their inability to represent fully or fully represent, which acknowledge their failing attempt to represent something that is fundamentally unrepresentable.

> The more total society becomes, the greater the reification of the mind and the more paradoxical its effort to escape reification on its own. Even the most extreme consciousness of doom threatens to degenerate into idle chatter. *To write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric*. And this corrodes even the knowledge of why it has become impossible to write poetry today. Absolute reification, which presupposed intellectual progress as one of its elements, is now preparing to absorb the mind entirely. Critical intelligence cannot be equal to this challenge as long as it confines itself to self-satisfied contemplation. (Adorno, 1981, 34. Our emphasis)

Psychoanalysis approaches hearing just how clients' narratives and histories are flawed, fictional, subjective; but to also hear how they are ruptured, how the trauma is not only just the events of the past, but in the very crisis to represent such events, to speak them in words, to have them spoken, heard, listened to. In the song lyrics of 'Zombie' by the Irish band *The Cranberries*, whose lead singer Dolores O'Riordan died tragically alone in January 2018 at 46: "And the violence caused such silence, / Who are we mistaking?"

As Michael Rothberg notes, even in the late 1940s when Adorno was first writing, he could not fully appreciate the rupture of the Holocaust which splits humans and humanism into before and after Auschwitz.

> The temporal break which we retroactively infer in the phrase 'after Auschwitz' had not yet taken place in the 1940s' public consciousness. An event alone does not always rupture history; rather, the constellation which that event forms with later events creates the conditions in which epochal discontinuity can be thought. (Rothberg, 1997, 51)

In other words, events from the past do not present themselves with an expedient or ready meaning but can only derive their import from how they come to be conceived, produced and reproduced in the writings of historical narratives, which psychoanalytic discourses are conscious of as often changing, developing, or indeed contradicting themselves over time.

In *Negative Dialectics*, Adorno asks if one can live after Auschwitz and what that living demands:

> Perennial suffering has as much right to expression as a tortured man has to scream; hence it may have been wrong to say that after Auschwitz you could no longer write poems. But it is not wrong to raise the less cultural question whether after Auschwitz you can go on living … especially whether one who escaped by accident, one who by rights should have been killed, may go on living. His mere survival calls for the coldness, the basic principle of bourgeois subjectivity, without which there could have been no Auschwitz; this is the drastic guilt of him who was spared. By way of atonement he will be plagued by dreams such as that he is no longer living at all, that he was sent to the ovens in 1944 and his whole existence since has been imaginary, an emanation of the insane wish of a man killed twenty years earlier. (Adorno, 1973, 362-3)

The price of such perennial suffering is an atonement plagued by dreams that he is no longer living at all. He is not alive, not dead, a perennially suffering undead.

For George Steiner "The world of Auschwitz lies outside speech as it lies outside reason. To speak of the *unspeakable* is to risk the survivance of language as creator and bearer of humane, rational truth. Words that are saturated with lies or atrocity do not easily resume life." (1986, 123) Auschwitz lies beyond any age of enlightenment, western cultural advancement, rational evolution. The man of "culture", of speech and reason, as bystander, worker, guard, murderer, passive witnessed abetted and propagated Auschwitz, so why, Steiner asks, should speech and reason, the Master's tools, be privileged to fathom the Holocaust?

> Has our civilization, by virtue of the inhumanity it has carried out and condoned—we are accomplices to that which leaves us indifferent—forfeited its claims to that indispensable luxury which we call literature? … I am not saying that writers should stop writing. This would be fatuous. I am asking whether they are writing too much, whether the deluge of print in which we seek our deafened way is not itself a subversion of meaning. … Silence is an alternative. When the words in the city are full of savagery and lies, nothing speaks louder than an unwritten poem. (ibid. 54)

For Maurice Blanchot, whom Lacan described as "poet of our literature, who has certainly gone further than anyone in the present or the past along the path of the realisation

of the phantasy" (1985, 309), the Holocaust impacted on all representations, regardless of when they were produced, even those predating it. Without utilising the terms of Lacan's registers, Blanchot maintains something of the Lacanian Real in the Holocaust being both unrepresentable and demonstrating the limit case for representation, thus paradoxically and simultaneously becoming the very basis for any representation. The Lacanian Real cannot be represented, yet mandates representation within and from the Imaginary and Symbolic registers. Understanding, for Blanchot, is only possible in terms of the Holocaust, but the Holocaust is impossible to understand.

Blanchot theorises about the relationship between the impossibility of representing something particular and the way it can be made communicable through language. In doing so, he argues that what is being represented must sacrifice its particularities in exchange for intelligibility. And therein lies the historiographical paradox of the Holocaust because in substituting particularities for generalities may fail to represent the unique events of the Holocaust and thus risk normalising it. Though Blanchot holds that representing the Holocaust is impossible, he believes that we should try.

> The need to bear witness is the obligation of a testimony that can only be given—and given only in the singularity of each individual—by the impossible witnesses—the witnesses of the impossible--; some have survived, but their survival is no longer life, it is the break from living affirmation, the attestation that the good that is life (not narcissistic life, but life for others) has undergone the decisive blow that leaves nothing intact. From this it would seem that all narration, even all poetry, has lost the foundation on which another language could be raised— through the extinction of the happiness of speaking that lurks in even the most mediocre silence. (Blanchot, 1985, 68-69)

The Holocaust is Real

The Lacanian Real is traumatic, unsymbolisable, utterly resistant to explanation and commentary; from his earliest writings, Lacan distinguishes between the Real from "the true" (Lacan, 2006, 75). The Real is not simply opposed to the imaginary or the symbolic but is located beyond both. Unlike the symbolic's structuralism of differentiated distinct language elements called signifiers, language constituted through binary oppositions such as that between presence and absence, "there is no absence in the real" (Lacan, 1991b, 313). Thus, the real is, in itself, undifferentiated; "absolutely without fissure' (97). As deconstructionism has unveiled, within the symbolic oppositions of presence and absence there lies, or is implied, the permanent possibility that something may be missing from the symbolic order, a tertiary realm, the real "is always in its place" (2006, 25); "that which resists symbolization absolutely" (1991a, 66).

Lacan's 1970's formulations on and of the Real reemphasised its unknowability. The Real is 'the impossible' (Lacan, 1964, 167), impossible to imagine, impossible to integrate into the symbolic order, and impossible to attain in any way. It is precisely this character of impossibility and resistance to symbolisation which proffers the Real its essentially traumatic quality. The Real is experienced, undergone. It is known, albeit unknowable. It is known by the body, marked there, carved, tattooed.

For Lacan, the Real is "the object of anxiety par excellence"; lacking any possible

mediation and thus "the essential object which isn't an object any longer, but this something faced with which all words cease, and all categories fail" (1991b, 164). The Real is evidenced through and within hallucinations: "When something cannot be integrated in the symbolic order, as in psychosis, it may return in the Real in the form of a hallucination." (1993, 321).

The Lacanian Real collapses the opposition of external / internal, for although it defers to an objective external reality that exists independent of any individual; it is also an internal register manifested in hallucinations or traumatic dreams. The Real is evoked through Lacan's neologism *extimité* (an extimacy), *an external intimacy*.

'When The Third is (Un)Dead'

Along with signifiers as formations of the Unconscious, another of Lacan's four fundamental concepts of psychoanalysis is transference, the unconscious process of redirecting one set of significations to another setting, most especially within the clinical dyad. For Lacan, language is always the third, the medium through which the unconscious and the transference is arbitrated: "that which represents a subject for another signifier." (Lacan, 1964. 207) But what happens when language fails, when the medium cannot animate or invigorate?

Gerson's 'When The Third is Dead' (2009) and Harris et al.'s books *Ghosts, and Demons in the Consulting Room* (2016) address the cultural and personal repercussions for a lack of register of a catastrophic trauma that has happened / is happening / seems already to be happening, "when social, personal and clinical witnessing fails and the registration of historic injuries becomes beyond the capacity of an individual or the collective" (Harris, 2016, 1).

These texts' exploration of the ways uncanny and spectral presences, or absent presences, emerge within minds, bodies and consulting rooms as unwitnessed silences evoke a discourse, to my ear, of the Lacanian Real where such 'ghosts' are neither internal nor external objects yet disrupt the Symbolic and Imaginary orders within the body, the mind, the clinician, the transference, the unconscious. Gerson considers such 'present absences' as historic injuries amassing around, between, and within persons emotionally, viscerally, unconsciously.

Gerson utilises 'thirdness' as that which signifies, à la Lacan's symbolic Order:

> Thirdness is that quality of human existence that transcends individuality, permits and constricts that which can be known, and wraps all of our sensibilities in ways that we experience as simultaneously alien as well as part of ourselves. Thirdness is the medium in which we live and that changes events into history, moments into time, and fragments into a whole. (2009, 2)

When this third is dead, Gerson argues, symbolisation, registration moves beyond secreted affects, often shame-laden histories, within the clinic. They argue conceiving of the ghostly sphere "as the place to manage excess, to find a skin of strangeness and uncertainty in which to imbed things hard to bear or hard to fathom." Like Lacan's jouissance, such hauntings are unknowable, excessive, yet felt on/in the body.

Every ghost has a history. Every ghost secretes a hidden story. It is in the witnessing of its effects and affects that the clinical setting can trace, perceive, trace and listen to the unknowable but known narratives that haunt. As Harris (2016, 5) argues, the analyst's work is "to cure old injuries, *bury the undead*, undertake the final repair of history." (My Italics)

Transgenerational Trauma

It was not long after Danish doctors, Hermann and Thygesen first coined the term "Concentration Camp Syndrome" in 1954 to ascribe sets of persistent disorders such as headaches, gastrointestinal disturbances, depression, insomnia and nightmares suffered by Holocaust survivors, that Canadian clinicians in 1966 observed large numbers of Holocaust survivors' children presenting similar symptoms as their parental survivors. Grandchildren of Holocaust survivors are overrepresented by 300% among the referrals to a child psychiatry clinic in comparison with their representation in the general population (Fossion, et.al., 2003).

Transgenerational trauma is trauma transferred from the first generation of trauma survivors or immediate witnesses to their second and further generations of offspring via complex post-traumatic stress disorder mechanisms whether through genocide, colonial suppression, slavery, political totalitarian control, clerical abuse in religious organisations, or terrorism. Core to such transmission is the failure of the original trauma(s) being recognised or symbolically admitted, often remaining as a guilty or shame laden secret passed unknown through bearer and / or receiver.

Through clinical accounts, both of Harris's books, *Ghosts, and Demons, in the Consulting Room*, track such ghosts and demons, absences and silences at the heart of the clinical trauma proffering "narrative and witnessing are possibly the antidote to haunting." (2016a, 8) The clinical site is a place in which not only can the unspoken be said, and one's traumatic legacies and heritage be traced, but under, and within the with-nessing of the psychoanalytic relating-ship.

From both Gerson's and Harris's considerations of transgenerational trauma, their clinical evocation, compounding and thwarting of such binary oppositions of external / internal and presence / absence, something echoed in terms of Irish History and its shadows within contemporary clinical work, and the Irish national psyche.

In a country where one in four people have experienced childhood sexual abuse, (https://www.oneinfour.ie/) the highest statistics in the European Union, and where alcoholism is a national joke, with the highest statistics per capita of Alcoholism and Tee Totalism, that is presence and absence, I consider how the Irish view and perceive their bodies as objects for mindless consumption, for use and abuse, in a context where "I haven't a clue what happened" signifies a good night out drinking, where we are culturally driven to getting "out of my box" or "out of it", where the endemic mindless taking of another's body, a feeding on flesh, be it through endemic cycles of childhood sexual abuse or rugby players' gangbanging teenage girls rape trials, something traumatic repeats and endures. I ask myself if the Irish are not haunted by something other than binaries of presence / absence, external / internal, ghost / demon. Are we not stalked by Zombies, the undead, the unburied? The mindless drive to self-destruction, the insatiable hunger?

An Gorta Mór

The Great Irish Famine historically took place between 1845 and 1850, resulting immediately in the deaths of over one million, and the forced emigration of another million. One third of these people, who can only be understood more as forced refugees of a national disaster than as emigrants, never arrived at their destination but died waiting at ports or on 'coffin' ships of transportation. Twenty-five per cent of the population absented, gone, dead

within five years.

This period of Irish history has come to be known in the Gaelic language as *An Gorta Mór*, where the Gaelic signifier gorta (Famine) evokes both the word gort (meaning crop / field) and, more significantly, *gortaigh* (to wound / injure). The survivors of these times did not and could not speak of the times. In the immediate aftermath it was referred to only as *An Drochshaol* (the bad or awful Time / Life); and within a generation after that the [hi]stories, the language of those survivors, Gaelic Irish, would also be lost, and die. At first, as in all trauma, no one would speak of it. After a generation, with the loss of the language of those it directly affected, no one could speak of it.

To understand something of the traumatic impact of *An Gorta Mór* is to look at the Irish people's relationships to *gort* (fields, land, property ownership) and to homelessness. To understand the heart, and psyche, of the Irish relationship to land is to approach something of a history of a people not owning the fields they worked, whatever about the country they worked in. One of the root causes of the Irish Famine was that farmers did not own the land they worked, something the Irish 'land wars' of the 1870s and 80s sought to redress. This unbearable obsession with land ownership drove the Celtic Tiger boom of the noughties. Between 1996 and 2006, the average price of second homes in Ireland rose by over 300%. The average price of new houses rose by 250%. 2004 saw the construction of 80,000 new homes, compared to the UK's 160,000 for the same year, a nation that has 15 times Ireland's population[2].

This over determination to buy property ultimately led to the financial collapse of 2008 and the subsequent recessionary 2010 European Union financial bailout with property prices halving in five years to 2013, before another property boom has emerged in the last five years.

A text that exhibits this Irish obsession with land while underlaid with allusions to the Great Irish Famine is the 1990 film *The Field*, based on the play by John B. Keane, which was in turn inspired by a real-life murder. It is a text that explores Bull Mc Cabe's determination to own a field he, and his family, have worked their entire life, and not have it sold to 'outsiders': "Are these the same outsiders who took the corn from our mouths when the potatoes went rotten in the ditches?"

The field is something he has given his life to, nursed, mothered and reared like a son "It's my field. It's my child. I nursed it, I nourished it, I saw to its every want. I dug the rocks out of it with my bare hands and I made a living thing of it. My only want is that green grass that lovely green grass and you want to take it away from me and in the sight of God I can't let you do that."

The transgenerational tragedy is that the field has already cost the life of both The Bull's mother and his thirteen-year-old first-born son Seamie, who takes his own life to remove himself, so as not to push the family into poverty or forced emigration; the famine options. For like the Famine, Seamie's suicide leaves his grave unmarked, marginalised, known but invisible, outside Church, outside law, undead "Go on father, go on. Lock the gates to God's house. Sure they were locked at the time of the Famine too. No priest died the time of the Famine: only poor people like us."

The director Jim Sheridan (2010) described the film as "about a land war that is under the surface", that it was "about Ireland itself, whether we own the country or not." He recognised that there is a primal intensity to the film: "It does appeal but more on an old-fashioned primitive emotion level." But, nonetheless, despite its Oscar nominations, it was perhaps too Irish and this may have held it back from performing well overseas.

> I think it's a good movie, but I think there are difficulties with it, people in America and elsewhere don't get the concept of farming the land for somebody else. So 'The Field' has a hard time in America because of that fact, because it is medieval to them, a foreign concept. There was no real land war in America so they can't understand. (Sheridan, 2010)

The Field is for many *the* Irish film because of its themes, because of its history, because it evokes the Famine, without attempting to be a film about the Famine. As a result of the run of famous, celebrated Irish films through the Hollywood machine in the 1990s, a film about the famine was mooted, but the actor Stephen Rea, who "was invited to participate", reported that someone in America said, "The film is very heavy. Couldn't they lighten it?" To which Rea's agent could only say "How are you going to lighten it? Feed them?"[3]

For a film about the famine, one had to wait for Lance Daly's 2018's *Black '47*, a fantasy revenge film, which problematically rewrites history to give an Irish protagonist, played by an Australian actor, a violent, vengeful, driven agency. Thus *Black '47* as a violent rallying cry against British indifference, neglect, indeed genocide, functions to silence those parts of Irish History we are uncomfortable considering, our participation in our own genocide, the costs we paid and enforced for survival, the cannibalism of others, figuratively, and literally.

For the stories of the dead remained, like the dead themselves, unlawfully, unsuitably buried. This is why the dead character of Seamie in *The Field* is so critical; not missing nor absent but as a suicide, *shame*-fully buried in mass graves, located but unmarked, not wanting to be known, disremembered. And the truly traumatic stories of those that survived the Famine, and what they witnessed, and upon what silenced traumas and crimes their survival hung, these stories were lost, deliberately and passively, to and by the next generation who would not speak the language of these survivors, Gaelic. English was the only language to survive in lands of emigration; we colonised our own tongue, to make sure what happened could not be spoken.

There is not just an erasure of a people, but the histories, the stories of these people, who became and become complicit in their own erasure. Such is the price of survival, killing the language that suffered, that experienced, that witnessed. Such is one of the legacies in Irish cultural history, a legacy of silencing victims and survivors be it in domestic alcohol driven violence and neglect, Magdalene Laundries or clerical sexual abuse. To endure, the victims and survivors must never be heard. Might a similar psychology have influenced the State of Israel's abjection of Yiddish as a language to the sole promotion of Hebrew as "the language (which) serves to create a single heart for all parts of the nation" (Beatty, 2017, 322), a language which had not been a national tongue for over 1500 years?

Silence and silencing has been an official, personal and collective management strategy for Irish society. Be it through endemic childhood sexual abuse, Magdalen Laundries, infant mass graves, domestic violence and abuse, each was not spoken of, each was marginalised in full view, known and unspoken, with shame brought to any of the whistle-blowers or survivors that dared to speak the unspoken.

Irish history is dreadful, so dreadful that hope is unbearable. Culturally and historically, hope in Ireland could traditionally solely ever be located in the next life, the heaven of Catholicism, to be garnered only through suffering this life, as wished in the Catholic prayer *Hail Holy Queen*: "Mourning and Weeping In This Valley of Tears". Thus, in a comedic moment from the refused but highly popular 1990's Channel 4 comedy *Fr. Ted*, the Housekeeper Mrs. Doyle is offered a Tea-making machine which the salesman promises "takes the misery out of

making tea", which she scornfully refuses, maintaining "Maybe I like the misery".

It is this undead History that, lacking a grave, a location, a place, a signification, haunts the Irish psyche. As Stephen Dedalus perceives, history truly is a nightmare from which there is no awakening (Joyce, 1961, 34). Psychoanalysis underlines, the nightmare is never about 'what' actually happened, but more, how what happened has gone unspoken, unrepresented. The trauma is never an event, it is the failure of the event to be represented, to be signified.

> During his childhood, the Ratman had heard these stories, some light-hearted, others covert. What is striking is the fact that what returns from the repressed is not a particular event or trauma; it is the dramatic constellation that ruled over his birth, his prehistory. He is descended from a legendary past. This prehistory reappears via the symptoms that represent that pre-history in an unrecognizable form, that weave it into myth, represented by the subject without awareness. (Lacan, 1957)

The Irish are a nation of poets and storytellers, yet there is a significant absence of narratives speaking An Gorta Mór. But this is precisely what psychoanalysis listens for and attends to, the stories that cannot be told, yet which haunt every narrative. Psychoanalysis witnesses through the words spoken, for what fears signification, being told.

The phenomena proper to psychoanalysis are of the order of language. That is, the spoken recognition of the major elements of the subject's history, a history that has been cut, interrupted, that has fallen onto the underside of discourse. … The analytical effects are of the nature of the return of the repressed discourse … the subject is already introduced into the dimension of the search for his truth. (Lacan, 1957)

The repressed always returns within the symbolic of spoken words, the imaginary of unconscious transference and the real of the clinical encounter. It is only through with-nessing speech that something can be heard, something other. If there is to be hope clinically, individually and culturally it can only be through speaking the impossible to one who cannot understand but can with-ness, a psychoanalytic authentication of the authority of the silenced/silencing signifiers. To borrow Paul D's words from Toni Morrison's critically influential novel approaching the legacy of African American slavery, Beloved, "He wants to put his story next to hers. 'Sethe, me and you, we got more yesterday than anybody. We need some kind of tomorrow.'" (Morrison, 1997, 273) The undead can only be laid to rest, if we lay our stories next to theirs, personally, culturally, transferentially.

Notes

1 The phrase 'Tá Súil Agam' figuratively means I have a hope, I wish; but literally means I have an eye. The future in Gaelic is interlinked literally and figuratively with vision.

2 https://www.housing.gov.ie/housing/statistics/house-prices-loans-and-profile-borrowers/house-price-statistics

3 https://www.independent.ie/entertainment/movies/movie-news/how-are-you-going-to-lighten-it-feed-them-stephen-rea-reveals-hollywood-rejected-famine-film-in-90s-as-it-was-too-heavy-37266822.html

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Voices from South America

The Revolutionary Sixties: Poetry and Social Change

Viviane Carvalho da Annunciação

Abstract: *The historian Eric Hobsbawm defined the sixties as a moment of collective intensity. In addition to the political changes, the decade created the material conditions for the emergence of a new kind of subjectivity, supported by shared cultural expectations. Poetry followed these subjective and social transformations through the expansions of literary forms and modes of exhibition. The objective of this article is then to examine how the poetic landscape of the sixties was shaped by this revolutionary energy. In order to do that, I am going to focus on three different locations: Northern Ireland (Belfast), Scotland (Glasgow), and Brazil (São Paulo).*

Keywords: *Poetry; poetic landscape; revolutionary sixties; social change.*

Quoting the feminist critic Sheila Rowbotham, the historian Eric Hobsbawm defined the sixties as a moment of collective intensity. According to her: "the energy of the external collective became so intense, it seemed the boundaries of closeness, of ecstatic inwardness, had spilled over on to the streets… I thus caught a glimpse of the peculiar annihilation of the personal in the midst of dramatic events like revolution" (12). In a symbiosis between personal and collective struggles, the quote reveals that the decade created the material conditions for the emergence of a new kind of subjectivity, supported by shared cultural expectations. In other words, the feminist claim that the subjective is political, enabled social transformations through the expansion of literary forms and modes of exhibition. The objective of this article is then to examine how the poetic landscape of the sixties was shaped by this revolutionary energy. In order to do that, I am going to focus on three different locations: Northern Ireland (Belfast), Scotland (Glasgow), and Brazil (São Paulo).

In the British Isles, the sixties were the period when post-war austerities were discarded. As a result, the general population benefited from a renewed welfare state in health, social security and education. The historian Tom Devine affirms that in Scotland, there was virtually no unemployment, the wages were rising and there was a greater exchange of consumer goods, especially cultural commodities, such as television, radio and record players. In Norther Ireland, however, the scientific developments and civil rights movements were destabilized by political and religious hostilities, which hampered the optimistic faith in social progress. In Brazil, the social upheaval was caused by João Goulart's social reforms – 'reformas de base' – including bank and land reform, and a stronger state intervention in the economy. Afraid of the communist threat, military authorities intervened and governed the country for twenty-five years. Swiftly responding to these social changes, the poetry produced in Scotland, Northern Ireland and Brazil showed a restored surge of creativity. The Scottish Revival was predominant in the Edinburgh Festival of 1962, the Belfast Group gained strength in 1966 and the Concrete Poets were already publishing their first anthology in 1962.

In Northern Ireland, the Belfast Group, led by the poet and critic Philip Hobsbaum invigorated the artistic landscape of Belfast. The poets Seamus Heaney, Michael Longley and

Derek Mahon are the great names that belonged to the first generation of this group. Contrary to the idealised notion that poetry was an innate gift, the belief that poetic craft could be learned and improved led to a changed shift of perception. Such a configuration brought together older poets and revitalised the publishing market, which saw in them a new literary niche. The troubles, which was a direct consequence of the social changes and a more inclusive educational system, started in 1968, with the civil rights march in Derry/ Londonderry. Nationalists, in its majority Catholics, wanted to be in an independent republic, whereas the Unionists, in its majority Protestants, wanted to remain part of the United Kingdom.

The Northern Irish troubles were characterized by radical religious and nationalistic beliefs, which resulted in social distress and violence. While peaceful protesters were violently repressed by the British police, the Provisional Irish Republican Army (IRA) used equal cruelty in their terrorist attacks. Seamus Heaney, a future Nobel Prize winner, wrote about the marches and the episodes in a collection entitled "Whatever you say, say nothing", of his volume *North* (1975). The poem "Summer 1969" is interesting in its approach because the whole history of the Troubles is seen through the lens of the Spanish history. The value of the poem stems from its connection to more universal histories and artistic experiments. From this point of view the first lines of the poem align two distant geographical places: Madrid and Belfast:

> While the Constabulary covered the mob
> Firing into the Falls, I was suffering
> Only the bullying sun of Madrid. (140)

In addition to aligning his hometown with the town he happens to be in, Heaney is depicting his lyric voice as someone who understands the psychological effects of exile through the reification of this place. In addition to that, there is an alliteration of plosives and sibilants that is broken when Heaney mentions "bullying sun". This literary device is probably the manner through which the poet formally expresses his coming to terms with opposites: plosives versus sibilants. Also, the metonymic view of representing Belfast through the Falls road, centre of the Catholic and Nationalist community, is revealing an elimination of opposites – for Heaney Belfast is represented by its Catholic constituents – he has poetically omitted the Protestants – most likely because this is not his community. Although displaced and distanced, Heaney knows exactly where he belongs. In view of his guilt, the next lines show how he tries to materialize the place where his mind dwells:

> Each afternoon, in the casserole heat
> Of the flat, as I sweated my way through
> The life of Joyce, stinks from the fishmarket
> Rose like the reek off a flax-dam.
> At night on the balcony, gules of wine,
> A sense of children in their dark corners,
> Old women in black shawls near open windows,
> The air a canyon rivering in Spanish. (140)

This is reached through the presentation of the life of Joyce in the fish market. This is a detail that transports the reader to the universe of *Ulysses*, episode 12, entitled "Cyclops" in which the hero, Leopold Bloom faces a prejudiced Fenian, anti-semite Citizen who almost injures him with a biscuit can. Thus, the road that leads Heaney back home is not actually the

Spanish market, but the novelist's representation of the extremist points of view that his fellow countrymen assume. The reference to Dublin's Corporation Market interconnects sensorial perception with the city's frenetic mood. The second detail of the stanza is what brings the reader definitely to Belfast. When Heaney states the life of Joyce "rose like a putrid smell from the market, like a flax-dam", he is literally referring to the linen industries of Belfast. The flax-dam are the seeds that yield linseed oil, and slender stems from which a textile fiber is obtained. Through a series of associations, the poet intermingles cultural ideas and values up to a point at which Madrid, Dublin and Belfast become one. There is a gradation in the characterization of the place: the sense of children in dark corners, women in black shawl, starlit streets, until the poet reaches the Guardia civil, Civil that shine like poisoned fish. The ending returns to Joyce, and in this sense, to Dublin and Belfast, in other words, Ireland.

In this first part, the author compares Northern Ireland and Spain. Nevertheless, in the last two stanzas, he summons up both entities in a single symbol: *The Third of May 1808*, the canvas by Goya, which represents both the atrocities of war and the humanity of those who resist oppressive powers. The second stanza is where he inserts the evocation to Frederico Garcia Lorca, apparently the first pure evocation to the Spanish universe. As Heaney states: "For my generation Lorca was the horizon always… poetry requires an inner flamenco, that it must be excited into life by something peremptory, some initial strum or throb that gets you started and drives you farther" (*Stepping Stones* 182)

Although the inner flamenco of the Spanish poet stirred his mind and perceptions, Heaney chooses as his own medium to go "back" and "touching the people" the virtual reality of television. Firstly, he goes back to the real through news reports, and then through an immediate retreat in the Prado museum.

> 'Go back,' one said, 'try to touch the people.'
> Another conjured Lorca from his hill.
> We sat through death counts and bullfight reports
> On the television, celebrities
> Arrived from where the real thing still happened (140)

The question still remaining is where is this place where "the real thing" is happening? The poet, through virtual glimpses of the city, constantly tries to come to terms with a sense of guilt. The reference to bullfighting is also something of an animal instinct, but it causes awe and horror, feelings that terrify the placid poetic subjectivity. The sense of paralysis in view of the slow, rhythmical death of the bull is similar to the vision of the war killings in Northern Ireland. Both are effects that neutralise perceptions of time and space and make the subjective voice long for escape. The third stanza of the piece is solely dedicated to the canvas "The Third of May 1808" and "The Colossus".

> I retreated to the cool of the Prado.
> Goya's 'Shootings of the Third of May'
> Covered a wall - the thrown-up arms
> And spasm of the rebel, the helmeted
> And knapsacked military, the efficient
> Rake of the fusillade. In the next room
> His nightmares, grafted to the palace wall –
> Dark cyclones, hosting, breaking: Saturn

> Jewelled in the blood of his own children,
> Gigantic Chaos turning his brute hips
> Over the world. Also, that holmgang
> Where two berserks club each other to death
> For honour's sake, greaved in a bog, and sinking. (140, 141)

The description of both canvases is an engagement in reversal: at the same time that the poet wishes to engage in a political activity, exteriorising his fears and terror, internally, he wishes to annul himself completely by engaging with art. If on the one hand his pity and terror is present, on the other hand, art neutralises these feelings and reigns completely. Thus, his escape to art is also paradoxically a way to keep his connection with the world open. As Steven Matthews concludes about Heaney, "Poetry's 'way in happening emerges as a model of active consciousness" (158). Because he is conscious of the importance of Goya to art and to art in times of war, Heaney, in the last stanza, gives a dramatic ending to the composition, reinstating the importance to Goya:

> He painted with his fists and elbows, flourished
> The stained cape of his heart as history charged.
> (141)

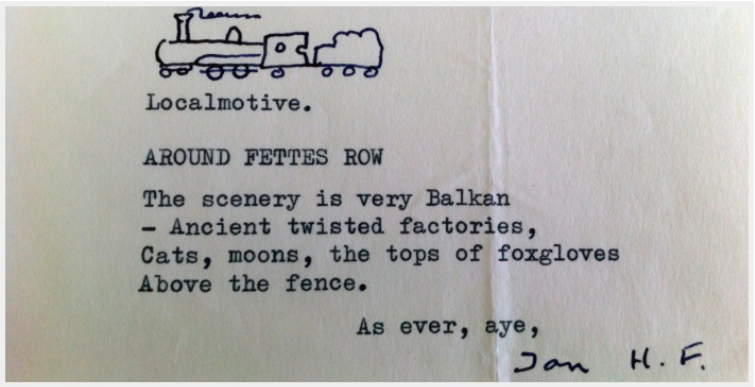
Through the excerpt the reader perceives the weight Heaney gives to Goya, mainly for the reason that the poetic stance wishes to emphasise how he imprinted his personal dilemmas and tones in the Spanish war against France. By stating that the poet "painted with fists and elbows", Heaney conveys he was not just an ordinary painter, but also an artist who showed that making art is a struggle, such as war. Hence, he has not just simply represented the conflicts, but also critically conceptualised the sensation of producing art at the moment his country had been compared to a battlefield. Through this last part, the poet also builds bonds of solidarity between Spain and Ireland because his experience becomes part of a greater whole whose effects and vibrations are seen and felt elsewhere. On the one hand, Heaney depicts his personal anguishes and antinomies, which are embodied in the structure of the poem – the poetic foot indecisively oscillates between ten, eleven and twelve and its stanzas follow the same pattern, having between two and fourteen verses. On the other hand, because those are symptoms of guilt, typical of someone who had left the battle field for the cool air conditioner of the Prado museum, his arguments are more emotionally bound than intellectual: they "call down among us certain disembodied powers, whose footsteps over our hearts we call emotions" (Yeats 157). Nonetheless, by being faithful to his emotions, he is true to the nature of the traditional lyric, and thus, representing the social anguish of the period.

Differently from the reinterpretation of history present in Northern Irish writers, Scottish poets were searching for a new language and tradition that would capture the modern culture and speed. Uninspired by the romantic outbursts of nationalism through the revival of the Scottish idiolect and language, new poets were exploring inventive avenues of thinking brought by recent media and technology. Edwin Morgan was one of the central voices of this creative resurgence by severely criticising the imposition of a certain view of Scottishness to young writers:

> I am certain that Scottish literature is being held back, and young writers are slow to appear, not only because of publishing difficulties but also because of a prevailing

> intellectual mood of indifferentism and conservatism, a desperate unwillingness to move out into the world with which every child now at school is becoming familiar - the world of television and sputniks, automation and LPs, electronic music and multi-story flats, rebuilt city centres and new towns, coffee bars and bookable cinemas... a world that will be more clean, more 'cool' than the one it leaves behind. (Morgan 174)

Morgan's partner and friend, Ian Hamilton Finlay was being published and intellectually stimulated by the enthusiastic disputes between the traditionalists and new avant-gardist writers. During the 1962 International Writers Festival of August, in Edinburgh, he witnessed simultaneously the dispute between the "Stalinist" Hugh MacDiarmid and his "Cosmopolitan" nemesis Alexander Trocchi and the breakthrough of his career with the successful reading of his Orkney poems (Alec Finlay 19). Allied with Morgan's cultural project, Finlay's *Poor Old Tired Horse* poetry journal gained importance as a "crucial outlet" (Finlay 20) for the spread of the new poetic experimentations. More than keen on exploring the visual possibilities of work with language, Finlay was, indeed, also attracted to the modern and contemporary *zeitgeist* of that historical period. In a letter to Edwin Morgan from 1961, he makes a revealing sketch about his interpretation of Scottish nationalism.



IHF to EM, 1961, MS Morgan DF/6/1

From the excerpt of the letter, available at the Glasgow University Archive website, it is possible to observe Finlay's identification with the pictorial nature of concrete poetry, since his "Local-motive" is complemented by a simple and rudimentary drawing. Additionally, this national place, for him, is not bucolic or transcendental, but modern and spearheaded by the rapid rhythm of the train. The pictographic nature of the poem is similarly reinforced by the quasi-raiku structure of the last three lines, which intermingles natural and non-natural elements of the landscape. Here, factories are ancient, and cats, moons and foxgloves occupy the same place above the fence – perhaps gazing at the locomotive while it makes its journey through the Balcanic mountains. From this simple illustration, it can be perceived that Ian Hamilton Finlay was imagining a new kind of poetry, one which would reify images in order to reproduce the modern fast paced sensibility, guided by television shows, advertisements and machines. In other words, Finlay was using a then contemporary perception to create his own artistic ethos.

While Finlay was struck by technology as a pictorial metaphor for his work, Morgan was using the scientific imaginary to write poetry. That view was reinforced with the retrospective article of 2006, "Poetry and Virtual Realities", when he discussed the role of science, and consequently, robotics to his literary universe.

> The computer threw out challenges in many directions, in music and poetry, in chess, in cryptography, in linguistic analysis and translation. (37)

> I was… interested… in the workings of the imagination, and in how scientific facts and discoveries could be opened out fictionally within a broader context of human experience. And at times I would use science- fiction proper, in that the basis of the fiction would be something not yet discovered or materialized, or something thought at present to be impossible. (40)

From the excerpts, it is clear the poet was looking at how the language of science could corroborate with the workings of the art. His version of a scientific language would stem from the experimentation with the words and the possibility of permutation and interchange. One of the poems in which this vision is clear is "Unscrambling the Waves at Gonhilly", which was written to celebrate the first transatlantic telecommunication signals by satellite that were received in Goonhilly in Cornwall in 1962.

t e l f i s h
d o g s t a r
s a r p h i n
d o l d i n e
t e l w h a l
n a r s t a r
s a r d o c k
h a d d i n e
d o g w h a l
n a r f i s h
d o l d o c k
h a d p h i n
d o g d o c k
h a d f i s h
d o l w h a l
n a r p h i n
h a d w h a l
n a r d o c k
t e l d o c k
h a d s t a r
s a r w h a l
n a r d i n e
d o g p h i n
d o l f i s h
s a r f i s h
d o g d i n e
d o l s t a r
t e l p h i n
s a r s t a r
t e l d i n e
s a r d i n e
d o l p h i n
h a d d o c k
n a r w h a l
d o g f i s h
t e l s t a r

Playing with the name of the satellite, "Telestar", Morgan composed a permutational poem with five different sea animals. In his words, that exchange added a sense of movement to the piece, suggesting "the voyage of the signals across the Atlantic" (40). More than combining science – and specially biology – to poetry, Morgan was effectively changing the epistemology of poetry as merely mimesis and creating a scientific-mimeses. In this new language, nature is not the source of inspiration anymore but rather, its comprehension and systematization. Another permutational poem is "The Computer's First Christmas Card", from the volume *The Second Life*, 1968 and which was exhibited at the art exposition "Cybernetic Serendipity". In here, the poet changes the first letter of the trochaic verses to reproduce the minimalistic sounds and language of the computer, which is often abbreviated to its bare

minimum.

jollymerry
hollyberry
jollyberry
merryholly
happyjolly
jollyjelly
jellybelly
bellymerry
hollyheppy
jollyMolly
marryJerry
merryHarry
happyBarry
heppyJarry
bobbyheppy
berryjorry
jorryjolly
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Barrymerry
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YSANTHEMUM

This version of Scottish avant-gard was not far from the experimentations carried out by the Noigandres group in São Paulo. Concrete poetry in Brazil represented the frustration with traditional forms of art. Inspired by the formal principles presented by the Exhibition of Max Bill's work at the Modern Art Museum of São Paulo (1951), concrete poetry sought to abolish the traditional verse and expand its spatial scope. With the end of the Vargas Era and the restoration of democracy, the Concrete group also reflected the rampant modernization of Brazil. With the promise of a social progress that would encapsulate fifty years in five, the government of Juscelino Kubitschek (1956-1961) sought to industrialize Brazil and modernise its economy for the international market. In addition, Kubitschek sponsored the most

ambitious architectural project in Brazilian history: the construction of its capital, Brasília, under the direction of town planner Lúcio Costa and architect Oscar Niemarier. Their architectural project was called "Plano Piloto", which served as an inspiration to the title of the first manifesto of Concrete Poetry, "The Pilot Plan for Concrete Poetry".

It is in the "Pilot Plan" that the brothers de Campos and Décio Pignatari initiated their mimetic revolution, seeking to create a verbovocovisual poem – a term borrowed from James Joyce.

> As 'subdivisões prismáticas da Idéia', de Mallarmé, o método ideogrâmico de Pound, a apresentação 'verbivocovisual' joyceana e a mímica verbal de Cummings convergem para um novo conceito de composição, para uma nova teoria da forma – uma organoforma – onde noções tradicionais (...) tendem a desaparecer e ser superadas por uma organização poética (...) da POESIA CONCRETA.[1] (Augusto de Campos 31).

Concrete poets established a fruitful dialogue with Germany, and, after five years of exchange, writers in the United Kingdom became aware of the importance of the work that was being made in Brazil. The very outset of the Brazilian and British creative exchange was mediated through a letter. According to Edwin Morgan and Alec Finlay, the first mentioning of concrete poetry from Brasil was published in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 25th of May, 1962, in which the Portuguese poet E. M. de Melo Castro drew attention to the Concrete movement of Brazil. In fact, Melo sent a letter in order to criticize an article of the previous issue, "Poetry, Prose and Machine" which failed to mention the *Noigandres* group.

This letter was persuasive enough to encourage Edwin Morgan and Ian Hamilton Finlay to get in touch with the poets from Brazil. Finlay, on the 14th. of June of the same year, wrote to Augusto de Campos asking for his contribution to fifth number of the poetic journal *Poor Old Tired Horse* (P.O.T.H). Without hesitation, Augusto de Campos replied to Finlay, offering the poems he requested and the *Noigandres* anthology, which included the Pilot Plan for Concrete Poetry. At the same time Augusto de Campos contributed to the development of the journal edited by Finlay, he also used the letter as a medium for the circulation of the poetic project spearheaded by the group in Brazil.

The Brazilian poems were published on P.O.T.H. in March, 1963, entirely in Portuguese and differed enormously from the volume as a whole. While many of the poems published on the fifth number of the journal were still based on traditional verse, the pieces by Augusto de Campos and Pedro Xisto spread and surpassed the frontiers between languages and offered an organic interaction between form and image. In other words, they were concerned the visual aspect of the verbovocovisual paradigm.

At the same time Finlay was in contact with Augusto de Campos, Edwin Morgan was also in contact with him. Edwin Morgan, on the 6th of March of 1963, wrote to Augusto de Campos, sending him poems and asking for his critical opinion of his work. There is a striking shift in tone here, while Finlay was inquisitive and eager to learn from Augusto, Morgan was validating his view as a pioneer of the movement. Unfortunately, my research could not yet trace Augusto de Campo's reply to his letter, but I am quite sure it would have been about the use of language and spatiality, a dear theme for early Augusto de Campos' poetry.

On 8th of August, 1963, (soon after the publication of *P.O.T.H*) Morgan wrote another letter to Augusto de Campos, thanking him for sending the poetic Journal *Invenção* number two. Even though there is still an absent letter, it is clear that the *Noigandres* group had

invited both him and Ian Hamilton Finaly to publish their work in *Invenção* number four. Moreover, Morgan comments on the lay out of his own poems. In addition to the Scottish poets, the volume presented poems by Eugen Gomringer, Vladimir Mayakovsky, among others. This mutual publication of Brazilian poets in Britain and the British in Brazil produced a much wider web of interactions, which would surpass discreet manifestations. In the same letter, Morgan states:

> I am enclosing a few poems and translations… Two translations of poems by yourself — which I am trying to get into print, together with some other versions, in our *Times Literary Supplement*, a somewhat conservative organ — but we shall see. (2015, 100).

Soon after, Morgan also writes to Finally reaffirming his wish to publish his translations of the Noigandres group on the TLS.

> Did you get from Augusto the new Invenção with our poems in it? The whole magazine is interesting and well-documented too. They're a go-ahead lot in São Paulo. Concrete poetry should be published and discussed, but how is it to be done in this country? I sent translations of the Brazilian concretists to TSL many months ago, but have had no reply. (2015, 101)

From Morgan's stark interrogation about how to discuss avant-gard poetry in Scotland, there is a blatant criticism to the present then, state of the art and culture in his environment. As Eleanor Bell argues, Morgan "was being driven by a growing commitment to a changing nation, its urban culture and its literature, and appalled by the second-rate and backward looking art", which would not reconsider the rise of new medias. The answer that Morgan was so desperately searching in Scottish poetry, he found in the Brazilian Concrete movement.

Additionally, Morgan's fondness of socialism directed him to a political reading of Brazilian Concrete Poetry. Even though social commitment was a current feature in the movement right from the start, the Brazilian critics dismissed such an ideological aspect of their art. However, Morgan stated he was struck by the variety of approaches of Concrete Poetry in Brazil, because they could incorporate effects of satire, irony and direct commitment. He also highlighted that the poem "Cuba Sim, Ianque Não" [Cuba Yes, Yankee No] was a masterpiece, and that it bore comparison to the African American engaged poetry of that time.

> I am struck by the great variety of approach, from the most abstract and patterned to the committed (I like very much your *Cuba Sim Ianque Não*). It is good to keep the concrete method capable of doing different things from effects of pure place, relation, and movement to effects of satire, irony and direct comment. (Morgan, 2015: 101).

This poem, which enormously impressed Morgan, was called "Cubagrama". However, instead of being a simplistic anti-North American poem, Campos produced a political message on a multidimensional level. Extremely ahead of its time, the poem deconstructed both capitalist and socialist ideologies through a complex disposition and fragmentation of words.

Even though Morgan did not grasp the most obscure subtleties of the poem, his voice was of fundamental importance. Even more when the *The Times Literary Supplement* of the 3rd of September, 1964 published theoretical articles and poems by the Brazilian *Noigandres* group. The editor of the volume praised the Brazilian poets not only for their ability to create new and meaningful concepts with their work, but also for their grasp of the new sensibility that was being developed on the readers and general public due to the rise of technology, media and television. Décio Pignatari's article "Concrete Poets from Brazil" argued for a poetic language that could transform its reality through the creation of a new linguistic code. In addition to citing names of the leading figures of the movement, concrete experiments by Augusto de Campos, Ronaldo Azeredo and Décio Pignatari were published in the same volume. Breaking stereotypes about Brazil and inserting, in the heterogeneity of the verse, the diversity of its culture. After the publication of the Brazilian writers in TSL, there was an increase in the study and discussion of the movement in the United Kingdom.

From the previous examples, it is possible to draw a parallel between great social changes and artistic innovation. Even with the social distresses, Northern Irish poets responded to the transformations of the period with a historically reconfiguration. Concrete Poetry, on the other hand, both in Scotland and Brazil represented the search for an artistic presence that would be meaningful and true to the period. In their different attempts and intercultural dialogue, the Noigandres group and the Scottish revival left a distinctive mark in the period. In short, through their revolutionary form and art, they blurred the boundaries between personal and collective, enacting then, the greatest feminist contribution to cultural studies.

Note

1 The 'prismatic subdivisions of the Idea' by Mallarmé, the ideogrammatic method by Pound and the 'verbovocovisual' presentation by Joyce and the verbal miming by Cummings converge into a new compositional concept, to a new theory of form – the organo-form – in which traditional notions (…) tend to disappear and be overcome by a poetic organization (…) of CONCRETE POETRY. (Augusto de Campos 31)

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More Borgesian than Borges?: Joyce, Borges, and Translation

Mark Harman

Abstract: *This essay focuses on the ambivalent relationship between Jorge Luis Borges and James Joyce from the perspective of literary translation as well as of the Argentinian writer's fluctuating attitude towards his Irish counterpart. Both writers are polylingual artists and life-long translators. Borges was fond of making provocative statements about translation, though his own translations are rarely as radical as his theories about the craft. He could not enjoy the comparatively unfettered freedom of a self-translator like Joyce, whose Italianizing rendering of an excerpt from* Finnegans Wake *is more Borgesian than Borges.*

Keywords: *Translation Theory; Self-translation; De-localizing; Italianizing*

The relationship between Jorge Luis Borges and James Joyce begins on an ambivalent note. In a review of *Ulysses* in 1925, only three years after the first appearance of Joyce's great novel in Paris, Borges claims with uncharacteristic immodesty to be the first Hispanic "traveler" —literally adventurer —to have reached the shore of Joyce's novel (Non-Fictions 12). His praise of the artistic audacity and stylistic prowess of Joyce— "a millionaire of words and styles" (27) — is, however, strewn with barbed comments, especially about the inordinate demands that Joyce makes on his readers. While Borges's claim to have merely browsed in *Ulysses* may seem questionable there are in this instance grounds for taking this often-canny Argentine writer at his word. By the mid-twenties Borges had grown disenchanted with much of his previous writing. Is it any wonder then that he should have focused on those portions of *Ulysses* to which he was spontaneously drawn or that his most striking early homage to Joyce should come in the form of a translation of the "last page" of a book that he had never read to the end?

At the age of nine, Borges began his lifelong side-career as a literary translator with a translation of Oscar Wilde's *The Fairy Prince*. Although not so precocious or prolific a translator as Borges, Joyce learned Norwegian and German to translate plays by Henrik Ibsen and Gerhart Hauptmann; among his achievements as a translator is a polyglot rendering of a poem by James Stephens (1880-1950), the Irish novelist and poet best known for his witty novel, *The Crock of Gold* (1912). In a bravura feat in May, 1932, Joyce translated Stephens's short poem, "Stephens Green," into French, German, Latin, Norwegian, and Italian[1]. Then there is Finnegans Wake, which Joyce famously contemplated having Stephens finish should he himself find himself unable to do so. Joyce played the leading role in a collaborative Italian translation of a portion of the eight "Anna Livia Plurabelle" chapter in *Finnegans Wake*. Borges's rendering of the climax of Molly Bloom's sensuous — and famously unpunctuated — monologue in the final "Penelope" chapter of *Ulysses* invites comparison with Joyce's own "Anna Livia" translation. Such a comparison might admittedly seem perverse. After all, Borges had persistent misgivings about Joyce, whom he ridiculed in 1939 in the influential Buenos Aires journal *Sur* (1931-70). In a piece entitled "Joyce and neologisms" he not only describes Joyce's language

games as inferior to those of Lewis Carroll, but also indicts him for the "monstrosities" (*Borges: A Reader* 347) —i.e. punning neologisms—with which Joyce lards *Finnegans Wake*. However, the verbal obsession for which Borges criticizes Joyce, especially in *Finnegans Wake*, is one that, as he concedes towards the end of his life, he himself shares.

Borges's impish upsetting of received opinion about translation is of course legendary. In his view, translations are not necessarily inferior to so-called originals. He suggests in "The Homeric Versions" that all writers can do is create drafts since there is no such thing as a definitive text, a concept which corresponds "only to exhaustion or religion." (Borges, *Selected Non-Fictions* 69) In an essay, "On William Beckford's Vathek" he famously claims—not entirely tongue-in-cheek—that "the original is unfaithful to the translation." (239)[2]. However, the most daring enactment of Borges's provocative ideas about translation can be found not in his own wide-ranging translations but in Joyce's radical Italian rendering of a portion of *Finnegans Wake*.

Contrary to his image as a desiccated and cerebral writer, Borges chooses to translate a passage in the most sensual chapter of *Ulysses*, and his rendering of Molly Bloom's monologue is characteristically irreverent. In recasting Joyce's prose, he de-localizes its setting, thereby shifting Molly from the banks of the Liffey to those of La Plata. His most notable excision of a place name is that of Howth Head, the promontory which forms the northern end of Dublin Bay. Molly remembers lying with Leopold ("Poldy") Bloom "among the rhododendrons on Howth head,"[3] a phrase which Borges de-Irishizes, as it were, by recasting it simply as "tirados en el pasto"[4] (stretched on the grass). On that day in Howth, Leopold, or Poldy as she calls him, expresses his delight in her radiance: "the sun shines for you." Borges adds an audibly Argentinian note by rendering the phrase as "para *vos* brilla el sol," (my italics) using the second person informal commonly used in Buenos Aires, the *voseo*, rather than the standard *tú* of international Spanish. Nor does Borges have any compunction about condensing Molly's breathless flow. Seemingly redundant or vague phrases are simply eliminated, thereby favoring Borges's penchant for brevity and compression over Joyce's preference for elaboration and expansion.

Even while abbreviating Molly's prattle Borges manages to add new qualities to Joyce's prose. Her phrase "and all the fine cattle going about," for instance, becomes simply "y el ganado pastando" (and the cattle grazing), thereby shaving off two words while introducing an assonantal play with "a's" and "o's." Moreover, thanks to Borges's dexterous translatorly handicraft, Molly's reminiscence of "those handsome Moors all in white" becomes "esos moros buen moscos todo de blanco," which, with its pleasing plethora of "o's," represents a further gain in translation.

Let us now compare Borges's translation of the final "Penelope" chapter in *Ulysses* with Joyce's rendering of the Anna Livia Plurabelle chapter in *Finnegans Wake*. There can be little doubt about Joyce's primary role in creating the 1937 Italian translation from *Finnegans Wake*. On several occasions, he claims that the translation is his work"[5]. His collaborator in Paris, Nino Frank, a Swiss-Italian Jew who had fled from Italy to the French capital after falling afoul of the Italian Fascist regime, confirms Joyce's assertion: Frank insists "without any false modesty" that, whereas his own role was merely that of "guinea pig and fellow worker," Joyce "is responsible for at least three-quarters of the Italian text." (Potts 96) A third, though minor, contributor to the collaborative endeavor was Ettore Settanni, an Italian writer and critic whose slight revisions displeased both Frank and Joyce. In March, 1940, Joyce, who was anxious about the possible effect of the recently declared world war on the reception of *Finnegans Wake* wrote

to Settanni, expressing delight in the appearance of his Italianized "Anna Livia Plurabelle" — whose middle name alludes of course to the river Liffey: "I have had much pleasure in learning that my little lady from Dublin has completed her pilgrimage and has so tactfully made her modest curtsy before her august uncle Tiber. Did it amuse that very reverend greybeard at least a little to hear her unaccustomed silly and extravagant chatter?" (Joyce, *Letters III* 473-74) According to Jacqueline Risset, a French poet and Dante translator, Joyce's translation is "an exploration of the furthest reaches of the limits of the Italian language conducted by a great writer; a writer who was not Italian, but, according to his collaborators, 'italianista unico.'" (3) Although there seems to be no evidence that Joyce knew of Borges, the Irish writer more than rises to the challenge to Joyce translators laid out by Borges in a review of the first Spanish-language translation of *Ulysses*:[6] "Joyce expands and reforms the English language; his translator is obligated to take similar license." (Borges, "Nota sobre el *Ulises* en español" 49) And all the more so, one might add, when writer and translator are one and the same person.

De-localizing "Anna Livia Plurabelle" more radically than Borges does with "Penelope", Joyce replaces Irish place-names with Italian references, thereby introducing different allusions and new puns. Take, for instance, Howth head, which features even more prominently in Finnegans Wake than in *Ulysses* since it represents the head of the main character H.C.E., whose acronym stands variously for Howth Castle and Environs, Here Comes Everybody, and so on. One of the washerwomen chattering across the banks of the Liffey says of H.C.E. that "he used to hold his head as high as a howeth." (Joyce, Finnegans Wake 197) The simile alludes both to Howth and to the expression "as high as a house," thereby suggesting H.C.E.'s giant proportions—Howth rises to a height of 561 feet. Joyce makes H.C.E. even taller in Italian when he rewrites the aforementioned phrase as: "capeggiando da gradasso di gransasso." (Risset 18). This could signify that H.C.E. is the leader of Gran Sasso, which sounds like some ostentatious Grand Duchy; "gransasso," boaster or braggart, is also the name of the highest peak in the Apennines (9,500ft.).

As with Howth, so too with Joyce's greatest subject, Dublin. Joyce Italianizes the alliterative tag, "Dear, dirty Dublin," supposedly coined by the nineteenth-century Anglo-Irish novelist, Lady Morgan, which links H.C.E. to the city from which he, like Leopold Bloom, is estranged. The initials DDD occur often in *Finnegans Wake* as, for example, in "Dear Dirty Dumpling," a play on Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, another of H.C.E.'s numerous aliases, and on Humpty Dumpty. Moreover, the initial letters of the original four-word phrase "Sugna Purca Qua Ramengo" corresponding to "Dear Dirty Dumpling" have nothing to do with Dublin; together they spell SPQR, an acronym for *Senatus Populusque romanus* (the Senate and People of Rome).

Joyce's aim, however, is not to eliminate Dublin entirely but rather to create a confluence of Irish and Italian lore, fluvial and otherwise. For instance, in rendering a caustic description of H.C.E.'s way of speaking, he weaves in the names of four cities, standing for the four provinces of Ireland: "And his *derry's* own drawl and his *cork's* own blather and his *doubling* stutter and *gullway* swank." In the Joyce/Frank version: "Un ghigno *derr*iso del *corco*ntento, ma chiazze *galve* dal cervel *debolino*."[7] (O'Neill 100) Even without the italics which I have inserted for clarity's sake, the names of those Irish cities are perceptible both in Joyce's "English" and in Joyce/Frank's Italian. Similarly, Joyce replaces many mentions of Irish history and mythology (not always easily separable) with references to Italian cultural figures such as Figaro in Rossini's opera, *The Barber of Seville*, and Machiavelli[8].

Unlike most of us translators who render the work of others, Joyce is a self-translator who can do whatever he likes with his own text. He can, for instance, insert a topical allusion to

Italian politics in place of a generalizing reference to the publicity accorded a never precisely specified foul deed of H.C.E.'s in the Phoenix Park: "It was put in the newses what he did." In Italian the "newses" are named: "Il Marco Oraglio l'ha ben strombazzato." (The Marcus Aurelius has greatly trumpeted it"). This transmogrified title of an actual publication refers to *Il Marco Aurelio*, one of the few satirical journals left by the late 1930's in Mussolini's Italy. *Oraglio* contains the word *raglio* (braying like a donkey), thereby transforming the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius into an ass. But, as Patrick O'Neill points out in an entertainingly erudite study, the real target here is not the stoic emperor but the tempestuous Mussolini/Il *Duce*, who saw himself as a latter-day Caesar. (*Trilingual Joyce*, 85-6) By way of conclusion, I'd like to raise a counterfactual question. Borges evidently did not know about Joyce's Italian version of "Anna Livia Plurabelle". But if he had, what would he have made of it? The answer would depend on when he came across it. In the latter two decades of his life, Borges's attitude to Joyce became generally less defensive and at times openly appreciative. For instance, in a 1982 interview in Dublin with Irish scholar Richard Kearney and with poet Seamus Heaney, he acknowledges his own Joyce-like obsession with words, etymologies, and, one might add, with the diversity of human tongues: "I must admit that I have always shared Joyce's fascination with words, and have always worked at my language within an essentially poetic framework, savouring the multiple meanings of words, their etymological echoes and endless resonances." (Kearney 49) Moreover, in spite of Borges's forceful reservations about *Finnegans Wake*, he confesses to finding certain phrases in the book intensely memorable. In his Norton Lectures at Harvard he praises Joyce's unforgettable phrasing as the Liffey flows into Dublin bay: "the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!" (*Finnegans Wake* 216) In Italianizing his own work Joyce is more radical than Borges, whose translations for all their undoubted merit are rarely as radical as his theories about the craft. Of course, unlike Joyce, Borges lacked the comparatively unfettered freedom of the self-translator.

Although it's tempting to imagine this latter-day Borges, free from the anxiety of influence concerning Joyce, exulting in his kindred spirit's irreverent rendering of "Anna Livia Plurabelle", the Argentine writer's ambivalence towards his Irish counterpart never disappears completely; a piece, written in January 1985 only a year and a half before his death, as a preface to his final poetry collection, "The Conspirator," reiterates one of his old complaints about Joyce: "Theories can be admirable motivators […] but at the same time they can generate monsters or mere museum pieces. We need only remember James Joyce's interior monologue." (Borges, *Poesía Completa* 583). In criticizing Joyce's alleged propensity to over-theorize, Borges is also retrospectively criticizing his young self. At the age of twenty-two, after moving back to Argentina from Spain in 1921, he had introduced a movement known as *ultraísmo* to Buenos Aires. The *ultraístas*, who rejected the stiff language, ornamental heaviness, and traditional meters of the prevailing Spanish American *modernismo*, advocated an emphasis on metaphor and rhythm. Among the self-consciously modern movements from which the *ultraístas*, and Borges in particular, drew inspiration was Expressionism. While living in Mallorca (1919-1921) Borges had immersed himself so deeply in the German Expressionists that he could jokingly refer to himself as "Georg-Ludwig."[9]

Borges recalls that youthful advocacy of the avant-garde in a lyrical tribute "Invocation to Joyce" in which he weighs his own early, fleeting attempts to forge a new art—which now only impresses "credulous universities"—against Joyce's enduring innovations:

what does my lost generation matter,
that vague mirror,
if your books justify it?
I am the others. I am all those
whom your obstinate rigor has redeemed.
I am those you do not know and those you continue to save.
(Borges, *Selected Poems* 289)

Notes

1 Richard Ellmann (655-656), reprints Joyce's translations of the Stephens poem into five languages.

2 For insightful discussions of Borges's theory and practice of translation, see Kristal, Efraín. Invisible Work: Borges and Translation. Vanderbilt University Press, 2002, and Waisman, Sergio. Borges and Translation: The Irrelevance of the Periphery. Bucknell University Press, 2005.

3 Since many of us readers are particularly drawn to literary depictions of familiar places, I should perhaps mention that I grew up on windswept Howth Head.

4 For this, and subsequent quotations from Borges's translation, see "La última hoja de Ulises" (Borges Textos recobrados).

5 For instance, in a letter to Mary Colum Joyce refers to "the Italian translation I made of Finnegans Wake" (Joyce, Letters I 412).

6 For an intriguing account of the life and work of the first Spanish-language translator of Ulysses, see Petersen, Lucas. El traductor del Ulises: Salas Subirat. La desconocida historia del argentino que tradujo la obra maestra de Joyce. Sudamericana, 2016.

7 Nino Frank recalls one of Settanni's unfortunate interventions: "by means of puns, Joyce inserted the names of four counties of Ireland: Derry, Cork, Dublin, and Galway; the newcomer (i.e. Settanni-mh) had changed the words and spoiled the puns." See Frank, Nino. "The Shadow that had lost its Man". Potts, Willard, editor. Portraits of the Artist in Exile: Recollections of James Joyce by Europeans. University of Washington Press, 1979.

8 Cf. O'Neill (70-72).

9 Edwin Williamson cites Borges's Germanic nickname, drawing on an unpublished letter from Borges to his friend Guillermo de Torre, a Spanish essayist, poet, and critic (See Williamson, Edwin. Borges: A Life. Viking, 2004, p. 82.

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Interviews

Entrevista com Bernardina da Silveira Pinheiro, tradutora de Ulisses

Vitor Alevato do Amaral

Às vésperas de completar 97 anos, Bernardina da Silveira Pinheiro, professora emérita da Universidade Federal do Rio de Janeiro, recebeu-me em seu apartamento, no dia 26 de janeiro de 2019, para uma entrevista sobre James Joyce.

"Tenho muito prazer em falar sobre Joyce", disse logo a tradutora, quando eu agradeci pela generosidade em receber-me. Responsável pela segunda tradução de *Ulisses* (*Ulysses*, 1922) em português do Brasil, seu contato com a obra de Joyce vem da década de setenta, quando ensinava *Dublinenses* (*Dubliners*, 1914) e *Um retrato do artista quando jovem* (*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, 1916) em turmas de graduação. As aulas sobre *Ulisses* viriam na década de oitenta, quando a professora começou a lecionar na pós-graduação. Suas aulas sobre *Ulisses*, na universidade ou em cursos particulares, eram sempre baseadas em leituras feitas "capítulo por capítulo", para revelar "o trabalho de Joyce com a linguagem e com sua técnica narrativa extremamente inovadora: o monólogo interior, tendo por base o fluxo da consciência bergsoniano – *la durée*".

Para ela, a importância de ter traduzido Um retrato antes de *Ulisses* foi enorme. Bernardina se manifesta em relação à educação religiosa recebida por Stephen nos colégios jesuítas e ao fanatismo religioso de sua mãe, responsáveis pelo sentimento de culpa que continuam assombrando a personagem em *Ulisses*, em cujo primeiro capítulo Stephen é lembrado de não ter se ajoelhado aos pés da cama da mãe em seu leito de morte e a seu pedido rezado por ela com os outros membros da família. O sentimento gerado por essa lembrança viria a dissipar-se mais à frente no romance ("Circe", capítulo 15).

Para Bernardina, Um retrato é também "a primeira abordagem psicológica de Joyce. É Stephen que nos conta tudo. É através de sua mente que sabemos do que se passa no romance". Há também uma identificação pessoal da tradutora com o primeiro romance de Joyce. Ela também estudou em escola católica e disse lembrar-se bem da ênfase "no pecado e no inferno que se dava nos retiros religiosos nos colégios à época". *Um retrato* é considerado por ela como uma "obra-prima de perfeição técnica narrativa e musicalidade sem igual na obra ficcional de Joyce". Eu pergunto se ela revisou sua tradução de *Um retrato* e ela afirma que o texto utilizado já havia sido revisado por ela ao passar da Editora Siciliano para o selo Alfaguara da Editora Objetiva.

Em 1995, veio a relação com a escola de psicanálise Letra Freudiana, onde Bernardina todos os anos, até hoje, participa ativamente da comemoração do Bloomsday. Por sua atuação, em 1999, foi convidada a tornar-se colaboradora da instituição, "embora não seja psicanalista", ressaltou ela.

A entrevistada declarou sua fascinação pela linguagem de Joyce. Em nome desse fascínio, nunca leu *Finnegans Wake* (1939): "tenho o livro, mas nunca o li. Não quis ver Joyce desconstruir a linguagem de que tanto gosto. Mas ainda pretendo lê-lo", contou.

Indagada, declarou que esteve com Houaiss uma vez, rapidamente, durante um Bloomsday[1] organizado por Peter O'Neill, então funcionário da Embaixada da Irlanda. Também assistiu a uma palestra sua na Academia Brasileira de Letras, durante a qual o filólogo

e primeiro tradutor de *Ulisses* (1966) em língua portuguesa afirmou que a personagem mais importante do romance era Molly Bloom, o que a surpreendeu, revela Bernardina.

A entrevistada sustenta que a dificuldade real da prosa de Joyce em *Ulisses* não está na linguagem, mas nas alusões e na técnica narrativa do monólogo interior. Para ela, o problema da tradução de Houaiss é ter tornado a linguagem "comum, coloquial e ao mesmo tempo erudita de Joyce em hermética, rebuscada". Coloquial para a estudiosa não é menor, não é simples. "Eu usei o termo 'coloquial' em uma entrevista e pegaram ao pé da letra, tornando uma qualidade da linguagem de Joyce em algo negativo", ela lamenta.

Bernardina acredita que sua tradução de *Ulisses* foi bem recebida e teve correta atenção dos meios de comunicação. "Surpreendente" é como ela qualifica a recepção de seu trabalho, que, entre tantos reconhecimentos, obteve o terceiro lugar no importante prêmio Jabuti de 2006, na categoria tradução. Sobre a mesa, ela fez figurarem a estatueta e o catálogo oficial da premiação, que nos fizeram companhia durante todo o tempo da entrevista.

A primeira edição (2005), publicada pela Objetiva, teve duas reimpressões de mil e quinhentos exemplares cada. Ela ressalta que o desempenho excelente da editora na divulgação da tradução foi "em grande parte responsável por sua surpreendente recepção pelo público-leitor". A tradutora explica que realizou uma revisão de seu trabalho, mas que o resultado da revisão só foi incorporado ao texto da segunda reimpressão. Por esse motivo, quando a tradução passou para o selo Alfaguara (2007), da mesma editora, o texto já tinha sido revisado, gerando o que a tradutora considera uma verdadeira segunda edição revisada da tradução.

Seu cuidado absoluto foi em "não mudar uma só palavra", como Joyce teria pedido a uma tradutora dinamarquesa que talvez fosse traduzir *Ulisses*[2]. "Não se pode criar em cima da obra de um gênio", disse ela. Sua tradução começou pelo monólogo interior de Molly Bloom, que além de encantá-la lhe rendeu muitas risadas. Durante o processo de tradução, a tradutora disse que aproveitou muito da experiência de leitura com os alunos.

Segundo ela, foram suas alunas Maria Helena Carneiro da Cunha e Renata Salgado que sugeriram a Roberto Feith, diretor-geral da Editora Objetiva, que publicasse a tradução de *Ulisses*. "Ele então me convidou para traduzir a obra e me perguntou se eu cederia os direitos da tradução à editora. A negociação foi rápida".

A opção por traduzir a partir da edição preparada por Hans Walter Gabler foi da própria tradutora. Decisão amparada pelo conhecimento que tinha do trabalho por trás da edição realizado por Gabler. Apesar de saber da existência de traduções de Ulisses para outras línguas, a tradutora brasileira buscou distanciar-se delas durante a tradução: "eu evitava lê-las para poder traduzir apenas Joyce".

Quando chegamos à pergunta sobre *Ulisses* ser uma obra machista, Bernardina exclamou que o romance é "uma ode à mulher, à Molly, à Nora". A ideia lhe soou inconcebível. Ela lembra da culpa de Bloom pela masturbação na presença de Gerty MacDowell, uma jovem pura e inocente, considerada uma falta de respeito imperdoável ("Nausicaa", capítulo 13); do monólogo de Molly Bloom ("Penélope", capítulo 18), escrito com a consciência de uma mulher, não de um homem imitando uma mulher; e do beijo de Molly ao entregar-se a Bloom, que ele recebe como uma dádiva e pensa: "Ela me beijou. Eu fui beijado. Toda entregue, ela ouriçou meu cabelo. Beijou, ela me beijou. A mim. E eu agora" ("Os lestrígones", capítulo 8, p. 197). Tudo isso, diz Bernardina, "é o oposto do machismo".

Bernardina descreveu como "maravilhosa" sua relação de amizade com Richard Ellmann, que conheceu em 1985, na Inglaterra, quando fazia sua pesquisa de pós-doutorado em Londres sobre Joyce e o sentimento de culpa em *Ulisses*. Ela contatou Ellmann por telefone, cujo número obtivera através do British Council. Eles se encontraram em Oxford por três

vezes e assim construiu-se a amizade que duraria até o falecimento de Ellmann em 1987.

Ela avalia como muito positivo o papel dos irmãos Campos para os estudos sobre Joyce no Brasil. Mas lamenta que sua influência não tenha sido tão forte no Rio de Janeiro como foi em São Paulo.

Sobre os contos de Joyce, Bernardina aponta em todos a presença da epifania (revelação), mas destaca a revelação do sr. Duffy em "A Painful Case" como a mais marcante. Para ela, "A Painful Case" é "o conto mais bonito e mais penoso sob o ponto de vista emocional, pela solidão total por ele criada". No entanto o conto mais "importante" de *Dublinenses* é "Os mortos" que, "além de lindo, é um prenúncio emocionante do romance que Joyce escreveria em seguida: *Um retrato do artista quando jovem*. Ela destaca em "The Sisters" o fato de que a revelação não é da personagem principal, uma criança, mas do leitor: "o menino não sabe por que se sente aliviado com a morte do padre, mas o leitor, sim", explicou a professora, que prefere não comparar Joyce a outros escritores da língua inglesa, mas destaca Swift como um de seus favoritos.

Ao final da conversa, uma surpresa: ela me conta que seu marido, Caio César de Menezes Pinheiro, dono da Editora Universal, foi o responsável pela publicação da primeira edição de *Sagarana*, de Guimarães Rosa, em 1946. Sem demora, um exemplar da primeira edição de *Sagarana*, com dedicatória do autor, me é trazido às mãos por seu filho Antônio Carlos da Silveira Pinheiro. Dada a presença da literatura na família, parece que traduzir Ulisses não foi mero acidente.

Notas

1 Peter O'Neill, irlandês que desde 1973 vive no Rio de Janeiro, me informou em dois e-mails de 27 de janeiro de 2019, em inglês, que "a primeira comemoração do Bloomsday no Rio de Janeiro ocorreu no Restaurante Garden (R. Visconde de Pirajá, 631 B, Ipanema), às 18h do dia 16 de junho de 1998". O'Neill, que "nunca ocupou qualquer posição na Embaixada da Irlanda", colaborou com o Embaixador José Olympio Rache de Almeida, que tinha sido embaixador do Brasil na Irlanda, e decidiu organizar aquele evento como medida para "trazer a tradição do Bloomsday para o Rio de Janeiro". A convite do embaixador, Houaiss, com a saúde já comprometida, compareceu. Ele morreria em 7 de março de 1999. O'Neill não dispõe de registros fotográficos do evento. [Nota e tradução do entrevistador].

2 A editora de Martins Forlag estava interessada em verter *Ulisses* ao dinamarquês. Joyce viajou para Copenhagen em 1936 e, na editora, o nome da sra. Kastor Hansen foi sugerido para traduzir o romance. Sem avisar, Joyce foi até ela e disse: "sou James Joyce. Entendo que é a senhora que vai traduzir *Ulysses* e vim de Paris para lhe dizer que não altere uma só palavra" (Ellmann, Richard. *James Joyce*. 2ª ed. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1983, pp. 691-692). [Nota e tradução do entrevistador].

An interview with Bernardina da Silveira Pinheiro, translator of Ulysses

Vitor Alevato do Amaral
Translation by Caetano W. Galindo

Close to her 97th birthday, Bernardina da Silveira Pinheiro, professor emeritus of the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro, received me in her apartment, on January 26th, for an interview about James Joyce.

"Speaking about Joyce makes me very glad" the translator said immediately, as I thanked her for her generosity in allowing me into her house. Responsible for the second translation of *Ulysses* (1922) to Brazilian Portuguese, she has a knowledge of the novel that dates from the 1970's, when she taught *Dubliners* (1914) and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) to undergraduate students. She would later teach *Ulysses*, in the 1980's, when she began teaching graduate courses. Her classes about *Ulysses*, in the university or in free courses, were always based on "chapter by chapter" readings, in order to show "Joyce's work with the language and his extremely innovative narrative technique: the interior monologue, based on Bergon's stream of consciousness — *la durée*".

For her, the importance of translating *A Portrait* before *Ulysses* was momentous. She talks about the religious education Stephen received in Jesuit schools and the religious fanatism of his mother, both responsible for the feeling of guilt that keeps haunting the character in *Ulysses*, where already in the first chapter Stephen is reminded of his failure to kneel beside her mother's deathbed when she asked him to do it, and to pray for her together with other family members. The feeling created by this memory would be gradually erased in the development of the novel ("Circe", chapter 15).

For Bernardina, *A Portrait* is also "the first psychological approach by Joyce. Stephen is the one who tells us everything. It is through his mind that we get to know what happens in the novel". There are some personal connections between the translator and Joyce's first novel as well. She too was a student in a Catholic school, and remembers very well the focus on "sin and hell that religious retreats adopted in the schools of those days". She considers *A Portrait* "a masterpiece of technical narrative perfection and musicality, unrivaled by anything in Joyce's oeuvre." I ask her if she has revised her translation of *A Portrait* and she states that she already had revised it when the book left Editora Siciliano for the Alfaguara imprint of Editora Objetiva.

In 1995 began her connection with the psychoanalysis school Letra Freudiana, where she actively participates every year, to this day, of the Bloomsday celebrations. Because of her involvement in the school, she was invited to become a member in 1995, "although I'm not a psychoanalyst," stresses the professor.

She affirms a fascination for Joyce's language. Because of such a fascination, she has never read *Finnegans Wake* (1939): "I have the book, but I've never read it. I didn't want to see Joyce undoing the language I love so much. But I still want to read it," said she.

In answer to another question, she declared that she only met Antonio Houaiss once, and briefly, during a Bloomsday[1] organized by Peter O'Neill, who was then working for the Irish Embassy. She also heard him speak at the Academia Brasileira de Letras, when the philologist and first translator of *Ulysses* (in 1966) to the Portuguese language stated that the real protagonist of the novel was Molly Bloom, which surprised her, she reveals.

The translator affirms that the real difficulty behind Joyce's prose in *Ulysses* is not the language, but the allusions and the inner monologue technique. For her, "the problem with Houaiss's translation is that it has made "baroque, what in Joyce was a language that was ordinary, colloquial and erudite at the same time". And she doesn't think "colloquial" means something lesser, or simpler. "I employed the word 'colloquial' in an interview and people took it literally, turning something that was a quality of Joyce's language into a negative factor," she complains.

Bernardina believes that her translation of *Ulysses* was well received and that it had the proper attention in the media. "Surprising" is how she defines the reception of her work, which, among many other accolades, received the third place in the important Jabuti award in 2006, in the category of translation. On the table, she had the statuette and the official catalogue of the ceremony, which accompanied us during all the interview.

The first edition (2005), published by Objetiva, has been reprinted twice, with 2500 copies in each reprint. She stresses that the excellent work by the publishers in promoting the translation was "in large measure responsible for its surprising reception by the reading public". The translator explains that she made a full revision of the translation, but that these changes were only incorporated in the second reprint. For this reason, when the translation came to the Alfaguara imprint (2007), it already had been revised, generating what she considers to be a second and revised edition of the translation.

Her major concern was "not to alter a single word", as Joyce would have recommended to the Danish translator who was probably going to deal with *Ulysses*[2]. "You can't create over the work of a genius," she said. Her translation started with Molly Bloom's inner monologue, something that not only fascinated her, but also made her laugh a lot. During the translation, she says she benefited hugely from her experience of reading with her students.

According to her, two of her former students, Maria Helena Carneiro da Cunha and Renata Salgado, were the ones responsible for suggesting that Roberto Feith, CEO of Editora Objetiva, should publish her translation of *Ulysses*. "He then invited me to translate the book and asked me if I would give the translation rights to the publisher. It was a quick negotiation."

The choice to translate the edition organized by Hans Walter Gabler came from the translator herself. It was a decision based on the work that was behind that edition. Although she knew of the existence of translations of *Ulysses* to other languages, the Brazilian translator tried to keep away from them during her work: "I avoided reading them in order to be able to translate only Joyce."

When we came to the question about the supposedly male chauvinist perspective in *Ulysses*, Bernardina exclaimed that the novel is "an ode to Woman, to Molly, to Nora". The idea sounded impossible to her. She remembers how Bloom feels guilty for having masturbated in the presence of Gerty MacDowell, a pure and innocent girl, something that was considered an unforgivable lack of respect ("Nausicaa", chapter 13); and also Molly Bloom's monologue ("Penelope", chapter 18), written through the mind of a woman, and not as a man trying to imitate a woman; and the kiss Molly gives Bloom when she surrenders to him, making him think, as if receiving a gift: "All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me. Me. And me now." ("Lestrygonians", chapter 8). All of this, according to Bernardina, "is the opposite of

macho".

Bernardina describes as "marvelous" her relationship with Richard Ellmann, whom she met in 1985, in England, while she was in a post-doctoral research period in London, studying Joyce and feelings of guilt in *Ulysses*. She got in touch with him by telephone, having obtained his number through the British Council. They met in Oxford three times, and thus was born a friendship that would last till Ellmann's demise in 1987.

She thinks the brothers Campos[3] had a very positive impact in Brazilian Joyce studies. But she feels sorry that this influence did not have the same importance in Rio de Janeiro, as it had in São Paulo.

About Joyce's stories, Bernardina points the presence of the idea of epiphany (revelation) in all of them, but highlights Mr. Duffy's revelation in "A Painful Case" as the one that has left a deeper mark in her. For her, "A Painful Case is "his most beautiful and most painful story, emotionally, because of the solitude it creates." Nevertheless, the most important story in *Dubliners* is "The Dead", which, "not only is beautiful, but also foreshadows in a thrilling way the novel Joyce would write next: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. She highlights in "The Sisters" the fact that the revelation does not belong to the protagonist, a small kid, but to the reader: "the boy does not know why he feels relieved by the priest's death, but the reader does", explained the professor, who prefers not to compare Joyce to other English-language writers, but points to Swift as one of her favorites.

By the end of our talk, a surprise: she tells me that her husband, Caio César de Menezes Pinheiro, the owner of Editora Universal, was responsible for the publication of the first edition of *Sagarana*, by Guimarães Rosa, in 1946. Soon enough I have in my hands a copy of this first edtion, signed and dedicated by the author, brought to the room by her son, Antônio Carlos da Silveira Pinheiro. Given the presence of literature in this family, it seems that translating *Ulysses* was no accident.

Notes

1 O'Neill, an Irishman who's been living in Rio de Janeiro since 1973, informed me in two e-mail messages from January 27th, 2019, in English, that "The first Bloomsday commemoration in Rio was held at Restaurante Garden (R. Visconde de Pirajá, 631 B, Ipanema), at 6 pm on 16 June 1998". O'Neill, who "never had any position at the Irish Embassy", worked together with Ambassador José Olympio Rache de Almeida, former Brazilian Ambassador to Ireland, and decided to organize the event as a measure destined to "bring the Bloomsday tradition to Rio de Janeiro". Invited by the Ambassador, Houaiss, already in poor health, was there. He would die on March 7th, 1999. O'Neill does not have photographic documentation of the evening. [Interviewer's note].

2 Martins Forlag's publishing house was interested in a Danish *Ulysses*. Joyce travelled to Kopenhagen in 1936 and, there, the name of Mrs. Kastor Hansen was floated as a possible translator for the novel. With no previous notice, Joyce went to her and said: "I am James Joyce. I understand that you are to translate *Ulysses*, and I have come from Paris to tell you not to alter a single word" (Ellmann, Richard. *James Joyce*. 2nd ed. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1983, pp. 691-692). [Interviewer's note].

3 Haroldo de Campos (1929 - 2003) and Augusto de Campos (1931 -) are two poets and translators who introduced many 'avant-garde' authors to Brazil since the early 1950's. Their translation of fragments of *Finnegans Wake* (*Panaroma do Finnegans Wake*, 1962) was one of the largest projects of translating Joyce's last novel at that moment. [Translator's note].

A poem wants to change a perspective on the world. That is its ambition: An Interview with Pat Boran

Melania Terrazas

Pat Boran attended the conference 'Irish Itinerary 2018 (EFACIS): Trauma and Identity in Contemporary Irish Literature and Culture' at the University of La Rioja, Spain. The following interview took place there on 15 February 2018, and covered Spanish translations of his work, poetry writing, formal innovation, ecocriticism, Imagism, photography, friendship, Irish poetry and broadcasting. Boran offered a number of insightful responses and shared his most honest thoughts on aesthetics and motivations to write poetry.

Portlaoise-born poet, writer and broadcaster Pat Boran currently lives in Dublin. He is an elected member of *Aosdána*, the Irish association which honours distinguished artistic work. He is one of the most widely acclaimed Irish poets of his generation. His work has been translated into several languages and received numerous awards. In 2008, he received the Lawrence O'Shaughnessy Poetry Award of the University of St Thomas, St Paul, Minnesota.

He has published more than a dozen books of poetry and prose – among them *The Next Life* (2012), *Waveforms: Bull Island Haiku* (2016), and *A Man is Only as Good: A Pocket Selected Poems* (2017), as well as the humorous memoir *The Invisible Prison* (2009) and the popular writers' handbook *The Portable Creative Writing Workshop*. Besides these published works, Pat is a former presenter of *The Poetry Programme* and *The Enchanted Way* on RTÉ Radio 1, and works part-time as a literary editor of Dedalus Press. He has edited several anthologies of prose and poetry, for example, with Gerard Smyth, the anthology *If Ever You Go: A Map of Dublin in Poetry and Song*, the *Dublin: One City, One Book* designated title for 2014, and, with Eugene O'Connell, *The Deep Heart's Core* (2017).

Melania Terrazas: Pat, thank you very much for accepting my invitation to be a Keynote Speaker at Irish Itinerary 2018 (EFACIS) and agreeing to this interview. I would like to start with a few general questions before I focus on other issues in some specific works in more detail. Please, tell me, has your poetry been translated into Spanish? If so, have you read it, and how did it feel to read a Spanish version of your work?

Pat Boran: Apart from a single poem here and there, I haven't yet had the good fortune to find someone to translate my poems into Spanish. (It's always a mysterious process when this happens: all one can do is wait and hope!) But there have been three editions of my work in Italian, for instance (which is at least another Romance language), and I feel I can recognize something of what is happening on the page in this second language. Of course, as an English reader, one recognizes elements of the common Latinate origins of much of the vocabulary, but because those same Latinate words in English often have a more authoritative, even a more learned feel, it is difficult to tell how successful a translation is in finding the right tone, the right sense of intimacy – which is something that is very important for me in writing the English language originals. In the end, one has to trust a translator and spend time worrying about other things.

MT: Your poetry is a brilliant example of new creative risks and possibilities. While the formal strategies may change, however, the motivating doubts and questions behind the work do not. What is it that makes poetry so good a genre to achieve your creative goals? Why?

PB: One of the things that is really attractive about poetry is that is restricted - not that is not open, not that it is not accessible, but that it is not reliant on and need not be shared by a large audience. Anybody can elect to be the audience, and anybody is welcome. A poem can be successful if there are one or two good readers, because its ambition though not small may be numerically small. It does not want to change the world. It wants to change a perspective on the world. That is its ambition.

To me, doubt is a considerable part of the motivation to write, to explore in words. Wallace Stevens said: "Ignorance is one of the sources of poetry", and I agree with that very strongly. The writer may set out from a place, a feeling, even an opinion that feels known and familiar, but the point is to go beyond that familiarity and to discover something new. Otherwise, we are not really talking about poetry but something like Hallmark greeting card verse, which borrows some of the techniques of poetry to disguise banal ideas. In the same way that a musician can 'discover' a piece of music by playing an instrument without any particular idea or destination in mind (finding the melody as it emerges), so too a poet can discover the poem in the act of writing it. And the power of the poem, when it works, is not that it passes on its conclusions but that it reenacts for the reader the very process of discovery itself.

MT: In his introduction to your *New and Selected Poems*, the late Dennis O'Driscoll asserted that your style shows "an objectivity which might be described as scientific; an ability to maintain a determined detachment from his subject-matter, to distance his poetical 'I' from an empirical self in order to gain a clearer perspective on the word" (151-152).

PB: We have this idea that with the Romantic poets, what made them so great was that delivery of emotion, but actually what makes them good, and sometimes great, is the presentation, the physical rememberment, if I can put it like that, of that emotion, and the connecting of the things that they can relate to us. When someone asks you to look at something that has drawn her attention, the act of looking has the power to transfer to you the emotion that makes that original perception possible. My job is to see the world as accurately as I can, from where I am, in space and time, and on my emotional see-saw (as we all are), and trust in that. That is the boat in which I put my perception, my being. Otherwise, there is nothing. If there is an analogy between the scientific approach and that of the poet, it is that exact, careful and precise observation is essential to both. The poet can learn a great detail from the scientific method, striving for accuracy and detail, a kind of empirical subjectivity, I might say, in which the unknown and the contradictory is never to be avoided but the vague flourish or neat conclusion is always suspect.

MT: Some other poems of yours use natural elements recurrently. "Waving" is a good example of it. What do you make of this idiosyncratic aspect of your poetry?

PB: Poems, for me, often being as visual observations and animate the way a short film might in the mind of a director. If I feel I can see my way in, and then see my way back out of the world of a poem, that is often enough to persuade me it might be worth spending time in its

imagined landscape. The world of the poem might have a lot in common with the world of the writer; in the act of composition it might even stand for the real world, but they are still different and distinct places. The world of the poem is a simplification, an editing down and a condensing of elements that may result in amplifications and even distortions. And what is true, or feels true, in a poem may not be so in the real world, and vice versa.

When someone travels and wants to impart some of the experience of that travel, the obvious method is to draw on the senses and to remake aspects of that observed place, in words or pictures, say, in order to set the stage for the emotions, thoughts and revelations encountered there. So too it is with poems. Feelings, thoughts, perceptions must be embodied; the 'where' and the 'when' of an experience do not just limit or define but also enable that experience, and allow for its recollection, its further exploration and re-examination.

In making a poem, in being, as it were, the first person to enter a world and to have an experience, one wants to recreate for the reader (which, of course, includes the poet him/herself) the particulars of that experience. For this reason alone the sequence, colour, tone and intensity of observations are fundamental. The techniques of the storyteller, the journalist, the painter, the musician – all have to be drawn on in order to produce the most affecting possible experience, whether or not the world described be naturalistic or otherwise. The result of that kind of attention to sequence and detail is often a temporal dimension, a sense in the architecture of the poem that movement not only in place but, deriving from same, in time is also possible. Even in a short lyric, the reader's journey takes time, and the discoveries along that timeline (the things that will determine whether or not the poem succeeds and is worth the patience and commitment of a reader) run in parallel to those of the writer. Just as the reader may, the writer must go through some kind of discovery, change, growth. That seems to me to be the purpose of poetry. Not just to record discover, change, growth, but in fact to enable it.

MT: Now, I would like to talk about your latest work, *Waveforms: Bull Island Haiku*, because it is quite unique[1]. The following haiku is a good example:

Two boys with a kite
made from twigs and plastic bags.
Wind shrugs: "Oh, all right."

You have expressed reservations about what are often seen as 'traditional' haiku in English, where humour, detailed sensual observation and linguistic tension appear unwelcome or are sacrificed in order to present a determinedly 'watercolour' view of the world. However, the haiku I have just read, "Two Boys with a Kite", and many others from *Waveforms*, are as economic, full of wisdom, personal and scientific as many visual haikus written by some Modernist English authors, those written by Ezra Pound, for example. What's more, your visual work or photography in *Waveforms* is as meaningful as the haikus, and the visual aspects of your haikus are *evocative as the words themselves*. Here, all the reader's senses work at once in order to grasp the sense of the image captured in words. Has Imagism influenced your haikus?

PB: Just to be clear, it's not so much that I dislike 'traditional' haiku in English (there are many great and inspiring examples), it's just that so often the essential perception and moment of realization seem missing for me; often it seems that the haiku writer in trying out a new form abandons all of his or her acquired skills and produces a kind of pastiche rather than an actual poem. For me, I wanted to keep the precision and focus of what I think are the best poems, in

whatever form, and in some way marry what I was already doing to a tradition that has in many ways evolved independently, and in doing so discover some new perspectives and ideas. Of course, as has been noted by others before, there are also interesting similarities between the haiku tradition and the small nature poems to be found as marginalia or verbal doodles in the Irish monastic tradition. If the form is not exactly the same, the intention is often similar. It struck me too that when Wordsworth went to write his poem about daffodils, he started out with "I wandered lonely as a cloud" etc., etc., the typical approach of the western writer to nature: here I am, and here I go a-wandering, and, oh, look over there … and then he, at last, turns his attention to the daffodils. The haiku poet, not least because the form demands it, cuts straight to the subject: 'Golden daffodils / beside the lake, beneath the trees, / dancing in the breeze' or whatever. And then, once I had formulated that general idea in my head, I wondered about the 3-line form itself, about how the sequence could make all the difference, or at least subtle differences. Thus, I might try out, for instance: 'Beside the lake, beneath the trees, / dancing in the breeze – / golden daffodils', which creates a different kind of narrative, a different kind of discovery or relevation. After that, I started thinking of the thorny matter of syllable count. And, after that again, I wondered if I could make things harder on my lazy mind by looking to recognize the language's tendency to rhyme. And out of all that juggling and revising, I ended up with a form that over a year delivered to me about 250 haiku, which were whittled down to the selection that make up the book.

MT: How have the experiences captured in these photos affected your decision to write haikus in particular? I mean, does the visual aspect of this poetry have any relationship with the characteristics of photography as an art form in your poetry? And its pocket-sized format?

PB: The connection between the photographer's focus (pointing out and away from himself) and that of the haiku poet was one I found very inspiring. And though the photographs were taken digitally in what is known as RAW format (i.e. with colour and a lot of other information till intact), I further simplified the idea by reproducing them, in this little edition at least, in monochrome and on basic bookwove paper rather than on photographic paper. As I might have said elsewhere, for me one of the real liberations of this project was the large number of limitations that it imposed on me. Without them I don't think I would have stayed with it or, certainly, ended up with a book-length volume.

MT: Pat, is there any relationship between *Waveforms* and the poem "Waving"? If so, could you explain its significance?

PB: It's interesting you ask about a relationship. It had not occurred to me before but, yes, I can see there is one there. The poem 'Waving' approaches its conclusion by saying that 'whole humans – arms, legs, backs and bellies – / are waving away, flickering on and off / in time and space …' And I suppose that is a direct prompt (although it took me nearly 20 years to respond to it) to the haiku that make up 'Waveforms'. As I say in the afterword to the book, I had recently lost my close friend and had taken to walking every day on Bull Island, where the book is set, often finding myself looking at only a vague horizon through a haze or mist or what passes for a sand storm in Dublin Bay. And that sense of everything scarcely holding together, of being on the point of blowing apart, was very much what I felt in my period of loss. At least, until I realized that that same sand storm (that felt so painful and, as it happens, on one occasion almost destroyed my camera) was the island creating itself under my feet. The chaos

of emotion I felt was not the end as one might easily have interpreted it but the on-going creation of something. These tiny grains that were stinging my eyes were the stuff the world was made of. It seemed only obvious and natural to respond to them though haiku, to write a kind of creation myth that begins with nothingness ('First, a mystery, / the absence of things …' then records the arrival of the sand itself / Grain by tumbling grain, / the world forms before our eyes, / and may fade again / and, after that, aspects of the flora and fauna that not only depend on the new island but, literally, hold it together. / Light-headed or not – / hills of swaying marram grass / rooted to the spot. / After that it was a case of turning up every day and paying attention.)

MT: Quite recently, *The Irish Times* website published the tributes of a wide range of poets and writers whose lives and work were enriched by Irish poet Philip Casey[2]. You contributed to that online archive with a prose recollection and introduction to his poem 'Machine Buried'. I know you were a very good friend of Casey and you admired the magic and depth of his poetry. In your tribute, you said something that I found particularly evocative: 'We lose our loves and our friends, but something we write as in a dream, or stumble upon by accident in a public library on a rainy afternoon, becomes our farewell message to the world, and someone's lifelong companion'. Would you mind telling us what makes 'Machine Buried' special to you? Which poem would you like to be your farewell message to the world, and why?

PB: The loss of Philip Casey was, in so many ways, a huge loss to contemporary Irish poetry, though Philip was the last person who would have thought of himself in such a way. Not only a sensitive, thought-provoking poet and novelist, Philip was also a real champion of writers and writing, of the whole idea of a writing culture. For instance, out of his own energy and enthusiasm, and without payment of any kind, for many years he maintained a website presenting biographical and bibliographical information on many hundreds of Irish poets and writers, when none of the official institutions charged with the promotion of Irish writing was able to do the same. He did this because he truly believed that writing is a meritocracy, that good writing will find its way in the world and that all of us in the writing world owe it to each other as well as to ourselves to encourage and support. Because the truth is, none of us knows where the next great work of literature will come from. It might be from a Nobel Laureate or it might be from a schoolchild up the road or a newly arrived immigrant writer putting her thoughts into words for the first time. As I mentioned in that piece about Philip and his poem 'Machine Buried', which is far from his most accomplished piece, sometimes it is hard to say why a poem continues to haunt us or work its particular magic on us. But it is so often true that the poem that someone makes, almost by accident, almost automatically (with little planning or preparation or thought) becomes the poem they struggle to repeat for the rest of their lives, while the poem that is worked on over a long period and indeed almost perfected (if such a thing were possible) often appears overworked and cold and lifeless when returned to years later. The mystery of the process is that good poems (poems that seem as fresh as the day they were first written) almost always involve a lot of luck, a sense that the writer only had to keep up with whatever was happening or being channelled through the air at that time. Of course, there is often a considerable amount of rewriting to be done and, even where the rewriting is only minimal, the job of changing a single word can be much more difficult than rewriting a whole poem: that is the nature of the small machine that is a lyric poem.

MT: You also work as a broadcaster for RTÉ. Does this inform your work as a poet and a

writer? What is special about poetry reading on the radio?

PB: Yes, it really has an effect. I am not of the generation of performance poets, but I came into poetry because I was involved in music. And that immediacy, that connection you have, even with one other person when you are playing music, however poems are constructed, their success or lack of success, for me, is always how bound up intimately in how they sound. It has always been that way, and if I wasn't writing poems, I would still be making them up in some other form. I used to dictate them over the phone, but there has always been an audio aspect to it. I really only know if a poem is finished when I hear it aloud, when I see if it feels right in the saying. In that sense broadcasting feels much more natural than writing in some ways. As I said earlier, to keep yourself emotionally honest, you have to listen to yourself. When there are big ideas in one of my poems, I tend to drift towards the Latinate part of our language, but the experience itself is very often 'Germanic', as it were. One moves between these two dominant linguistic streams carefully. When I am speaking now, when I am reaching for the big ideas, I am reaching towards the Latinate, instinctively; it is how the English language seems to work. When you are a poet, indeed a creative writer of any sort, you discover there are certain effects, increases in tension, opportunities for shock, revelation, comic surprise etc in stepping, unexpectedly, from one linguistic stream into another. With the exploration of gender, politics, ecology, privacy, religion – the big issues of our time – this becomes even more important in order to move from the authoritative 'overview' and instead engage the reader on an emotional, intimate basis. The paradox of radio braodcasting, for instance, is that it affords a poet or writer simultaneous to an audience of a considerable size while at the same time allowing her or him to establish an intimate relationship with each member of that audience. For a poet, perhaps more than for a fiction writer, this is a huge attraction and undoubtedly my experience in the medium has shaped, for better or worse, at least some of my own subsequent work.

MT: Could you say something about your next project?

PB: My new book of poems, *Then Again* (March, 2019), is very much taken up with looking outwards, in that the majority of the poems begin with a place or object or encounter rather than with an episode in autobiographical experience, as has, to an extent, defined much of my work to date. That is not to say that autobiography has ever been my motivation; on the contrary, I think that a poet who responds to autobiographical impulse must always be careful to look beyond that impulse and the 'reportage' that may issue from it in order to discover the larger themes of the work. That something is true, one might say, is not enough to guarantee it has the ring of truth. Again, for me, much of the motivation is to discover something new, to step into a kind of unknown realm and examine what I find there. As in dreams, personal issues and interests will always find their way to the surface. What is important, I think, is always to start somewhere new and slightly unfamiliar. What a poet knows, sitting down to write, is far less interesting than what might be discovered in the act of writing.

MT: Thank you so much for this interview, Pat Boran. I wish you all the best for your future work/s.

PB: Sincere thanks for all your work, Melania.

Notes

1 Pat Boran's Waveforms: Bull Island Haiku (2016), Dublin: Dedalus Press.

2 See Martin Doyle and Katie Donovan's "Tributes pour in for much-loved writer Philip Casey (67)", *The Irish Times*, 5 February 2018, (https://www.irishtimes.com/culture/books/tributes-pour-in-for-much-loved-writer-philip-casey-67-1.3380535) (accessed: 05/02/2019)

Reviews

Gallego, Melania Terrazas (ed.). **Estudios Irlandeses. Special Issue: Gender Issues in Contemporary Irish Literature**, vol. 13, no. 2, 31 Oct. 2018, 145 pp. https://www.estudiosirlandeses.org/portfolio-items/issue-13-2/

In a 2015 interview to *The Guardian*, Anne Enright stated that "traditionally, Irish writing has been about breaking silences. The biggest silence has continued to be about the real lives of women" (Jordan 2015). In Enright's view, since the Celtic Tiger Irish literature has lately demonstrated a brand-new interest in female voices. Literary criticism has also showed an increasing concern about broader political, cultural, historical and social aspects of gender questions in contemporary Ireland. The special issue of *Estudios Irlandeses: Gender Issues in Contemporary Ireland* (2018), edited by Melania Terrazas Gallego, adds to this critical trend that approaches gender from different standpoints.

The issue is divided into three parts, covering representations of masculinity in Irish literature, theatre and film, questions of femininity in Irish fiction and theatre, and reflections by authors Rob Doyle and Evelyn Conlon. The plurality of critical approaches, from ecofeminism to satire theory, makes of this special issue edited by Melania Terrazas an enriching contribution to Irish gender studies.

In the first essay "Groping towards Morality: Feminism, AIDS, and the Spectre of Article 41 in Thomas Kilroy's *Ghosts*", José Lanters explores Kilroy's adaptation of the Henrik Ibsen's play to 1980's Ireland, focusing on the aspects of unfaithful husbands, failed marriages, the 1986 Divorce Referendum, and the AIDS outbreak in the 1980s. Lanters carefully demonstrates the aspects considered by Kilroy when adapting the play (1881) to the Irish context, explaining whether the playwright was successful in his endeavor.

The engagement of new materialism and ecofeminism in the works of writer and cartographer Tim Robinson is analyzed in Maureen O'Connor's "'Informed Love': Human and Non-Human Bodies in Tim Robinson's Ethical Aesthetic". In this article, O'Connor offers a reading of Robinson's characterization of the Western male subject through the lens of ecofeminism, drawing parallels between his aesthetics and the work of ecofeminist authors, such as Karen J. Warren and Val Plumwood. O'Connor's illuminating piece examines the way Robinson gives agency to human and non-human creatures, acknowledging non-human consciousness and resisting gender hierarchies.

Two articles approach John Banville's representations of masculinity and femininity. In "The 'Woman' as a Frame for the Self: Femininity, Ekphrasis, and Aesthetic Selfhood in John Banville's *Eclipse*, *Shroud*, and *Ancient Light*", Mehdi Ghassemi investigates the quest of Banville's male protagonists in search of their true selves, dialoguing with Paul de Man's concept of "ontological crisis" and Friedrich Nietzsche's notion of "surface". Ghassemi argues that the female characters in Banville's works are often subjected to the male gaze, becoming objects of desire as well as the epistemological and ontological self.

Mar Asensio Aróstegui offers a counterpoint to Ghassemi's reading in "The Role of Female Characters in the Narrator's Quest for Identity in John Banville's *Eclipse*". By focusing on characterization and spectrality in the novel *Eclipse*, Aróstegui argues that Banville's female characters refuse to become mere objects of male desire, challenging, fascinating and invading the space of the male protagonist. To Aróstegui, the female characters are able to redirect the

male protagonist's search for identity.

The last article focusing on representations of masculinity is José Díaz-Cuesta's "Representations of Masculinities in John Michael McDonagh's Satirical Film Text *The Guard",* the author examines the satirical masculinities in the movie by the London-born playwright. Díaz-Cuesta divides his analysis into four "masculinity sites", namely the body, action, the external world, and the internal world. This piece argues that the characterization of the protagonist Sergeant Gerry Boyle as a racist and politically incorrect individual aims at exaggerating and ridiculing the stereotypical Irish male.

The section on femininity issues opens with the essay "Thematic Transgressions and Formal Innovations in Edna O'Brien's *The Country Girls Trilogy and Epilogue*", by María Amor Barros-del Río. The author questions the frequent classification of O'Brien's *The Country Girls* as a Bildungsroman, arguing that a feminine novel of formation was impossible in 1960's Ireland. Through an examination of literary conventions, Barros-del Río demonstrates that, in the context of its publication, O'Brien's trilogy presents fragmented and transgressive women protagonists who are incompatible with the successful male hero of the Bildungsroman.

The work of another Irish woman writer is scrutinized in Alicia Muro Llorente's "The Modernisation of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*: Identity and Gender in Iris Murdoch's *The Black Prince*". In this article, Llorente reads Irish Murdoch's novel *The Black Prince* (1973) as an adaptation of Shakespeare's Hamlet (1603) to fiction, where the female characters Ophelia and Gertrude are in the spotlight. Llorente suggests that this emphasis on women reveals Murdoch's own views on gender issues, as the male characters is untrustworthy and misogynist.

Gender issues are also relevant for translation studies, as Edurne Goñi Alsúa illustrates in "Translating Characters: Eliza Doolittle 'Rendered' into Spanish". The author examines five translations of George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* (1913) into Spanish through the lens of lexical, grammatical and sociolinguistic frameworks. In particular, Alsúa investigates how Eliza Doolittle's Cockney accent is translated into Spanish and whether Shaw's characterization of Eliza as a woman who is ahead of her time is modified or even emphasized in the translations in question.

The final research essay analyzes media and advertisement discourses in the work of Louise O'Neill. Ekaterina Muraveva's "Beauty Magazines' Discourse in the Dystopian World of Louise O'Neill's *Only Ever Yours*" presents an exploration of beauty stereotypes, gender discrimination, alienation, and female identity in the dystopian novel. Murareva states that O'Neill's work dialogues with the representation of women by beauty magazines such as the *Cosmopolitan*. Visual images and text format, lexical choices, and rhetorical devices are among the aspects studied by Murareva in this essay.

Finally, the special issue of *Estudios Irlandeses* presents reflections on gender issues by two Irish writers. In "Male Trouble – Writing about Men in Feminist Times", Rob Doyle writes about growing up in an almost all-male environment and the examination of what it means to be a man in a time of feminist transformation. He argues that "intrinsically resistant to edicts and ideology, fiction provides a lens for studying the open sores of modern gender relations" (139). Evelyn Conlon in "Gender Issues in my Work" reflects on being not a feminist writer, but "a writer who is feminist" (142), meaning that her main concerns are not about gender per se, but about relations between people. Even though Conlon writes that gender trouble is not her main preoccupation, it is inevitably present in her works.

Gender Issues in Contemporary Irish Fiction is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to Irish gender studies. The strength of this publication is its plurality of critical approaches which enlighten the multiple standpoints through which gender questions may be analyzed. Moreover,

the contributions on the representations of masculinity and femininity in Irish literature, theatre and film offer further possible themes of research in the field of gender studies.

Camila Franco Batista

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In *The Maamtrasna Murders: Language, Like and Death in Nineteenth-Century Ireland*, Irish Scholar Margaret Kelleher returns to the case of the murder of five members of the Joyce household who lived in the townland of Maamtrasna, County Galway, in Ireland, and the subsequent trials, executions and life imprisonments. Throughout her writing, Kelleher emphasizes the implications of language and linguistic identity issues in the Irish context, which determined the fate of Myles Joyce, a monoglot Irish speaker in a trial conducted in English. She points out that "The miscarriage of justice inherent in the conviction and execution of Myles Joyce has been central to the continuing notoriety of these cases, reinforced nationally through local histories, radio documentaries and theatrical treatments, and internationally, owing to references to Maamtransna in the work of James Joyce" (xx). In 2018, the year of this book launch, Ireland's President Michael D. Higgins delivered his presidential pardon to Myles Joyce.

Kelleher demonstrates that the significance of the Maamtrasna narrative, at once historical and contemporary, provides a vivid snapshot of a place and time in which the complex social dynamics within processes of cultural change are visible. She also highlights that "To write this historical study in the early twenty-first century, in the context of large-scale migration and newly-enforced state barriers to movement and citizenship, is also to be cognisant of the extent to which these dynamics continue to influence the destinies of monolinguals and bilinguals today, and the fate of language that they seek to retain" (xx).

The book is divided into three main parts: The first one, "Language Crossing", has two chapters: 1. "Murders: 'All Quite Dead'", and 2. "Language Shift: 'Have you Irish?'". In the first chapter, Kelleher presents the case of the murders of five members of the Joyce family, John Joyce, Margaret Joyce, senior, Margaret Joyce, junior, and Bridget Joyce, on 17 August 1882, and seeks to investigate the economic and social conditions of the townland where the murders took place. In an attempt to understand what happened at Maamtransna that year, Chapter 2 is devoted to reexamining the history of the linguistic change that occurred in nineteenth-century Ireland. Thus, before getting to the discussion on the unjust conviction of one of the suspects, Kelleher conducts a case study using census data from 1851 on to construct a linguistic map that raises questions about the coexistence of monolingualism and bilingualism in Ireland. As regards the implication of language change, she writes, "The events at Maamtrasna starkly illuminate the different fates of those who could speak English and those who were monoglot Irish speakers, when they were compelled to interact with the judicial system" (30). Still discussing language and society in pre-1851 Ireland, based both on the census data and some other studies, which were able to reveal that many people were afraid to acknowledge that they knew Irish, she concludes that "Irish was associated with subalternity and opposition from an official viewpoint, but also that Irish speakers were aware of this and adjusted their public speaking accordingly"(41). She manages to present the intricacies of Irish monolingualism and the rich and neglected history of bilingualism.

The second part of her book, "The Maaamtrasna Case", has four chapters: 3. "Arrests: 'they would put people in the murder'", 4. "Law and the State: 'The language which he knew best'", and 5. "Trials: 'the shambles of Maamtrasna are avenged'". Kelleher begins the second

section writing about the arrests of the Maamtrasna suspects, discussing at length about the initial encounter of the ten poorly-educated men and the judicial system. She explores the Crown briefs and compares what was being reported in different newspapers about the case. In the following chapter of the same section, she analyses the role of the interpreter in bilingual courtrooms and the changing discourse regarding the rights of Irish-language speakers. Still discussing the key role of the interpreter, she brings some fictional depiction of a bilingual courtroom in the Irish Literature. When discussing the trials and executions, she presents the details of the trials and the crucial moments of linguistic misunderstandings. Due to one of the misunderstandings, Myles Joyce had his right to an interpreter suppressed. "Myles Joyce's answering in the affirmative (that he did understand the interpreter's speech in Irish) was taken to mean that he understood evidence given in English, as a result, the service of the interpreter were not extended to him in the course of the trial and were restored only at the delivery of the verdict of guilty" (119). She, then, writes about the dramatic execution of innocent Myles Joyce and the other two condemned men, Patrick Joyce e Patrick Casey. Ironically, Myles Joyce was executed in the cruelest way.

The last section of the book, "Last Words", has three more chapters: 7. "Aftermath: 'Judicial Murder'", 8. "Afterlives: These wretched heartbroken Men'", and 9. "James Joyce: 'Ireland at the bar'". Kelleher begins this section with the parliamentary inquiry prompted by the publication of Timothy Harrington's pamphlet in 1884, which made the case public, denouncing a series of incongruences regarding the trials, and "emphasizing the linguistic chasm that existed between the accused Myles Joyce and the court in which he was tried" (153). Kelleher highlights that, from the immediate aftermath of the Maamtrasna murders down to the present, the events have been incorporated into larger political narratives. She closes the chapter pointing to the breakdown, complicity or failure of the British state in its dealings with Ireland and mentioning the consequence of a less welcome repercussion of the case, once "it has resulted in a simplified view of social and cultural factors; an underestimation of the part played by a judicial system ill-equipped to accommodate linguistic and class difference" (174). Chapter 8 examine the afterlives of the people involved in Maamtrasna murders. Those that were released after twenty years in prison and those that died there. She also investigates the fate of the orphan boys, Patsy and Martin Joyce.

Chapter 9 is about James Joyce, his relation to the Irish Language and his famous journalistic and literary references to the Maamtrasna murders. Joyce first wrote about the case in one of his essays written in Italian, "L'Irlanda alla sbarra" ("Ireland at the bar"), published in *Il Piccolo della Sera*, in 1907, and, after it, in *Finnegans Wake* (1939). According to Kelleher, the essay contains a number of significant errors with respect to the details of the Maamtrasna trials, which she attributes, in part, to Joyce's distinctive authorial interests. She criticizes not only the errors in the essay but also its narrative effect, since, in her view, it "re-enacts the power of a dominant voice to reduce the complexity of speech in another language, firstly to monosyllables and ultimately to silence" (204). Regarding Joyce's relation to Irish, she presents a myriad of evidence of its recurrence in his literary works, but specific references to the Maamtrasna murders are found only in *Finnegans Wake*. She criticizes Joyce's first engagement with the case of Maamtrasna, but prizes him in part for his later writings about it: "Joyce would turn away from the silenced monoglot figure to embrace playful bilinguals" (212). She adds that "a continuing motif in his work, more sympathetically rendered in later writings, is an interest in communicative failure, or breaks in verbal exchange, which result from the (often willful) miscomprehension of listeners" (212). She concludes her discussion writing that, for Joyce, the article was intended as a form of "speaking-back" not only to historical misinterpretation but

also to contemporary misrepresentation (212).

The dying words of Myles Joyce, "*Táim co saor leis an leanbh atá'san gcliabhán*" ("I am as innocent as the child in the cradle") (215), are used in the epigraph of the conclusion of Kelleher's book. She writes that those words "reverberated strongly on 4 April 2018, when President Michael D. Higgins delivered his presidential pardon (*maithiúnas*) at Áras an Uachtaráin, in the company of Minister for Justice and Equality Charlie Flanagan" (215). Kelleher reinforces the significance of "who spoke what language, and by whom they were understood in determining the accused's fates" (218), and also strongly relates the issue of language to the present: "For those people today whose lives attest to "language crossings" –whether as migrants or refugees or other politically and culturally dispossessed –standing at the bar of judicial process and of public opinion remains a perilous place" (222).

Leide Daiane de Oliveira

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Contributors

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James Mc Elroy completed his earlier undergraduate and graduate studies at Trinity College Dublin. Afterwards, he taught at the Irish College of Journalism and the National University of Ireland. After several years teaching (and with another Irish recession looming on the horizon) Mc Elroy decided to leave Dublin and go to New York. In New York he continued to teach -- Manhattan College, Marymount College, Manhattanville, etc. -- while continuing his research on Irish Literature. Next came a return to Dublin where Mc Elroy finished his PhD at University

College Dublin (the other UCD) under the watchful gaze of A. Norman Jeffares and Seamus Deane. With PhD in hand, McElroy made his way -- after a lot of this, that, and the other -- to UC Davis where he has taught an assortment of courses including Nature & Irish Literature, Management Communications, Legal Writing, Early Victorian Literature, Technical Writing, Scientific Writing and Journalism.

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Melania Terrazas is an English Lecturer at the University of La Rioja (Spain). She wrote her PhD on Wyndham Lewis's work and has researched on S. Beckett, H.G. Wells, M. de Cervantes, John McGahern, Claire Keegan, Evelyn Conlon, Toni Morrison and Kamala Das. Currently her research is focused on literary and non-literary satire and Ethnic literature.