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Introduction

In many countries around the world, 2014 has witnessed moving commemorative events in remembrance of the outbreak of the First World War in the first days of August one hundred years ago. However, in literary terms, it is James Joyce's publication of *Dubliners*, which occurred some six weeks earlier, for which 1914 is most notable. The date is somewhat arbitrary, for Joyce had been attempting – eighteen times in all – to get his collection of stories published since 1905. Nonetheless, it is only fitting that the *ABEI Journal* should join readers in celebrating the first publication of the literary work which has immortalised Dublin and its citizens.

Our Special Issue contains contributions from Brazilian and foreign scholars, like Amara Rodovalho who analyses the two published versions of "The Sisters"; Caetano Galindo who considers the thematic and structural connections of "A Painful Case" with Joyce's later work; Benoît Tadié, who has faced the challenge of translating the collection of short stories, and Mick Greer, who translated them into the language of the stage, as well as from Magda Velloso, who shares her experiences of making the text accessible to Brazilian students in the classroom.

Elsewhere in this issue, we print the transcript of an interview with Declan Hughes, contemporary Irish playwright and novelist, conducted by Munira Mutran and Camila Luly at the Ninth Symposium of Irish Studies in South America, which was hosted by the Federal Rural University of Rio de Janeiro at the Casa de Rui Barbosa. The same section contains Elaine Pereira Farrell's interview with Professor Edel Bhreathnach, a specialist in Early Irish Medieval History, a growing line of research in Brazil.

In our Theatre section, the Irish cultural diaspora is analysed in Cathal Pratt's essay on the reception of Beckett's plays in Argentina and two articles on Brian Friel's plays by Chu He and Michelle Alvarenga de Souza.

In Voices from South America, Cristina Elgue-Martini examines the intertextuality between James Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Respiración artificial*, by Argentinian writer Ricardo Piglia.

Façade of the house of Rui Barbosa (1849-1923), a distinguished Brazilian politician, lawyer, orator, translator and academic writer, whose Irish connection was established in his preface to the Brazilian translation of *Gulliver's Travels*.

Our Book Reviews include Andrea M. L. Mateus's examination of Edna Longley's recent book on W. B. Yeats and Eamon Maher's review of M.E. Jaime de Pablos and M. Pierse's collection of essays on George Moore's literary work, as well as reviews by Caroline E. Moreira and Mariana Bolfarine.

The Editors

100 Years of *Dubliners*


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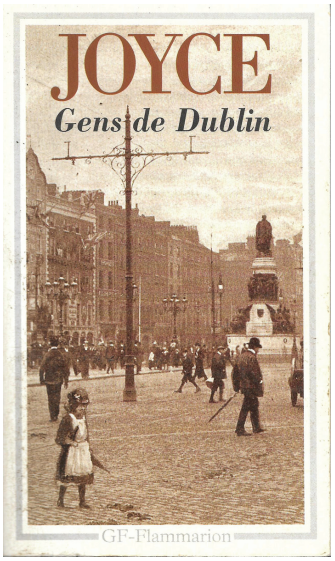
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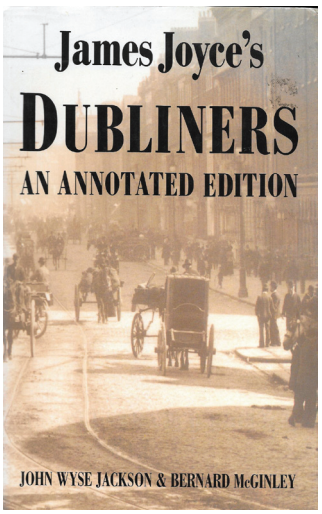
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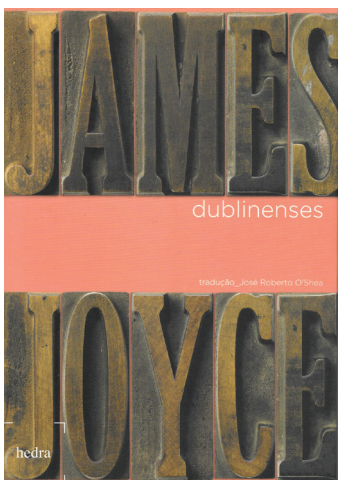
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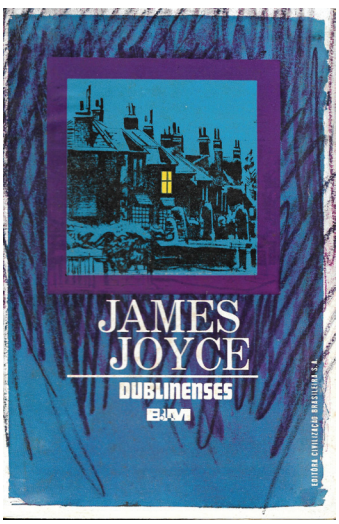
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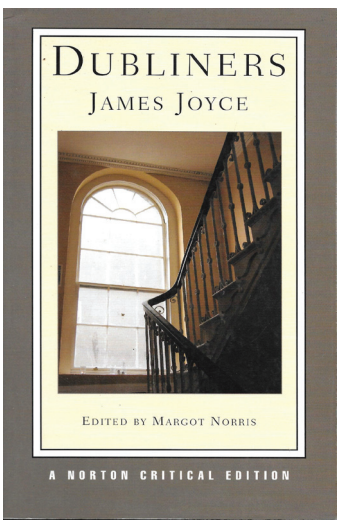
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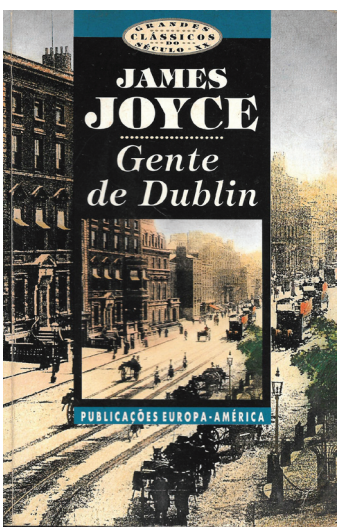
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PUBLICAÇÕES EUROPA-AMÉRICA

The Dubliner in Each of Us
("The Sisters" and the logic of what is said)

Amara Rodovalho

Abstract: *Considering both published versions of James Joyce's "The Sisters," this essay discusses the relation between each other in order to question the validity of using the journal version (1904) to increase the intelligibility of the one published in* Dubliners *(1914). The analysis will attempt to demonstrate that here we may find the first flickerings of Hugh Kenner's "The Arranger" and that the mirror Joyce intended* Dubliners *to be may have been transforming us critics into its own characters.*

Keywords: *James Joyce; The Sisters; gnomon; sodomy; indeterminacy.*

Comparing both published versions of "The Sisters"[1] one can have generous access to the very peculiar way by which James Joyce discovers and transforms implied meanings and misunderstandings in one of the main engines of his prose, taking the first solid steps towards the indeterminacy that characterizes his later work. Joyce as we know him, a writer capable of creating *Ulysses*, will show up somewhere in between these two versions, and it is our intention not only to expose our reasoning for such assertion but also to explore the peculiar way in which these two versions dialogue.

Before all, one could question the strange bond these versions maintain with each other: should the first one be considered a draft of the definitive story, the one published in *Dubliners*, or is it mere raw material to this autonomous work, indifferent to its original purpose? For if it is obvious that the plot remains the same, it is likewise obvious that what it tells us is radically other in both cases; thus, we have to face the question about the validity of using the brief-though-wordier version to affect the intelligibility of the sober-though-lengthier one. What do we get when we use *The Irish Homestead* version (henceforth *TIH*) to fill gaps volunteered by the one published in book form (henceforth *D*)?

Throughout his works, Joyce will increasingly compel the reader to make extreme guesses and inferences, to build another layer fit to transform the superficial meanings of his prose. Therefore, to discuss both the most subtle differences and the most visible ones existing between these two versions could point at the kind of inferences Joycean

works presuppose as given, as inescapable, and the guesses we could / should take in order to achieve a deeper understanding of the mechanics of his writing.

The unnecessary hand

The issue will be staged in the book version, where we find an Old Cotter using ostensively elliptical, misterious phrases, referring to who knows what, beside a boy-narrator that strives to understand these gaps ("I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences" [*D* 3]). If we consider Joyce's later work, there is something deeply Joycean in the behavior of this Old Cotter, while the boy-narrator stands for the reader that struggles with the text without ever reaching a satisfactory level of certainties (even the boy's uncles seem to be at the same situation, the uncle replying in a strange way to Old Cotter's insinuations, the aunt manifesting her incomprehension openly – "How do you mean, Mr Cotter?" [*D* 3]).

However, in the *TIH* version the subtext appears to be clear to every one involved in the dialogue, and this happens since its first moments (*TIH* 289-90):

> While I was eating my stirabout I heard him saying to my uncle:
> "Without a doubt. Upper storey–(he tapped an unnecessary hand at his forehead)−gone."
> "So they said. I never could see much of it. I thought he was sane enough."
> "So he was, at times," said old Cotter.
> I sniffed the "was" apprehensively, and gulped down some stirabout.
> "Is he better, Uncle John?"
> "He's dead."
> "O . . . he's dead?"
> "Died a few hours ago."
> "Who told you?"
> "Mr. Cotter here brought us the news. He was passing there."
> "Yes, I just happened to be passing, and I noticed the window . . . you know."

Notice in advance that, despite picking up the conversation in the middle and people never stating who they were talking about, the boy is able to perfectly guess the subject: what in *Dubliners* are mysterious lines here convert into precise references shared by everyone (however, it's important to say that the *TIH* version will only name the dead man two paragraphs after this initial dialogue, when in *D* we have a name at the beginning of the conversation). Nothing in Old Cotter's speech is missed by this narcissistic and somewhat arrogant boy-narrator, whom will even criticize the old man's redundancy in making use of a colloquial term (*upper storey*, "jocularly used for the head as the seat of the mind or intellect" [OED]) and then recurring to gestures to clarify its meaning ("he tapped an unnecessary hand at his forehead"). Old Cotter doesn't want to be misunderstood in this version; he even reports what made him

believe Father Flynn died ("I noticed the window . . . you know"[2]). This, compared to the book dialogue, shows clearly the contrast between both proposals (*D* 2):

> My uncle saw me staring and said to me:
> − Well, so your friend is gone, you'll be sorry to hear.
> − Who? said I.
> − Father Flynn.
> − Is he dead?
> − Mr Cotter here has just told us. He was passing by the house.

Here, we have the feeling that the boy failed to pick up the theme of the previous conversation, and this even after his uncle says "your friend". In fact we will never know for sure if Old Cotter's ellipses were about Father Flynn: the text was woven to suggest this possibility (especially when the boy says, later, "I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences" just before imagining "the heavy grey face of the paralytic" [*D* 3]), but in *D* we find no strong evidence of this. If we read this as a text about misunderstandings (and not about the child's response to the death of an old friend), we can easily imagine the boy making a mistake about the conversation he picked up: we believe the conversation was about Father Flynn because the boy thinks so, but only in *TIH* we have enough motives to arrive at this conclusion. This fluctuation, manifest in *D*, should warn us to proceed with care when interpreting Old Cotter's initial phrases.

According to Hugh Kenner, in the journal version "the boy-persona is an excuse for working in a grown-up commentary of impatience and wonder", whereas "[t]he wonder and impatience, in the revised edition, are placed as those of a boy" (Kenner 50): in *TIH*, the boy-narrator tries to appear mindful of what he intimates through the text, which doesn't happen in *D*, where intimations are made without we being assured that the boy is aware of them[3]. We should have a close look at these suggestions that, once insinuated in the first text, are then removed from the later one but not always without leaving traces for their retrieving.

Faints and worms

In the *TIH* version, the kinship between Nannie, Eliza and the deceased Father Flynn is stated clearly by the narrator just at the point the story begins to talk about them, when, right after making a reference to Nannie and the priest, it starts a phrase with "His other sister, Eliza" (*TIH* 290): *his* and *other* connect the three persons and we have, right at the second page of a total of five, a possible meaning for the title (a suggestion that will guide the reading of the remaining pages – even if in the end it is proved insufficient or inadequate, it still works as a kind of orientation). The information will be confirmed several times thereafter, for instance when the boy, the aunt "and the

two sisters" (*TIH* 291) sit together to begin their final exchange, when the aunt calls Eliza as "Miss Flynn" (*TIH* 292) three times in a single page, or even when the narrative voice gives us a "'Poor Nannie,' said her sister" (*TIH* 292). The book version displays their kinship in a much sober way, for, besides suppressing "His other sister, Eliza" and indicating just twice the fact of the women being sisters ("at her sister's bidding" and "she sat down behind her sister" [*D* 6]), the account also reduces "Miss Flynn" (*D* 7) to a single apparition in the enlarged final dialogue. Therefore, the confirmation of sisterhood appears just in two brief mentions, at the fifth page of a total of eight, and we will need one more page to confirm, by a very discreet detail, the kinship between Father Flynn and them[4]. The relation between story and title gets threatened by this delay and by the fact that now just one sister is somewhat important to the narrative: in *TIH*, both of them had some relevance to the story (Nannie read out the newspaper for her brother, she – and not Eliza – always spoke "*Freeman's General*" instead of "*Freeman's Journal*" [*D* 291], there are several things they make together...) and the title could force the reader's attention to look for something there, but in *D* just Eliza has a main role, challenging any attempt to put title and story together.

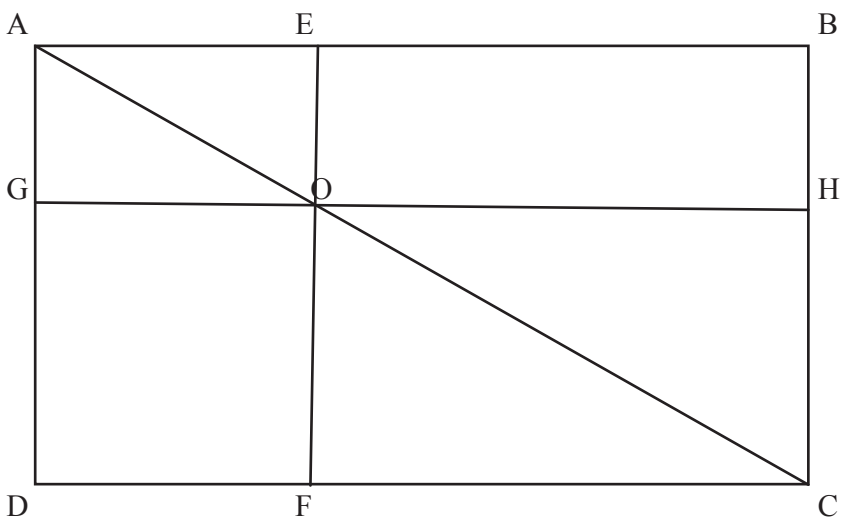
Calling attention to the mistake alluded above, in the book version Eliza is the one who says it ("Father O'Rourke [...] wrote out the notice for the *Freeman's General*" [*D* 7]), this time in direct speech. Also, if in the first version we were sure of the boy noticing the fact, now we have to decide if the transcription answers for the boy's perception (the first version presented no mistakes in direct speeches, but now we find a lot of non-normative scraps of English: "she's wore out" [*D* 7], "rheumatic wheels" [*D* 8] instead of "pneumatic wheels", "he was wanted for to go" [*D* 9], "brought in a light for to look for him" [*D* 9]) or for the preciousness's of the narrator behind the boy-narrator – the one responsible for choosing "The Sisters" for its title, the one responsible for ending up the story abruptly.

These two versions vary also in the manner they refer to the Latin pronunciation Father Flynn was teaching the boy. If, in the journal version, we are expressly told that he was using the Italian one ("He had studied at the college in Rome, and taught me to speak Latin in the Italian way" [*TIH* 291]), forcing a link between studying in Rome and learning Latin this way, we have a distinct expression in *Dubliners*: "He had studied in the Irish college in Rome and he had taught me to pronounce Latin properly" (*D* 5). *Properly* makes us think about the possibilities of its meaning: Florence Walzl (1973) defends that it is a reference to the Italian pronunciation (and it may also "represent one form of dominance of Rome over the practices of nationalistic churches" [Walzl 394]), but the edition of *Dubliners* we are using, annotated by Jackson and McGinley, comments on the passage that "[t]here was a three-way dispute at this time as to how to pronounce Latin – Joyce originally wrote 'speak Latin in the Italian way'" (*D* 5). Is it important to be sure?

Another difference that can throw light upon the nature of the inferences pressuposed by this story refers to Nannie's deafness. In *TIH* there is no room for doubt:

at her very first appearance, the narrator states that "Nannie (who is almost stone deaf) read out the newspaper to him" (*TIH* 290), adding also that when the priest "was tired of hearing the news he used to rattle his snuff-box on the arm of his chair to avoid shouting at her" (*TIH* 290-1). A few more lines and we find: "Nannie received us in the hall, and, as it was no use saying anything to her, my aunt shook hands with her for all" (*IH* 291). The revised edition proceeds in a completely different way. Erasing both the direct reference to Nannie's deafness and the habit of the priest of rattling his snuff-box, all information we have in this respect will be summed up in "Nannie received us in the hall; and, as it would have been unseemly to have shouted at her, my aunt shook hands with her for all" (*D* 6). *No use saying to her* becomes *unseemly to have shouted at her*, and this is all we have. When it comes to an old lady, it makes sense to imagine (as unanimously critics and commentators do) that the phrase relates to deafness, but the game of inferences starts to get its stakes raised. After all, which text are we speaking of?

This snippet seems to us fit to illustrate the idea of "gnomon in the Euclid" (*D* 2), mentioned by the boy at the beginning of the revised edition: it is not just an irretrievable gap put there on purpose, but an information that was omitted without erasing the traces of its being there, thus permitting its restoring. According to Thomas Connolly (1965. 165), the edition of Euclid Joyce most likely knew defined *gnomon* as: "In any parallelogram the figure which is composed of either of the parallelograms about a diagonal and the two complements . . . is called a gnomon. Thus, if we take away either of the parallelograms AO, OC from the parallelogram AC, the remainder is called a *gnomon*."



In other words, the gnomon would be, to "The Sisters", and therefore also to *Dubliners*, the image for everything that is missing and nonetheless leaves room to be inferred or assumed, but not for the phrase Bloom was writing in the sand at the end of *Ulysses*'s thirteenth episode ("Nausicaa") or even the things the "queer old josser" (*D* 18) did

in front of Mahony in another short story of *Dubliners* ("An Encounter"). Despite quoting this very excerpt, Connolly does not call attention to this fact, insisting as other critics on the idea of *gnomon* as a "remainder after something else has been removed" (Connolly 1965, p.195). Years before but in the same way, Gerhard Friedrich (1957) wrote a thorough essay on the importance of this image to *Dubliners* along with a whole inventory of supposedly gnomon traits to be found there:

> The characteristics of the Euclidean gnomon are moreover exhibited by Joyce's method as well as by the essential human content of "The Sisters". Such structural detail as old Cotter's "unfinished sentences", the boy's inability to remember the end of his dream, his groping his way towards his usual chair in the corner of the late Father Flynn's sitting-room, and the broken-off ending of the story emphasized by ellipsis points, exemplifies a condition even more strikingly indicated by the priest's talking to no one, wandering about by himself, and being found hidden away in his confession-box in the locked and dark chapel, and further by the symbolic gazing into the empty fireplace in the dark room behind the shop. (Friedrich 422-3)

Everything can be read as *gnomon* in this perspective, and we get the impression that the boy-narrator smartly planted this word to work as a key not only to this story but to the entire volume. But he is just a boy, an unnamed boy of unspecified age – not James Joyce himself. The text forces us to imagine *paralysis* and *gnomon* linked together (perhaps, by free association, *paralysis* sounded to the boy's ears as something close to *parallelogram*, a word that is key to the gnomon definition), and these two are in turn related to *simony* (*paralysis* also made him think of this word, for the boy believes we do not know why that the paralytic priest committed this sin), all three words that happened to occur to this boy becoming suddenly keywords not just to this story but to all fourteen others. Something in them asks us to make this connection, tries to states this connection as inevitable, which would be reason enough to resist them in order to avoid becoming Joyce's puppets. To think these terms as keywords would fit quite well into a moralistic view of *Dubliners*, a reading that could not grasp the ambivalence of Joyce's feelings towards his own land.

Another possible example of gnomon in the rewriting of the work could be Old Cotter's presentation. In the *TIH* version, we first find him as "the old distiller who owns the batch of prize setters," and only then we are told that he was rather interesting when talking about "'faints'" and "worms'" (*TIH* 289). One should pay attention to the quotation marks distinguishing these words, implying that there is something strange with them – a clear attempt of the narrative voice to avoid any misinterpretations from the part of the reader. The revised edition not only will anticipate the "faints and worms" (*D* 2), now without any quotation marks, but will also completely change the context in which they appear, saying right after them "but I soon grew tired of him and his endless stories about the distillery" (*D* 2). As stated by Andreas Fischer, in the book version the

reader was not prepared to recognize the two words as technical terms of distillery, and so "the uncontextualized words *faints* and *worms* with their possible connotations of weakness and decay sound strange and ominous, mirroring the effect the words *paralysis, gnomon* and *simony* have on the narrator" (Fischer 1988. 21). Many translators saw themselves in trouble on account of this unexpected game of inferences that brings the polysemy of *faints* and *worms* to the foreground, blurring the technical meanings they would assume inside Old Cotter's speech. Maybe this instability can even point to the way the boy misapprehends these words: we can assume he realizes their meanings differ from the usual ones, but there is some doubt to what extent he can define their specific senses. And so we notice that the handling of this device – the indeterminacy – can cause substantial imbalances in the meanings produced by the text, the suppressing of excerpts not only forcing the reader to find ways of retrieving them but also opening the text to unexpected significations.

I know what you mean: Father Flynn as Joyce's Brunetto Latini

Something already pointed out by critics is the fact that the aunt should have gone to the sisters' house in search of elucidation. Talking to Old Cotter made her uncomfortable because she could not infer the subtext shared by the old man and her husband. In the journal version this problem is already there but still not that evident. For instance, when she asks "Do you think they will bring him to the chapel?", hearing in return "Oh, no, ma'am. I wouldn't say so" (Old Cotter) and "Very unlikely" (husband) [*TIH* 290]. Why were they so sure? She then takes the kid to the house of mourning and tries to discover what was wrong with the priest and, during her conversation with Eliza, a question clearly shows her suspicions (*TIH* 292): "And everything . . . ?" According to Terence Brown, in a note written on this passage, "[t]he questioner seems to express concern here as whether Father Flynn received Extreme Unction before death", adding also that "[t]he rite would only be refused in exceptional circumstances" and that "only in case of something very disgraceful indeed could it be imagined that a dying priest could be refused this last Sacrament of his Church" (*D,* Introduction 1992. 243). This mysteriousness makes her think of something sinful. The conversation between the uncle and Old Cotter (transcribed above) suggests they believe the priest has lost his mind, something Eliza will try to dismiss but end up reinforcing[5].

The book version, in turn, omits the discussion about the priest's madness and inserts vagueness and ellipses in its place. Old Cotter's inability to verbalize his inner beliefs (in *D*), associated with the grotesque smile of the priest (in both versions) and the reference to a mysterious boy who caused the priest to break a chalice[6] (also in both) made critics imply some sexual connotation to this mysteriousness. This interpretation begun in fact with George Robert, managing director of Maunsel & Co., which in 1909 had agreed to publish *Dubliners*: in August 20, 1912, Joyce wrote to his brother Stanislaus

that this man asked him "very narrowly was there sodomy also in *The Sisters* and what was 'simony' and if the priest was suspended only for the breaking of a chalice" (*Letters* II, 305-6). Joyce didn't write his answer, favouring the suspicion. Old Cotter afirms, rudely, that it is bad for children "to have too much to say to a man like that", defending that people should "let a young lad run about and play with young lads of his own age and not be . . ." (*D* 30). The uncle agrees and prescribes to the boy exercises and cold baths, something that, since Michael West (1970. 371), begun to be read as Victorian advices for minimizing the likelihood of masturbation in childhood. But how can we believe his uncle and an old friend (with whom the boy was somewhat attached in the past) discussing calmly about sexual matters involving the boy and a priest? No, it can look similar to what Victorian manuals counsel, but it is also another way of saying *mens sana in corpore sano* – a famous proverbial verse of the Roman poet Juvenal (Satire X).

Connolly was one of the first critics to point out that from Old Cotter's "vague and tantalizingly incomplete sentences (...) one may conclude anything or nothing about Father Flynn" (Connolly 1965. 193). Thomas Dilworth, in a fabulous essay about this short story, made a point by stating that "because we know only that the priest has been paralyzed by strokes, we suspect Cotter of ridiculous bias against paralytics, a bias shared apparently by some Joyce critics who see the physical ailment as symbolic of some moral distortion" (Dilworth 1993. 100) – what should be considered in relation to the fact that "Cotter may resent having lost the boy as audience to the priest" (*ibid*). He continues by defending that "the lustful connotations of the priest's smile" are "merely a consequence of physical paralysis" (*ibid*). This makes sense when we remember that the journal version displayed clearly a conversation about the priest's madness (*mens sana*): as it happened to the Latin pronunciation, should we think the priest's disease remained the same in the later version? The question of the title turns back to play a decisive role and Leonard Albert (1990) defends a perverse way of reading it:

> In Joyce's day the most common terms for a homosexual were "Mary," "sister Mary," or just "sister." These terms were largely limited to the male heterosexual comunity; they were taboo words and so profoundly embarrassed mixed society that they were abbreviated, ameliorated, and diminished to "sissy," which survives in a somewhat attenuated sense no longer taboo. *Webster's New International Unabridged* defines "sissy" as, among other things, "an effeminate man or boy," and, as first meaning, "diminutive of *sister*." (...) "The Sisters," therefore, has a meaning akin to "the odd couple," or in today's phrase, "the gay couple." (Albert 362-3)

The 'sissy' hypothesis is amazing, but the way Albert uses it to interpret the text makes me wonder what idea of homosexuality he has. There is no homosexual relationship in here; if anything, there is pedophilia and nothing else. He tried to interpret the title as both alluding to Father Flynn's sisters and to the boy and priest as a couple: it is interesting to question what sisters the title is referring to, but there is no point in

imagining just by this a gay couple and in blaming the boy for covering their illicit relationship.

It seems more interesting to question the sisters alluded to in the title in other sense. We have seen that people have been reading *sodomy* there even before the book was published: what if we accept that, in the book version, Joyce wanted to conceal the previous direct references to Father Flynn's madness in order to make the text suggests more strongly some sexual matter? A text intended to be misinterpreted or, as Marilyn French (1978) brilliantly put it,

> The major devices used in the stories for conveying the Dublin mode of thinking are masking language and gaps. Masking language is euphemistic, clichéed, or preceptual, that is, saying what one thinks one is supposed to say. Gaps are ellipses in logic, language, or information. As is always the case with Joyce, the theme is not merely pointed to, but is incorporated into the style: the reader is forced to experience it. (444)

Here we should recall a passage suppressed from the book version, where the boy-narrator states that Father Flynn "had an egoistic contempt for all women-folk, and suffered all their services to him in polite silence" (*TIH* 291). We could read this as saying that the priest had no sexual interests at all (in a heteronormative society, people presuppose desire just between man and woman) – a thing not just expected but highly wanted in a priest –, but it is possible to read there also that he had no sexual interests *in women*. This is the way we want to see it: a man when imagined as a homosexual can be unmanned at the eyes of society, starting to be talked of in feminine, a sissy, sister. "The Sisters" then could be pointing to the fact that they were three women living in that house, not just two. However, I think this meaning exists just for the reader, a joke of the narrator with us, maybe the first flickering of *The Arranger* – this mysteriousness as the mirror Joyce wanted *Dubliners* to be, a mirror where readers could have a good look at themselves, projecting onto Father Flynn everything they think disgraceful enough to fit this unspeakability, the reader becoming a personification of Corley ("Two Gallants"), who "knew the inner side of all affairs and was fond of delivering final judgments" (*D* 44).

Notes

1 The first in the journal *The Irish Homestead*, 12/08/190, pp.676-7 (Gifford 1982); the later as the opening story of *Dubliners* (*D* 2-9).

2 This narrator doesn't seem interested in ambiguities. Consider, for instance, another passage suppressed in *D*, important to explain the subtext of Old Cotter's phrase: "As I went home I wondered was that square of window lighted as before, or did it reveal the ceremonious candles in whose light the Christian must take his last sleep" (*TIH* 289). With this, he avoids the abrupt time cut that distinguishes the passing from the first to the second paragraph in the *D* version ("as I went home") and also offers meaning to the search for candlelight at the moribund's window.

3 Pay attention to the fact that, in the first version, the boy-narrator has access to events he didn't even witness and also to the other characters' conscience: "and then he used to make believe to read his Prayer Book. Make believe, because, when Eliza brought him a cup of soup from the kitchen, she had always to waken him" (*TIH* 291). In the book version, this converts into an account made by Eliza about the oddities she had been perceiving in her brother's behavior: "Mind you, I noticed there was something queer coming over him latterly. Whenever I'd bring in his soup to him there I'd find him with his breviary fallen to the floor, lying back in the chair and his mouth open" (*D* 8).

4 The procedure makes me think of, among other cases, the economy with which Joyce situates *Ulysses* in June 16, 1904, Bloomsday: just two incidental mentions throughout some 700 pages – one at the letter Boylan's secretary is typewriting in the tenth episode ("Wandering Rocks"), the other when Bloom reads the newspaper's special issue with race results in the sixteenth episode ("Eumaeus").

5 "Not that he was anyway mad, as you know yourself; but he was always a little queer. Even when we were all growing up together he was a little queer" (*TIH* 292).

6 Notice that the account Elize gives on this depends upon what *they*, and not her brother, *say*: "It was that chalice he broke . . . That was the beginning of it. Of course, they say it was nothing it was all right, that it contained nothing, I mean. But still . . . They say it was the boy's fault. But poor James was so nervous, God be merciful to him!" (*D* 9). It suggests that the priest and her sisters didn't (couldn't?) talk about that.

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Ulysses and "A Painful Case"?

Caetano Waldrigues Galindo

Abstract: *This paper deals with the possibility that the story A Painful Case may present deep thematic and structural connections with Joyce's later work, and with his entire oeuvre. Beyond the fact that one or more of its characters reappear in Ulysses, these themes and connections, sometimes represented by a name, an idea or a tune can contribute to a pervasive reading of Joyce's work.*

Keywords: *James Joyce;* Dubliners*; Close Reading.*

Ulysses is a book of absences.

In spite of its all-inclusive, encyclopaedic nature; in spite of what seems to be its project, its stated goal, *Ulysses* has holes. More than that, it's perfectly possible to argue that the book has holes *because* of its stated all-inclusive project, since we know (and we know it precisely because of this book) that the minutiae of a day in the life of a nobody are potentially and effectively inexhaustible. The more you seek to encompass, the more the absences are going to make themselves felt. They are going to cry out loud they're not there, which is, arguably, a curious, a very curious way of making themselves present.

So if *Ulysses* is indeed a book of absences, it's precisely because it tried to become a book of all presence.

And if *Ulysses* is also a book of absences, we may even say they are only another degree of presence. Another way to make *more* fit into a finite scheme. After all, to know we don't know something is a way to know (about) it. There is a huge difference between the real unknown and the *veiled*. And *that* is maybe the kind of absence most characteristic of *Ulysses*, most characteristic of Joyce's entire output as a writer, and perhaps most characteristic of all great literature.

So *Ulysses*, let's restate it, is a book of *controlled* veilings, a book of *felt* absences that contribute a great deal to its structural weight and its thematic development.

That can be seen in many levels. For in a book that tells us pretty much everything we could or couldn't think we wanted to know about Leopold Bloom (whom we get to know *from dandruff to haemorrhoids*, in the sweet words of David Hayman, 75), we are nevertheless left with doubt and curiosity: when is Bloom's birthday, why did he keep that ribbon in his first drawer (*U* 642), why does he want a 'fresh' supply of carbon monoxide in every room of his dream house (*U* 635)?

Structuraly, it's not only the adultery, in many ways the central event of that day, which is kept from our view. We also do not get to see Bloom for perhaps more than two hours, between the moment in which he leaves Kiernan's pub and the moment in which he sees Gerty at the beach. And these few hours are arguably the most important of his day, at least in terms of concrete impact on the world and the lives of others, since it's then that he tries to provide for the future of Dignam's derelict family.

Ulysses, the book of everything, has its way of leaving lots of things unsaid. And of making the reader wonder.

And for the first time reader of the book, it may even look like there will be a huge hole in its perspective. For the book of everybody is, till the last episode, mostly and almost exclusively a book of men. Even when its women are, in a way, central, it's arguable that they are their men's version of themselves, and this is most sensitively true about that same Gerty McDowell.

But the episode that scholars tend to call *Penelope*, and that most readers, and even non-readers, quickly identify with Molly Bloom's soliloquy is what eventually avoids this lopsidedness. And I do believe that the *manoeuvre* by which Joyce has balanced the book through giving Molly unprecedented time, space, leeway and freedom is indeed one of the great marvels of literature. But even then, even when bridging this gap, Joyce was playing with the idea of the perception of an absence: he could only fill in this hole after creating it by building an expectation, by playing with what a musician would easily identify as tension with no resolution. No release.

Because even a hypothetical reader so engrossed by Bloom and the others not to realize Molly's absence will, when confronted with her presence, acknowledge the lack previously ignored. Joyce could make a presence underline an absence just as well as he made an absence shine like a presence.

And it is another woman the person who can be yet another kind of *missing link*, of revealing absence.

All readers realize that there is a strong connection between *Ulysses* and Joyce's previous prose works. Obviously the most direct of these connections is with *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, with Stephen Dedalus practically turning both books into one. But the lines linking *Ulysses* to *Dubliners* are not that much weaker. A whole slew of characters present in those stories grace *Ulysses* not only with their presence, but most of the time with all the weight of our previous knowledge of their personalities and/or predicaments. When we get to *Ulysses* with a memory of Lenehan's vagaries, of Cunningham's mercy, of Doran's marriage, we certainly bring to the book another kind of absence/presence, and we are certainly giving *Ulysses* a whole new dimension in character development and 'plot' design.

But that woman alluded to above may be even more central, even though (this objection is merely a formality, as it might be rather clear by now) she does not appear in *Ulysses*, above all because of the fact that she is dead on July 16th, 1904.

Emily Sinico died right close to the end of the story *A Painful Case*. That's not a way to time someone's death, but it's what we're left with in the case of this most mysterious character for, in what is a most *unjoycean* slip (Should we italicize the word, here? Was it done on purpose?), even the day she died is not something we can know for sure. In the story we see Mr. Duffy reading about her death, which occurred *yesterday evening* (126), after going home *through the November twilight* (125). In *Ulysses*, though, Bloom asks Dedalus if he had known *Mrs Emily Sinico, accidentally killed at Sidney Parade Railway Station, 14 October 1903* (*U* 616). Although this is 'narrated' through one of the voices that pose Questions and Answers on the episode known as *Ithaca*, we have to remember that this episode is quite consistent in terms of numbers, days and hours, being a manifestation of a somewhat *scientific* spirit. More than that, this initial supposition about the day of her death is confirmed later on when Bloom finds in his coat pocket a coin, which would have been put there *(presumably) on the occasion (17 october 1903) of the interment of Mrs Emily Sinico* (*U* 631).

This discrepancy in a way underlines the centrality of that moment. Why would the author make us notice this day: the day Emily Sinico died? Why would it be so important to Bloom, who remembers twice this *interment*? And also, but not less importantly, why would the *objective* style of *Ithaca* record her death as unqualifiedly *accidental*, when so much has been made, in the undertones of the final pages of *A painful case*, of the unclear nature of the accident that killed her?

Did Emily Sinico commit suicide? Was her *accidental* death caused by alcohol? Was it intentional?

The first version of the story was written, as most of the book in which it came to be published, in 1905 (Gabler). Joyce was writing, as Machado de Assis, for instance (*Dom Casmurro* had been published in 1900), in the shadow of the *great adulteresses* of the mid-nineteenth century: Emma Bovary (whose name Emily almost repeats), who appeared in 1857, and Anna Karenina, (whose form of death she almost repeats), in the novel published twenty years after Flaubert's.

Joyce had to be conscious of these resonances, of course, and he chooses to create his first major adultery narrative (*Exiles* and *Ulysses* were still to come) with some differences.

Point of view, to begin with.

Flaubert chose to be close to Emma; Tolstoy was a bit more distanced, but Anna was his reference, at least more than Vronsky and Karenin; Machado de Assis focused the 'betrayed' husband: Joyce, at least here, would accompany the adulterer.

Another big difference is the nature of that *adultery*.

Emma and Anna were indeed involved in extra-conjugal relationships. We'll never know about Capitu, but we are quite sure that nothing ever happened between Emily and James Duffy. More than that, it is the insinuation of a possibility of sexual, or at least intimate, contact that eventually breaks up their relationship. For Duffy would not have the purity of that companionship soiled by that.

If we think that adultery is indeed one of the major themes in *Ulysses*, and that Boylan, the adulterer, is in fact the only character that we do *not* get to see in full, this already is one situation in which the story provides a sort of complement to *Ulysses*. A different *adulterer*, but a different point of view, nonetheless.

The final plot point that should be mentioned here is suicide. The *natural* conclusion to adultery in that moment.

Capitu dies alone, banished. Emma and Anna die by their own initiative. But Emily Sinico dies either in an accident, or following an intentional gesture, be it her descent into alcoholic oblivion or her *de facto* suicide.

And suicide, as much as adultery, and although we may not remember it, is a constant question in *Ulysses*.

Not only Bloom's father commits suicide. That whole day lives under the constant shadow of *the man that was drowned nine days ago* (*U* 51) in Dublin Bay, whose death is always left unspecified, and who should *turn up* (*U* 77) on that June 16th. In a day that begins with a burial (Dignam's) we are still left with an unburied corpse.

Even Leopold Bloom, even easygoing Poldy, contemplates suicide in more than one occasion: first (*U* 152) when, crossing the Liffey (where Dodd's son also tried to commit his own pathetic suicide (*U* 96)), he thinks *if I threw myself down?*; in *Circe*, out of the blue, it is the word "suicide" that pops into Bloom's head (*U* 455), and soon after lots of *attractive and enthusiastic women also commit suicide* (*U* 463); in *Ithaca* (the same episode in which we get to know that strange plan of Bloom's, of having piped carbon monoxide in his dreamhouse), we are informed that one of his main fears is that of commiting suicide while he sleeps (*U* 641)!

Even unconsciously that theme resonates in Bloom's mind, as when he tries to speak Italian to Dedalus and, perhaps trying to say he wants a beautiful woman, ends up by declaring his desire for the *deadly nightshade* (*Belladona voglio* (*U* 542)).

That almost-adulterer, that quasi-suicidal woman, in a book published eight years before *Ulysses*, is already revealing herself as a bit of a seed. It's almost as if we were thinking in musical terms, an idea which is never out of question with Joyce. It's almost as if Emily Sinico sounds some *themes* that will receive further development in the novel. And this idea is strongly underlined by the fact that the memory of her, and of her death, occupies quite some time of Bloom's thoughts later that day.

And this happens for a reason. Because the point, in a sonata or in *Ulysses*, is that we have to be aware of these recurrences, we have to hear the repetitions *as* repetitions. And that's why Mrs. Sinico has to be present through her absence. That's why she has to be another corpse floating next to those characters.

And this presence can (again indirectly) be even more unmistakable in the book if we think of another *mysterious* character: the man in the brown mackintosh.

His identity in *Ulysses* is left famously open, although he pops up through the book (*U* 111, 112, 114, 254, 373, 424, 459, 475, 568…) , always as an unidentified quantity: *what selfimposed enigma did Bloom … not comprehend? Who was M'Intosh?*

(*U* 650). His first appearance, in *Hades*, when he will acquire the agnomen M'Intosh, through no design of Bloom's (though the responsibility is ultimately his), would place him there (who seems not to be directly interested in Dignam's funeral) for some other reason. And we get to know (in *Cyclops*) that he *loves a lady who is dead* (*U* 332).

That seems feeble as a connection between this man and Mr. Duffy (to begin with, did he *love* Mrs. Sinico?). But the fact that this *brown* cloak is his sole identifier through the novel articulates rather well with the meaning of the name Duffy, which comes from the Irish word for *swarthy* (Giles, 204).

Vladimir Nabokov famously argued that Mackintosh was Joyce himself (Alexandrov, 441). Well, and what about the fact that Mr. Duffy is indeed *James* Duffy?

We know that Joyce loved to play with names (he even makes Molly exclaim *O Jamesy* in *Penelope* (*U* 691)), and when we notice that his given name appears only three times in the whole of *Dubliners* we have to look carefully at those occurrences. And we have to start with the curious information that both Mr. Duffy and the man who drove the train that hit Mrs. Sinico are called James. And if that was not enough to establish the symbolical connection between those responsible for her death, we can remember that the driver was a certain James Lennon, whose name means *lover*.

The third James in *Dubliners* is of course father James Flynn, in *The Sisters*[1]. Would it be a mere coincidence that the name of the conductor who did indeed hit one Mrs. Bishop in 1904 (an incident on which Joyce drew to recreate the accident with Mrs. Sinico (Williams)) was as matter of fact Flynn? Of course Lennon and Flynn are common Irish names. But we are left with this fourfold articulation of *lover*, *killer*, *damned* and *author*, all concerned in one way or another with the figure of Mr. Duffy, with Emily Sinico and, through them, both with *Dubliners* and *Ulysses*.

Another relevant connection between the story and the novel makes the musical chime once more in the prose. For Mr. Duffy and Mrs. Sinico meet in the audience of a concert (they only talk in the interval, as good music lovers do), and one of the sole distractions of Duffy's almost monastic life comes from his going to the opera once in a blue moon. And he is driven to this worldly pleasure because of *his liking for Mozart's music* (121). Not only Mozart appears, but he comes as a disruptive element that *makes* a disciplined, ascetical self-denier look for something as mundane as the opera. It would not be an overstatement if we thought of Mozart as sin-inducing in the story.

And the fact is that Mozart's music, especially his opera *Don Giovanni* is absolutely central to the thematic development of *Ulysses*. The very first mention of Molly's future lover, when she receives his letter in the morning, brings also the information about the songs she will sing in the supposed *rehearsal* that's going to take place that afternoon. She is singing *Love's Old Sweet Song*, an old staple of parlor singers, with a title that makes it obviously and directly relevant in that context, and also something called *Là ci darem*… (*U* 65)

Someone who's not familiarized with the operatic repertoire (which is definitely *not* Molly's, and Bloom's, case) will take some time to realize that she is referring to the duet *Là ci darem la mano*, from Mozart and Da Ponte's version of the Don Juan story.

Love's Old Sweet Song indeed.

More still, the aria, a very famous piece, is the fulcral point in the opera where Don Giovanni seduces the poor (in economic terms… she is everything but a *poor girl*) Zerlina right after dismissing her fiancé Mazetto. The duet is a 'battle', of sorts, where Don Giovanni tries to woo Zerlina with promises of marriage, and she keeps saying that she would be perfectly willing to do so, if it was not for the doubt that he might not be true to her. This is the moment when she sings her *vorrei e non vorrei* (I'd like to and I wouldn't) which generates all kinds of concerns for Bloom during the day, because he misremembers the lyrics and wonders if Molly can properly pronounce the Italian *voglio*, conveniently *absent* from the aria.

It should be noted, then, that this misconstruction exchanges a conditional tense for the certainty of the present. In Bloom's mind, in consequence of that, Molly's Italian should read *voglio e non vorrei* which would at the same time affirm her desire (*io voglio*) but transform the meaning of the whole sentence into something like *I want but I won't*, which is sadly also the conclusion, apparently, of Mrs. Sinico's story.

There's much too much in this aria, and we can't discuss it all here. What matters now is the fact that once more we see Mozart introduced as a shortword for sin, or at least for temptation.

Another *Don Giovanni* connection comes from Bloom's mind, when already in *Lestrygonians*, after leaving his house for his odyssey, he starts humming *Don Giovanni, a cenar teco m'invitasti* (*U* 179-80), which will lead him to thinking about that word "teco", the only one whose meaning he cannot glean. Again, someone with no familiarity with the music, someone led only by the happy-go-lucky tone which underlies these thoughts (*Feel better. Burgundy. Good pick me up.*), can easily lose the ominous background that the music sets here.

The aria Bloom hums right now, after all, is from the last scene of the libretto written by Lorenzo da Ponte; it's from the moment the statue of the *commendatore* slayed by Don Giovanni in Act I comes, supernaturally, to take his soul, or to make him repent (which he, famously, refuses to do). These are indeed the first words spoken by this apparition in the scene. It's death. It's destiny saying I've come to collect my dues.

And this music, which some historians credit with being the first instance of *terror* represented in occidental music, follows Bloom throughout the day (*U* 466), tainting, subconsciously, even his merriest moments.

And it's probably desirable (and designed, by Joyce) to remember that in the opera, the orchestral music that accompanies those words had in fact already been heard, without its full terrific potential being realized, in the first bars of the overture. The first seconds of the opera. If Hall can say that *Joyce was able, by alluding to the opera's plot and quoting the libreto, to achieve the same montage effects that he did by employing the Odyssey* (78), we have to note that he was also emulating a musical procedure, familiar to Mozart himself.

And if the music, and the words, of *Don Giovanni* provide such a fertile and rich background for much of the plot of *Ulysses*, in a certain subterranean, continuous

and pervasive way, what can we say of the fact that when Mr. Duffy sits at his landlady's piano to play Mozart as a soundtrack for his own sad story, this music also unites again *Dubliners* and the novel yet unwritten at that moment.

We know *Ulysses* began its life as a project for another short story to be included in *Dubliners* (Ellmann, 162). We know the stories in *Dubliners* tend to reveal deep connections to one another when scrutinized properly. We know some characters from one book appear again in the other, and we know this is effectively done by Joyce as a way to magnify impacts and effects.

But what if the idea behind this essay is more than wishful reading? What if we can find deep relations between *Ulysses* and a story whose characters do *not* appear on June 16th, 1904. (Or do they?) Am I too eagerly over-reading when I notice that there is a Constable 57 in *Ulysses* as well as at the scene of Mrs. Sinico's death? When I remember that she and her husband lived in *Leoville*?

Much has been said of *Exiles* as a study, as preparation work on the theme of adultery, as a previous effort that would enable Joyce to write *Ulysses*. Much has been said, obviously, of the connection between *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*. But what if this reading of *A Painful Case* raises the possibility of other, thematic, resonances?

Can we see the contrast Emily/Molly (are their names too similar?) as an evidence of a movement away from the established *ways* of nineteenth century fiction and towards a liberation, an epiphany, a freeing? Is it meaningful that Emily's daughter is called Mary, or, in Ireland, another Molly?

Emily Sinico, whose name (from the latin *aemulus*) really means *rival*, and whose family name (although much has already been made of it) may be simply a reference to the Italian Cinico, cynical, is indeed repelled as an enemy, as a dog (*doglike* would be the ultimate Greek meaning of the word *cynical*), and dies accordingly, as the canons of those days would prescribe to a female character.

A painful case indeed, not only because of what happens to her, but because of the way we are condemned to see everything from the point of view of a narrator who chooses to stick by his *man*[2]. If, on the other hand, like Hall, we decide to remember that the painful case of the title may not be the death of Emily Sinico, but the bleak, cold, somber portrait of that selfsame man, we can think that the connection between the story and the novel may even be interpreted differently.

Because Marion Tweedy becomes Molly Bloom and becomes the *moly* that saves Odisseus from the witchcraft of Circe in the *Odyssey*. Because that tense, unresolved, sad and painful version of love is thoroughly rewritten years later.

It may not only be that, as in some other instances, Joyce *used* characters and facts presented first in the short stories to underline or to amplify themes, ideas and the overall pathos of *Ulysses*. In this case, in this particularly painful case, faced, as we are, with the problem of the woman (*what to do with our wives* (*U* 606)), the problem of suicide, the problem of love, of redemption by love, of accepting or denying love its due (*Last time I was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral. Poor papa too. The love that*

kills (*U* 116)), of adultery and of conjugal unsatisfaction, we are deeper into Joyce's mind than, for instance, the biographical parallels between Duffy and Joyce's younger brother Stanislaus would seem to point[3].

It could almost be the case that *the story may seem in part a protective shield for an uneasy author rather than a proper mask in the fictional presentation of human behaviour* (Putz), as if Joyce here, all of twenty-three years old, was trying his hand at something he would only be fully capable of apprehending years later.

It could almost be the case that we might think of *A Painful Case* as that mozartian *overture* to *Ulysses*. A necessary counterpart. A version to be fully denied, totally overwritten by Bloom's love (*the opposite of hatred* (*U* 331)). By Molly's *yes*.

Notes

1 The discussion of proper names in "A Painful Case" comes from Williams.

2 "Perhaps he may even be regarded as the less important partner of that female Other in the text that is more of a void than a presence in the plot, Mrs Sinico." Wicht.

3 "A Painful case is based in an entry in Stanislaus Joyce's Dublin Diary in which he records sitting beside a concert given by Clara Butt, who spoke to him in the interval; he recorded her 'fair skin and large pupils and the very pure whites of her brown eyes' also included in the story are the two sentences of Stanislaus': 'Every bond is a bond to sorrow' and, 'Love between men and woman is impossible because there must not be sexual intercourse, and friendship between a mand and a woman is imposssible because there must be sexual intercourse.' Joyce called his brother's aphorisms 'bile beans'." Davies.

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"The Talk Became Theatrical"[1]: Dubliners *on Tour in Portugal*

Mick Greer

Abstract: *Balloonatics Theatre Company, celebrating their 30th anniversary in 2014, have specialised in adaptations of literary texts, especially those by Joyce, for the theatre since 1984. In the summer of 2014, Culture Ireland offered them the opportunity of performing two stories from* Dubliners *to help commemorate the 100th anniversary of the publication of Joyce's work. Balloonatics, took "The Boarding House" and "Counterparts", written in Trieste during the "torrid" summer in 1905, to three university cities in Portugal: Lisbon, Oporto and Braga. It seemed appropriate to stage these stories in Portugal, with the approaching summer heat at the end of June possibly reflecting something of the atmosphere in which they were first conceived. This article frames the process of Balloonatics' approach to and dramatisation of the texts within a discussion of the theatrical line in Joyce's life and career, locating the roots of* Dubliners' *use of the theatrical in Joyce's earlier writings.*

The Swiss sculptor, August Suter, remembered that Joyce was fond of quoting the opening of St. John's Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word" (Potts 62). In *Finnegans Wake* (*Finnegans Wake* 468), this becomes "In the beginning was the gest" (signalling both 'gesture' through spelling and 'jest' through sound). If there was one particular word "in the beginning" for Joyce the artist, however, we can find it in the artistic combination of language and gesture: theatre.

Bernard Benstock opened an essay on *Exiles* by writing that "James Joyce's career as a dramatist was as vague as it was minimal" (Benstock 361). Considering his lost early dramatic attempts and single published play, one can see Benstock's point. To the young Joyce and those who knew him (especially prior to 1904), however, this would have seemed rather an unlikely prediction for his artistic future.

His brother Stanislaus tells us that even as a young child, he knew how to make an entrance – "Here's me! Here's me!" he would shout when bounding downstairs to join the family (*My Brother's Keeper* 30). Furthermore, in the small theatrical events put on with his brothers and sisters, Joyce seemed instinctively drawn to the best part. When the children put on a performance of the Garden of Eden, he played Satan.

This attraction was to last a lifetime. Louis Gillet remembers Joyce, in the 1930s, performing, rather than telling, the tale of an old islander who, seeing his wrinkled face in a mirror for the very first time, burst into tears, crying "Oh Dad! Dad!" Gillet tells us that "One had to see Joyce mimicking the scene with all his body! … He was himself the character, imitating the gestures, the tone, with a delightful voice" (Potts 201).

Throughout his life, in fact, Joyce showed greater interest in the theatre, in its many variations, than in the novel: the genre he was to revolutionise. His major enthusiasms were stirred by performance in all its forms: from literary theatre, to the pantomimes, musical hall, light opera and popular plays to be seen in the Dublin of the late 19th and early twentieth century; as well as the various types of performance he experienced on the continent in his later years.

His early writing ambitions were a reflex of this enthusiasm. Joyce's first published pieces were critical essays dealing exclusively with the theatre, with drama proclaimed the highest form of art. Even when writing about another artistic form in an 1899 student essay, the success of Munkacsy's painting, *Ecce Homo*, was judged according to its dramatic quality (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing* 17-22).

Stanislaus also tells us of the early and now lost play, *A Brilliant Career* (the only piece Joyce ever dedicated to anyone – his own soul) which, it seems, owed much to Ibsen (*My Brother's Keeper* 126-31). Although, as Ellmann suggests, it might well have been "Ibcenest nansence!" (*Finnegans Wake* 535) more than anything else (Ellmann 79), it was a sign of how the genre of the "old master" (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing* 52) was more important to Joyce in these early years than any other artistic form.

In addition to *A Brilliant Career*, and the two translations of Hauptmann (*Before Sunrise* and the now lost *Michael Kramer*) intended for the Abbey, the intriguingly titled verse play, *Dream Stuff*, was written in the early 1900s. Judging, however, from the one stanza that has survived, *Dream Stuff* was more in line with his Symbolist-influenced *Chamber Music* than what we might call an independently Joycean dramatic departure.[2] Any reader hoping to catch an early glimpse of *Finnegans Wake* in this dream text would, it seems, have certainly been disappointed.

As a student, Joyce was frequently at the popular theatre and the music hall where, like Stephen Dedalus "in the gallery of the Gaiety", he became "a constant 'god'" (*Stephen Hero* 36). A friend from Paris, Philippe Soupault, would later argue that "It was the theatre as theatre that he loved. I mean that he was attracted less by the play than by the atmosphere: the footlights and spotlights, the spectators … He liked everything, even the crudest vaudeville" (Potts 113).

Unlike the literary form, the pantomimes and similar popular performances at, for example, the Gaiety and Dan Lowry's Music Hall, with their broader conventions and an audience perhaps more open to change and surprise, could stage virtually whatever they wanted and however they liked, without the constraints of realism. Content, however, was far from being insignificant; and in what was perhaps more than a glib throwaway line, Joyce claimed – possibly thinking of how it took up and played with "the most

commonplace, the deadest among the living" (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing* 28) – that "the music-hall, not poetry, was a criticism of life" (*My Brother's Keeper* 110). His enjoyment of such popular forms, free from the responsibilities of realism, continued throughout his life and their influence can be clearly seen in the "Circe" chapter of *Ulysses* and is almost omnipresent in *Finnegans Wake*.[3]

Most of Joyce's literary theories (as put forward in the early articles and papers[4]) centred on the realistic drama as developed by Ibsen. These theories did not, however, ultimately represent Joyce's carefully formulated thinking about a literary genre but rather served to justify and rationalise his personal attraction to a specific artist. These distinct artistic inclinations created a central conflict in Joyce's relationship with the theatre. Despite his intellectual commitment to Ibsen and the kind of drama he stood for, Joyce had little practical understanding of, or emotional drive to create realistic drama; Ibsenite or otherwise. If *A Brilliant Career* and, to a lesser extent, *Exiles* is evidence of this disinclination, "Circe" particularly can be seen as the bringing together of the spectacular theatrical forms – more 'popular', but also more Wagnerian than Ibsenite in its 'global' nature – that intrigued and delighted Joyce. After initially suffering, we could argue, from the same kind of misdirection he ironically identified in the young Ibsen: "an original and capable writer struggling with a form that is not his own" (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing* 73), Joyce found release in a concept of drama allowing him to use "the spectacular and the theatrical" (25) effects he was attracted to; and without being confined to a form which, despite his theoretical support, was essentially at odds with his basic creative inclinations. When released from the constraints of actual staging, or literal theatrical representation, he could employ the dramatic, and exploit the resultant formal tension, within the pages of an ostensibly narrative text.

Referring to Joyce's early paper, "Drama and Life", Richard Ellmann argued that "the exaltation of drama above all other forms was to be reformulated later in his aesthetic system and, if he published only one play, he kept to his principles by making all his novels dramatic" (Ellmann 73).

A sense of the dramatic was evident even in his first attempts at the short story "At school" in the mid-1890s (*My Brother's Keeper* 74). Stanislaus also records one of the now lost prose sketches that made up what the schoolboy Joyce called *Silhouettes*:

> [The narrator's] attention is attracted by two figures in violent agitation on a lowered window-blind illuminated from within, the burly figure of a man, staggering and threatening with upraised fist, and the smaller sharp-faced figure of a nagging woman. A blow is struck and the light goes out. The narrator waits to see if anything happens afterwards. Yes, the window-blind is illuminated again dimly, (…) and the woman's sharp profile appears accompanied by two small heads, just above the window-ledge, of children wakened by the noise. The woman's finger is pointed in warning. She is saying, 'Don't waken Pa' (104).

Bearing in mind Joyce's main artistic inclination at the time – the drama - , it is hardly surprising that the episode (he calls it a "triviality") in Eccles St[5] gives Stephen the idea of collecting such epiphanies, with its flavour of the theatrical undoubtedly a contributing factor:

> A young lady was standing on the steps of one of those brown brick houses which seem the very incarnation of Irish paralysis. A young gentleman was leaning on the rusty railings of the area.[6] Stephen as he passed on his quest heard the following fragment of colloquy out of which he received an impression keen enough to afflict his sensitiveness very severely.
> THE YOUNG LADY: (drawling discreetly) ... O, yes ... I was ... at the ... cha ... pel ...
> THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN: (inaudibly) ... I ... (again inaudibly) ... I ...
> THE YOUNG LADY: (softly) ... O ... but you're ... ve ... ry ... wick ... ed … (*Stephen Hero*, 188).

The realism here obviously looks towards *Dubliners* (though such a scene in *Dubliners* would probably have caused George Roberts to blow more than his "nose"[7]) but the scene is purely dramatic, with the narrator as the literal audience for the grim shadow puppetry. *Silhouettes* was never developed in itself but its legacy could be felt when, in 1900, Joyce began to write his 'epiphanies': moments of "sudden spiritual manifestation" that might appear "in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself" (188). Significantly, the epiphanies were manifested through the spoken as well as the written word, with "the vulgarity of speech or of gesture" suggesting a clear dramatic quality balancing the often more lyrical "memorable phase of the mind", and are often similar in tone to what Stanislaus remembers of the earlier prose sketches. Of the 40 that have survived – it seems there were at least 71 (*Poems and Shorter Writings* 272) –, 16 are of short dramatic dialogues; with the others being either monologues or prose poems. The dramatic seeds of *Silhouettes* combined with "the vulgarity of speech or of gesture" balancing the "memorable phase" in *Stephen Hero* and the epiphanies were to grow into *Dubliners*. Back in 1939, in *James Joyce: His First Forty Years*, Herbert S. Gorman argued that it was "very plain to see that [Joyce had] absorbed a deal of knowledge concerned with drama" (Gorman 103-4). He also noted, or was prompted to by the subject of his labours, "that Joyce could handle dramatic situations with a keen sense of affect. Certain of the scenes in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* proved this, as did some of the sketches in *Dubliners*" (Gorman 106).

In *A Portrait*, Gorman was presumably thinking of scenes such as the Christmas dinner (*A Portrait* 28-37) and the retreat sermons (100-103 and 108-114). In *Dubliners*, there is the clear flavour of music hall 'double act' banter at times in the dialogues between Lenehan and Corley in "Two Gallants" and even between Gallaher and Little Chandler in "A Little Cloud". Much of the "Grace" text at Tom Kernan's bedside (*Dubliners* 145-157)

works perfectly as dramatic dialogue and stage directions. Thinking along similar lines, at the Twelfth Annual Joyce Summer School in Trieste in 2008, Clare Hutton presented a dramatic reading, almost a staging, of "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" using male volunteers from the audience and the narrative as stage directions. The fact that Joyce wrote to Grant Richards, on 20th May 1906, that this was the story that pleased him most may owe something to its dramatic quality (*Selected Letters* 88).

Along with the 100th anniversary of the publication of *Dubliners*, 2014 marked the more modest 30th anniversary of Balloonatics Theatre Company**,** founded by the Irish actor and writer Paul O'Hanrahan and I in 1984, following Paul's award-winning adaptation of *Circe* (from *Ulysses*) at the 1983 Edinburgh Festival, in which I played Bloom. Joyce has often figured in our repertoire since, including *Nightfall* (1985) based on Book I of *Finnegans Wake* and various versions of *Cyclops* (again from *Ulysses*) between 1987 and 2006.

To celebrate both occasions, Balloonatics were invited by Culture Ireland to present dramatised readings of two stories from *Dubliners* on a whistle-stop tour of Portugal. "The Boarding House" and "Counterparts" share the theatrical qualities that run through *Dubliners*, presenting characters with a taste for the dramatic who, at times, and as we shall see below, seem to be performing their lives rather than living them. The stories were finished in Trieste during the "torrid" summer of 1905 and, although "The Boarding House" is set in breezy, early summer and "Counterparts" in February, Joyce wrote that "Many of the frigidities of [these stories] were written while the sweat streamed down my face onto the handkerchief which protected my collar" (*Selected Letters* 69). It seemed appropriate, therefore, to perform these texts in Lisbon, Oporto and Braga at the end of June, when the approaching summer heat might possibly reflect something of the atmosphere in which they were first conceived.[8]

The stories are studies of entrapment. In **"**The Boarding House", we meet Mr Bob Doran who is staying at Mrs. Mooney's boarding house for working men. Her daughter Polly sings to and flirts with the borders and, once it is discovered that he and Polly are having an affair, Mr. Doran has to face a situation in which he knows he has been manipulated but, nonetheless, feels honour bound to accept the consequences of his own indiscretion.

"Counterparts" presents us with an afternoon and evening in the life of Farrington. He hates his boss, his clerical job and, indeed, much of the rest of his life. After another frustrating day at work, his humiliation unexpectedly continues after drinking with his friends at various pubs. The story ends with the seething Farrington returning home to vent his anger on whichever member of his family is unfortunate enough to be within range: it happens to be his young son, Tom.

As I live in Lisbon and Paul is based in Dublin, the scripts were developed through numerous emails. Our project began life as a pair of fairly straight dramatised readings rather than adaptations or transpositions. However, as our short and intense rehearsal period in Lisbon went on, the 'he saids" and "she saids" etc., which we initially retained

in order to augment a deliberate distance, gradually disappeared, and we moved further away from the "reading" and closer to the "dramatised" aspect of our show.

Taking Joyce's motto of "scrupulous meanness" (*Selected Letters* 83) for the book to an extreme, our only theoretical approach was based on that famously conveyed by the opening line of Peter Brook's *The Empty Space*: "I can take any empty space and call it a bare stage. A man walks across this empty space whilst someone else is watching him, and this is all that is needed for an act of theatre to be engaged" (Brook 11). To this we added the desire to be as faithful as possible to the Joyce texts in the sense of cutting as little as possible, not creating any imagined events and making only minimal additions in terms of language. Our audience was coming for Joyce and Joyce was what we would give them.

So important to Joyce, as we have seen, the music hall and variety weave their way through both stories. The "floating population" of Mrs Mooney's house was "made up … occasionally, [of] artistes from the music halls". Although Polly would sing with them on a Sunday nights, Jack had once had occasion to threaten one of the artistes who "had made a rather free allusion to Polly" (*Dubliners* 56-7, 62). In "Counterparts", artistes are the source of Farrington's two major sources of frustration during his disastrous evening out: he believes he has missed a romantic opportunity with a young woman who was "out of the Tivoli"; and later loses "his reputation as a strong man" when arm wrestling with "Weathers who was performing at the Tivoli as an acrobat and knockabout artiste" (86-7).

The appearances of these professional performers brings into play the fact that all the major characters in both stories are either deliberately performing or are forced to perform certain roles. To take just the principal authority figures in the two stories: Mrs. Mooney plays the outraged mother, (although she doesn't need to play that role for long to get what she wants); and Mr. Alleyne attempts to put on a show of verbal fireworks for the benefit of Miss Delacour, before being almost unwittingly upstaged by Farrington's supposedly "felicitous moment": "I don't think, sir, …that that's a fair question to put to me" (83), a moment he later rehearses to himself, preparing to perform it to his friends.

We wanted to assert the idea of performance in the stories not merely by having our scripts in our hands (even though we didn't actually need them by the end of the rehearsal period), but by also being obviously being performers: people who, like the characters, were self-consciously presenting different roles. We made no use of costume changes and, whilst distinguishing the different characters vocally, tried to avoid falling into the trap of two-dimensional "funny" voices. All these people – male and female, adults and children – were to be played by two middle-aged men in white shirts and dark trousers, scripts in hand, standing on a bare stage bar a table and a couple of chairs: "scrupulous meanness" to the maximum! Although we knew this might inadvertently give the performances of female characters a sense of the grotesque, perhaps even a slight tang of the music hall impersonation, we worked hard to avoid stereotypes. The challenge was to tell both stories clearly through such deliberately meagre means, creating

the atmosphere of Mrs Mooney's establishment, which "was beginning to get a certain fame" (60); the oppressive office of Crosbie & Alleyne and the Dublin's dingy bars and drizzle-drenched streets?

To illustrate what our working process and the end result, let's look at a short passage from each story. The following passage from "The Boarding House" comes just after Mrs Mooney has talked to Polly and understood the situation between her daughter and Mr Doran:

> Mrs. Mooney glanced instinctively at the little gilt clock on the mantelpiece as soon as she had become aware through her revery that the bells of George's Church had stopped ringing. It was seventeen minutes past eleven: she would have lots of time to have the matter out with Mr. Doran and then catch short twelve at Marlborough Street. She was sure she would win. To begin with she had all the weight of social opinion on her side: she was an outraged mother. She had allowed him to live beneath her roof, assuming that he was a man of honour and he had simply abused her hospitality. He was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, so that youth could not be pleaded as his excuse; nor could ignorance be his excuse since he was a man who had seen something of the world. He had simply taken advantage of Polly's youth and inexperience: that was evident. The question was: What reparation would he make? There must be reparation made in such case. It is all very well for the man: he can go his ways as if nothing had happened, having had his moment of pleasure, but the girl has to bear the brunt. Some mothers would be content to patch up such an affair for a sum of money; she had known cases of it. But she would not do so. For her only one reparation could make up for the loss of her daughter's honour: marriage (58).

Here is our final version, as performed:

Actor M: Mrs. Mooney glanced instinctively at the little gilt clock on the mantelpiece as soon as she had become aware through her revery that the bells of George's Church had stopped ringing.

Actor P: It was seventeen minutes past eleven:

Actor M: She would have lots of time to have the matter out with Mr. Doran and then catch short twelve at Marlborough Street.

Actor P: She was sure she would win.

Actor M: To begin with she had all the weight of social opinion on her side: she was an outraged mother. She had allowed him to live beneath her roof, assuming that he was a man of honour, and he had simply abused her hospitality.

Actor P: He was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, so that youth could not be pleaded as his excuse;

Actor M: Nor could ignorance be his excuse since he was a man who had seen something of the world. He had simply taken advantage of Polly's youth and inexperience: that was evident.

Actor P: The question was: What reparation would he make?

Actor M: There must be reparation made in such cases.
Actor P: It is all very well for the man: he can go his ways as if nothing had happened, having had his moment of pleasure, but the girl has to bear the brunt.
Actor M: Some mothers would be content to patch up such an affair for a sum of money; she had known cases of it.
Actor P: But she would not do so.
Actor M: For her only one reparation could make up for the loss of her daughter's honour:
Actor P and Actor M: Marriage.

This lengthy piece of narrative in the original shows us Mrs Mooney is weighing up the situation but, even in her own mind she has an eye to the external as well as her genuine internal thoughts. She seems to switch between this public presentation and her private calculations: hence our division of the text. Actor M is the more public Mrs Mooney, making the socially accepted noises and, in a sense, rehearsing for the later meetings with friends and acquaintances she may share this story with. She is putting on a show even in her imagination of how she will present the situation. This is more for the external benefit of others, and was accordingly performed in a broader, more self-conscious manner. At the same time, however, there is the more internal Mrs Mooney who deals more sharply, more concisely with the facts and the solution. This includes her wanting to see Polly married and off her hands, probably more for economic than moral reasons. Earlier in the text, Mrs Mooney has seen "that the young men [Polly flirted with] were only passing the time away: none of them meant business. Things went on so for a long time and Mrs. Mooney began to think of sending Polly back to typewriting" (57). The actors finally speak in unison as the external and the internal sides of Mrs Mooney inevitably converge in the only publicly and privately acceptable solution: marriage.

Here is the opening passage of "Counterparts":

> The bell rang furiously and, when Miss Parker went to the tube, a furious voice called out in a piercing North of Ireland accent:
> – Send Farrington here!
> Miss Parker returned to her machine, saying to a man who was writing at a desk:
> – Mr. Alleyne wants you upstairs.
> The man muttered *Blast him!* under his breath and pushed back his chair to stand up. When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-coloured, with fair eyebrows and moustache: his eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty. He lifted up the counter and, passing by the clients, went out of the office with a heavy step. He went heavily upstairs until he came to the second landing, where a door bore a brass plate with the inscription Mr. Alleyne. Here he halted, puffing with labour and vexation, and knocked. The shrill voice cried:

– Come in! (78).

Here is our performed version:

Actor P: Farrington!

Actor M: The bell rang furiously.

Actor P: Farrington!

Actor M: And, when Miss Parker went to the tube, a furious voice called out in a piercing North of Ireland accent:

Actor P: – Send Farrington here!

Miss Parker returned to her machine, saying to a man who was writing at a desk:

– Mr. Alleyne wants you upstairs.

Actor M: The man muttered *Blast him!* under his breath and pushed back his chair to stand up. When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-coloured, with fair eyebrows and moustache: his eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty. He lifted up the counter and, passing by the clients, went out of the office with a heavy step. He went heavily upstairs until he came to the second landing, where a door bore a brass plate with the inscription Mr. Alleyne. Here he halted, puffing with labour and vexation, and knocked. The shrill voice cried:

Actor P: Come in!

Our "Counterparts" began, then, with the furiously ringing bell being conveyed by Mr. Alleyne's shouting for Farrington: a blurring of man and machine. This blurring, as if from Farrington's perspective, was underlined by the Farrington actor (M) being given the line which talks of "the tube" and Alleyne's "furious voice".

This initial swift interchanging of lines between the two actors then gave way to a lengthy passage of slow, deliberate sentences, describing Farrington and his seemingly endless journey along labyrinthine passageways to Alleyne's office. On the stage, Actor M (Farrington) was actually sitting quite close to Actor P (as Alleyene) but Farrington walks in the opposite direction going, if we imagine a clock face, from 3 to 6 to 9 to 12, rather than simply moving from 3 back to 12.

This movement was intended to give the idea not only of Farrington's foot-dragging reluctance – clearly implicit from the 'journey' of Joyce's drawn out sentences – but also his view of the whole office as being frustrating and ridiculous, as well as fixing Alleyne at the very centre of this pathetic universe; around whom the clerks, like petty satellites, conduct their futile orbit.

Having Farrington describe himself in such detail, delivered neutrally by the actor staring rather blankly out into the audience, both served to introduce the man's self-absorption and illustrate his inability to truly see himself by recognising what his "dark wine-coloured" face and his eyes which "bulged forward slightly" and whose "whites … were dirty" (78) might indicate about him.

In both "The Boarding House" and "Counterparts", there is a sense of the end of the story reflecting the beginning, though the reflection is seen in a "cracked" (*Ulysses* 6) rather than a "nicely polished looking-glass (*Selected Letters*, 90). This is, of course, clearly suggested by the title of the latter. The tale of Bob Dornan and Polly Mooney begins with the end of a disastrous marriage and ends with the beginning of another, as we are to learn later (*Ulysses* 391). "Counterparts" begins with a superior "furiously" berating an inferior and ends with a man savagely thrashing a boy. By way of conclusion, therefore, I would like to return to how this article began: Joyce and theatre.

In their recollections of his final days in Zurich, Paul Léon and Carola Giedion-Welcker provide an intriguing postscript to the story of theatrical Joyce. Léon finishes his account by lamenting, after Joyce's death, that there was a greater loss than realising he would never see him again. This was "because his indefatigable brain was about to give birth to something new … to a new confession … a new creation" (Potts 291). Giedion-Welcker was permitted, it seems, a glimpse of that "new creation". She tells us that when he died, he had two books on his table: one was Gogarty's *I follow St. Patrick*; and the other, a Greek dictionary. The Greeks' struggle for freedom against the Italians in the Second World War impressed Joyce, and it thus appears that the Hellenic theme had returned in another form. Giedion-Welcker tells us that, on one of the last occasions she was with him, "I saw [he] had a notebook and I asked, 'Are you going to work on something? … He said, 'Yes, the Greek Revolution. I would like to write a drama on the revolution of the modern Greeks'" (279). What became of that notebook, one wonders? As if in "a commodius vicus of recirculation" (*Finnegans Wake* 3), the word in the end, as in the beginning, might well have been 'theatre' too.

Notes

1 *Dubliners,* p. 85.

2 All that has survived are the following seven lines: "In the soft nightfall / Hear thy lover call, / Hearken the guitar!" / Lady, lady fair / Snatch a cloak in haste, / Let thy lover taste / The sweetness of thy hair" (*Poems and Shorter Writings,* 86).

3 In "Circe", Ellen Bloom as Widow Twankey (569), the Bohee brothers (573) and Virag (629-634) immediately spring to mind. In the *Wake* we have, for example, the music hall-stamped routines of Jute and Mutt (16-18) and "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies" (219-222)

4 The student Joyce had a brief flurry of theoretical writing between 1900 and 1901 (see "Drama and Life", "Ibsen's New Drama" and "The Day of the Rabblement" in *Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing*). After which, he never published any theory (at least in his own name) again.

5 Perhaps this "triviality" later took on a greater significance for Joyce and may well have been a factor in his deciding to house Bloom in the same street.

6 The setting for the *Silhouettes* sketches was "a row of mean little houses along which the narrator passes after nightfall" (*My Brother's Keeper*, 104).

7 "Gas from a Burner", in *Poems and Shorter Writings,* 103, l. 28.

8 Balloonatics would like to take this opportunity to thank not only Sien Deltour at Culture Ireland for her wonderful efficiency and enthusiasm, but also Dr. Teresa Casal at the University of

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Anthropological Joyce: Dubliners, Van Gennep and Liminality

Benoît Tadié

Abstract: *This article considers, in a first part, the epistemological congruence between Joyce's writing and the practices of the major anthropologists of his time. In a second part, it explores more specifically the twin concepts of "liminality" and "rites of passage", as elaborated by Arnold Van Gennep at the beginning of the 20th century, arguing that they are embodied in similar ways in* Dubliners *and, in particular, in "An Encounter". This comparison sheds light on the role of "magic circles" and "special languages" (Van Gennep) that, together with moments of sacred exposure, interstitial trespassing, linguistic decentering and other forms of liminal experience, are central to* Dubliners *as well as to Joyce's later work.*

Keywords: *James Joyce; anthropology; rites of passage; liminality;* Dubliners.

According to Maria Jolas, Joyce once met James Frazer, the author of *The Golden Bough*, at the British Institute in Paris. The renowned anthropologist asked Joyce his name:

> 'Joyce, James Joyce', was the reply.
> 'And what do you do?' Sir James asked politely.
> 'I write', said Joyce.[1]

This rather curt reply might be taken as symbolic of the gap often posited between literary and anthropological discourses. It brings to mind Roland Barthes's distinction between the "author" and the "writer". For an author, Barthes argues, "to write" is an *intransitive* verb and the object of writing is the production of a text. As opposed to this, "For a writer, to write is a transitive verb – he writes *something*." Barthes's distinction is recalled at the outset of Clifford Geertz's study *Works and Lives: The Anthropologist as Author*, in which Geertz shows that problems of style and authorship have beset twentieth-century anthropology in no small way.[2] The power of great anthropologists such as Malinowski or Lévi-Strauss, as he argues in this study, has largely been linked to their capacity of "signing their texts" and of building what he calls "theaters of language" in which their followers have placed their own work (Geertz 18-20). Lévi-Strauss's

entry into the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade in 2008, on his 100th birthday, might be taken as a formal, if belated, recognition of this literary dimension. And as anthropology, we now realize, becomes increasingly defined as a literary practice, so Joycean *écriture* is, I would like to argue, increasingly recognized as largely anthropological.

What marks it as such is, in the first place, the peculiar nature of Joyce's project. The anthropologist, at least in his twentieth-century incarnations, tends to view society as an organized whole, where individuals exist in connection with one another, where they are, in fact, constructed out of the roles which they endorse within a social totality. This idea of totality is particularly important. In the preface to his *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, a work which holds in the field of anthropology a place similar to Joyce's *Ulysses* in twentieth-century fiction (and was published the same year, 1922), Malinowski (who was Joyce's almost exact contemporary) writes that:

> One of the first conditions of acceptable Ethnographic work certainly is that it should deal with the totality of all social, cultural and psychological aspects of the community, for they are so interwoven that not one can be understood without taking into consideration all the others.[3]

This social totality is perceived both from inside, since the anthropologist must put himself in the place of the "natives" he observes, and from outside, since he must gather his data and infer from them the laws of which they are themselves unconscious. Quoting Malinowski, again:

> The natives obey the commands of the tribal code, but they do not comprehend them; exactly as they obey their instincts and their impulses, but could not lay down a single law of psychology.[4]

This is anthropology in 1922, when you could be blunt about such things, but though a good deal of cognitive doubt and postcolonial guilt has burdened the anthropologist's conscience since then, his epistemological situation may be defined in roughly the same terms today. The discipline is still characterized, in Geertz's words, by "the gap between engaging others where they are and representing them where they aren't" – a gap which also conditions the anthropologist's life, which Geertz sums up as "a few years, now and again, scuffling about with cattle herders and yam gardeners, a lifetime lecturing to classes and arguing with colleagues." (Geertz 130)

The separation between the scene of investigation and that of reception also marks Joyce's literary output. His writing posture, as has often been noted, was largely created by his self-inflicted exile from Ireland, which enabled him to be both "in" and "out": part of the island, but also of "the world", a world defined largely by its being outside Ireland, and to which, as he wrote in 1904 in an oft-quoted letter to his brother Stanislaus, he wanted to "give" Dublin.[5] This project chimes, in a sense, with Malinowski's, who,

upon meeting the Trobriand islanders in 1914, wrote in his diary: "Eureka! [...] Feeling of ownership: It is I who will describe them. [I who will] create them."[6]

Though Eastern New Guinea is geographically and culturally more distant from London or Paris than Dublin, Joyce's literary production is also marked by a dichotomy between the "here" of writing (and/or reception) and the "there" of observation. The "here" is constituted by European cosmopolitan culture, a historical theatre which is memorably recalled on the book's two thresholds: in the title which, like Malinowski's *Argonauts*, translates insular reality into the continental cultural language of Greek myth. And on the bottom of the last page: "Trieste-Zurich-Paris 1914-1921".

These years, 1914-1921, contrast heavily with the panoramic picture of the Bloomsday scene, emphasizing the temporal distinction between the time of writing, which is consubstantial with war-torn "world" history, and the time written about, which appears by contrast as an enclave immune to historical pressure.[7] Again, Malinowski comes to mind because, though he conducted the field research for *Argonauts* and other works between the years 1914 and 1918, he evacuated all topical reference to these years from his work, freezing the society under investigation into non-historical timelessness. Like other great anthropologists of his generation[8], he did not conceive the inevitable evolution of the societies he observed, and their acculturation through Western contact, except as a tragic kind of decay that would damage their crystal purity and endanger their very existence. This was, for him, something in the nature of a scientific postulate, since to recognize that enclave cultures are subject to hybridization would have created a breach in the social system he set out to describe, whose perfect closure, and closed perfection, was embodied in the ritualized trade in shell necklaces known as the Kula ring.

Joyce's Dublin, like Malinowski's Trobriand society, is thus defined less by the historical forces which remodel it than by its insularity and by the circularity of its indigenous practices, ceremonies, rituals and other forms of interaction within a cultural totality. Which may in part explain the interesting justaxposition of Greek myths in Malinowski's and Joyce's classical titles of 1922: like the Odyssey, the Argonauts' sea voyage suggests circularity, Bloom's peregrinations in Dublin answering the Kula ring which Malinowski studied.

* * *

Having thus outlined my general hypothesis, that of a loose discursive synchronization between Joyce's practices and the evolving framework of anthropological discourse in his time, I will now, as an illustration, narrow my focus and examine the emergence of a specific concept in social anthropology, that of liminality, comparing its scientific elaboration by anthropologists with what I propose to read as its simultaneous literary elaboration by Joyce in *Dubliners*. Leaving aside 1922, *Ulysses* and the *Argonauts*, I will come back to pre-war years, before world strife divided European countries from one another, rendering increasingly problematic the cosmopolitan affiliations on which the modernist generation was nurtured.

The notion of liminality is central to the concept of rites of passage, a concept that was first formulated one hundred years ago by Arnold Van Gennep in his book *Les Rites de passage*, and later elaborated by British anthropologists such as Victor Turner and Edmund Leach. Van Gennep defined rites of passage as the symbolic acts or ceremonies which accompany an individual's change "from one age to another and from one occupation to another".[9] These rites, he said, involve three stages: the preliminal stage of separation from a former state or group, the liminal (or threshold) stage of transition, and the post-liminal stage of incorporation into a new state or group (Van Gennep 21).

Van Gennep's cosmopolitan life – a life spent crossing physical, intellectual and linguistic borders – may help to understand the nature of his system. Born Arnold Kurr-Van Gennep at Ludwisburg, in Würtemberg, in 1873, of a father of French origin and a Dutch mother, he moved to France in his childhood and, in the course of a varied career, was trained in Egyptology and Arabic, taught in Poland and Switzerland, became a specialist in Slavic languages, worked for the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs and, just before the war, in June 1914, organized at the University of Neuchâtel, where he was then employed, an international congress of ethnology and ethnography. Like Malinowski, the wandering Pole, like the trilingual Eugene Jolas and Yvan Goll, like the German-born Franz Boas or the Lithuanian-born Edward Sapir, Van Gennep was one of the prototypical "men of Babel", who came to cultural prominence in a pre-War period when social and national boundaries seemed to dematerialize under Western eyes (only to be later recreated with a vengeance, alas). Any page of Van Gennep's book testifies to his dizzying linguistic and cultural facility, with footnotes referring to scholarship in German, Dutch, English, French, Italian or Russian, all cited in the original, materializing the cosmopolitan *epistemè* he was writing out of and writing himself into (Van Gennep 16-17).

Van Gennep's work must be placed both within a context of international academic affiliations and within a period when scientific positivism and secularization seemed to invade every compartment of European public life. Like the work of Renan or Marcel Mauss, his focus on magic rites of passage in what he called "semicivilized" societies provides us with an inverted image of the lifting of boundaries and evaporation of sacredness which, according to him, affected every area of European public life at the time. He clearly presented this double opposition at the beginning of his book:

> As we move downward on the scale of civilizations (taking the term "civilization" in the broadest sense), we cannot fail to note an ever-increasing domination of the secular by the sacred. We see that in the least advanced cultures the holy enters nearly every phase of a man's life. (Van Gennep 2)

> Except in the few countries where a passport is still in use, a person in these days may pass freely from one civilized region to another. The frontier, an imaginary line connecting milestones or stakes, is visible – in an exaggerated fashion – only on maps. (Van Gennep 15)

Van Gennep's project can thus be seen as a negative image of his own society projected into anthropological discourse. Because modern history dissolved boundary lines in "civilized" society (a process which defined it as civilized and, by contrast, defines ours as not), so Western anthropology would emphasize the epistemological exoticism of more traditional groups tied up by intricate hierarchies, surrounded by invisible borders, for whom no displacement (territorial, temporal, social) was possible without venturing into dangerous interstitial spaces and performing a complex series of magic rites and ceremonies. In a similar way, the Chicago school of urban anthropology would also discover and investigate, at the beginning of the 20th century, the dangerous interstices of the city, for example in Frederic Thrasher's classic studies of Chicago gangs.[10]

This is also the feeling that obtains in Joyce's collection. The kind of human experience he describes embodies a strong sense of liminality, suggested for example by the various stages of life which articulate the structure of *Dubliners* or the ritual occasions which lie in the background (or in the foreground) of several stories, from Samhain in "Clay" to the annual dinner in "The Dead". It also comes out in the several magic journeys which take individual characters past invisible signposts, leading to moments of disorientation that are both climactic (because they come at the end of the journey) and anticlimactic (because they are disorienting): thus in "An Encounter" (to which I will return shortly), "Araby", and "Clay". And, again, in "The Dead", when Gabriel, in what is both a liminal moment and a liminal situation, enters into communication with the world of shadows inhabited by Michael Furey:

> The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined that he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead.[11]

Moments of sacred exposure, trespassing, entering forbidden regions are, to my mind, the central moments in the collection, though they are sometimes so subdued or ironically-displaced as to be almost invisible. The unexpected and sudden emergence of a liminal realm into which the protagonist seems to stumble by accident results in a powerful effect of ambiguity and disorientation. This is particularly visible in a story like "An Encounter", where the two boys' journey is marked by a succession of landmarks and crossings, suggesting that what is taking place is a preliminal phase of separation from familiar territory and the group: "School and home seemed to recede from us and their influences upon us seemed to wane." (*D* 15). This signals an entry into dangerous grounds where familiar protections are no longer active, and prepares the scene for the disquieting apparition of the liminal "queer old josser" as an ambiguous master of ceremonies, an initiator into the mysteries of sexuality. This character, whose very name is suggestive of a world of pagan ritual – "josser" is glossed by Don Gifford as pidgin English for the worshiper of a joss (a god)[12] –, is marked by the ambivalent traits which

define the anthropological notion of sacredness, in which the idea of supernatural power is indistinguishable from that of impurity.[13]

We thus have, in this story, an anthropological experience whereby the two boys, in particular the narrator, become liminal personae, creatures of the threshold. They conform to Victor Turner's definition of such persons who, he says, "elude or slip through the network of classifications that normally locate states and positions in cultural space." Turner further describes the experience of "liminal entities, such as neophytes in initiation or puberty rites," in terms recalling Joyce's story: "Their behavior is normally passive or humble; they must obey their instructors implicitly, and accept arbitrary punishment without complaint."[14] Sexual license and ritual punishment, which feature prominently in initiation rituals, are to be found in the pervert's offstage gratification (the liminal nature of which is metaphorized by its being elided from the narrative) and in his verbal focus on whipping. Once the initiation is over, the boy returns to the fold, feeling "penitent" (*D* 20). This last sentence can be seen as a moment of reincorporation into the fold, as he leaves the peripheral pagan world and reenters the orbit of christianity and mundane relationships.[15]

Thus the story articulates the three phases of a rite of passage: separation, transition and reaggregation. It mirrors in a fully-developed form the story of Joe Dillon which also goes, in an accelerated way, through the same three stages: a preliminal phase of separation (the introduction of the "Wild West" in school life), a liminal one of transition (when he acts as Indian chief) and a postliminal reaggregation to the fold, when he is discovered to have "a vocation for the priesthood" (*D* 11).

3. This brief discussion of liminality in *Dubliners* cannot be complete without taking into account the linguistic dimension of the experience. Thus, Joe Dillon, at the height of his career as an Indian chief, utters his war cry: "Ya! yaka, yaka, yaka!" (*D* 11), the only words of his to be directly represented in the story. Thus, Eveline's dying mother utters a strange cry, "Derevaun Seraun!" (*D* 33), which are also the only words of hers represented in the story. Such linguistic decentering, which affects mostly women and children at critical moments, is consistent with Van Gennep's theory, which also posits that language is an essential marker of social dissociation. Transitional moments and/or peripheral social groups are, he argues, characterized by the emergence of what he called "special languages":

> During most of the ceremonies which have been discussed and especially during the transition periods, a special language is employed which in some cases includes an entire vocabulary unknown or unusual in society as a whole, and in others consists simply of a prohibition against using certain words in the common tongue. There are languages for women, for initiates, for blacksmiths, for priests (liturgical language), etc. This phenomenon should be considered of the same order as the change of dress, mutilations, and special foods (dietary taboos), i.e., as a perfectly normal differentiating procedure. (Van Gennep 169)

Language's power to differentiate people from one another is particularly important in the opening stories of *Dubliners*. To continue with the text of "An Encounter", we may note that the children's language, as illustrated for example by Mahony's expressions, first appears to the reader as something of a distant and private code. As the narrator tells us, "Mahony used slang freely, and spoke of Father Butler as Bunsen Burner." (*D* 14) But as the story moves on, the tables are turned on the reader and it is the "queer old josser"'s expression that will predominantly come to be perceived as strange. The narrator now underlines the "queerness" of his linguistic performance, suggesting that, though the words used are commonsensical enough, they are the object of a perverse reappropriation: "In my heart I thought that what he said about boys and sweethearts was reasonable. But I disliked the words in his mouth [....]." (*D* 17-18) The sense of linguistic defamiliarization grows as the initatiory aspect of the man's discourse is underlined: "sometimes he lowered his voice and spoke mysteriously as if he were telling us something secret which he did not want others to overhear. He repeated his phrases over and over again [....]." (*D* 18).

The reader therefore undergoes a shift in linguistic perspective, first perceiving the boys' slangy language as peripheral, then adopting the boys' perspective and viewing the pervert's discourse as eccentric and sacred. The different characters' liminal positions with respect to one another and to mainstream society are thus not only marked, but created, by linguistic difference. What we have here is an experience of switching linguistic coordinates corresponding to what Van Gennep calls "the pivoting of sacredness":

> Sacredness as an attribute is not absolute; it is brought into play by the nature of particular situations. A man at home, in his tribe, lives in a secular realm; he moves into the realm of the sacred when he goes on a journey. A Brahman belongs to the sacred world by birth; but within that world there is a hierarchy of Brahman families some of whom are sacred in relation to others. [...] Thus the "magic circles" pivot, shifting as a person moves from one place in society to another. The categories and concepts which embody them operate in such a way that whoever passes through the various positions of a lifetime one day sees the sacred where before he has seen the profane, or vice versa. (Van Gennep 12-13)

This is the kind of experience which, I think, lies at the bottom of *Dubliners*, a work which set Joyce on a lifelong exploration of such shifting "magic circles". These would, in later works, continue to grow and change positions, but without losing their anthropological character of liminality, as experienced by special groups or subjects within a social totality.

The effect of such devices is not – or not only – to suggest that Dublin is a society beset by superstition or with a repressed folkloric unconscious, but rather that it is a society criss-crossed by all sorts of invisible borders which only become apparent

when they are encroached upon. Joycean man, like Malinowskian man[16], indulges in evasions tangential to the social order of which he is a component and, in so doing, reveals the social organization of the whole, its complex and unwritten pattern of rules and prohibitions.

There is no doubt, however, that the "pull" of the society is regressive and centripetal, so that the experience of growing up becomes equated with the recognition of the invisible frontiers and red lines which turn the Dublin world into a prison. This, in "An Encounter", is also marked by a subtle shift in cultural backgrounds: the first half focuses strongly on the realm of mass market romance (*Pluck*, *The Halfpenny Marvel* and "American stories") which is characterized as modern media, erupting (in the first sentence of the story) into the hitherto-innocent (of the wild West, at least) lives of the schoolboys, disrupting the humdrum routine of the Catholic School and soon censored (and censured) out of the classroom by Father Butler. By trying to reproduce, at least to some extent, the supposed "real adventures" evoked in such publications, the two boys unwittingly turn their backs on modernity and embark on a journey "abroad" (*D* 12) which is also one of cultural retrogression, whereby they leave not only the world of the school and city life, but also modern mass culture to stumble upon an eerie resurgence of a folk environment. The initiation of the boys is thus, ironically, very much an initiation back into a repressed and morbid cultural realm, the impulse to go "abroad" being ironically translated into an experience of the buried cultural customs of the group.

This may perhaps explain why the Dubliners of the volume, who all seem so peripheral to the group (in the sense that their common dream seems to be to escape from Dublin), are also profoundly symbolic of it, since their behaviour – and particularly, as we have seen, their linguistic behaviour – makes visible the collective order which invisibly governs their lives. And that, too, is the object of anthropology.

Notes

1 Maria Jolas, '"I Write', Said Joyce', in M. Jolas and Jacques Aubert, ed., *Joyce and Paris 1902... 1920-1940...1975* (Paris: Université de Lille III/CNRS, 1979): 9.

2 See Clifford Geertz, *Works and Lives: The Anthropologist as Author*. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1988. 18-20. Hereafter abbreviated as *G*.

3 Bronislaw Malinowski, *Argonauts of the Western Pacific* (1922). New York: Dutton, 1953. xvi. The anthropological desire to grasp a society's functioning as a complete system was developed simultaneously by Marcel Mauss in his *Essai sur le don* [*The Gift*] (1923-1924), which revolves around the notion of the "fait social total". For a discussion of this notion, see Claude Lévi-Strauss, "Introduction" in Marcel Mauss, *Sociologie et Anthropologie* (1950) Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, coll. «Quadrige», 1993. XXIV ff.

4 *Ibid* 11.

5 Joyce, letter to Stanislaus Joyce, 19 November 1904, *Letters* vol. 2, ed. Richard Ellmann. London: Faber, 1966. 111.

6 Quoted in Geertz, *Works and Lives* (133). The verb "create" and the demiurgic posture recall Stephen's claim at the end of *Portrait*: "I go [...] to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race". James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as A Young Man* (1914-1915) London: Penguin, 1993.

7 See the way in which Malinowski vividly contrasts the scene he writes from and that which he writes *about*: the former characterized by historical strife between nations, the latter representing the last examples of isolated and complete social systems (*Argonauts* 518).

8 Such as W.H.R. Rivers, the editor of *Essays on the Depopulation of Melanesia* (1922), which so influenced T. S. Eliot; Alfred Reginald Radcliffe-Brown, whose great work, *The Andaman Islanders*, also appeared in 1922; or again Lévi-Strauss in Tristes tropiques (1955).

9 Arnold Van Gennep, *The Rites of Passage* (1909), translated by Monika B. Vizedom and Gabrielle L. Caffee. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1960. 3. Hereafter abbreviated as RP.

10 "Probably the most significant concept of the study is the term *interstitial* – that is, pertaining to spaces that intervene between one thing and another. In nature foreign matter tends to collect and cake in every crack, crevice and cranny – interstices. There are also fissures and breaks in the structure of social organization. The gang may be regarded as an interstitial element in the framework of society, and gangland as an interstitial region in the layout of the city." Frederic Thrasher, *The Gang: A Study of 1,313 Gangs in Chicago* (1927); Chicago, Chicago UP, 1936. 22-23.

11 James Joyce, *Dubliners*, ed. Terence Brown. London: Penguin 1992. 224. Hereafter abbreviated as *D*.

12 Don Gifford, *Joyce Annotated: Notes to* Dubliners *and* A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, 2nd edition. Berkeley/Los Angeles/London: University of California Press, 1982. 40.

13 See Arnold Van Gennep, "Linguistique et anthropologie, II: Essai d'une théorie des langues spéciales", *Revue des études ethnographiques et sociologiques*, juin-juillet1908. 329.

14 Victor Turner, *The Ritual Process: Structure and Anti-Structure*. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1969. 95.

15 As Van Gennep writes: "the penitent was considered a Christian who had lost his initiation and was striving to recover it" (RP 96).

16 Thus Malinowski writes of the "savage" that "his observance of the rules of law under normal conditions, when it is followed and not defied, is at best partial, conditional, and subject to evasions; [...] it is not enforced by any wholesale motive like fear of punishment, or a general submission to all tradition, but by very complex psychological and social inducements". *Crime and Custom in Savage Society*. London: Kegan Paul Trench, Trubner and Co, 1926. 15.

Interview with a Dubliners *Translator: Benoît Tadié*

Vitor Alevato do Amaral

Abstract: *This interview with Benoît Tadié, one of the French translators of James Joyce's* Dubliners *(1914), took place via e-mail. It is embedded in a rich exchange of messages that began in 2011 and continues to the present day. The original aim of the interviewer was only to acquire information for his doctoral work on retranslations of* Dubliners*, finished in 2013. However, it became clear that Tadié's answers deserved to be published.*

Keywords: *Benoît Tadié; James Joyce;* Dubliners*; Gens de Dublin; Translation; Retranslation.*

We are celebrating 100 year of *Dubliners* (1914-2014). It could have been a hundred and a few more had Joyce not struggled so hard with publishers and at least one printer before he saw his book published... but it would not be the *Dubliners* we know. "A Curious History" (1913) is Joyce's own account of his misfortunes in trying to get *Dubliners* printed. From it, we learn that even the King of England should be bothered when it came to defending the book. The interval between December 3, 1905 – when Joyce delivered *Dubliners* for publication for the first time, with only twelve stories – and June 15, 1914 – when the book was finally published in England by Grant Richards – gave Joyce time to make revisions and add three narratives to the collection: "Two Gallants", "A Little Cloud", and what would become his most famous short story, "The Dead".

Benoît Tadié is one of the several translators who has accepted the challenge of rendering Joyce's fifteen short stories (as if more were needed to make of him one of the greatest short-story writers ever) into another language. It is worthy to note that Marie Tadié, his grandmother, had translated the three volumes of Joyce's *Letters* (1961, 1973, 1981) and his *Selected Letters* (1986). Published in 1994 by GF-Flammarion under the title *Gens de Dublin*, Tadié's is the third full translation of *Dubliners* in French, following Yva Fernandez, Hélène du Pasquier and Jacques-Paul Reynaud's (1926) and Jacques Aubert's (1974). The present interview helps to understand Tadié's translation process and views about literary translation.

Originally in French, the questions were sent to Tadié by e-mail on February 6, 2012, and the answers arrived on March 12, except for questions 7 (answered in a

message exchanged on July 9, 2011) and 12 (added to the interview on March 14 and answered on April 15). Square brackets indicate additions made by the interviewer.

Vitor Alevato do Amaral: How did translation enter your life?

Benoît Tadié: I had a grandmother who was a translator (from the English), Marie Tadié, and who, by the way, had translated Joyce's texts (mainly part of his letters), but also Henry James, and other major – and not so much so – Anglophone writers. At the end of her life, when I was an adolescent, I had helped her with the notes for Richard Ellmann's biography of James Joyce, whose second edition she translated for Gallimard. My second experience, some years later, was translating *Dubliners*, commissioned by the publisher of GF [Garnier-Flammarion] at the time (see question 3). But I have not translated much since then. Instead, I prefer to teach or to study literature.

VAA: In today's France (or in the francophone world), what is the importance of *Dubliners* in relation to other Joyce's works?

BT: *Dubliners* is still considered by the majority of the readers as a youthful work, minor when compared to *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake* or even *A Portrait*. However, more and more specialists on Joyce have regarded it (and they are right) as a major work, very accomplished and very "mature", without the flaws that one often associates to a "youthful work".

VAA: Why did you translate *Dubliners*?

BT: I translated it when I was still a student, fairly young, commissioned by the publisher of GF, whom I knew and who wanted to publish a book by Joyce at a certain time (1992) when he was about to pass into public domain and when its rival, Gallimard, would lose the exclusive rights on the French translations. After that, Joyce went out of public domain again until 2011, due to a change in copyright law. As I was simultaneously writing a thesis about Anglo-American modernism, it was an opportunity to work very close on *Dubliners*, and it consequently found its space in my thesis.

VAA: What were your major difficulties?

BT: I found difficulty in vocabulary, related to the context and Irish uses of the time as well as to the different language registers and word rhythms; there was a certain number of typically Joycean enigmatic turns of phrase that, after twenty years, I do not think I have quite understood. For instance, the formulation "awakened one of my consciences" (from "Araby", I think). There is also the narrator's way of reproducing, nearly invisibly, the clichés that correspond to the way of thinking or speaking of the

character whose point of view is presented to the readers (what Hugh Kenner calls "the Uncle Charles principle" [see *Joyce's Voices*]). It is important to try to make the irony emerge again, but in a way that it does not sound too obvious. In short, the main difficulty was to find the nuances and reproduce the ambiguities and the polysemy of a very ambiguous and polysemous text.

VAA: Did you read or consult other translations of *Dubliners*? Which ones?

BT: I happened to take a look at Jacques Aubert's (Pléiade) to see how he had translated certain passages. But I would do it after translating the stories myself, to avoid being influenced.

VAA: In what aspects is your translation different from those of 1926 and 1974?

BT: I have not read the 1926 translation. As for Aubert's, I have not but looked at certain passages. It seems to me that, concerning my own translation, my *parti pris* was to achieve the highest possible level of fidelity to the text in English, mainly in terms of punctuation, for instance, even when the result was some strange formulation in French. But I was more interested in producing utterances that sounded a little bizarre in French than "normalizing" the text. I think that the utterances of *Dubliners* are a little strange even in English, a little distant from the average English found in the realistic texts of that time.

VAA: Why did you chose the same title used in 1926 (*Gens de Dublin*) instead of *Dublinois*, used by Jacques Aubert in 1974?

BT: I have chosen *Gens de Dublin* for different reasons: (1) phonetically, it "passes" better than "Dublinois", correct but rare in French; (2) it was the title under which the stories had been known in France since the 20s, so I accommodated to an old use. However, I think Aubert is also right in choosing "Dublinois", unarguably more faithful. As his translation came not so long before mine, my choice was also a way of differentiating one work from the other and offering the readers the two possibilities.

VAA: What does it mean to retranslate?

BT: To me, there is no difference between translate and retranslate, inasmuch as I avoid consulting previous translations in order to avoid becoming dependent on them.

VAA: From your perspective, what are the differences and similarities between translating and creating?

BT: A translation is an interpretation of an existing work, thus a kind of secondary creation, similar to that of a musical interpreter in relation to the work of a composer. I think that some translations are real creations (those by Ezra Pound, for example), but they are rare. A translation can be a creation if it aims not only at faithfully transposing a given text into another language but also at changing the way one writes in that "other language", which was the case of some of Ezra Pound's translations such as "The Seafarer" – translated from Anglo-Saxon to Modern English – or "Homage to Sextus Propertius", translated from Latin with so much liberty taken in relation to the original that it made the critics of those days howl!

VAA: Edith Grossman, translator of *Don Quijote* in English, asks the following question: "what exactly am I writing when I write a translation"? How would you answer this question?

BT: I could practically repeat my last answer. I try to faithfully transpose the text into another language, but (and there is where the work of the translator as a writer can be expressed in a nearly subliminal way). I also try to shake a little the way one writes in French. That said, it is a work that generally passes unnoticed by the reader, that exists most of all to satisfy the translator...

VAA: If you had the opportunity to revise your translation of *Dubliners*, what would you modify?

BT: I don't know, honestly, for I have hardly ever opened it (even though I continued to work a lot on the text in English for my courses and articles).

VAA: May I ask you a complementary question? You answered that to translate and to retranslate are the same, so I ask you if you think like Antoine Berman, an author to whom "it is enough that [the translators] know – even when they only hear about it – that the source text has already been translated somewhere for the nature of their work to change. They are not the 'first'"?

BT: Absolutely, the fact of knowing that a previous translation exists modifies the translator's work, not so much from a technical perspective, but in the frame of the project itself. I think that a first translation, concerned about introducing a new author or text to the target language, will be naturally more "conservative", whereas a second translator can be freer to experiment in the target language. I proceeded that way. Knowing that a good translation of *Dubliners* by Jacques Aubert already existed allowed me to take many risks in mine; in the end it was more liberating than restrictive.

Música, Joyce e Dublinenses – *Texto e Filme*

Magda Velloso Fernandes de Tolentino

Abstract: *"Songs, Joyce and* Dubliners *– Text and Film" This paper tries to show how music is so ingrained in Irish culture that it is present not only in the everyday life of the people but also in literary manifestations. In James Joyce's* Dubliners *we can see in several of the short stories of the collection the use of songs and their words as complementary to the plot itself. Presenting some of the examples from the collection, this paper is a good way for beginners to get acquainted with this very important work. By dealing with the original text by Joyce and with the film version made by John Huston we put together two important semiotic representations which increase the value of both.*

Keywords: Dubliners; *John Huston's films; music.*

Não é por acaso que a harpa é um dos ícones representativos da Irlanda – a música está impregnada na cultura nacional, de ontem e de hoje.

O turista que se encontre em qualquer região da Irlanda vai ser assaltado com convites para saraus musicais, pubs com música ao vivo, programas musicais com ou sem demonstração de danças, onde duplas ou trios se apresentam tocando e cantando canções tradicionais que todo mundo conhece.

O programa do Pub Crawl, que acontece todas as noites a partir do Gogarty St. John Pub no Temple Bar, no centro boêmio de Dublin, é um testemunho dessa tradição – reúne-se um grupo que sai a pé acompanhando uma dupla de músicos que param em diversos bares na rota boêmia, em que cantam enquanto o grupo bebe geralmente uma "pint" de Guinness em cada uma das paradas.

Essa simbiose do povo irlandês com a música vem de longe – durante os duros anos dos séculos XVIII e XIX em que o poder imperial se impunha por meio de repressão violenta e leis duríssimas, a música foi um instrumento não só de lamento e de contação de histórias, mas de divulgação das ideias nacionalistas que em última instância incitaram o povo irlandês a se revoltar contra o regime imperial e a eventualmente levar a Irlanda à sua independência política.

As manifestações literárias não ficaram imunes a essa grande influência, e James Joyce, que tinha boa voz e certa vez chegou a entrar em um concurso para tenores (sempre tivera boa voz e nessa ocasião chegou a tomar lições de música com famosos professores

de Dublin [Ellmann 151-2]), não desprezaria esse traço nacional na composição de sua coletânea de contos *Dublinenses*.. De uma forma ligeira, pretende-se aqui examinar algumas instâncias do uso das canções irlandesas nessa obra, estendendo nosso estudo para a versão cinematográfica do filme baseado no último conto da coletânea, "Os Mortos". Nesse estudo, vamos perceber que as músicas citadas nos textos de Joyce não são apenas uma quebra de seriedade ou um tributo à musica do país, mas parte da significação de cada momento em que aparecem. As canções complementam uma ideia, completam o desenho de uma personagem, dão significado a aspectos de cada história.

O primeiro conto em que gostaria de enfatizar o papel da canção popular é "Argila"[1], que faz parte do agrupamento de contos adultos – conta uma tarde na véspera de Halloween[2] quando Maria, uma solteirona que tira folga da lavanderia onde trabalha, vai visitar a família de Joe no subúrbio de Dublin. Não fica claro no texto qual o relacionamento deles, mas Maria havia cuidado de Joe e de seu irmão Alphy e sempre escutara do primeiro: "Mamãe é Mamãe, mas Maria é minha mãe de fato", o que mostra um relacionamento próximo que remonta aos tempos de criança de Joe.

Maria planeja cada momento de sua noite com eles, sempre com a expectativa de um encontro agradável. O conto se demora na descrição do deslocamento de Maria desde a lavanderia até a casa de Joe, mostrando a cada momento como ela é sozinha, envelhecida, facilmente constrangida, como quando um senhor (que provavelmente já havia tomado alguns copos em algum bar), lhe dá o lugar no bonde e fica trocando comentários com ela – o que a faz corar de vergonha e provavelmente esquecer no banco um dos pacotes que havia comprado na padaria; a descrição inclui o tanto que o encontro daquela tarde significa para ela. Ao chegar, é saudada por todos com um "Maria chegou!". Vem o lanche, conversas de família, a dona da casa toca piano para as crianças, e passam à brincadeira da "escolha cega": cobrem os olhos de Maria e a levam à mesa para que ela escolhesse um objeto. Após sacudir a mão no ar por cima dos pires sobre a mesa, ela baixa os dedos e escolhe um deles – aperta uma substância mole e úmida, e se admira de ninguém falar nada nem tirar-lhe a venda dos olhos, e num momento escuta sussurros e barulho de pés se mexendo, após o que alguém fala algo sobre o jardim, e a esposa de Joe se zanga com uma das jovens que haviam chegado, exortando-a a tirar "aquilo" da mesa imediatamente. Maria compreendeu que havia escolhido algo errado e tentou de novo, desta vez pegando o livro de orações.

Mais música ao piano; Joe convence Maria a tomar um cálice de vinho e lhe pede para cantar alguma coisa; acompanhada ao piano pela esposa de Joe, ela canta "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" (o nome original da ária é "O sonho da jovem Boêmia") – essa é uma ária de uma ópera popular no século 19, chamada *A Jovem Boêmia*, de 1843, do compositor Michael William Balfe, com letras de Alfred Bunn. A história, tirada de um ballet de pantomima, *A Cigana,* por sua vez baseada na novela *A Cigana* de Miguel de Cervantes, se passa na Alemanha e fala de Arline, que está apaixonada por um jovem polonês exilado político, Tadeu. Ela é na verdade filha de um conde, mas havia sido raptada por ciganos quando pequena. A ária, cantada por ela, faz alusão à sua vida anterior, e aparece aí como um sonho; daí as palavras "sonhei que morava em salões de mármore". Ao final ela é reconhecida pelo pai e casa-se com Tadeu.

Ao cantar a ária, Maria, ao chegar à segunda estrofe, provavelmente se esquece das palavras e repete a primeira estrofe, mas ninguém a corrige – provavelmente não querem deixá-la encabulada, numa atitude de compensação pelo embaraço de as garotas vizinhas terem anteriormente lhe pregado uma peça, colocando entre os objetos, na brincadeira da escolha cega, a argila que suas mãos haviam pegado. A argila provavelmente significou maldosamente a cristalização dos hábitos de Maria, envelhecida e solteirona, em seus costumes e suas convicções; assim como pode ter significado o próximo destino dela – a terra, o túmulo, num terminar de uma vida que não teve muitos acontecimentos, e para quem uma tarde junto aos seus era o ápice da felicidade.

Seu esquecimento da letra das outras estrofes da canção provavelmente está ligado ao que as palavras dizem: Arline sonhara que pretendentes se candidatavam à sua mão, de joelhos, mas que um daqueles nobres, em especial, a conseguira como prêmio...; e como a Maria que hoje canta é velha e solteira, suas mente se recusa a entoar essas palavras tão cheias de promessas de uma vida fácil e feliz.[3]

Como a maioria dos contos da coletânea *Dublinenses*, "Argila" é um conto melancólico que mostra o lado desiludido e sem colorido da classe média da cidade, dando ênfase à paralisia que domina a vida da protagonista.

Tanto a personagem Maria quanto a canção que ela canta nos remete a Eveline, a personagem do conto do mesmo nome que se encontra no grupo das personagens adolescentes – ou jovem adultos. Eveline é uma jovem que trabalha numa loja e traz para casa todo seu salário, além de cuidar da casa, do pai viúvo que a explora e dos irmãos – isso faz com que pensemos nela como a Maria que havia cuidado dos irmãos e ficou solteirona, sem uma vida própria. No conto que leva seu nome, Eveline tem a triste vida sacudida por um namorado, Frank, um marinheiro que a convence a ir embora com ele com promessas de casamento e uma casa feliz em Buenos Aires. A caracterização da jovem é ajudada no texto pela menção à canção "The Lass that Loves a Sailor" (A garota que ama um Marinheiro), que o namorado costumava cantar para ela. Um dos versos da canção fala do "vento que sopra/o navio que vai/e a jovem que ama o marinheiro!" (*The wind that blows,/The Ship that goes,/And the lass that loves a sailor!)*. A alusão é não só ao seu namoro com o marinheiro, mas ao vento que sopra e leva o navio no qual Eveline espera ir embora com Frank.

Frank a leva para assistir a ópera *A Jovem Boêmia,* que contem a ária que Maria vai cantar no conto já citado. Outra semelhança é de que Frank faz com que Eveline sonhe com uma casa só sua, como Arline, a jovem da ópera, sonha com a casa de salas de mármore que já fora sua – mas enquanto Arline sonha com o passado, Eveline sonha não só com o passado em que "seu pai não era tão ruim naquela época" (Joyce 36-7), mas também com o futuro. Um futuro que não será o seu, pois à última hora ela fica paralisada junto ao navio em que Frank a espera e que a levaria para o róseo futuro sonhado. Essa é outra instância em que Joyce mostra a paralisia que domina os dublinenses.

Em "A Pensão" podemos encontrar outra referência musical que vai completar a formação de uma personagem ou explicar as circunstâncias da vivência dos dublinenses. A dona da pensão tem uma filha que seduz um dos pensionistas, que será levado ao casamento como consequência desse relacionamento. A filha, Polly, nos saraus que a mãe patrocinava aos domingos, costumava cantar a canção "I'm a naughty girl", cujo verso citado no texto diz "Sou uma garota travessa/Não precisa disfarçar/Você sabe que sou". Essas palavras mostram o caráter de Polly, que, conforme o texto deixa o leitor inferir, se deixou levar pelo romance com o pensionista para ao final chegar â solução desejada, Mrs. Mooney forçando o rapaz a assumir o casamento.

No conto "Dois galâs", enquanto os dois jovens inconsequentes caminham ao longo das ruas de Dublin, um deles se vangloriando de suas conquistas amorosas com as criadas domésticas a que tem acesso, encontram um homem tocando a canção de Thomas Moore "Silent, Oh Moyle".

Dois versos da canção podem simbolizar os sentimentos da jovem que um dos galãs seduziu, que lhe trazia cigarros e até, de uma vez, dois charutos, provavelmente apanhados na casa onde ela trabalhava como criada, e da qual no último encontro conseguira arrancar uma moeda de ouro: "Enquanto murmura tristemente, a filha solitária de Lir/conta para a estrela da noite suas histórias tristes". Como estamos sempre enxergando analogias entre as personagens da coletânea, essa serviçal nos lembra Lily, do último conto "Os Mortos" quando, ao receber Gabriel Conroy na casa de suas patroas, dá a este uma resposta ríspida quando ele comenta que um dia desses vai assistir ao seu casamento. Ela retruca "Os homens de agora são só papo furado e o que podem tirar da gente" (Joyce 187); esse pode ser o lamento que a "filha de Lir conta para a estrela da noite. Gabriel, encabulado com a resposta de Lily, lhe dá uma moeda alegando que "é Natal" – e imaginamos que nesse momento Lilly, ao receber uma moeda, pode muito bem ser a jovem que dá a um dos galãs em outro momento a moeda de ouro.

Vale aqui trazer à nossa discussão o filme que John Huston fez com base nesse conto, em 1997. Às vésperas de sua própria morte, este diretor, que era um apaixonado pela Irlanda, onde residira muitos anos de sua vida, talvez adivinhando seu fim fez o filme que exaltava a presença dos mortos na vida dos que permaneciam.

Analisando os dois textos, o conto e sua tradução intersemiótica no filme que em português levou o nome de *Os vivos e os mortos,* podemos constatar o diálogo entre as duas obras, sendo que neste aspecto é interessante observar que Huston, traduzindo belissimamente o conto de Joyce para o cinema, acrescentou, ainda outros aspectos da identidade irlandesa em seu texto cinematográfico.

O foco principal para a presente análise tanto do conto de Joyce quanto do filme de Huston está no uso que tanto um quanto o outro fazem da música tradicional irlandesa em suas obras, questão que vai também marcar aspectos de irlandesidade nessas manifestações.

A música está presente em vários momentos das obras, como por exemplo nas valsas que conduzem as danças e quadrilhas, no assunto principal do jantar, no qual as personagens fazem menção a óperas, principalmente *Mingnon* e *Lucrezia Borgia*,

que prenunciam o ciúme que Gabriel vai sentir de seu "rival" Michael Furey no final do conto.

O conto narra uma festa de Epifania na casa das *Misses* Morkan – *Miss* Julia, *Miss* Kate e a sobrinha *Miss* Mary Jane. Trata-se de uma festa que as anfitriãs oferecem aos amigos e familiares todos os anos, tradicionalmente. O protagonista é Gabriel Conroy, sociedade irlandesa, em especial o oeste, tendo os olhos voltados para o leste, para a Europa continental. Gabriel é casado com Gretta, natural de Galway, no oeste da Irlanda. A ação do conto se desenvolve durante a festa e em uma cena posterior a essa, tendo como base assuntos presentes em todo o livro *Dublinenses*, como a paralisia na qual os habitantes da cidade se acham mergulhados, a vida política conturbada da Irlanda, a opressão religiosa e a dicotomia leste-oeste que marcava o sentimento de nacionalidade dos irlandeses, encontrando-se como ponto de interseção a música irlandesa.

O primeiro ponto que poderíamos levantar em relação ao uso da música neste texto joyceano estaria relacionado ao título do conto, que pode ter sido tirado de uma canção de Thomas Moore, um dos maiores gênios da música irlandesa, chamada "Oh Ye Dead!". De acordo com o crítico Wallace Grey[4], esta canção contém temas relevantes no conto, como a noção de que os vivos e os mortos invejam uns aos outros, bem como o próprio tema da mortalidade, além da repetição de palavras presentes e marcadas no texto – do conto e da canção.

Moore estudou direito, mas ficou famoso por seus poemas e canções. Seus trabalhos foram publicados em 1846 e 1852 sob o título de *Moore's Irish Melodies* e pelas datas podemos perceber o quanto ele foi famoso mesmo enquanto vivia. Entre inúmeras canções deste que é considerado o Bardo Nacional da Irlanda que se tornaram famosas e assim permanecem até hoje, como "Believe me if all Those Endearing Young Charms", "Oft in the stilly Night", "The Last Rose of Summer", "The Minstrel Boy" e "The Meeting of the Waters", encontramos esta pérola que é "Oh Ye Dead!".

Há diversos indícios de que James Joyce se inspirou no poema de Moore para compor seu último conto da coletânea, não só pelo nome, que pode tê-lo levado a nomear a peça, mas também pelo conteúdo do poema, que fala dos mortos que estão presentes na vida dos vivos, que é o tema do conto; além do mais, o poema/canção fala dos mortos que são sombras, figura usada por Joyce, e fala sobre a neve, que é talvez a personagem principal do conto.

Já na página 183 do conto, quando as jovens convidadas da festa se sentem constrangidas com o linguajar vulgar de Mr. Browne e querem mudar o rumo da conversa, uma delas pergunta à outra qual é a peça que ela havia acabado de tocar. No filme, a jovem responde que "é uma das melodias de Moore", e obtém o comentário de que "sem dúvida ele é o gênio da música irlandesa". Essa cena se passa após a apresentação da sala onde os casais dançam, e Gretta, a esposa de Gabriel, é apresentada ao famoso tenor Bartell D"Arcy e com ele dança ao som de "Mountains of Mourne", famosa balada do cancioneiro irlandês, cuja letra foi composta pelo grande compositor Percy French para uma canção tradicional irlandesa chamada "Carrigdon". Ela se tornou tão conhecida que

ganhou dezenas de gravações de cantores famosos, irlandeses e internacionais. Seu uso no filme dá o toque local à história a ser contada.

Uma cena marcante é aquela na qual Miss Julia canta, seguindo uma série de apresentações comuns naquele tipo de sarau. Ela canta "Arrayed for the Bridal" (Vestida para as Bodas), com música composta por Bellini (citado no filme) e letra de George Linley, parte da ópera *Os Puritanos*, do século 19. O filme mostra toda a canção sendo cantada por Miss Julia, que repete a primeira estrofe, da mesma forma que Maria repetira a primeira estrofe da canção que canta em "Argila" – apontando para uma repetição de temática nos contos de Joyce.

O marcante nesta cena está na ironia da narrativa no fato de uma velha senhora solteirona cantar uma canção em que uma jovem conta estar vestida para o casamento, sendo que o único e mais provável casamento de Miss Julia seria com a morte. Ela estaria vestida para as bodas que nunca teve.

Outra cena marcante que deve seu impacto a uma canção é o momento em que Gretta (esposa do protagonista Gabriel) para na escada ao ouvir o tenor Bartell D'Arcy cantar "The lass of Aughrim" (no filme interpretado pelo tenor Frank Patterson). A cena é extremamente tocante. Gretta permanece em pé ouvindo a música, perdida em seus pensamentos e em suas lembranças, enquanto Gabriel fica imóvel, olhando-a. Em sua contemplação, Gabriel vê sua esposa "como se ela fosse o símbolo de alguma coisa" e se indaga: "de que uma mulher, em pé à sombra no patamar da escada, escutanto uma música distante, seria símbolo?" (Joyce 210) E imagina que, se fosse pintor, a pintaria naquela contemplação, dando o nome de *Música distante* à tela. A música está sempre presente, ora complementando uma personagem, ora fazendo parte do enredo, ora inspirando o pensamento do protagonista.

A canção que Gretta ouve conta a história de uma jovem que, seduzida e abandonada, vai à procura do seu amante com o filho pequeno nos braços e, à porta de sua casa, canta para ele seu infortúnio, lamentando que ninguém abre as portas para ela e seu bebê, que treme de frio em seus braços.

Há diversas referências nesta canção: em primeiro lugar, Aughrim é um local no oeste da Irlanda, de onde Gretta vem e, como diversas outras referências durante a festa, a faz lembrar de sua mocidade. E mais tarde ela vai contar para o marido, Gabriel, que o rapaz com quem ela andara na juventude, Michael Furey, costumava cantar essa canção para ela. Não é uma simples lembrança – de acordo com sua narrativa, Michael era um jovem doente, com tuberculose, que morrera, aos dezessete anos, após ficar na chuva à porta de sua casa, chamando por ela na noite anterior à sua partida para o colégio; quando Gabriel pergunta à esposa de que o rapaz morrera, ela responde "Acho que ele morreu por mim" (Joyce 220). Ela havia implorado para que ele voltasse para casa para não permanecer debaixo da chuva que caía naquele noite de inverno, mas ele respondera que não queria viver. A lembrança que Gretta tem dele a partir da canção é pungente, como se todo o sentimento que guardara durante todos aqueles anos explodisse naquele momento. Dois versos da canção se aplicariam a Michael do lado de fora da casa da amada, num reflexo da jovem que buscava compaixão de seu amado: *oh a chuva*

*cai sobre meus cachos louros/e o orvalho encharca minha pele (*Oh the rain falls on my yellow locks/And the dew soaks my skin).

Estamos sempre percebendo como as canções complementam o texto joyceano.

A música cantada por D'Arcy conecta os vivos e os mortos através da inversão de papéis: ao longo da história o leitor visualiza as personagens trocando lugares – Gabriel, até então "vivo", vê-se frente ao fantasma de Michael Furey, morto há tanto tempo, mas vivo na memória e, talvez, nos sentimentos de Gretta.

É após esse episódio que se dá início à epifania de Gabriel que, tocado pelo efeito da música em Gretta e em si mesmo e pelo diálogo travado com a esposa como explicação à emoção dela perante a canção, repensa sua vida, seu casamento e a maneira como ele olhava para sua nação, a Irlanda, chegando finalmente à conclusão de que talvez era chegada a hora de iniciar sua viagem de volta para a Irlanda, ou seja, voltar seu olhar, seu respeito e admiração para o oeste, tão representativo de sua nação, esquecida por ele.

Há outras referências a outras canções em outros contos da coletânea. Optamos por comentar sobre esses pela opção de detalhar um pouco mais as alusões encontradas. No filme as canções se sucedem, apresentando as mais tradicionais canções irlandesas, trazendo o que podemos chamar de cor local na apresentação da história na forma cinematográfica. As canções, seja no texto joyceano ou no filme de Huston, só aumentam a beleza e a riqueza da narrativa.

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Canções citadas no texto

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls
Da ópera composta por Michael Balfe;
Letra de Alfred Bunn

The Gipsy Girl's Dream

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count, could boast
Of a high ancestral name;

But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
That you lov'd me still the same...
That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same,
That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.
I dreamt that suitors sought my hand;
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
They pledg'd their faith to me;
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim.
But I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you lov'd me still the same...
That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same,
That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

Encontrada em <http://www.james-joyce-music.com/song03_lyrics.html>, acessado em 18/09/2014.

Silent, O Moyle

Letra de Thomas Moore, para a ária "My Dear Eveleen"

Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?
Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

(Selection from Moore's Melodies 32)

Oh, ye Dead
Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give

From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie dead?
It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we loved on earth are gone;
But still thus even in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it a while, and think we live once more!

Encontrada em <http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/oh-ye-dead>, acessado em 18/09/2014.

Arrayed for the Bridal

Arrayed for the bridal, in beauty behold her
A white wreath entwineth a forehead more fair;
I envy the zephyrs that softly enfold her,
And play with the locks of her beautiful hair.
May life to her prove full of sunshine and love.
Who would not love her?
Sweet star of the morning, shining so bright
Earth's circle adorning, fair creature of light!
Composta por Bellini; Letra de George Linley

Encontrada em <mhttp://www.themodernword.com/Joyce/joyce_paper_warren.html>, acessado em 17/09/2014.

The Lass Of Aughrim

If you'll be the lass of Aughrim
As I'll take you to be
Tell me that first token
That passed between you and me

Oh don't you remember
That night on yon lean hill

When we both met together
I am sorry now to tell

Oh the rain falls on my yellow locks
And the dew soaks my skin;
My babe lies cold in my arms;
Lord Gregory, let me in
Oh the rain falls on my heavy locks
And the dew soaks my skin;
My babe lies cold in my arms;
But none will let me in

Encontrado em <http://www.lyricsmania.com>, acessado em 18/09/2014.

Notes

1 As traduções dos nomes dos contos foi retirada da edição JOYCE, James. Trad. José Roberto O'Shea. São Paulo: Siciliano, 1993. As traduções de texto foram feitas por mim.
2 Comemoração que alguns países fazem no dia 31 de outubro, véspera do dia de Todos os Santos.
3 Informações, letra da canção e interpretação por Jessye Norman em <http://ratiocinativa.wordpress.com/2013/06/27/i-dreamt-i-dwelt-in-marble-halls>.
4 Encontrado no site <http://www.mendele.com/WWD/ WWDdead.notes.html>, acessado em novembro de 2001.

Interviews

Interview with Declan Hughes

Munira H. Mutran and Camila Luly

Abstract: *In this interview which took place in Rio de Janeiro during the IX Symposium of Irish Studies in South America in 2014, Munira H. Mutran (MHM) and Camila Luly (CL) asked Declan Hughes (DH) questions about his plays and his crime novels.*

Keywords: *Declan Hughes; fiction; drama.*

Declan Hughes is an award-winning playwright, novelist and screenwriter. He co-founded the Rough Magic Theatre Company in 1984 and was its artistic director until 1992. His plays include *Love and a Bottle* (1991), adapted from George Farquhar's play; *Tartuffe* (2000), adapted from Molière's play; *Digging for Fire* (1991); *Halloween Night* (1997); *Shiver* (2003) and *The Last Summer* (2012). His first crime novel, *The Wrong Kind of Blood* (2006), won the Shamus Award for Best PI novel and the Le Point magazine prize for best European crime novel. Subsequent novels include *The Colour of Blood* (2007); *The Dying Breed* (2008); *All the Dead Voices* (2009); *City of Lost Girls* (2010) and *All the Things You Are* (2014). Declan Hughes is currently Writer Fellow at the Oscar Wilde Centre for Irish Writing, Trinity College, Dublin. He lives in Sandycove with his wife and their two daughters.

CL: In 2011, in his course on contemporary Irish drama at University of São Paulo, Shaun Richards discussed, among tragedies set in the rural kitchen, a comedy about a group of friends in a pub talking about identity and sense of place issues. That was your play *Digging for Fire* (1991). Why have you decided to work on those topics by using humour?

DH: Well, any treatment of contemporary issues, of contemporary manners and mores, of friendship and marriage and so forth, you're inevitably going to have humour there, the human comedy. Even when these things are painful at the time, as they are, the getting of wisdom, and the shedding of illusions, ultimately one is more likely to look back and laugh, or allow a wry smile – in *Digging For Fire*, nobody dies, no children are hurt involved – it's about that time in your late twenties when the next phase is beckoning but hasn't quite arrived, when adulthood is nominally present but the temptation to live like a student is still very powerful. I guess what made the play unusual in Ireland in 1991 was that the characters – suburban, culturally deracinated people who could easily be from Glasgow, or Seattle, who don't seem to have that

"otherness" that the world prizes as "Irish" – these people hadn't really been seen much on an Irish stage before, yet they totally existed, indeed, they were the middle class who either went to the theatre or whose parents went, so there was a certain amount of excitement about their being represented in this way. And of course, the drinking and talking is a bit Irish, I guess.

CL: In your book *Plays 1,* there is a rewriting of George Farquhar's Restoration Comedy *Love and a Bottle*: under the same title you have added the subtitle "with George Farquhar". What do you mean by that?

DH: George Farquhar's version of *Love and a Bottle* would be unstageable now – and what I did, what I had to do to get it on, was far more than would be covered by the terms 'adaptation' or 'version' – so I took the example of a screenwriter's process. One writer takes a script so far, then hands over to another writer who has free rein to take what he thinks is important and valuable. So I took the characters (playing fast and loose with some of them), made it a play within a play which Mr Lyrick is writing (because Roebuck, the swaggering hard drinking roué who gets all the women is so evidently a writer's wish-fulfillment projection) and invoked Don Juan, among other things. It would have been unfair to Farquhar (and to me) to suggest to an audience that that stuff (and the more highly sexualized action) was down to him.

CL: Lyrick, an aspiring writer, illustrates the challenges and dilemmas which playwrights faced in the Restoration age. George Farquhar himself was one of those. As a contemporary playwright, do you think the challenges have changed?

DH: Well. You've still got to make a living. The challenge of being a young writer, writing well enough to make an impression on an audience, on critics, on theatre companies so that they'll commission you to write for them, and in the course of this, make enough money to keep body and soul together and enough of a reputation to make yourself reasonably attractive to women, or men – I guess for all the different media available, that never really changes, does it?

CL: In *Love and a Bottle*, the female characters change their attitude towards Roebuck, the Irish rake. Does it represent the current social reality of women?
DH: There is a feminist direction in *Love and a Bottle* and, because of the sexual politics, I push him into an extreme.

CL: You are coming up with a new play by the end of the year. Is it a comedy? What is it about?

DH: It's based on something that happened. It was about ten or twelve years ago; I was renting a house and my children were babies at that stage; they were 1950s houses and the couple next door had moved in as a young couple in about 1950, raised a family and then all the children had moved on. Across the street, the old lady of a similar vintage who had lived in the house all her life died. And then, we noticed this young couple

and their children had spent some time in the house over the summer, they'd done it up very good, painted rooms, done a garden, done a lot of work there. And then one Sunday night, I was out doing something in my garden and there were many big cars on the pavement outside the house. They were playing music, and Mary from next door beckons me over and conspiratorially says: "*He*, he hasn't done as well as the others – there's five other children – he hasn't done as well as the others and he's hoping that they'll give him the house. But they're not going to". And I thought, Oh I'm going to have that. So basically this is a story about four sisters who meet in the family home, on a Sunday before the house goes on the market. While the men are down, this is set in 2002, the day Ireland play Spain in the World Cup, and lose. And the four sisters have their last dinner in the house. And one of them has her hopes and one of her sisters is going to try to help her. But many other things come out in the mix and we see their parents on a particular night, when the marriage is in the balance. So there's a flashback and a flashforward. It'll be funny, because, you know, it has to be. It always is. But it could be, I hope, a lot more. It's a play called *The Family Home*. So we'll try and reflect the life, and the ghosts of a life that they've lived in that house.

CL: I'm looking forward to reading that.

MHM: Now we move to your crime fiction. Your first Ed Loy novel *The Wrong Kind of Blood* had a very good reception. John Connolly stated about it that "art crime fiction has come of age". Would you say something about the genre in Ireland before coming of age?

DH: Well, John is one of the kind of outliers. He published his first book in 1999, *Every Dead Thing*. Or 2000. But he sets all his work in the United States. And I remember him saying to me, having a conversation around that time he did the thing: hardboiled fiction – was it possible to write in Ireland for the conditions he perceived? Writing wasn't impersonal enough to state or be raised in particular ways. So I had, from reading Chandler and Hammett and in particular an American writer called Ross McDonald, an obsession with this particular kind of fiction. It seems to me, for two reasons, I mean, crime writers always talk about the social side of crime fiction, that it shows you – and this is true, it's not to undermine them – systems of works. You see justice. You see all these kinds of things: a realistic version of society in action, that very often, certain kinds of literary fiction don't seem so interested in depicting. But as forcefully for me, it's to do with something that the American critic Geoffrey O'Brien said in his book, *Hardboiled America*. He talked about the elements of noir in hardboiled. The faithless woman, the glimpse of red lipstick, the dull glint of a gun, the sound of saxophone, the screech of a car, the late night light. These elements, and the violence, they're the trees and rivers and the leaves, like flowers and animals for a lyric poet. They are the constituent parts of a particular kind of vision of reality. So yes, the lens of the hardboiled to look at society is important to me from a sociological point of view. But it's also very much an aesthetic. It's like a musician favouring a particular style of music because he can hear it, you know. So I am answering your questions but it's by digression. So I was

in, I don't know, I was in love with this kind of fiction. My first play was about Dashiell Hammett and Lillian Hellman and the creator of the hardboiled genre, the Bach and Louis Armstrong of hardboiled crime fiction. I know some of you aren't particularly genre-interested or savvy but the difference between, say, the hardboiled, or noir style, and the classical detective story. The hardboiled noir – the classical detective story operates in a fixed system, a fixed society. Small village, classical, or even a country house. There's a number of suspects. Yeah, Agatha Christie absolutely. Everybody knows who everybody is on the social scale. When the murder is solved, everything returns to normal. It's the comic form, without any modern tinkering. You can play around with that form, but it's true that you can't carry it too far. When Hammett came along, he had been a detective, he was a communist, and his basic assumption was that society is corrupt from the top down. And the actions of the gangsters mirrored the actions of the oligarchs, the rich. So this was quite a cynical vision in which you have a detective making as many good choices as he possibly could within a context where it was difficult to see how much good could be done. So that's the style. Seems to me, mysteriously I thought but, the assumption that society is corrupt in Ireland. Yeah, okay, that's a reasonably astute match. And I worried away at this for years before I began to write the first novel. And a couple of things happened sociologically. The Celtic Tiger happened in the late 90s, and there was this thing that you couldn't write a novel like that because, where do all the gangsters come from? Where do all the strangers come from? Everybody knows everybody. Dublin's too small. Then suddenly you've got a ring road and the M50, it's full of cars at five in the morning. Who knows all of those people? That's not the Ireland I grew up in. You know, that had changed. All these people are coming into the country. There's loads of money and when people are getting loads of money, very, very quickly and very suddenly, they get very excited. They do a lot of reckless stuff because they think they're entitled to it. So they're entitled to take lots of drugs, they're entitled to have more than one partner. They cheat on their wives, cheat on their husbands. And, so, they do a lot of stuff that detectives find interesting in terms of being able to work with and writers to write. So all of those conditions kind of came together for the Boomtown. Dublin became a Boomtown, a gold-rush town kind of like San Francisco in the late 20s, Chandler in the 40s in Los Angeles when a lot of people, you know, were making a lot of decisions very very quickly. And a lot of money. And those energies are all over the place. And so that's where we go with it. And I mean, I wasn't the only one. Around the same time Gene Kerrigan was writing, and I started writing, Tana French writing away in Derry. There's a significant number of people, as often in any artistic community, with the same brilliant idea.

MHM: Some of your novels depict crime, violence, drugs and drinking too much and sex without love. They also show billionaires, the new rich and their vulgarities, the homeless and the outsider as well, in slightest details – houses, cars, perfumes, paintings, women's make-up or the way they are dressed, etc. A vivid world, Dublin.

DH: Oh, Dublin's nothing new under the sun, and I'm certainly not saying I'm not doing what any other Irish writer hasn't done before. Musical marriages are always

interesting to me, I think you know, I'm not as successful as U2, neither is anyone else but it would be fun to be. U2 is a distinctively Irish band, they do Irish things. Just hard to put a finger on what they are, in a way... So yes, I am, I am, I mean, in 2000, in Dublin, and Joyce... Um, I'm walking the streets and looking at things and saying, and if you ask me what I hoped apart from, you know, large sums of money, etc. I would hope that people would in twenty years, in fifty years, read my books and think that's, that's Dublin for a certain number of years. That's the vividness of a certain time of Dublin. The sensual appeal of things. I mean Ed likes women, he's led by his nose, he smells a lot, that seemed very important to me as the sensual appeal of what he's doing and his interaction with that world. I mean, any boom where people are making lots of choices and things are going very fast, is really exciting because it's heady. There is a design, it can be crazy. I think when we design a house there's two or three styles going on at once, as if a person couldn't bear, was so greedy, that they couldn't bear to just settle on one, you know we had to have it all. Had to have all the men, louder music, stronger wine, wilder women, you know. And that's persuasive to me. And the orange girls is just, and anyone who knows Dublin for ten years throughout the south and County Dublin and girls, at their ages of twelve, suddenly, whatever their complexion, they would have this sort of deep, pancake, dark orange pancake. All over. You'd see the seam at the neck. It was just crazy, like, why are you doing this? And people said oompa loompas, they called them. It's kind of amusing, and it seemed like a sort of visual index of a certain kind of vulgarity. I want you to see how much money I'm spending, you know, and of course I share a slight quip on that. But, the novelist's job isn't to be a judge of, or scold, you know, the novelist's job is to go "woah, look at that!" You know? And there is a comic quality. A fascination.

MHM: From *The Wrong Kind of Blood* to *The City of Lost Girls* there is an element that "thickens the plot" and action with allusions to the Bible or literary allusions which show that you are adding much more to the conventional crime fiction. Are these layers of meaning done consciously or unconsciously?

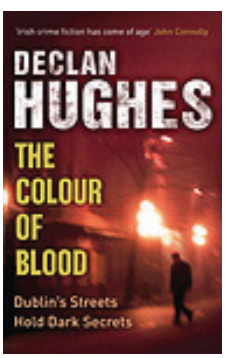
DH: Oh no, they're all pretty conscious. I mean there's a number of levels on which the novels work. There's a basic "Ed Loy gets a case". Missing girl – has to find her; a murder from the past, that the *Garda*, the police don't want to solve so he has to undertake it. But each of the books has a sub theme, it doesn't become the main theme but it's the main metaphor. In the first book the property themes is big – the notion was it was going to be called "City of Cranes". And there's a passage in the book, all around you see these cranes, like monsters of the city, as if the developers have taken over. As if the mortals are dwarfed. It's also a backstory, an Oedipal story. And Ed Loy is a nod to Sam Spade, who is Dashiell Hammett's detective. Loy is the Irish for spade and you dig with it, which is what a detective has got to do. Also, most famously, most people are introduced to the word "loy" in *Playboy of the Western World* where Christy Mahon claims he killed his father with a loy. And the first book has, as you know, that Oedipal theme of what has happened to the father that he hated and he needs to know the truth about it. The second and third books are both about using the family, institutional chur-

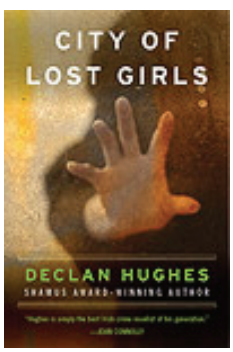
ch. It's a big theme, but Loy is operating on a day to day... It's not as if it's talked about all the time, it's just a secret that gradually emerges and in all of their voices. It's the after the Troubles. It's what happens when the soldiers go home and you look at people who have been involved with the Republican movement and you can see some of them were politicians all along, that's what they wanted to be. Some of them effectively were criminals and enjoyed that side of it. That's what they have turned.
Yeah, that's right. And again to the heart of that irreconcilable kind of truth, never being able to forgive who did such deeds and yet wanting to move through it to new things. The fifth book is interesting because we talk about the Martello Tower. I mean there is the figure of Jack Donovan, he's a kind of Irish artist pastiche you know, so I'm kind of playing around with the kind of artist that I'm deeply suspicious of, you know. The one who quite, acknowledging he has that indefinable something, but no one quite understands, but everybody loves. That filmy, misty, Irishy. You can't feel the "Terrible Beauty". People are going "oh my god there's something called The Terrible Beauty" and then it cleans up at the American box office. So it's that, it's having fun with the artist. The idea of the artist in a serial killer book; we very often see the serial killer in terms of artistry; in terms that they have a pattern, they have a notion, they have a scheme. They have a way around that stuff. Could he be the killer? … But yeah, those layers of meaning are consciously done but you're trying not to overburden the book. You don't want it of any novel, you know. I mean, I have moderately high ambitions – there's no limit to what crime fiction can do, particularly. It's infinitely flexible as a form. I think that the main, the principal difference between crime fiction and literary fiction is it's still possible to write lots of bad crime fiction and have it published and even have it sell. But, at the best of times, not enough people want to read good literary fiction, let alone bad literary fiction. That's why it has kind of fallen away. I think the walls between the two very genres, sub-genres are becoming a lot more permeable and the stories we tell, are broader, more flexible.

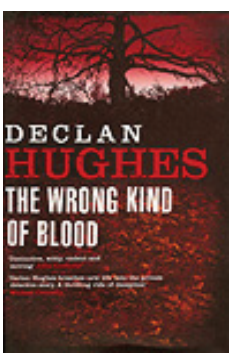
MHM: Ed Loy, in all your crime fiction, fascinates the reader: he is sensitive and violent, romantic, idealistic and cynical – above all, he has principles and strives to achieve some kind of justice. It is well-known that the hero of sagas and legends has died. For example, Sean O'Faolain's *The Vanishing Hero* shows the traditional hero's disappearance from the 1920s novel to be replaced by the anti-hero. Would the need we have for some kind of heroic character explain Ed Loy's popularity?

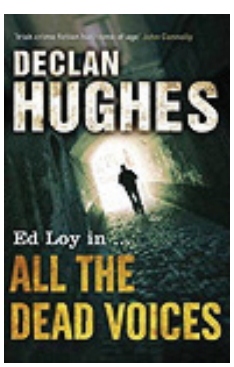
DH: Actually I share that need. I'm not too interested in heroes. It's attraction that draws you in. And if you've ever been attracted to the wrong person you know exactly what I'm talking about. What's interesting about Loy is that he pulled right back until all you really know about him is what he does and what he says. The fact that he has a house, has a car: he does the work. I try to give him some human characteristics. Some personal vanity, which I'm used to. And some bad habits. But I tried not to describe him too... A lot of people say, what does he look like?
MHM: I'd like to know.

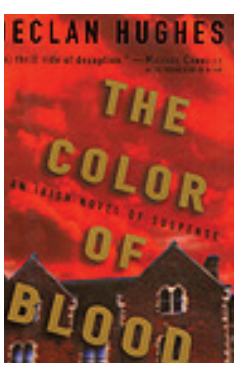
DH: Well, I don't know! A woman I know, in passing, came up to me and she said, "I'm really enjoying your book (this was after the first one came out), but I'm having trouble because I keep thinking of you." "Well, try Sean Penn." "Okay that'll work". But, I suppose it's a way of reading that I hope, that by showing you is a kind of anti-hero. Yeah, an anti-hero who's not always likeable. Who loses his temper, who does dumb stuff and tries to compensate for that. Who has, you know, as we say now has issues around drink, anger, women, various things that characterize men of certain age. I never wanted to take it so far as to apologize or criticize, because they don't seem to me interesting things to do in fiction. Because it's always metaphor, what I hope is that you are at Ed Loy's elbow, you know, with him. Then the world, that lens, is enhanced by his sensibility. And that's, to me, the joy of the crime fiction that I enjoy. Even general fiction that I enjoy the most, I was talking to Ciaran [O'Neill] and Nick [Grene] at lunchtime and they were saying that when you really read "The Great Gatsby" you are Nick Carraway for a few days. You know, and so too with the best, y'know, Philip Marlowe. Although, interestingly, as the books go on, I find you have to push [the protagonist] to one side, and really let other voices in. In the first three books, there is an interesting phenomenon I'm not entirely proud of. If you're a woman and you sleep with Ed Loy you're not going to survive. Then I had a little meeting with myself, at the front office. I said, You're a modern man, you can't keep this up, this is ridiculous. This is wrong! So in the fourth book he meets a woman, and then in the fifth she becomes part of his life.

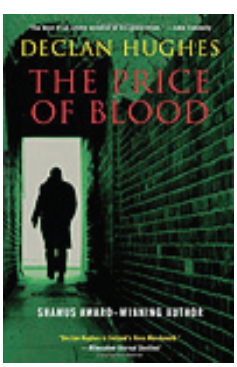












Interview with Edel Bhreathnach
Irish Medieval History and its Possible Future Directions

Elaine C.S. Pereira Farrell

Abstract: *This interview took place at the Discovery Programme, Dublin, on 25th September 2014. Edel Bhreathnach discussed the state-of-art in Early Irish Medieval History and her opinions about the Irish educational system and the future of Irish Medieval Studies. She also provides some hints about the directions she is taking with her own research projects.*

Keywords: *Edel Bhreathnach; Irish History; Medieval History; Discovery Programme; Monastic Ireland; Mapping Death; UCD Míchael Ó Cléirigh Insitute.*

Edel Bhreathnach was born in Dalkey County Dublin. She is the daughter of Meabh and Fionnbharra Breathnach and sister of Aíne, Colm, and Bríd Bhreathnach. Edel grown up in an Irish speaking home and her mother nurtured her interest for Irish history at home, introducing her to the monumental Lives of Irish Saints, by Canon John O'Hanlon. She was educated at Cóláiste Íosagáin, Bootertown, Co. Dublin and attended her local parish church where her interest for the sacred and the influence of Christianity in Ireland was further stimulated. It was at the Dalkey Castle and museum, with a view of the ruins of the old parish church, that Bhreathnach celebrated the publication of her newest book, not only with fellow academics, but also with her family and friends. Edel is married to Raghnall Ó Floinn, who is currently director of the National Museum of Ireland, and they have two children Sorcha and Muiris Ó Floinn, who are now both in college.

Bhreathnach has had a versatile and exciting academic trajectory and is now a scholar with an impressive publication record and multiple skills, who thinks broadly, and, as a result, has greatly contributed to the Irish scholarship. Her areas of interests and expertise include, but are not limited to, kingship, religious beliefs, monastic studies, Franciscan studies and historiography of history writing in Ireland. She graduated with a degree in Celtic Studies from University College Dublin (UCD) in 1979 and studied further at Jesus College Oxford between 1983 and 1984. Between 1979 and 1988,

she worked for the Department of Foreign Affairs, before she started to work for the National Council of Educational Award. She returned to UCD for formal training and obtained her doctoral degree in 1991 under the supervision of Professor Francis John Byrne. After its completion, she worked in the Discovery Programme (DP) as a research fellow on the "Tara Project" for fifteen years, publishing widely in the field. In 2000 she was awarded a Moore Institute (NUI Galway) post-doctoral research fellowship, and became in 2002 a UCD Mícheal Ó Cléirigh Institute research fellow. In 2007 she became Deputy Director and Academic Project Manager of the UCD Mícheal Ó Cléirigh Institute, where she coordinated several projects such as on the material culture of the mendicant orders in Ireland, funded by the Irish Research Council, and another on the early book and manuscript heritage of the Irish Franciscans. She acted as national coordinator of "Louvain 400", the 400th anniversary of the foundation of St Anthony's College, Louvain. In 2013 she returned to the DP in the position of Chief Executive Officer (CEO), a position that she holds at the moment. Concomitantly, she is one of the principal investigators of the project "Monastic Ireland: Landscape and Settlement" funded by the Irish Research Council.

Elaine Pereira Farrell (EPF): Edel, you are a very complete scholar. You have a deep knowledge of the Irish sources, historiography and archaeology, you are bilingual, being fluent in both English and Irish and have a great command of Old Irish, Latin and other European modern languages. Do you think that the Irish schools and universities are still training people at this high level?

Edel Bhreathnach (EB): No, but teachers are not given the time or scope to examine their subjects in depth with their students even to post-graduate level. The system militates against analysis and discourse, which incidentally still happens elsewhere – as I know from my son who is currently studying pure philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He has six contact hours per week but is expected to read a considerable amount of primary and secondary material in preparation for his seminars, and if he does not he will be unable to participate properly. That challenges a student and leads to deep and independent thinking.

EPF: The European Commission and its funding schemes and the Irish Research Council (IRC) are promoting gender equality in research and innovation. [1] You were expecting your daughter soon after you completed your doctoral degree and yet you developed an admirable academic career at the same time as you fulfilled your role as mother. Was it difficult to be mother and scholar at the same time? How did you master these responsibilities? Did you encounter resistances and barriers in the academic environment for being a woman and a mother? Would you have any advice for younger female scholars?

EB: I was lucky when Sorcha and Muiris were born because I worked as a Research

Fellow on the DP Tara Research Project. Then I was appointed to Research Fellowships in NUI Galway and UCD and both posts were flexible in their schedules and could be worked around school hours and other commitments. But even then it was difficult and I was only able to continue to work with the support of Raghnall, my parents and a network of friends, especially school mothers who were willing to mind them after school. The barriers to women – with or without family – are structural and social. Many decisions are taken over pints and in dark corridors – mainly by male colleagues when you are not around. But then my view has been not to care about status or title – as long as treated fairly – and to concentrate on moving the subject forward and encouraging students.

EPF: During the years you were achieving your qualifications the debate between "nativists" and "revisionists" or "anti-nativists" was still a quite lively one. In a 2010 publication Colmán Etchingham used the term "post-anti-nativist" to define the state-of-art and the current position of most scholars.[2] Would you classify yourself as a "post-anti-nativist"?

EB: I have never regarded myself as post- or anti- anything. The great advantage of having Raghnall around is that he gave me a different – and often more level-headed – perspective that led me to steer clear of these often very destructive and personal debates. I also gained a different view of my field by living away from Ireland for a while and by pursuing a very diverse career. No one can be absolutely correct in such a debate. Humanity is too complex to be depicted as either black or white. There are constant changes and a depth of various levels of beliefs, traditions and customs in most societies.

EPF: Etchingham has also defined that Irish scholarship is now in a "post-monastic" phase, meaning that scholars have departed from the traditional "Hughesian model" that defined that the Irish church was essentially monastic and because of that very peculiar.[3] You have also done a lot of work on Irish monasticism and church history and you are currently looking at the role of bishops in monastic orders. How "monastic" do you think Ireland was? And how similar or different do you think that the Irish church was from other medieval churches?

EB: Many years ago I suggested that we view early medieval Irish monasticism in a new way and move from depicting the medieval institution as post-Reformation and even post-Napoleonic reformed orders. Monasticism is guided by a rule and how a rule is followed varies from the large organised community to the individual anchorite, from the royal foundation to the monastery founded by the abbot-saint and directed by the father abbot. All such forms of monasticism existed in medieval Ireland and they often co-existed within the same foundation. In the post-twelfth century period, most

of the early monasteries – though not all! – shifted to new structures offered by new orders – monastic and mendicant.

EPF: One aspect of Irish historiography that has intrigued Brazilian scholars is its chronology. It is commonly acknowledged that traditional division of Ancient, Medieval and Modern histories are artificial and biased. However, even though historians criticise their own artificial chronological divisions they are indispensable. In the Irish case there is traditionally a gap between pre-history and medieval history, with the fourth to fifth centuries as a temporal boundary with the arrival of Christianity and of writing.[4] Nevertheless, it is a conservative way of defining history purely based on writing, as history can also be uncovered through archaeology. Besides, Ireland was in touch with the rest of Europe, which was in the "Ancient" period, or "Late Antiquity". Would you think that there is a need to revise these nomenclatures? What do you think that could be suggested to replace the traditional "pre-history" terminology for the Irish period before the fifth century?

EB: Late Antiquity is a term commonly used to describe the period you mention and I am perfectly comfortable using it in relation to Ireland. After all, Christianity and literacy emerge strongly during that period and Ireland is caught up in these movements. We are somewhat obsessed with the influence of Rome on Ireland. The Romans did not come here but the legacy of the Roman Empire – Latin, literacy and Christianity – certainly did. Once we move into the sixth/seventh centuries we are in the early medieval period with everyone else – and have our own variations during that period. We must remember that chronological narratives differ depending on geographic or modern cultural perspectives.

EPF: In the recent years, during and after the Irish economic boom there was a great development of the field of archaeology, which you followed very closely. It obviously inspired you to found the "Mapping Death" project with Dr Elizabeth O'Brien, which stimulated conferences and scholarly outputs, (http://www.mappingdeathdb.ie). The database is available online. How can scholars still benefit from the data available there? Are there future plans for this project?

EB: The "Mapping Death" database is constantly being updated and corrected thanks to the heroic work of Dr O'Brien. She continues to work on an analysis of the data and following up on particular sites with C14 dating and other scientific investigations. The "Mapping Death" project really framed the narrative of my recent book and continues to inform my work as it moved me away from dealing with documentary evidence to facing the harsh realities of life found in the burial record. We hope to improve the database next year and to add to the historical and osteological information.

EPF: In 2013, you, Dr Rachel Moss (Trinity College Dublin - TCD) and Dr Malgorzata Krasnodebska-D'Aughton (University College Cork - UCC) were granted €369,000 by the IRC to finance the project "Monastic Ireland: Landscape and Settlement" (www.monastic.ie). Through this grant you were able to employ three recent PhDs as post-doctoral fellow and research assistants. Do you think that there are many other scholars with that vision, of trying to attract major funding in order to generate jobs in the field? How relevant you think it is for the current Irish economic context?

EB: We are always being told that employment prospects are best for students if they take science or technology degrees. That is true but it should not be to the detriment of other disciplines. If we consider that there is no full professor of medieval history in Ireland today – in a country with a huge medieval legacy. A German colleague has likened this situation to Germany having no full professors of engineering! A strongly supported subject, especially relating to Irish culture, will inevitably attract good students and investment in the subject, and most especially in major cultural institutions will pay off. They should not be regarded as a drain on economic resources. Quite the opposite – perhaps our politicians and policy-makers should visit places such as Aachen and Köln to see how investment in culture works for these cities – and medieval culture at that!

EPF: Why "Monastic Ireland"? What inspired/motivated you to develop this project?

EB: "Monastic Ireland" evolved out of a great project "Monastic Wales" (http://www.monasticwales.org) directed by Professor Janet Burton (Trinity St David's, Lampeter) and Dr Karen Stöber (University of Lleida, Barcelona). It was also informed by my work on the mendicant orders while working in the UCD Mícheál Ó Cléirigh Institute and also by constant and inspirational chats with Dr Colmán Ó Clabaigh osb of Glenstal Abbey, a leading expert on medieval monasticism. When the Department of Arts, Heritage and the Gaeltacht and Fáilte Ireland (the Irish Tourist Board) granted me funds to produce an accessible database, I was fortunate to recruit energetic graduates, Dr Niamh NicGhabhann (now University of Limerick) and Dr Keith Smith (TCD) to build the database and website. That laid the foundation for a further research phase and for the large grant that Dr Rachel Moss (TCD) and Dr Malgorzata Krasnodebska-D'Aughton (UCC) and myself received from the IRC.

EPF: The project "Monastic Ireland" is taking a collaborative approach dialoguing with scholars leading similar projects such as the "Monastic Wales". At important conferences such as the International Medieval Congress (IMC), that attracts hundreds of scholars to Leeds every July, there is currently a tendency for people to present papers at sessions organized by major research networks. Do you think that besides the obvious positive aspects, such as sharing of information and fund attraction, there could be negative ones? Would the big projects suffocate the possibility of smaller projects and research questions that are not on "fashion" or in the concern of the major "networkers"?

EB: This is always a problem although I feel that it is good for Irish scholars to be part of these international networks. It brings the Irish material and research to the attention of a wider audience who would not otherwise come across it. The main problem with international funding is that money attracts money and you find that the major universities in Britain and Europe gobble up an awful lot of funds and attract "big name" scholars. This leads to an imbalance and can be a barrier to smaller institutions, which have excellent projects and scholars but do not have the administrative or reputational powers of the others.

EPF: A good deal of your research has been dedicated to Leinster, the place you are from. But you have also developed research of broader scope, such as your newest book, and the "Monastic Ireland" project. There is a great need for local case studies as much as for broader comparative studies. On a practical level, do you think it is possible to balance the dialogue between the "local" and the "global"? What are your methods and approaches to achieve this balance?

EB: Over the past ten years, as I get older (!), I find that I have established a methodology for myself in which I delve very deeply into a locality through all possible sources and themes emerge which I then pursue by reading around them in a more universal context. I also find that I no longer confine myself to the history of one particular period but I can move fairly easily from prehistory to the early modern period. This enriches many of my studies. You can lose perspective if you are overly restricted in your scholarship.

EPF: The Irish historiography in the time of Eoin Mac Neill was very nationalistic, largely due to its historical context during the process of independence. Later, in the mid- 20th century there was a strong emphasis in the field of history for "neutrality". [5] How do you see these questions fitting in the 21st century? Is it possible to tackle a national history without being a nationalist and having a political agenda?

EB: Eoin Mac Neill did have a nationalistic approach to his scholarship at times but nevertheless he was a brilliant scholar who produced scientific history. He differed in that regard to many of his contemporaries who were not scientific in their approach and did not have the skills to tackle primary sources. There is too much emphasis on the influence of nationalism on the writing of Irish history and modern commentators are often far too simplistic in their analysis. Historical research is a science with a particular methodology and pursuit of that science as such should deter the historian from producing works that are biased or simplistic. People can be too influenced by contemporary dialogues (as in the case of twenty-first century damning of twentieth-century Ireland). These dialogues are necessary to improve society or rid it of some oppression, but they should not encroach on scientific historical writing.

EPF: In Brazil, history teachers have an important role in promoting political awareness and contributing to the formation of conscious citizens. Due to the current context of effervescent protests and public manifestations, scholars and society are debating the role of educators, both at secondary and higher educational level. Some argue that they should not manifest in class their political views and they should teach history with political "neutrality". Do you have any parallels to that in Ireland? Do you think that teachers and lecturers in Ireland have or should have an impact on how the Irish perceive their own past and how they should design their future?

EB: I am not aware of this debate among teachers in Ireland. I suppose that it was keenly argued when I was at school in the 1970s and we were in the middle of the Northern "Troubles". A very politically active history teacher taught me in my senior school year. Tony Gregory, who later became a member of parliament, was a left-wing socialist republican who contributed hugely to his own community in the deprived areas on inner city Dublin. He may not have been a talented historian but we did have very lively discussions in class and he produced three professional historians – Colmán Etchingham (NUI Maynooth), Niall Ó Ciosáin (NUI Galway) and myself!

EPF: On your DP profile webpage you listed among your research interests "The historiography of history writing in Ireland". Some countries have a very strong scholarship of theory of history, in the sense that there are very strong conceptual debates. In Brazil for example, in most departments, the Bachelor Degree in History Programme would include modules on theory and methodology of history. Would I be correct in concluding that in Ireland the focus of both historical research, and history teaching at university level do not stress theoretical debates? My perception would be that the teaching practice in Ireland is highly focused on primary sources and less into how historians have been reading those sources. In Brazil, there is, generally speaking, a limited training in medieval languages and palaeography that needs to be improved. In comparison, the Irish are stronger on that, but do you think that the Irish scholars need to stimulate more theoretical approaches and be more multidisciplinary, dialoguing more with social sciences?

EB: Yes, I do think that we need more philosophical and cognitive approaches to our historical discourses in Ireland. Otherwise, we either confine ourselves to narrative or in modern history to journalism. I am particularly proud of my work with the archaeologists Conor Newman, Joe Fenwick, Dr Roseanne Schot and Professor John Waddell (all NUI Galway) on the Irish "royal sites". We have broken through the old narrative by using anthropological and more conceptual approaches and by seeking universal patterns and examining comparative evidence. In Irish historical studies, Charles Doherty has been very courageous and imaginative in opening up the Irish evidence to new perspectives. I do not agree that Irish history graduates or their teachers are particularly strong on

languages, either Latin or continental languages, as scholars are elsewhere. Difficulties with languages pervade the Irish education system and put us at a great disadvantage in so many fields.

EPF: In your recent book, you argued that "Irish universities no longer value medieval Irish history" (p. 241). Recently there was a debate about the replacement of the UCD Professor of Early Irish, which featured in the national press in Ireland. Despite the academic protests, it was decided that UCD was not going to hire a professor under a permanent contract, but instead a lecturer with a short-term contract. Fortunately, since that happened in UCD, the University College Cork (UCC), the School of Celtic Studies of DIAS and the University of Utrecht advertised professorship positions of Celtic Languages. What impact do you think this kind of negative attitude towards the field of Celtic Studies will have on the future of the Irish Studies? Do you think that the fields of Celtic and Irish studies are still perceived as relevant in the 21st century? Is future research in the area sustainable?

EB: Celtic Studies (which was my primary degree) as designed in the nineteenth century mainly following a German linguistic model is probably an outmoded model and I feel that this is the reason for its decline in so many universities. The model in UCC is cohesive and has created a lively department. This should be the model perhaps elsewhere. In any event, one hopes that the success of the Irish Medievalist Conference (ICM) at UCD will lead to a renewal of the discipline – perhaps in a different format – in the institution.

EPF: Some countries still have a tendency to fund only national histories and some academic circles are still pretty closed for non-national scholars. However, European funding agencies are now promoting mobility and international networking and knowledge transfer. How important do you judge this to be?

EB: There are two aspects to this trend. If it relates to universities attracting non-EU nationals for higher fees and lower standards, I view that as unethical. If it means, however, that funding non-EU graduates attracts scholars with very different academic backgrounds into a field, this is to the good of a subject. It may require teachers to put a greater amount of time into forming these students, but if there is a good response, it is worth the effort. But teachers have to be supported in such endeavours by their institutions.

EPF: Do you think that Irish academics are prepared to welcome both ideas, firstly to move abroad to work and research, and secondly to increase the number of international scholars in their institutions?

EB: Irish academic vary in their willingness to move abroad and too often it is to Britain and the US. It should also be said that institutions are not always hugely supportive of enabling their academics to travel. If our language skills were better we could gain a broader experience by travelling to European universities and delving into literature in language other than English.

EPF: Recently the DP and the Royal Irish Academy (RIA) became Institutions of High Education, meaning that both now qualify to welcome and train postgraduate and post-doctoral researches and attract with them funding from bodies such as the IRC. Why do you think this was important and necessary?

EB: Firstly, I would stress that like the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies (DIAS) and the RIA, the DP is primarily a research institution and its remit is to be an archaeological research centre. This status needs to be strengthened and being recognised as such by the IRC is hugely important. The DP aims to train archaeologists to analyse data and to work alongside scholars of other disciplines. It has also build a strong reputation in geo-surveying and other modern techniques, and also in methodologies of genuine collaboration with other disciplines. I want to see this type of analysis and collaboration strengthened and I am also passionate about bringing our research to the attention of a wider audience, especially schools and local communities. I have outlined all these aims in the DP's Strategic Plan 2014-2017.[6] Over the next few years, the DP will not compete for post-graduate funds but will consider working with universities in their applications for PhD scholarships. As to post-doctoral and major project funding, it is most likely that bids for money will be done as parts of collaborative networks – as in the case of "Monastic Ireland".

EPF: Your career and life story proves that you have always been an innovative and driven scholar. What are your personal research projects for the next years?

EB: I have so many projects on my mind that there are not enough hours in the day or night to do them at the moment. My current focus is on "Monastic Ireland" and "Mapping Death" and will be for some time. A major objective in my current and future work will be to see the Irish evidence – which is considerable and relatively unknown – become part of the international dialogues relating to so many aspects of the medieval world, and indeed leading on some aspects of these dialogues. I certainly will not be idle for the foreseeable future!

Notes

* **Edel Bhreathnach's Select Publications**
Ireland in the medieval world AD 400-1000: landscape, kingship and religion. Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2014.

(Ed. with Schot, R.; Newman, C.) *The landscape of kingship and cult: text and archaeology.* Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2011.
(Ed. with McCafferty, J.; MacMahon, J.) *The Irish Franciscans 1534-1990.* Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2009.
(Ed. with Cunnigham, B.) *The Four Masters and their world.* Dublin: Wordwell Books, 2007.
(Ed.) *The kingship and landscape of Tara*. Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2005.
Tara: a select bibliography. Dublin: Discovery Programme and Royal Irish Academy, 1995.

1 Acknowledgments I wish to warmly thank Edel Bhreathnach for her kindness in answering these questions. Dr Annejulie Lafaye (TCD), Dr Keith Smith (TCD) and Dr Dominique Santos (FURB) were very generous in taking time to read a draft of this interview and for contributing to the shaping of these questions. The "Monastic Ireland" research team and the DP staff for providing such a lively environment of encouragement and learning and the IRC for the most appreciated financial support. For the European Commission "Horizon 2020" see following link: http://ec.europa.eu/programmes/horizon2020/en/h2020-section/promoting-gender-equality-research-and-innovation (accessed 25th September 2014); and for the Irish Research Council document on its "Gender Strategy and Action Plan 2013-2020" see: http://research.ie/sites/default/files/irish_research_council_gender_action_plan_2013_-2020.pdf (accessed 25th September 2014).
2 Etchingham, C. "Bishops, Church and People: How Christian Was 'Early Christian Ireland'?" In: *L'Irlanda e gli Irlandesi Nell'Alto Medioevo: 16−21 aprile 2009. Atti delle Settimane di Studio del Centro Italiano di Studi Sull'Alto Medioevo* 57, 2010, pp. 325−5, 327.
3 Ibid, p. 327.
4 Farrell, E.C.S.P.; Santos D.V.C.. *Early Christian Ireland*—Uma Reflexão Sobre o Problema da Periodização na Escrita da História da Irlanda. In: Baptista, L.V.; Sant'Anna H.M.; Santos, D.V.C.. *História Antiga: Estudos, Revisões e Diálogos*. Rio de Janeiro: Publit, 2011, pp. 185−213.
5 For Eoin MacNeill's biography see: Maume, P.; Charles-Edwards, T., "MacNeill, Eoin (John)" In: *Dictionary of Irish Biography.* Ed. James McGuire and James Quinn. Cambridge: University Cambridge Press, 2009. For debates about Irish historiography see: Brady, Ciaran (ed.). *Interpreting Irish History: The Debate on Historical Revisionism 1938-1994*. Dublin: Irish Academic Press, 1994. The debate about History as a science and its methodologies is very extensive, but to mention a few influential, but rather outdated works, see: Bloch, M. *The Historian's Craft*. Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1992 (2nd edition); Carr, E.H. *What is History?* New York: Penguin, 1987 (2nd edition); Cardoso, C.F. *Uma Introdução à História*. São Paulo: Brasiliense, 1981.
6 The document is available at: <http://www.discoveryprogramme.ie/publications/other-publications/245-dp-launches-strategic-plan-2014-2017.html>. (accessed 26th September 2014).

Theatre

Waiting in the Pampas: The Enduring Popularity of Beckett's Plays in Argentina

Cathal Patrick Pratt

Abstract: *This paper's objective is to address the popularity of Samuel Beckett's dramatic oeuvre in Argentina. While* Waiting for Godot *and other plays have found homes in many assorted cultures and countries, Argentina is particularly suited to several different readings of the text. Given the frequency of urban and rural productions of the plays, including Buenos Aires's Festival Beckett, the paper argues that these works have resonance with this particular region. Of key interest is the relationship between avant-garde theatre and the Argentine dramatic subgenre el grotesco criollo. Rising to prominence during the Dirty War and military junta era, the subgenre is became a way to resist government censorship. By placing acts of interrogation and torture on the stage, Argentine playwrights like Griselda Gambaro expressed that which could not be said officially. This drive to show the unshowable and fixation on hierarchies of power prepare the theatre-going public for the mid-1980's when Beckett's plays are no longer banned. Furthermore, outside of Buenos Aires, plays like* Waiting for Godot *are known to be staged in the western Pampas--a largely rural and isolated region. The nature of power relationships here lends itself easily to interpreting the work in a post-colonial light. It may be that the popularity of Beckett's work stems from the same pressures that served as the impetus for Beckett's attack on the word surface. If Beckett is writing, as Eagleton suggests, in response to the horrors of WWII, then perhaps Argentine theatre maintains examples of convergent evolution in literature from the Dirty War period.*

Keywords: *Beckett;* Waiting for Godot.

In 2006 Buenos Aires's Beckett Theater was host to what would become the annual *Festival Beckett*. Primarily under the control of Miguel Guerberof, the decision was made not to contextualize or politicise the festival's performances. This choice, deviating from the local norm, was made to preserve the texts from an oversimplification (Rimoldi 117-118). That Beckett's work so easily translates into the realm of national and social politics is not unique to Argentina, but it is part of a long history of his work in the

country. The objective of this essay is to illustrate the causes for Beckett's theatrical work's propensity for political stagings in Argentina by examining the cultural and historical factors surrounding his oeuvre and charting his course parallel to the native Argentine playwright Griselda Gambaro.

In the Latin-American world, Argentina is noted for a number of Beckettian firsts. Likely due to Buenos Aires's close ties to the European avant-garde, the first available Spanish translations of *Waiting for Godot* (1953) were created by the Argentine Pablo Palant (Rimoldi 116). In addition to this, Argentina would see the first ever productions of Beckett's work in South America. Performances, even while banned by the Peronist government, are recorded in off-Corrientes theatres from Buenos Aires to Mendoza (Brater 148). Yet even without these direct ties, Argentina, as Guerberof is perfectly aware, is uniquely susceptible to commandeering Beckett's work for discussion of its turbulent political climate and troubled past.

Undoubtedly, the exceeding portability of Beckett's oeuvre is a primary factor in his success in Argentina; performances need only a minimal handful of props and less than a handful of actors. Additionally, the lack of clearly identifiable locations and situations within the plays allow them to be easily appropriated. Geographically, Argentina possesses much in terms of Beckettian landscapes; *Godot*'s broken terrain and lone tree could be one of a thousand places in the Pampas or Patagonia.

Artistically, however, Argentine theater was pre-conditioned to accept the absurdities of Beckett's plays. Native forms that participate in a self-reflexive laugh, similar to that present in Beckett's work, and align closely in tone to absurdist theater have been enjoyed by audiences in the country throughout the mid-20th century. In particular the Argentine form of *el grotesco criollo*, created by Armando Discépolo, reached a height of popularity in the 1960's and 1970's (Pottlitzer 103). Featuring exaggerated bodies and dark, violent comedy, the apogee of this style coincided with the dissemination Beckett's oeuvre into Spanish-speaking theater. Furthermore, all of these events occurred during a time of intense political and social conflict throughout Argentina. This confluence of factors would see Beckett's plays performed alongside *grotesco criollo* plays, perhaps leading to an unconscious association between the two in the minds of Argentine audiences.

When thinking about productions of Beckett's plays in Argentina, we must contextualize the pieces with their Argentine contemporaries, *grotesco criollo* plays created by Griselda Gambaro. Although her work is admittedly born from a different style, one distinct from absurdist theatre, Griselda Gambaro's art shares many themes with Samuel Beckett's oeuvre. From *The Camp* (1967) to *Information for Foreigners* (1972), Gambaro's plays are characterized by master-servant relationships and feature a violence, both subtle and overt, mirroring Argentina's turbulent political atmosphere and the ever-present threat of official disappearance. The resulting style is greatly reminiscent of Beckett's work and of absurdist theatre in general. However, rather than writing such

similarities off as being a mere coincidence, it is far more illuminating to view the forms as a case of convergent evolution.

In this approach, it must be assumed that in two separate situations similar pressures and restrictions were applied to the artform and artist. These restrictions, in turn, serve as the impetus for a change or mutation within the artform yielding the similar results. The end product of such conditions would be two distinct forms that are analogous yet with neither form being derivative.

Locating the pressures that shaped these two authors is a simple matter of history. Samuel Beckett, so often viewed as a post-Second World War author, is an artist whose work is menaced by compassionless authoritarian systems, reminiscent of the Nazi occupation of France through which he lived. The war-torn countryside, the image of the displaced person, and the realities of concentration camps can all be seen as an inspiration for his plays. By reading Beckett's work in this light we gain perspective on his absurd exaggerations of life and the dark humor that runs through his work.

If we choose to interpret Beckett catalogue in the light of World War II, then Griselda Gambaro demands to be read in the light of Argentine conflict. By her own insistence, Gambaro attempts to put the realities of every-day life on the stage. According to Marguerite Feitlowitz, Gambaro's noted translator, Gambaro recognizes the same theatrical quality in the military junta government's rhetoric and actions that Beckett observed in the Nazi's party's command of language (Gambaro 161-162). However, rather than "denying language, in the same way war denied life," Gambaro chooses to stage life itself as a dark comedy rife with gallow's humor (Gribben 216). The sheer disorienting quality of daily life in Argentina provides all the absurdist material Gambaro could desire.

There is a noticeable difference in the two forms, however. Beckett's obsession to strip away from the text, to reveal the "word surface" and to "feel a whisper of that final music or that silence which underlies All," limits his work from being directly referential to the Second World War (Beckett, "Letter to Axel Kaun"). The elements and effects of the war are there, but no real commentary is allowed to coalesce. Perhaps this is a result of Beckett's participation in the French Resistance. A hold-over of secrecy and silence, or maybe even a sense of finality, that he has done his part for the war, as put forward by Gribben. For Beckett the war is over, and, though the world has been irreversibly changed, he is writing within a moment that is decidedly *post*-conflict.

In contrast, a great deal of Gambaro's plays are written *during* the conflicts and crises in Argentina. As such, her work has shifted to informing and bringing attention to the horrors being perpetrated in her homeland. Additionally, there are no clear and defining lines demarcating stability and war. In her play *The Camp*, Gambaro presages the Nazi-esque Peronist government's war on its own people--the title playing off of the colloquial Argentine term for the countryside and Pampas, *el campo*, and the concentration camps that would come to dot the landscape (Gambaro 163).[1] It would be the same Peronist government that would ban Samuel Beckett's work from production within Argentina.

Throughout her work, we see Gambaro assume a dual role as both journalist and playwright. In a sense, her overtly political plays are embryonically Beckettian, possessing the building blocks and blueprints that would lead to Beckett's absurdist theatre, but stopping in favour of calling attention to the specifics of life underneath the military juntas. Her work, in short, is closer to Beckett during the occupation than Beckett after the occupation. Additionally, her eye-opening, confrontational plays cast Gambaro in the light of artistic resistance--an incredibly perilous position. Her government censure and exile would be two more qualities she would share with Beckett.

Griselda Gambaro's official censure is understandable given her scathing critique of the government; however a ban on a non-native author's work, whose mother tongue was not Spanish, begs the question: why? What quality of Beckett's work was deemed a threat to the right-wing government at the time? *Waiting for Godot*, though largely stripped of political signifiers, carries too easily a theme of colonialism, too easily can be appropriated by those whom the government is oppressing. Unfortunately for Beckett, while he may have grudgingly acknowledged the politicization of his plays, the native *grotesco criollo*, the form closest to absurdist theater that would be familiar to the audience, embraces politicization wholeheartedly. In the words of Gambaro: "Our theatre is much more connected to a social element, and our plays deal directly with political or social content. All of our theatre is more or less political, and we are all political writers in one way or another. There is always implicit or explicit political content in our work, though it is not a goal" (Pottlitzer 103-104). Although *Waiting for Godot* would have an officially approved run at the San Martin theatre during the Dirty War years of 1976-1983--as did plays by Beckett's countrymen, Wilde and Shaw--it is vital to remember that Beckett's work in Argentina is intimately tied to official censure and politicization (Graham-Jones 598).

The oppression of the stage in both Beckett's and Gambaro's works plays a major role thematically and physically. Both authors use the stage as a limited space, which, over the course of the play can become more restrictive. In *Happy Days* (1961), which was recently produced with an Argentine socialite twist in Buenos Aires, the mound in which Winnie is trapped grows, slowly consuming her (Cerrato 1-2). Her insistence at the end of the play, exclaiming, "Oh this is a happy day! This will have been another happy day!" shows her denial and utter refusal to accept the reality of the situation (Beckett, *Selected Works* 303). In Beckett's play, we observe this state *in media res*, with no prior knowledge of how Winnie came to be in her mound, no explanation for her attitude.

In Gambaro's play *The Walls* (1963), we see a character in a similar situation. In the play, a character only named as the Young Man is being held for questioning by government forces after being mistaken for a fictional character (Gambaro 65). Initially, the play is set in a fairly opulent room described as "very comfortable, practically luxurious" (Gambaro 15). The bedroom is complete with a painting of a languishing young man and a set of curtains that hide no windows but instead serve to disguise the room's imprisoning nature. By the second act, the room has begun to shrink, becoming

"appreciably smaller. The curtains and the painting have disappeared" (Gambaro 38). Aware of the space enclosing upon him, the young man's frustration with the officials and the occasional off-stage screams heighten the tension. In the second scene of the second act the plush bedroom has become unrecognizable. The room is spartan, "the only pieces of furniture are a cot and a chair, which take up practically the whole space" (Gambaro 52).

As the reality of his predicament sinks in, the stage encloses itself on the Young Man, the boundaries of the theater itself limiting his movement and menacing him. Denied of news of the outside world and desperate for a bit of hope, the Young Man manages to eke some news out of the Usher.

"The news is the following: At midnight the walls will fall in on you. (happily) The same as if you hadn't known. Without exception, the news is death. Death is like a secret, it makes you see what you don't know" (Gambaro 65).

Horrified by the thought of his impending death, the Young Man chastises the Usher for telling him before eventually rejecting the notion entirely. His awareness of the room's shrinking is at odds with the world that he knows, soliciting in the same scene "The room got smaller, but that can happen… It's not so horrible!" and "We're not in a country full of madmen. The room didn't get smaller" (Gambaro 63). Clinging to a delusion, he comes to the conclusion he will be free soon and waits with "his eyes unbelievingly and stupidly open" until the curtain falls (Gambaro 65).

By the end of the play, the Young Man has in essence become Winnie, blind to his own predicament and believing it will all work out. Despite the Usher's assurances that the Young Man will indeed die at midnight, and his claims that they have already began the same treatment on another young man, our protagonist refuses the world around him. It is a slow progression into the same state as Beckett's character, but one to which we may bear witness.

If the restrictions found in Beckett's work are reflections censorship of the self and imagination, we may interpret the mound which devours Winnie as a representation of self-censorship (Gribbens 217, 227). Likewise, Gambaro's restrictive staging can be seen as being born out of an aversion to *autocensura*, Argentine theatre's dirty word (Graham-Jones 595). The effects of the limitation placed upon language are enacted by the players, with the Young Man failing to recognize his own predicaments and growing to trust his captors. It is a move that mirrors the self-censorship and complicit, knowing acceptance of the oppressive juntas.

The key difference between the two characters, and perhaps the two authors, is *when* we begin to watch them. Samuel Beckett is writing after the traumatic events in Europe and is not connected to active conflict. The stillness and waiting that is so characteristic of his oeuvre is, like *Endgame*, all after-the-fact. Conditions, specifics, even purpose are all unknowable; the only certainty is that which is on-stage at any given moment. With the Dirty War and other crises quietly raging in Argentina, Gambaro's work, by contrast, revels in the specificity of Argentina and of the conflict.

Undeniably, Gambaro's most difficult play to stage is also her most referential to Argentina. *Information for Foreigners* is a piece so intrinsically bound to the crises in Argentina that Gambaro herself refused to have produced anywhere in the world for fear of reprisals (Pottlitzer 104). The ambitious staging requires the use of an entire warehouse, a multitude of guides, and actors planted within the audience, challenging the standard theater setting. The "play" consists of tour guides leading the audience through the different rooms of the warehouse, with scenes scripted to play *in media res* when the audience arrives. The distorted atmosphere and confusion--to which even the guide is not immune--serves to force the audience to acknowledge the hellish environment they have entered. As the actors planted in the audience are violently abducted and assaulted, the audience members become unsure of their own role in the play.

The unstable ground that the audience walks is clearly identified in the opening passages. As the audience is assembled around the guides they are divided into distinct tour groups. Gambaro intends for the maximum amount of disorientation and instructs that the given staging only represents one possible route through the warehouse, one possible sequence of the scenes (Gambaro 69). Once placed in their groups, they are informed of the absurd rules of the warehouse and warned "no one under eighteen will be admitted. Or under thirty-five or over thirty-six." The guide continues, "The play speaks to our way of life: Argentine, Western, and Christian. We are in 1971" (Gambaro 71).

The "plot" of the play, if one must be insisted on, centers on the obedience to authority, confusion between fact and official statement, and the horror of forced disappearance.[2] To drive home the authenticity of the absurd play around them, the audience is confronted with newspaper headlines of the events they have just witnessed. Life in Argentina and the strange burlesque of the authoritarian government, the pantomime of truth staged by the military junta, are the subject of the play. Rather than speak critically, she allows the events to speak for themselves.

If Beckett's vague use of language is an attack on the word surface to penetrate to the silence and music behind All, then Gambaro's work is an attack on All utilizing language as her weapon. Gambaro's concerns are not within the order of sign and signified, her goal is to stage the referent, the thing itself. Her method is akin to Beckett's "mocking attitude to words, through words" except applied to the theater's mimetic aspect (Beckett, "Letter to Axel Kaun"). She assaults the notion of staging a play about the *Desaparacidos* by forcefulling stripping away the theater, by transplanting the audience to the scene of the horrors. Then she begins her play-within-a-play, with actors turned murderers turned poorly-trained actors. Theater, its passivity, and its weaponization are mocked as fraudulent while organized mass homicide is perpetrated around the audience.

Samuel Beckett's avant-garde struggle for the unknowable is further mirrored by Gambaro's attempts to stage that which, officially, does not exist. Her plays work specifically to contradict official statement, violently exposing the truth of the *Desaparacidos*. Both artists are concerned with staging that which is unshowable, either by the vagaries of the word surface or by official decree. Beckett's mocking attack on the authority of word runs parallel to Gambaro's war on the authoritarian word.

The formal similarities between *el grotesco criollo* and absurdist theatre explain why Samuel Beckett's work has found a special place in Argentine theatre. Historically contemporary, audiences would have found the exaggerated forms and circumstances similar, perhaps indistinguishable. Regionalized stagings of Beckett's plays, in light of *grotesco criollo*'s overt politicization, allow for discussion of censored topics without being directly referential to the conflict, while Gambaro's work mirrors Beckett's own focus on the unknowable. The two forms' convergent paths proceed towards the authority of word, be it semiotic or official. However, for all of their similarities, the forms constitute distinct, separate evolutions: one emerging from the aftermath of the Second World War, the other torn from accounts of Argentina's military dictatorships.

Notes

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1 Evidence suggests a possible 340 "detention" camps (Gambaro 163).

2 Estimates place the number of disappeared persons between 1976 and 1983 alone at around 30,000 (Pottlitzer 104).

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Non-Modern Culture in Brian Friel's Plays

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Abstract: *This article argues that Friel's concern with paganism goes beyond his well-known play Dancing at Lughnasa: it actually extends to Faith Healer and Wonderful Tennesssee. Like Lughnasa festival, shamanic healing and the mythological Otherworld are also parts of Irish pagan traditions. By depicting the Irish people's spiritual world of supernatural power, gods, and realms, Friel shows that pagan cultures are not mummified in the museums or memoirs but alive in their corrupted, erratic forms and interwoven with Christian beliefs and modern rationalities, whose connection with the past and engagement with the present challenge the mutually excluded category of tradition and modernity, and exemplify what David Lloyd calls "non-modern culture."*

Keywords: *Non-modern culture; pagan traditions; shaman; the Otherworld; modernity; hybridity.*

As Friel himself admitted in an interview, "*Dancing at Lughnasa* is about the necessity for paganism" (Friel *Essays* 148). If this play has long been the focus of critical attention, what is less obvious and eludes most critics is that Friel's concern with paganism is far more lasting: it actually extends to *Faith Healer* and *Wonderful Tennesssee*. Like Lughnasa festival, shamanic healing and the mythological Otherworld are also parts of Irish pagan traditions. Although Ireland has been Christianized since the early fifth century, many pre-Christian folk beliefs and practices still hang on. By depicting the Irish people's spiritual world of supernatural power, gods, and realms, Friel shows that pagan cultures are not mummified in the museums or memoirs but alive in their corrupted, erratic forms and interwoven with Christian beliefs and modern rationalities, whose connection with the past and engagement with the present testify to their limbo state and challenge the mutually excluded category of tradition and modernity. By applying David Lloyd's concept of non-modern culture to Friel's plays, I will argue that, those pagan cultures are non-modern cultures, since "[t]he *non-modern* is a name for such a set of spaces that emerge out of kilter with modernity but none the less in a dynamic relation to it… it is a space where the alternative survives…not as a preserve, or an outside, but as an incommensurable set of cultural formations historically occluded from, yet never actually disengaged with, modernity"(Lloyd *History* 2). Friel's pagan cultures are not relics of

the past, for they still play an essential and active role in Irish people's current lives, but at the same time, they are also discordant with modern society, for their existence is actually an adulterated, fragmentary reflection of old traditions lost over time. Their contemporaneity breaks down binary dichotomies and shows the interaction between past and present, tradition and modernity, paganism and Christianity, supernaturalism and rationality, etc., though not without conflicts, which to some extent helps restore the Irish folk tradition to modern Irish society.

Ireland's specific historical and political situation – its colonization and decolonization – necessitates the marriage of folk culture and nationalist politics. To combat colonial prejudice, to recover a native history and civilization, and to invent a national identity, Irish cultural nationalists embraced Celticism and celebrated their glorious past and noble traditions through a variety of Celtic Revival movements in the late 19th and early 20th century. The post-independent Republic, in a similar way, exalted the native traditions as "a living fossil of older times…before the contamination of the English presence in Ireland" (qtd. Ó Giollain 29) to authenticate its new sovereignty and secure its Irishness. That is why the Irish Folklore Commission was established to preserve "[the] 'authentic' West of Ireland" through "[its] preoccupation with pastness, with the countryside, with Irish-speaking districts" (Ó Giollain 141). Consequently, those folk practices and customs that were recalcitrant or unabsorbed into the national myth of an idyllic, self-reliant, holy nation-state were dismissed as heresy or atavism and expunged from national representation. As a result, "the spaces and processes of colonized cultures…were always already outside of, or marginal to, dominant representations" even in postcolonial Ireland. By museumizing the so-called pristine, genuine folk culture and "relegat[ing] incompatible cultural forms to its own pre-history," the Republic constructed a hegemonic, state-sponsored version of Irishness (Lloyd *Anomalous* 10*)*.

The limitations of such political use of folk culture are obvious: not only the so-called authentic, pure, and heroic past and people do not exist in pre-colonial Ireland, but the Celticism only enacts a simple inversion of the colonial stereotype, which does not abolish but perpetuates colonial binarism. What's more, the ossification of folk traditions in the new Republic also shows the myopia of the nation builders who fail to "see culture as a perpetual becoming and the past as necessarily flawed rather than uniformly admirable: something neither to be fetishised nor erased, but sifted for those vital elements that might be adapted in the future"(Kiberd 143). In Friel's plays, pagan culture is by no means pure, intact, or authentic but adulterated, corrupted, and sporadic; it is not dying relic but makes up an indispensable part of the Irish people's current lives; it is not always noble or admirable either but contains elements that are inscrutable or even destructive. Instead of being a static, finished product for preservation, Friel's pagan culture is a living organ, pulsating with people's daily lives, growing with social changes, and transforming into new ways of existence, whose penetration into Christianity and modernity testifies to such vitality. In this way, Friel's plays write back

to the misrepresentations of folk culture in Irish history and offer an overdue review of Irish pagan tradition.

Juxtaposing *Faith Healer* and *Wonderful Tennessee,* we can see the repeated motifs of healing, sacrificing, ritualized chanting, etc. as well as the ongoing struggle between traditional pagan beliefs and modern rationality, but if we examine them chronologically, we actually see Friel's own evolvement in his portrayal of pagan culture, which moves from outlandish countryside in Scotland and Welsh to Irish town and city, from itinerant practitioner to city-dwellers, from deadly opposition to hybridity and co-existence, and from pessimistic self-doubt to articulated affirmation. Such trajectory itself shows that Friel does not dismiss pagan culture as vestiges; instead, he acknowledges its necessity in Irish people's lives and secures a proper place for it in modern Ireland.

Written in 1979*, Faith Healer* has long been viewed as a metaphorical work about artistic creation. Many critics and even Friel himself have talked about how Frank is like the artist who is at the mercy of his creative power and tortured by self-doubt. However, few critics notice that Frank the faith healer could also be a shaman because "[t]he principal function of the shaman…is magical healing"(Eliade 215). Marilyn Throne is among the few who propose a shamanic reading of Frank: insightfully pointing out the ineffectiveness of both men's law and women's faith, Throne nevertheless sees shamanism as a desperate, quack substitute for ineffectual laws and tattered religion. However, shamanism is far more than a poor makeshift and it provides crucial function for the society. In Mircea Eliade's ground-breaking work *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy,* healing is defined as an "exclusive province of the shaman" because "illness is regarded as a corruption or alienation of the soul…[and thus] the recovery of physical health is closely dependent on restoring the balance of spiritual forces"(Eliade 216). More specifically, Ward Rutherfold explains that, such spiritual healing is carried out by travelling between two worlds: "our own and the Other World," for the shaman has "[a] gift of inducing trances in which he can leave his mortal body [and make] repeated Other World visits"(Rutherford 100-3) to "ask advice from the spirits…in order to cure an illness"(Eliade 219). In this sense, the shaman is not only a mediator between his people and the Otherworld but also a guardian of his community. Frank's faith-healing, as a spiritual treatment of disease, thus belongs to shamanism. Incantation and music enable Frank to enter a shamanic trance in which he cures people just by watching and touching them. However, unlike the traditional shaman who "can travel freely to and from otherworlds" at will (Jones 70), Frank practices his spiritual healing "without any real comprehension himself of what his gift is, and without any control over his gift"(Throne 24). In this sense, Frank is only a dysfunctional shaman, who is a pale reflection of the old shamanic tradition. The decline of shamanism is inevitable, for "since the Scientific Revolution around 1600, the dominant culture in the West has repudiated the visionary and mystical traditions of perceiving reality, on which shamanism is based"(Cowan 12). Frank's existence in the

modern world is thus afflicted by the tension between the magical, shamanic outlook and the rational, scientific worldview.

Like many shamans, Frank is "called" to his vocation, for "his art responds to a profound human need for healing and transformation"(Andrews 159). Made responsible for the wellbeing of the whole community, Frank realizes that his obligation is not to cure individuals but the society, for his patients "weren't there on their own behalf at all but as delegates" (Friel FH 337) of the multitude outside. Since physical diseases result from spiritual illness, all the disabled people – the crippled, the blind, the disfigured, the deaf, and the barren – actually represent a sick society permeated with despair: a modern spiritual wasteland, which Frank can hardly redeem with his unsteady gift. As a dysfunctional shaman in a less receptive society, Frank needs his healing power to establish his identity just as his patients need it to cure their ailments. Only healing could make Frank feel "whole in [himself], and perfect in [himself]"(Friel FH 333). That is why wherever Frank goes he carries the newspaper clipping that records the miracle he performs one night in a Welsh village, curing ten people in a few minutes: it proves himself although ironically "it got [his] name wrong"(Friel FH 371). Such identity crisis actually haunts Frank throughout his life.

It is clear from the very beginning that the time for the traditional practice of faith healing has passed, for Frank, the Irish faith healer, has to roam about dying villages in Scotland and Wales, to seek "[the] last refuge of the irrational among disbelievers"(Grene 61). Reciting the place names of those remote, occluded villages, Frank is either "blessing them or consecrating himself"(Friel FH 343) for his mesmeric incantation enables him to enter a timeless, tranquil state so that his gift is away from the menacing modern world where rationality and logic rule on the "relics of abandoned rituals"(Friel FH 332). Like Frank's shabby, tattered overcoat and his soiled, abused banner, Frank's career is impoverished and his life suffers forever destitution: he has to battle with despair and surrender constantly. His major adversary, undoubtedly, is the logo-centric order. Since "man's law [is] the diametrical opposite of Frank's gift and his essence: he heals by faith, and such healing must occur outside what man can measure and codify and enforce"(Throne 19), Frank's faith healing is mocked as fraud and he himself is rejected as a mountebank. Grace's Judge father, the representative of logic and reason, condemns Frank's practice as a "career of chicanery"(Friel FH 371). This sentence is devastating to Frank because it makes him realize that it is almost impossible for him and his gift to be properly acknowledged in a society where people "could use the word 'chicanery' with such confidence" (Friel FH 372) that their self-righteousness excludes all the other possibilities, a confidence he can never have. Such an arbitrary, arrogant denial deepens Frank's self-doubt, which has started since the decline of his career. He begins to project others' disbelief and censure onto himself with "those nagging, tormenting, maddening questions…Am I a con man?...Was it all chance? – or skill? – or illusion? – or delusion?...You're beginning to masquerade, aren't you? You're becoming a husk, aren't you?'"(Friel FH 333-4).

While outside hostility intensifies Frank's inside insecurity, he becomes overly defensive and tends to guard against anyone, even his own wife Grace, for she, nevertheless, has been a lawyer and a daughter of a Judge. Therefore, although Grace has rejected her law career and her father's values, "Frank continues to be threatened by them and to attribute them to Grace"(McGrath 175). Deemed by Frank as the symbol of order: "a Yorkshire woman. Controlled, correct, methodical, orderly"(Friel FH 335), Grace becomes the rational modern world incarnate, which Frank keeps measuring himself against self-consciously. Loyal as she is, Grace does not really understand Frank either, for she secretly resents his faith healing for taking him away from her: "if by some miracle Frank could have been the same Frank without it, I would happily have robbed him of it"(Friel FH 349). Such thought is seized by Frank as her ultimate treachery against him. Picturing Grace as the outside world that tries to deny and reject him, Frank flaunts his victory when he cures someone: "'And what does the legal mind make of all that? Just a con, isn't it? Just an illusion, isn't it?'" When he cannot perform, Frank blames Grace: "'You were at you very best tonight…A great night for the law, wasn't it?'" As Frank brings all his struggles with the orderly, methodical world into his family life, his tense relationship with Grace actually reflects the agony modern society inflicts on him. What Grace calls the "feud between himself and his talent"(Friel FH 350) is indeed the feud between Frank's faith healing and the unaccommodating modern world.

Such a feud reaches its summit when Frank returns to Ireland. Although his straightening the wedding guest's twisted finger seems to suggest that this is the right place for him to restore his lost gift, this illusion soon dissipates, for those wedding guests not only mock traditions through their relentless debauchery of August festival but also behave aggressively towards him: a face-to-face confrontation between rationality and faith becomes inevitable. Challenged to cure the cripple McGarvey, the embodiment of a diseased modern Ireland, Frank foresees his failure and his consequent death at the hands of those non-believers, but he accepts his fate all the same. Many critics regard Frank's death as a tragic defeat, a deliberate elimination of hope, a relief from the unbearable uncertainty and self-doubt, or a final resignation. Even Throne, who admits Frank finally "achieves the revelation of the rightness of spiritual truth," still views it as the death of a washout (Throne 22-4). To me, however, Frank's death is actually a willing sacrifice for others' sufferings, an "ultimate act of faith"(Pine 148), which shows the final triumph of shamanic spirit over the secular world.

By offering himself to help others and even sacrificing himself to redeem the faithless, hopeless modern world, Frank articulates true shamanic spirit in his last act. Like Christ, Frank is "prepared to lay down his life for his faith"(Andrews 161), which accounts for the religious piety and reverence with which he approaches his death: "he takes off his hat as if he were entering a church and holds it at his chest"(Friel FH 376). In Celtic tradition, "death is not the end, but a doorway into another kind of life…At the moment of physical death, human consciousness begins a journey into a new and more radiant form of existence"(Cowan 200, 181). Frank's death fully represents such a belief. The fatal meeting between him and the wedding guests takes place in the early dawn,

symbolic of a new beginning, in a walled yard made sacred by "an arched entrance" and "two mature birch trees"(Friel FH 375). The arch, as a common cemetery symbol, signifies a victory over death and a gateway to heaven, while the birch is a holy tree of rebirth. According to the Celtic Tree Calendar, the birch is "the first letter of the druidic alphabet and sacred to Cerridwen," the Celtic goddess of rebirth and transformation (Ravenfox 3). Moreover, given the ready images of Tree of Life or the World Tree in the Celtic mythology, the birch trees may also imply a doorway to the Otherworld and a continuance of life in another time and space. All the sacred and regenerative images show Frank's death as a noble, life-giving sacrifice rather than a pathetic abandonment.

Likewise, Frank's death is also a victory over the empirical reality he has battled throughout his life. During his dying moment, the spirit finally surmounts the matter, and the menacing, secular world gradually gives way to a spiritual world: "the whole corporeal world – the cobbles, the trees, the sky, those four malign implements – somehow they had shed their physical reality and had become mere imaginings." With the disappearance of the physical reality, enmity ceases to exist too, which enables Frank to establish a genuine, spiritual connection with his adversaries: "we had ceased to be physical and existed only in spirit, only in the need we had for each other"(Friel FH 376). Frank finally transcends the physical antagonism between him and the wedding guests in the light of the shamanic truth that "it is spiritual reality that matters, not physical"(Throne 24). Through his ritualistic death, Frank not only defeats the hostile, material world but also conquers his own fear and uncertainty: "for the first time there was no atrophying terror; and the maddening questions were silent." Interestingly enough, it is through his physical destruction that Frank is restored spiritually and has a genuine "home-coming." In this way, Frank's final "renouncing chance"(Friel FH 376) is not a resignation or failure but "an affirmation of the sacred and the salvific"(Strain 81). By choosing to die, Frank proves himself to be a real shaman in life as well as in death. Like Throne puts it, "[u] ltimately, then, *Faith Healer* is a somber and ecstatic statement of faith"(Throne 24).

To some extent, Frank's faith healing, as a lingering pagan tradition, speaks for all that is dismissed as irrational and superstitious in modern Ireland and reflects their predicament in a logo-centric world. The clash between Frank the shaman and the world of reason is also a struggle for the acknowledgement of those existent, non-modern cultures. Frank's death thus shows that although modern society may eliminate the physical existence of those cultural practices, it cannot extinguish the non-modern spirit, which will continue to challenge the confine of modern rationality. Friel's revisit of the pagan culture eleven years later in *Dancing at Lughnasa* and fourteen years later in *Wonderful Tennessee* testifies to the strong life of such a spirit.

Wonderful Tennessee, as Friel's last play of paganism, pays tribute to its two predecessors. Many critics have noticed that all the plays are set in August, a harvest season for pagan rituals and festivals. What is less obvious to them is that both shamanism and Lughnasa festival actually return to *Wonderful Tennessee*. Although lacking a definitive shamanic figure, *Wonderful Tennessee* gives a more substantial description of a

trip to the Otherworld and reiterates the theme of healing among those diseased modern people. Likewise, Lughnasa festival is also vaguely recalled from memory and imitated awkwardly by the characters. The absence of shaman practice and Lughnasa festival celebration reflect the reality of the 1990s Ireland. Although pagan practice seems to disappear physically, it continues in a more implicit yet profound way, for *Wonderful Tennessee* shows that it is the Irish city-dwellers rather than dying Welsh/Scottish villages that hold up such a tradition: in spite of (or maybe because of) the modern civilization those city-dwellers immerse in, their longing to transcend the secular, rational world and their pursuit of an alternative existence never cease. In *Wonderful Tennessee* not only paganism shifts its presence from physical practice to spiritual adherence but the antagonism between pagan tradition and modern rationality also gives way to an eclectic conglomeration: the deadly opposition between shamanism and reason in *Faith Healer* is replaced by their co-existence, for the city-dwellers in *Wonderful Tennessee* are both rational and shamanic, indiscriminately mingling "at once pagan, classical, Celtic, Christian, and post-Christian"(Corbett 101) music and songs on the Donegal pier.

Like those disabled people who seek out Frank to treat their diseases, the three city couples travel to a remote pier in Donegal to search for a physical and mental cure. The opening cry "Help! We're lost!"(Friel WT 347) gives full voice to their agony and desperation in their modern ailments: Terry is broke financially and emotionally, Berna is barren and suffering from nervous breakdown, Frank is stuck in his writer's block and unhappy marriage, and George only has three months to live due to his throat cancer. The mysterious island, where Terry remembers "years ago people went…to be cured" as he sees "crutches and walking sticks hanging on the bush," suggests a sacred place related to the Otherworld from which supernatural healing power comes. In this sense, although there is no more shaman because people have "stopped believing"(Friel WT 371-2), the characters' trip to the island acquires shamanic quality: like the shaman who walks between the mortal world and the Otherworld to bring back immortal wisdom to heal people, the characters also leave their secular world and enter the disused, distant pier as derelict as Frank's dying Scottish and Welsh villages to embark on a similar journey to the Otherworld in the hope of finding a cure.

The analogy between the island and the Otherworld is explicit. In Celtic tradition, the Otherworld "is either beyond or beneath the sea, and the travellers commonly set off in a ship to reach it"(Davidson 187) while the island Oilean Draiochta is accessible only through sailing. According to "the *Immrama*, accounts of voyages to strange and fantastic islands"(Davidson 182), a fairy maiden always guides the mortal to the Otherworld, just like the characters need the boatman Carlin to ferry them over to the island, who is no less legendary, for nobody could get a hold of him and he is only remembered and talked about but never showing up in the play. The thatched cottage, where he is supposed to live, is deserted with "grass growing out of [it]"(Friel WT 376) but smoke still comes out of its chimney at unusual hours. If we don't know whether Carlin is a real person or a mythological figure, we are not sure whether the island exists or not either. Just

as its name "Oilean Draiochta – Island of Otherness, Island of Mystery" suggests, the island remains mysterious throughout the play. On the one hand, its physical existence seems beyond question, for Terry not only buys it from the market but also remembers his visit to it with his father when he was seven, but on the other hand, nobody can see the island clearly, which is more like "a mirage"(Friel WT 369) and Friel's working title "The Imagined Place"(Friel *Essays* 148) further indicates its illusory presence. As an island heard but not seen, dangling between reality and imagination, Oilean Draiochta follows the tradition of Otherworldly islands in Irish mythology: "Tir-fa-Tonn (Under-Wave Land), Tir Tairngire (Land of Promise), Mag Mell (Plains of Honey), Tir-na-mBeo (Land of Living), Tir-na-Nog (Land of the Young)"(Spaan 185). Like those Otherworldly islands, Oilean Draiochta is also a place of "happiness and beauty where sickness, death and decay are unknown"(Davidson 181). This blessed, idyllic island, true spiritual home to the Irish people, however, is surrounded by hostility: the devouring fog and swirling foam, like the debasing, modernizing forces, have degraded the salmon of wisdom in the Otherworld to a manic, leering-faced, dancing dolphin (Friel WT 420). Read in this light, Angela's story about the pirates who are turned into dolphins because they capture the Greek god Dionysus speaks to the Irish society where the Dionysiac, pagan traditions have been arrested by the secular, vulgar modern life.

The juxtaposition of the Otherworld and the threatening modern reality also leads to the characters' two-sidedness. Unlike Frank, the staunch shaman fighting against all the scientific forces, the three couples are hybrids of irrationality and reason. Their challenge to rationality and pursuit of transcendence are palpable throughout the play. Along with their shamanic, healing journey are their fantastic stories, which deny reason as "the key to 'truth', [or] the 'big verities.'" By turning the Holy House of Loreto into a flying house, Berna delivers a deliberate "offence to reason": "[the flying house] marches up to reason and belts it across the gob and says to it, 'fuck you, reason. I'm as good as you any day. You haven't all the fucking answers – not by any means'"(Friel WT 404). By evoking and seeking a mystic, alternative world through their stories and trip, the characters go beyond "the material world and rational thinking"(Bertha 128) and get in touch with their pagan culture. However, unlike the pious believers in the past who "embraced it all – everything. Yes, yes, yes"(Friel WT 398), the modern couples remain critical and suspicious, for they cannot sanctify the tradition with the same piety and devotion: they are reliving it yet cannot get over its otherness, which accounts for their paradoxical attitude. Angela condemns their shamanic journey and makes fun of the island but at the same time admits its value as "an island remembered, however vaguely"(Friel WT 380). Likewise, Frank admires the island but questions his own admiration all the same: "maybe we've got it all wrong as usual…Maybe Saint Conall stood on the shores of the island there and gazed across here at Ballybeg and said to his monks, 'Oh, lads, lads, *there* is the end of desire. Whoever lives there lives at the still core of it all. Happy, happy, lucky people'" (Friel WT 398). Such skepticism and self-mockery testify to their mixed cultural holdings.

This hybrid strain is also seen in the characters' parodic imitation of Lughnasa celebration. As Friel's *Dancing at Lughnasa* shows, August the First is La Lughnasa, the feast day of the old Celtic God of the Harvest, Lugh, and the days and weeks of harvesting that follow are called the Festival of Lughnasa, which is celebrated through picking of bilberries, communal feast, social gatherings, singing, dancing, etc. According to Maire MacNeill, many Lughnasa celebrations "survived into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries without having been taken over by Christianity. Of course they had shed all obvious connexions with pagan rite and lived on as festive outings" while a minority "were converted to Christian devotion and changed to pilgrimages" on the hilltop followed by festive gatherings at the foot of the hill (MacNeill 68). Terry remembers that decades ago on the island people used to walk barefoot, fast, go round mounds of stones, say prayers, drink from a holly well, and give votive offerings, which is actually a survival of the patron-pilgrimage version of the old Lughnasa festival: those pilgrims "ascend the mountain barefoot," have "their fast on the peak," go round "cairns of stone…seven times saying the customary prayers," "left a token offering, such as a rag or a nail, in the stone crevices," and take "a drink from the [holy] well." After their pilgrimage, they have a patron of "feasting, dance and song"(MacNeill 81-2, 104). In the play, the characters spontaneously observe their pagan tradition by taking off their shoes, fasting a whole night, filling a bottle with "holy water," leaving votive offerings on the lifebelt, going around the mound of stones, and singing and dancing. However, such an imitation is also a parody. What has been done solemnly and reverently on the island is reproduced in a reductive, corrupted way on the Donegal pier: the characters' fasting is a pure accident: "I order two hampers of good food and they fill them with stuff nobody can eat"; their holy well pathetically comes from "a shallow hollow on the floor of the pier where water has gathered"(Friel WT 394); their votive offerings are merely secular gifts for the ferryman Carlin; their singing and dancing are exaggerated or even mocking. While other critics see this as degenerated faith and debased ritual (Andrews 257), I see it as an inevitable adulteration of paganism in modern times.

What's more, the patron-pilgrimage also testifies to the mingling of Christianity and paganism. While the pilgrimage itself seems to indicate that religious devotion to Christian Saints or chapels has taken over ancient festival of Lughnasa, it is by no means a sweeping victory given the on-going pagan practices within Christianity: people still observe the Celtic year and celebrate their solar festival Lughnasa, still pay tribute to pagan wells of wisdom, and still hold profane, fun-seeking gatherings. All these illustrate the undying pagan spirit in the apparent conversion to Christianity. Viewed in this light, paganism and Christianity actually live through each other as if in a symbiosis. The characters' Lughnasa trip is thus also a religious pilgrimage. With the "listing and rotting wooden stand, cruciform in shape, on which hangs the remnant of a life-belt"(Friel WT 344), the pier deliberately evokes crucifix and resurrection and seems to promise the characters a hope of rebirth. Likewise, the island is not only the Otherworld or the Lughnasa festive site but also a sanctuary with "the ruins of a Middle

Age church dedicated to Saint Conall" (Friel WT 372). The hymns permeated in the play reinforce the sacred atmosphere, which, like everything else, are adulterated, for George switches music "at times quite inappropriately…so the sacred intrudes on the secular, and the secular encroaches on the sacred"(Corbett 98). As a result, any sustained religious piety is lost. If the indiscriminate blend of holy psalms and popular songs corrupts the religious pilgrimage, the sacrifice and dismemberment of Sean O'Boyle, done by the intoxicated Christians back from the Eucharistic Congress and covered up by the bishop afterward, further undercuts the Christian order. Apparently, violent and savage behaviors are not exclusive to pagans. The widening gap between modern civilization and non-modern culture ironically results in an increasingly heterogeneous medley as shown in the mongrel nature of the characters' trip to the island: shamanic, festive, and religious.

Just like Frank's dysfunctional shamanism, the three couples' journey to the island also fails, for there is no pristine, authentic tradition to go back to. The similar names of the minibus driver Charlin and the boatman Carlin give away the interchangeability of their home and the island: the island is shown to be the characters' alienated home. That is why Frank exclaims that "this is no mystery tour he's taking us on – he's taking us home!"(Friel WT 378). The characters' trip to the island is thus a return to their spiritual home, "to remember again…to be in touch again…to acknowledge…[and] to attest to the mystery"(Friel WT 372-3) exiled from modern society. As an embodiment of the pagan past, Oilean Draiochta is also an island of the dead. The ferryman Carlin thus resembles Charon in Greek mythology, who ferries the dead to the underworld Hades. Like those souls who cannot afford the ferry fee and are thus doomed to wander on the shore of the river Styx for 100 years, the characters are also condemned to an eternal waiting as Carlin never turns up: stranded on the pier, they can neither reach the island nor return home. Their dangling state shows their homeless condition between their modern present and their traditional past, for, in spite of their yearnings, they are inevitably estranged and distanced from their cultural heritage.

The unavailability of the island makes many critics read the play negatively. Corbett claims that "the characters do not find some kind of spiritual renewal, nor even a spiritual experience"(Corbett 101), and Pine sees the play as a denial "to refer back to a 'hidden Ireland'"(Pine 284). Different from them, I find *Wonderful Tennessee* not only continues but also confirms what *Faith Healer* has said about Irish paganism in a louder, surer voice. The characters' performance of the old ceremonies and their affirmative attitude towards the island have established a spiritual connection with their pagan tradition. Their self-conscious, reductive imitation of the patron-pilgrimage is indeed a modern expression of their paganism, which testifies to the living and adaptive non-modern culture. Therefore, although "these six modern-day, secularized pilgrims – approach the ancient mysteries in a half-hearted, uncertain, skeptical manner"(Andrews 257), their ritual gestures have put them as close to their pagan tradition as "you [can] get without touching it"(Friel WT 415). That is why the characters declare that "even though we don't make it out there…at least now we know…it's there"(Friel WT 440) and

another trip is guaranteed: "Yes, we will! Next year – and the year after – and the year after that! Because we want to! Not out of need – out of desire! Not in expectation – but to attest, to affirm, to acknowledge – to shout Yes, Yes, Yes!"(Friel WT 442). In this way, the characters voice an ultimate, resolute affirmation of their non-modern culture. If the characters' attitude towards the island changes from initially dismissive and doubtful to finally enthusiastic and confirmative, positive changes and signs of renewal are also discernable towards the end of the play. Act Two begins with a new day: "a pristine and brilliant morning sunlight that…renovates everything it touches" and "exhilarated" characters. Wild flowers are also found on the deserted pier (Friel WT 414, 417, 427) as if under the influence of characters' life-giving journey. Opposite to its bleak, helpless beginning, the play ends with a strong, confirming note.

Taken as a whole, both *Faith Healer* and *Wonderful Tennessee* tackle the misrepresentation of pagan culture – it is neither idolized and preserved as a dying, authentic heirloom nor dismissed as an atavistic, backward relic; rather, it carries on to the present in renewed, adulterated, and fragmentary forms and is indeed an important component of modern Irish people's lives, interwoven with their rational and Christian practices, and providing them with an alternative spiritual outlet. In this way, Friel secures a place for the non-modern culture in the modern Ireland.

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Translations*: a Movement Towards Reconciliation*

Michelle Andressa Alvarenga de Souza

Abstract: *This article proposes a postcolonial reading of Brian Friel's* Translations*, understanding it as piece of work that presents a way out for Ireland to reconcile with England, its colonizer. It has taken the major theoreticians in postcolonial studies as premise to read the play as a place of hybridity.*

Keywords: *Brian Friel*; Translations; *hybridity.*

Brian Friel was part of a group of six Northern artists[1] who responded to the unsettled political situation in the country after the partition of Ireland in two states. This group was the Field Day Theatre Company, which set out "to contribute to the solution of the present crisis by producing analyses of the established opinions, myths and stereotypes which had become both a symptom and a cause of the current situation."[2]

Their most significant proposition was the idea of an Irish "fifth province," one that would be added to the four geographical provinces of Ireland (Connacht, Leinster, Munster and Ulster). This "fifth province" would not be a physical place, but would be a province of the mind: one capable of transcending the oppositions of Irish politics, a place where all conflicts are resolved. In order to constitute such a location each person is required to discover it for himself and within himself. According to Friel the fifth province is "a place for dissenters, traitors to the prevailing mythologies in the other four provinces" "through which we hope to devise another way of looking at Ireland, or another possible Ireland" (qtd. in Gray 7).

For the Field Day Company the reinvention of Ireland should be the moment when everything from politics to literature should be re-written. Elmer Andrews writes that,

> if the individual and the world are substantially (though not entirely) constituted through language and if, therefore, 'identity' and 'reality' are fictional constructs which continually elude full representation, then there is always the possibility that both the individual and the social reality in which he is inscribed can be reinvented. To effect such a re-creation was precisely the challenge taken up by the Field Day Theatre Company. (Andrews 164)

The plays produced by the Field Day Company asked its audience to "unlearn" the Ireland they knew, "the received ways of thinking about it and to learn new ones" (Ibid). And it is precisely on this issue of unlearning and learning that *Translations* rests, a play considered by Seamus Deane to be Field Day's central text. It is also relevant to add that it was the company's first production, being performed in Derry in September 1980. Coming on stage in the most troubled times of Northern Ireland's modern history, *Translations* immediately became a huge success because it explores a moment of cultural transition and social reinvention; the re-generation epoch that the Irish population had been longing for.

The plot develops in the imaginary townland of Baile Beag (located in County Donegal) where an Irish-speaking community lives. The time is late August, 1833, "a setting that symbolizes a major transition in Irish culture" (McGrath 180).

Hugh, Manus, Sarah, Jimmy Jack, Maire, Doalty and Bridget experience the moment of transition from a strictly Gaelic culture into the English ethnocentric praxis – culminated by the arrival of Captain Lancey and Lieutenant Yolland. These two officers, accompanied by Owen (Hugh's son and Manus's brother), are supposed to map and re-name Ireland, standardizing it, Anglicizing the Irish places so they become recognizable to the other countries of the commonwealth.[3]

The most relevant historical event identifiable in the play is the Ordnance Survey. It began in 1824 and was to be carried out by the British Army Engineer Corps. Their task consisted in mapping and renaming all the Irish country, in order to produce a six-inch map (an assignment that was completed by 1846).

Mary Hamer explains that:

> In one sense, the famous Ordnance Survey project in Britain could make no intervention in the cognitive mapping processes of the Irish, for the Survey officers were not themselves creating a new environment, only recording a given one. But the very process of their record involved some modification on that environment: ancient boundaries were not always left undisturbed; place-names were anglicized, either directly or more subtly by the attempt to arrive at spellings that looked acceptable to an English eye. So an official Ireland was produced, an English-speaking one, with its own ideology of Irish space (188).

The intrinsic relation between language and land is one of the strongest aspects of *Translations*, in which the re-naming of places represent not only a new way of reading their home, but a new way of living in Ireland and of being Irish.

Homi K. Bhabha's idea of translation as a "place of hybridity", where the final source of meaning "is neither the one nor the other" (2010, 2362), illustrates the central idea of the play. However, before deepening this analysis, it is important to understand the context in which *Translations* is inserted: one of the most critical moments of Irish History. The 1833 setting was not only the time when the island was being re-named, but was also the years that followed the implementation of the National School System

in Ireland (1830): when the Hedge-schools were being substituted by institutions that taught only in English.

By adding real political, social and economic events to its plot, *Translations* becomes a re-writing of history, an alter-native perspective of the cultural adjustments that were being imposed on the Irish society. But to read the play from a historical point of view is to admit that Friel did distort some truths when composing it. Many critics have claimed that he has exaggerated when describing the repressiveness of the British military. The dramatist was even accused of "transposing Cromwellian notions into a nineteenth century framework" (McAvera qtd. in Gray 8).

J.H. Andrews (1983), however, was one of the few who defended Friel's handling of reality. The historian does agree that Friel was not always historically accurate, but believes that the dramatist was interested in a different kind of truth apart from the facts. Andrews writes that *Translations* is "an extremely subtle blend of historical truth and some other kind of truth" and is constituted by "a set of images that might have been painted on screen, each depicting some passage from Irish history" (122).

We must consider that a possible synonym for the word "translation" is the word "version". Hence, by entitling the play *Translations* Brian Friel may be saying that he is providing us with 'versions' of Irish history. By placing the plot in 1833, he provides to his audience a pre-partition ambience, a time when Ireland was still united. At the same time, the setting epitomizes the precise moment when the living Gaelic culture is about to be Anglicized, a moment of transition and translation, of inexorable movement from Irish towards English; or, as we will see in the following pages, from Irish to Anglo-Irish.

In this analysis, it is fundamental to consider the social upheavals that Northern Ireland had been experiencing since it seceded from the Irish Free State. The nationalism that can be found in *Translations* can be understood by the peoples of both countries, which undeniably share a wretched past. But although the play seems, inevitably, to contain political elements – "it has to do with language and only language." Brian Friel (1982) believed that "if it *[Translations]* becomes overwhelmed by the political element, it is lost" (58).

The moment reflected in *Translations* is one of a crisis, a moment of transition from Gaelic to English. Still, the play's greatest irony is that it was written in English intended to be understood as Irish. This inventive device not only requires the audience to understand that the characters are performing acts of translation but also impels the spectators to perform acts of translations themselves. In other words, the beholders of a *Translations* performance are not allowed to be passive.

According to Michael Cronin (1996), Brian Friel transmits to his audience that translation is their contemporary condition. He writes that "time and change have meant that it is no longer possible for a painless, unproblematic shift back to the originary Eden of Irish" (199). And this is the reason why Friel's intentions are directed into turning *Translations* in a play that deals only with the matter of language, refusing to write simply about "a group of Irish peasants being suppressed by English sappers" (*ibid.*). The Irish dramatist's main concern is with the difficulties of "interpreting between privacies"

(Friel 2001, 446) – for the play must concern itself only with "the confrontation of the dark and private places of the individual soul" (Friel 1982, 60).

In Friel's own words, his plays are concerned with "man in society, in conflict with community government, academy, church, family – and essentially in conflict with himself" (Ardagh 255). The plays were not intended to be political, although politics inundates almost all of them. However, he is aware of the many failures of the political imagination of Ireland and thus seeks to find some sort of consolation in an alternative imagination, which he does not achieve.

Seamus Deane explains that the search for such an alternative was what brought Friel to understand the role of art in a broken society. The idea starts at the assumption that in Irish drama, brilliance has always been achieved linguistically. Friel's uniqueness comes from his comprehension of Irish temperament and talk as being highly related to desolation and to the sense of failure. This understanding, combined with historical circumstances, dictates the individual behavior of the characters. Therefore, his art becomes political to the degree that it is caught dazzled by its own linguistic medium.

The man in Friel's plays is a private man with a public message. He is "exploring the condition of Ireland, and the themes that re-emerge are those of emigration, loneliness, the breakdown of authority, the individual dislocated from family or society, generally in the setting of remote rural communities – the imaginary Donegal village of Ballybeg" (*op. cit.* 256).

Maire is the strongest voice of modernity in the play. She desires by all means to learn English in order to evade from Ireland by emigrating to America. It is very interesting to notice that her attitude towards the people of Ballybeg. Maire complains that the Irish have "connived in their own victimization' and are a people who are 'always complaining, always expecting the worst" (Andrews 1995, 173).

It must not be forgotten that *Translations* also makes reference to another extremely critical moment of Irish history: the Great Famine. It was a period of mass starvation caused by the potato blight, reducing Irish population by ¼, either by disease or emigration. The play alludes to the potato blight by the 'sweet smell', which, whenever brought up, caused profound disquiet in the characters. Maire, on the other hand, does not share their evident preoccupation. In fact, she is very critical on this issue:

> Sweet smell! Sweet smell! Every year at this time somebody comes back with stories of the sweet smell. Sweet God, did the potatoes ever fail in Baile Beag? Well, did they ever – ever? Never! There was never blight here. Never. Never. But we're always sniffing about for it, aren't we? – looking for disaster. The rents are going to go up again – the harvest's going to be lost – the herring have gone away for ever – there's going to be evictions. Honest to God, some of you people aren't happy unless you're miserable and you'll not be right content until you're dead! (Friel 2001, 395).

As we all know, history contradicts Maire. The potato blights of 1845 – 1848 stoke Ireland with immense force and got it unprepared, unable to defend itself.

Emigration was the only possible solution for Irish people to escape death. By denying any concern with the possibility of blight in Baile Baeg, by accusing her classmates of making themselves as victims, saying that "some of you people" seek happiness in a miserable reality, she puts herself out of their group. Maire establishes a clear distance between herself and the inhabitants of Baile Baeg, she is not one of them anymore. Her strong desire to learn English and to leave Ireland place her on the side of the "colonizers", who believe English must be learnt because it is the language of progress and modernity. In Elmer Andrews's words, "the serpent has already entered the Gaelic Eden before the arrival of Lancey and his men" (Andrews 1995, 171).

This arrival is a turning point in the plot, because Lancey not only brings his troops to translate the place-names and compose the Anglicized map, but also brings Owen back to his birthplace. "I can't believe it," he says, "I come back after six years and everything's just as it was! Nothing's changed! Not a thing!" (Friel, 2001: 402).

Owen is a key figure in the play, because he is an Irishman who has had considerable contact with English language and culture before going back home. He re-encounters his so long forgotten culture by returning to Baile Baeg as a translator for the British Army. His translations, as the play allows us to perceive, induce him to re-discover his own "Irishness."

Owen is one of the few characters who "change sides" during the play. In the beginning he strongly defends the Anglicization of Baile Baeg (which becomes Ballybeg in the map), claiming that his "job is to translate the quaint, archaic tongue you people persist in speaking into the King's good English" (Friel 2001, 404).

The reader immediately realizes how poorly Owen performs this job, though. When requested to translate Lancey's first announcements to the native population, Owen distorts and oversimplifies what the Englishman is saying. Apparently, only Manus is aware of what is happening at that moment, that Owen is concealing the truth through acts of translation, omitting that the British Army's presence in their town was an actual military operation. The dialogue between the two brothers, which closes the first act of the play, clearly illustrates the tension between the two languages:

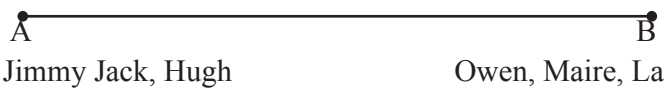
> MANUS: What sort of translation was that, Owen?
> OWEN: Did I make a mess of it?
> MANUS: You weren't saying what Lancey was saying!
> OWEN: 'Uncertainty in meaning is incipient poetry' – who said that?
> MANUS: There was nothing uncertain about what Lancey said: it's a bloody military operation, Owen! And what's Yolland's function? What's 'incorrect' about the place-names we have here?
> OWEN: Nothing at all. They're just going to be standardized.
> MANUS: You mean changed into English?
> OWEN: Where there's ambiguity, they'll be Anglicized.
> MANUS: And they call you Roland! They both call you Roland!

OWEN: Shhhhhh. Isn't it ridiculous? They seemed to get it wrong from the very beginning – or else they can't pronounce Owen. I was afraid some of you bastards would laugh.
MANUS: Aren't you going to tell them?
OWEN: Yes – yes – soon – soon.
MANUS: But they…
OWEN: Easy, man, easy. Owen – Roland – what the hell. It's only a name. It's the same me, isn't it? Well, isn't it?
MANUS: Indeed it is. It's the same Owen.

If the plot could be transported into a geometric shape, a line for instance, the two brothers represent the two vertices, the two extremes: **(A)** the Gaelic and **(B)** the English culture. Illustrating the idea we have:

But to assume that there are two vertices is to understand that there are two distinct groups in the play. It is from this apparent division that the analysis of *Translations* will be based on from this point onwards, depicted in geometry and elucidated by the idea of constant movement.

Placing the characters of the play in the same line that denominates the two brothers as antithetical figures, it is possible to notice that there are more "pro-English" people than "pro-Irish":



The developments of *Translations* present a movement, from one culture to the other, mainly from **B** to **A**. Owen and Maire, the two Irish who defend the language of progress, are placed in **B** even before the play starts. In other words, their first meeting with the audience already shows that they have a different opinion from the other Irish characters: they are already in **B** when the curtain goes up and there is no movement from **A** to **B** during the play.

The movement from **B** to **A** is represented by Yolland (who falls in love with the Irish language, who wants to learn Irish and live in Baile Baeg for the rest of his life) and by Owen (who re-discovers his identity in the end of the play, renouncing the name of Roland and returning to his name of baptism).

A Owen, Yolland B
Manus, Jimmy Jack, Hugh Maire, Lancey

But this movement is not legitimate, for even though Yolland manages to learn Irish, he will never know "the language of the tribe." His love for Ireland did not save him from being assassinated: a symbolical death, one that shows the impossibility of total transformation from one culture to another. If Yolland had survived and successfully learnt the Irish habits and language, he would still be an Englishman to the eyes of the local population.

The same idea works for Owen, who could not return to his pure-Irish essence. After living so many years outside Baile Baeg and being in constant contact with the English language and culture, he was almost transformed into a King's faithful subject (as his own statements illustrate). What Owen has experienced is a process of hybridity: his ingrained acquisitions of English culture do not allow him to return to his strictly Irish origins, whereas is innate Irish essence will never allow him to be totally English.

The only character who realized this necessity of hybridity is Hugh. "We must learn where we live," he says, "we must learn to make them [the Anglicized place-names] our own; We must make them our new home" (Friel 2001, 444). He is aware that to fight this linguistic/cultural change is to stay stuck in the past, incapable of moving forward: the fossilization represented in the figure of Jimmy Jack.

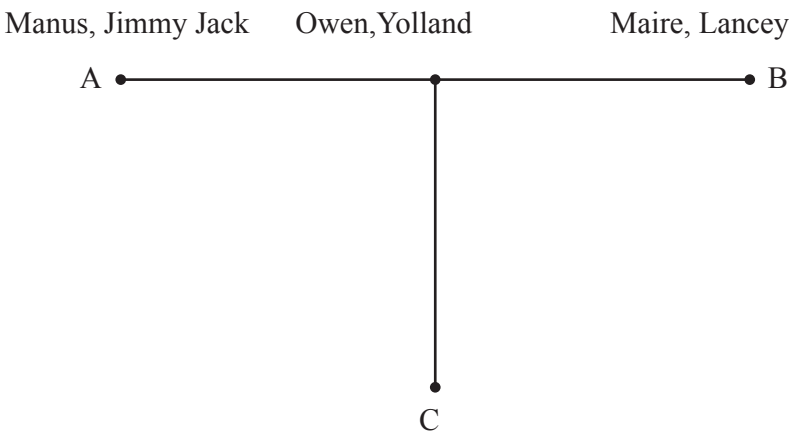
In accordance with Michael Mays,

> nationalism 'presupposes' a past, imagining the nation as temporally continuous, a bridge linking a present-day "we" both to our ancestors in the past and to our heirs in the future. Mediating past and future through its responses to contemporary circumstance, national identity exists under the sign of peril: perpetually at risk of the cultural catastrophe – engendered from beyond or within its borders, or through historical calamity – that will sever that fragile bond for good. Always to one degree or another in a state of crisis, national identities must, therefore, be regularly revised and modified, reconstituted and renewed: the more dire the perceived crisis, the more urgent the need for renewal (*op. cit.* 25).

Hugh's attitude towards the renewal of his Irish identity, towards the acceptance of an Anglo-Irish praxis illustrates Mays's analysis on the necessity of a constant possibility to change, which pretty much summarizes the whole idea of the play.

It is a correct interpretation to say that *Translations* provides a considerable amount of stimulus for movement. We have already seen how the movement from **B** to **A** is incoherent, which by extension makes a dislocation from **A** to **B** impossible. Yet, there must be movement. And Hugh does move, but not from **A** to **B**, which could be seen as the only possible way for him to follow.

By assuming the necessity of adaptation and that "it is not the literal past, the 'facts' of history" that shape them, "but images of the past embodied in language" (*op. cit.*, 445), Hugh creates a new vertex, a place for hybridity and reconciliation. The creation of a **C** is necessary in order to avoid fossilization. The liquefaction can only be achieved through a new understanding of the Other,[4] the acceptance of a re-made home and the necessary adaptation to live in it. 'The fifth province' is located precisely in this place of reconciliation: an imaginary home which is transported to the physical world by the Field Day Company's art. Thus said, the diagram must suffer the proper alterations:



Hugh

Vertex **C** represents the point where the two cultures converge in the generation of a hybrid Anglo-Irish culture. Owen and Yolland failed to achieve the hybridization because they have trespassed the limit, going too backwards. None of them would be accepted in a strictly Irish society, neither in a strictly English one. There is the need to create a new home for these people, one that is neither purely Gaelic nor purely English, where acceptance is possible for both groups, because their cultures have been melted together.

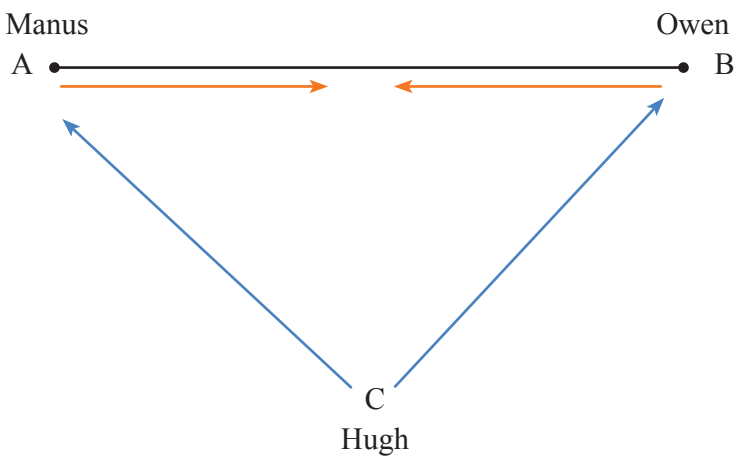
In postcolonial studies, the theme of formation of stable cultures in former colonies is very recurrent. Regarding the genesis of hybrid cultures in a postcolonial reality, the most famous figure is Homi K. Bhabha. For him, translation is "the staging of cultural difference" (McGrath 184) through which the borderlands of culture are transformed in sites where new, alter-native histories are allowed to be written by the colonized.

> Cultural translation desacralizes the transparent assumptions of cultural supremacy, and in that very act, demands a contextual specificity, a historical differentiation *within* minority positions. (*op. cit.* 185)

At this point, if we look back at the last dialogue of act one, it will be possible to interpret – as McGrath astutely discerns – that both translations (the one Owen made to the people of Baile Baeg and the one that Manus performed to himself) are acts of

subversion: "one subverting his own culture and the other subverting the culture of the Other. In the process, both cultures are being rewritten and neither survives intact" (McGrath 185).

It is significant to consider Frantz Fanon's opinion regarding the cultural effects of colonization. He defends that colonization changes not only a country's present and future, but also alters its past. Edward Said, another key figure in postcolonial studies, defends that colonization transforms not only the culture of the colonized, but also the culture of the colonizer; and, finally, McGrath claims that neither cultures (Gaelic and English) survive intact the process of creation of a hybrid (Anglo-Irish) culture. These three axioms combined provide the synthesis of the first diagram – the one which antithesized Manus and Owen. Keeping inside the family circle, which somehow represents all the characters of the play, it is possible to understand that the movements taking place in this moment of transition and translation go both ways. There is a non-stopping flow between cultures, where there are no collisions of any sort, but a melting together. The Anglo-Irish combination also changes its independent parts, as Irish and English will never be the same after the colonization process.



Thus, the only solution to the survival of the Gaelic culture of Baile Baeg is found in the constant movement between cultures, through an everlasting interaction between Irish, English and Anglo-Irish. McGrath interprets Hugh as the character who 'voices Friel's acceptance of the English language, of the need for change and adaptability, while his regard for the archaic Latin and Greek languages and cultures demonstrates an equal concern with preserving continuity, the sense of the past, even in the midst of change' (McGrath, 1999: 177).

The evidence is found in the closing scene of *Translations*, when Hugh ascends the stairs to recite a passage from the *Aeneid*. By declaiming Virgil's verses, which exalt the Roman's victory over the city of Carthage during the third Punic War (149-146 B.C), Hugh corroborates the fatalistic inevitability of the domination of the conqueror's tongue. Latin, the very language that signifies Hugh's erudition, is a language of conquerors.

This last scene shows Hugh using the past "to enlighten present dilemmas and obtain a perspective on them." He recommends a "selective remembrance," capable of allowing the emergence of new versions of the past (Andrews 1995, 178). And here it is possible to find another justification for the title of the play and the historical discussion that has been taking place around the upheavals in Baile Baeg. In *Translations*, Brian Friel rewrites history, or, putting it in the Field Day vernacular, reinvents it.

"To remember everything is a kind of madness" (Friel 2001, 445), therefore a selection must be made in order to remain sane. When *Translations* is read contextualized in the reality of the political disputes that Northern Ireland was facing in the 60's, 70's and 80's; it is possible to acknowledge many aspects that pass unnoticed to an uninformed appreciator. Such a production made it possible for the Irish people to look back in history in order to find their own center, which, ironically, is only discovered in the present, inside an Anglo-Irish reality. *Translations* shows how, in a time of violent clashes between Irish nationalists and British unionists, it is senseless to attempt at returning to the origins, for the origins are no longer there. And if they are still there, they would be altered, somehow modified.

The best way out in such a situation is to follow Hugh's steps. Postcolonial peoples must move forward, looking back now and then and maybe collecting a beautiful stone they find in the way. But these peoples must not allow themselves to collect all the stones they see. If they cram every single rock inside their pockets, they won't be able to move any further. [5]

The stones to be collected should be the most precious ones, which define the most beautiful aspects of their cultures. These selected gems shall then be placed in a foreign pendant and still would not lose any of their beauty.

Notes

1 The six artists were: Brian Friel, Stephen Rea, Seamus Deane, Seamus Heaney, David Hammond and Tom Paulin.

2 Blurb on dustjacket of *Ireland's Field Day.*

3 In 1801, Ireland was integrated into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which resulted in the Ordnance Survey and in the implementation of the National School System.

4 I have chosen to keep "Other" in capital letter, following Edward Said's denomination presented in his book *Orientalism*.

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Voices from South America

James Joyce's Ulysses *in Ricardo Piglia's* Respiración artificial

Cristina Elgue-Martini

Abstract: *The aim of this article is to analyse the presence of James Joyce's* Ulysses *(1922) in* Respiración artificial*, the first novel by the Argentinean writer Ricardo Piglia (1941-). Published in 1980,* Respiración *is a fictional representation of a near and tragic past, the last Military Dictatorship in Argentina, but it is also a literary re-assessment of earlier stages in the history of the nation, as well as a metatextual comment on western culture and on Argentine literature. James Joyce's* Ulysses *is present in Piglia's novel mainly through its main character, Emilio Renzi, who belongs to a literary genealogy that can be traced back to Stephen Dedalus and even Stephen Daedalus, the protagonist of Stephen Hero. The analysis will focus on the many allusions and quotations of* Ulysses *in Piglia's novel with the purpose of showing how they are resignified by Piglia in a different sociocultural context.*

Keywords: Ulysses; Respiración artificial; *Stephen Dedalus; Emilio Renzi; historiographic metafiction.*

Introduction

The aim of this article is to analyse the presence of James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922) in *Respiración artificial*, the first novel by the Argentinean writer Ricardo Piglia (1941-). Published in 1980, *Respiración artificial*, as suggested by the polysemy of the title itself, is a fictional representation of a near and tragic past, the last Military Dictatorship in Argentina, but it is also a literary re-assessment of earlier stages in the history of the nation, as well as a metatextual comment on western culture and on Argentine literature. James Joyce's *Ulysses* is present in Piglia's novel mainly through its main character, Emilio Renzi, who belongs to a literary genealogy that can be traced back to Stephen Dedalus and even Stephen Daedalus, the protagonist of *Stephen Hero*. Frustration, arrogance, anticonventionalism are some of the traits of these characters, through whom the authors achieve a parodic approach to themselves as writers. The analysis will focus on the many allusions and quotations of *Ulysses* in Piglia's novel with the purpose of showing how they are resignified by Piglia in a different sociocultural context.

Even if Piglia pays homage to James Joyce in most of his fiction, starting in some of his first short stories, and reaching his highest with the parody of *Finnegans Wake* in *La ciudad ausente* (1992)[1], the analyses of the presence of *Ulysses* in *Respiración artificial* has a special interest because it centers on Piglia's recreation of Stephen Dedalus, the aesthete *par excellence* of the western literary tradition, and on the concept of spiritual paternity developed in *Ulysses*. My analysis will therefore concentrate on Emilio Renzi, the central character of *Respiración artificial*. I will approach him taking as a background model not only the character of *Ulysses*, but also his embryonic manifestations in the Stephen Daedalus of *Stephen Hero* and the Stephen Dedalus of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*[2].

As many great works of ficiton, *Respiración artificial* can be said to belong to different subgenres: it is an instance of the fictionalization of History, it is highly metafictional and it is also an enigma novel. It is divided into two parts. The epigraph of the first one, from T.S. Eliot, "We had the experience but missed the meaning, an approach to the meaning restores the experience", announces the enigmatic atmosphere that permeates the whole novel. The first part is mainly epistolary: it is made up of the letters exchanged between Emilio Renzi, Piglia's *alter ego*[3] and a character present in most of his fiction, and Renzi's uncle, Marcelo Maggi, a professor of Argentine History that lives in Concordia, Entre Ríos. Maggi has inherited documents written more than a hundred years before and whose meaning might involve the possibility of deciphering not only of a family story but the enigma of the History of the country itself.

The title of the second part of the novel is "Decartes". Providing a formal contrast to the first part, this second one is mainly made up of the dialogues that develop during a day and a night between Renzi – who has travelled to Concordia to meet his uncle- and Tardewski[4], a Polish intellectual and a close friend of Maggi's -though the commentaries of another well-known local intellectual are also included. This second part is strongly metafictional, since, through these dialogues, it provides a critical interpertation of Argentine culture and literature, and of the western cultural tradition, with an emphasis on modern philosophical thought. Maggi never turns up –he has "disappeared", a victim of the military regime, the reader can infer- but he has left Renzi the book he is writing on the bases of the old family documents and the documents themselves. Renzi is now responsible for interpreting Argentine History, which he eventually does through fiction, apparently the only means to make sense out of the fragmentary information available[5].

As stressed in the introduction, *Ulysses* is constructed as an intertext of *Respiración artificial* mainly through Piglia's recreation of one of the protagonists of Joyce's masterpiece. I said that Piglia builds his character Emilio Renzi in the tradition of Stephen Dedalus. As we know, the germ of Stephen Dedalus is Stephen Daedalus, the protagonist of *Stephen Hero*. Piglia has affirmed more than once[6] that these characters are "aesthetes". As already mentioned, this distinctive feature of Stephen's personality appears in *Stephen Hero* and is further developed in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young*

Man and in *Ulysses*. Towards the end of *Stephen Hero*, the character says that the function of a writer is to register the epiphanies with great care, since they are the most delicate and evanescent moments. He understands by epiphany "a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself" (211). As Joyce himself, Stephen has been influenced by Walter Pater, whose famous conclusion of *The Rennaissance* stresses the capacity of art to allow a direct access to experiences of great intensity. It would be also necessary to stress at this point, that Daedalus, according to the classical mythlogy, was a famous artist that worked as an architect and sculptor in Athens. He was the one that built Minos' Labyrinth in Crete and suggested Ariadna the way to save Theseus. When king Minos knew about this, Daedalus was closed in the labyrinth together with his son Icarus. But Daedalus made wings for both, which he stuck with wax, and they flew away. Stephen's surname, as we can see, also alludes to the aesthetic activity. Even if it is true that together with the transformation of the surname in *A Portrait of the Artist*, there were important transformations in the character himself, and, that, the same as Joyce, Stephen Dedalus[7] was capable of becoming independent from Pater, he is still the aesthete that looks at the world from art and is absolutely conscious of this aesthetic look. This is the way in which Stephen explains this approach to Lynch in *A Portrait of the Artist:*

> In order to see that basket, said Stephen, your mind first of all separates the basket from the rest of the visible universe which is not the basket. The first phase of apprehension is a bounding line drawn about the object to be apprehended. An esthetic image is presented to us either in space or time [...] But, temporal or spatial, the esthetic image is first luminously apprehended as selfbounded and selfcontained upon the immesurable background of space or time which is not. (212)

The aesthetic look is substantially different from the ordinary look. As stated a few lines bellow:

> The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure. (213)

In *A Portrait of the Artist,* there is also a scene on the beach in which the narrator expresses Stephen's thoughts in a paterian style. The third episode of *Ulysses* includes another scene on the beach, which the reader cannot but relate with the one in *A Portrait*: Joyce's Mother has died between the two episodes[8] and the presence of death is overwhelming in the scene: "Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanvantara"(37).

There is here an allusion to the importance that the epiphanies had had for him and on which he now ponders sarcastically.

Yet, the influence of the epiphanies of his first literary experiences persists in Stephen, at least from Piglia's point of view. In 1989, in an interview on the relationship between literature and life, referring to Renzi, Piglia says. "(...) there is here a whole literary genealogy that comes from Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, Faulkner's Quentin Compson, the young aesthete, fragile and romantic that tries to be unmerciful and lucic" (*Crítica y ficción*, 189). The same parodic approach to himself that Piglia expresses through Renzi is present in the Stephen Dedalus of *Ulysses*. Dissatisfation, a critical attitude towards the recalcitrant aspects of Irish culture at the beginning of the XX century –its antisemitic attitudes, its provincial convencionalism, its narrow catholicism, censorship- these are all variants of the same mentality recreated in Piglia's novel. Joyce's attitude towards Irish culture compares with Piglia´s with respect to Argentinean culture: They both write in an attempt to decode their cultures and in this attempt they both achieve a profound revolution of the narrative forms.

The presence of Stephen Dedalus becomes stronger through allusions, quotations and commentaries. At the end of the first letter adressed to Renzi, Maggi writes: "History is the only place where I can get some alleviation for this nightmare from which I am trying to awake"[9] (18-19). Piglia has explained the meaning of this encoded message. In his essay "Novela y utopía", he says about this utterance:

> Of course, it is the inversion of Joyce's phrase, Stephen Dedalus's phrase, really, "history is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake". Maggi transforms it to Renzi, he sends him a sort of coded message, because the nightmare, of course, is in the present, in 1976 [which is the date of Maggi's letter to Renzi]. History becomes the place where things can change and be transformed. In those moments when there seems that nothing changes and everything is closed and the nightmare of the present seems eternal, history, Maggi says, proves that there were identical closed situations and that finally a way out was found. The traces of the future are in the past, the tame stream of the water of history erodes the firmest stones. (*Crítica y ficción* 161)

There is another instance in which Piglia evaluates Joyce by referring to *Ulysses*, through a quotation, this time. Again, Joyce and *Ulyssess* appear in relation to the theme of history in the context of the conversation between Renzi and Tardewski. Renzi says that he does not believe that adventure can have a place in the world of today (110). He thinks that parody has "stopped being, as Tinianov's followers believed at a time, the mark of literay change, to become the centre itself of modern life" (110); he insists that "parody has completely taken the place of history" and ends with a rhetorical question: "Or is not paradoy the negation itself of history?" (110). Immediately after these words Renzi quotes, cryptically, the beginning of the third episode of *Ulysses* "Ineluctable Modality of the Visible", which he attribues to "the Irish dressed up as Telemachus, in

Trieste's Carnival, in 1921". It is not difficult for the competent reader to relate the phrase to *Ulysses*, since the clues are very clear. Joyce spent many years of his life in Trieste[10] and wrote part of *Ulysses* there; Stephen Dedalus is, on the other hand, a re-elaboration of Telemachus[11]. The words undoubtedly belong to Stephen.

Immediately afterwards, Renzi asks Tardewski if he really met Joyce. Tardewski answers that he saw him a couple of times, and adds: "He would have accepted, I suppose, your version that today only parody exists (because, as a matter of fact, what was he but a parody of Shakespeare's) (110). Renzi will then confirm that Stephen is a kind of Jesuit Hamlet, undoubtedly alluding to Joyce's and his character's education, and he will express what Piglia has repeatedly stressed in his interviews: "There is a sort of continuity: the young aesthete that only lives in his dreams and that, instead of writing, spends his time expounding his theories (...) I see like a line (..) let's say Hamlet, Stephen Dedalus, Quentin Compson" (144). The circle has been completed: Renzi belongs now not only to the tradition of Quentin Compson and Stephen Dedalus, but also to that of Hamlet's.

On the other hand, even if Tardewski's characterization of Joyce's novel as a porody of *Hamlet* might sound rather pejorative, from the point of view of a reader acquainted with the new meanings that the term "parody" has acquired in contemporary theory, the comment opens new possibilities of interpretations for *Ulysses*. Shakespeare is precisely the main theme of the episode of the Library in *Ulysses*, the best one for Piglia (*Crítica y ficción*, 16) and the one that is commented in *Respiración artificial*.

The commentary is a coded one. It develops in the Club Social in Concordia in a dialogue between Renzi and Marconi, a friend of Tardewski's who is a poet and literary journalist. After a long discussion on Argentine literature, Marconi says: "this sounds like a novel by Aldous Huxley", to what Renzi replicates: "Huxley? (...) I prefer the chapter in the Library, Scylla and Charybdis, in the Gaelic Telemachiad" (130). The episode of the Library is then explicitely presented as a term of comparison in the discussion on Argentine literature the characters have embarked on. Deciphering Renzi's cryptical message, Marconi replies: "Let's then disscuss about Hamlet" and he adds "Or aren't we going to demostrate through algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the spectre of his own father? Eh, Buck Mulligan?" (130). This is the end of the quotation that from the episode in the Library has passed to to the conversation of the first episode between Stephen, Buck Mulligan and Haines in the Martello Tower. Haines asks Stephen about his idea of Hamlet. And it is Mulligan who answers the question in the words quoted by Marconi. Curiously enough, Stuart Gilbert, in his famous study of *Ulysses*, begins his analysis of Scylla and the Charybdis with this reference to Mulligan's words. Let's remember that Gilbert's study on the parallelisms between *Ulysses* and the *Odyssey* is based on the correspondences given by Joyce[12]. From this point of view, each episode is given a time, space, symbol, colour, organ of the human body, literary technique and subtext of the *Odyssey*. Scylla and the Charybdis has the Library as a place, the time is two o' clock in the afternoon, the organ is the brain, the art, literature, the symbol, Stratford, London and the technique dialectics.

The quotation of Mulligan's words by Gilbert has as a purpose to put emphasis on the paternity motif, which according to the author plays a central role in the chapter (211).

Though the participants in the conversation -Stephen Dedalus, Mr. Best, John Eglinton, Mr. George Russell and the "Quaker-lyster" (the librarian), later joined by Mulligan- discuss the whole western tradition in literature and philosophy, from Socrates to contemporary writers, Synge, for instance, the discussion is centered on Shakespeare's and, especially, Hamlet's personality. Stephen's hypothesis, that he supports in a *quasi* Platonic dialogue, is that Shakespeare, who wrote *Hamlet* some months after his father's death, identifies himsel with Hamlet's father more than with the protagonist himself. Marking a difference with the Socratic model, Stephen's aim is not truth. As Gilbert has pointed out, for Sthephen, what really counts, more than the conclusion, is the intellectual interest, the aesthetic value of the dialogue. This interpretation coincides with the techinque stressed by Joyce in the letters he gave to Gilbert. As we know, in these letters Joyce put a lot of emphasis on dialectics[13].

Eglinton's conciliatory solution, "He [Shakespeare] is the ghost and the prince. He is all in all" (200), accepted by Stephen, can be superficially interpreted in Mulligan's humorous comment: "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" (201) alluding to Anne Hatheway's adventures mentioned during the conversation[14], but they also point to a serious reading, as stressed by Gilbert: "The mystery of paternity, in its application to the first and second person of the Trinity, to King Hamlet and the Prince, and, by inference, to the curious symbiosis of Stephen and Bloom is always at the background of Stephen's exegisis of Shakespeare" (221). The central motif of the chapter is then paternity in its broadest sense: Promethean, Christian, human.

There is one last symbol to be analysed: Stratford, London, which can be connected with the title of the episode. Scylla is in fact the name of a geographic place in the Strait of Messina, which has suffered important changes if compared with the Homeric descriptions, due to the earthquake of 1783. In times of Homer, Scylla was an impressive stone clift with a cavern at the top where Scylla lived. In front of Scylla was the great whirpool of Charybdis, what turned the strait into a vary dangerous place for seamen. Gilbert explains the symbology of the stone clift by relating it to the stability of Dogma, Aristotle and Stratford, and the whirpool, to Mysticim, Platonism and Elizabethan London. Shakespeare, Jesus and Socrates, the same as Ulysses, go through the trial with strength and courage, though not without scars (224). Let's add to the symbolism of the chapter, that Shakespeare left Stratford for London; Joyce, Dublin for Paris.

To conclude, it is necessary to consider the meaning of this bitextual structure in *Respiración artificial*. First, let us remember that the reference to the Library episode is introduced by Piglia in the context of the discussion about literature at the club in Concordia. On the basis of this comparison, it can be inferred that Piglia also considers that the importance of the discussion lies to a great extent on the originality of the ideas developed, on the aesthetic value of the dialogue, as expressed by Gilbert. Piglia, from an inevitable postmodern standing, does not aim at a unique and true evaluation of

Argentine literature, in spite of the strenght with which Renzi develops his hypothesis. Renzi's look, the same as Stephen's, is that of the intellectual, the aesthete. Though this is for me the most important function of Joyce's intertext, I cannot disregard the motif of spiritual paternity. According to Piglia, *Respiración artificial* narrates a sort of sentimental education experienced by Renzi, a political and historical education at the same time (*Crítica y ficción*, 165). The discussion of the Library episode of *Ulysses* stresses this theme and Maggi's central role in the process. At the same time, Renzi is Maggi in many senses. To continue the topic of the "symbiosis of Stephen and Bloom", marked by Gilbert, Tardewski, as everybody in Concordia, says Renzi resembles Maggi (142). Considering their literary tastes, they both celebrate Joyce, and Renzi ultimately becomes the heir of his uncle's papers and, as such, he is going to complete the task Maggi had started. In this sense, Renzi is finally forced to place himself in History. This means to say that Renzi changes through the novel but remains faithful to himself, the same as Hamlet.

With this context as a background, we can conclude that at the beginning of the novel Renzi belongs to the genealogy of Stephen Dedalus, the young intellectual that approaches the world through art, but by the end of the novel, he is also Maggi, his spiritual father, "a man of principles that can only think from History" (Respiración artificial, 110).

Notes

1 See Elgue-Martini, Cristina. "*Finnegans Wake* in Ricardo Piglia's *La ciudad ausente"*. ABEI Journal N°10, November 2008, pp.67-73.

2 As I stressed in my critical analyses of the presence *Finnegans Wake* in *La ciudad ausente,* Anglophone Literature and, more specifically, American fiction have been powerful influences in Piglia's writing. In several interviews and in an autobiographical *nouvelle,* "Prisión perpetua" (1988), he has referred to how, as an adolescent, he was iniciated into literature by an American writer called Stephen Ratliff. "Prisión perpetua" is his tribute to Ratliff and to American literature; in *Respiración Artificial* Piglia pays homage to Henry James and William Faulkner, but more strongly to James Joyce.

3 Piglia's complete name is Ricardo Emilio Piglia Renzi.

4 This character points in many senses to the Polish writer Witold Gombrowics, who was exiled in Argentina between 1939 and 1963.

5 It is necessary to remember that the novel was published in 1980, under the Military Dictatorship, when this sort of cryptic fiction was the only way to refer to what was going on in the country when the novel was written.

6 *Crítica y ficción* 164 and 187.

7 It is necessary to point out with respect to the surname of the character of *Stephen Hero* and the presence of the autobiography of Joyce as an intertext of the three works I am referring to that on some occasions Joyce used the psuedonym Stephen Daedalus when he published some of the stories of *Dubliners.*

8 Joyce's mother died in August 1903 and *Ulysses* narrates the events of June, 16th, 1904.

9 All translations from Piglia's works are mine.

10 In 1905, between 1907 and 1915, and in 1919.

11 Let's remember that when the episodes of *Ulysses* were originally published in *The Little Review*, they had the Homeric titles. The first three, collectively known as the Telemachiad, had as titles: Telemachus, Nestor and Proteus, respectively.

12 Joyce also gave a scheme of the corespondences to Carlo Linati, that vary with respect to the ones developed by Gilbert, though they both have Joyce's "guarantee".

13 Let's remember that as practised in the Platonic tradition, till the emergence of scientific language, dialectics had as an objective to prove hypotheses, to reconcile apparently opposing points of view, more than the search for truth. On this issue, the wonderful study by Northrop Frye on the Bible and Literature, especially his characterization of heroic or noble language, would be enlightening.

14 In French, "cocu" means cuckold.

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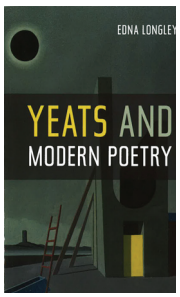

Longley, Edna. *Yeats and Modern Poetry*. Cambridge University Press, 2013. 268 pp.

Modernism Against the Grain

How "modern" do we consider the poetry of William Butler Yeats to be? What definitions or critical views of a poetic *Modernism* would include or exclude Yeats, turn him into a modernist precursor, an anti-modern nationalist, or a poet originally from a Symbolist current who made into Modernity in the latter part of his career? *Yeats and Modern Poetry*, a study by Edna Longley seeks to debate and find answers to these questions, bringing into the discussion the historical background and the political agendas of the many different lines in Yeats's reception, from the last century to our time. The book presents the shifting connotations of some of the labels applied to him by reception studies such as modern, aristocratic, Irish revivalist, nationalist, conservative, traditional or a mixture of those terms. Longley examines, then, the post 1969 readings of Yeats that have placed him outside the more recent Modern/Modernist anthologies and critical studies, and introduces her own hypothesis for how it came to be.

The author also points to the fragility of critical definitions for terms like "modern" and "modernist" whether or not Yeats is co-opted to such conflicting titles. Sometimes his placement or omission is made to serve critical purposes outside any formal analysis of his poetry. To counter that trend, she offers insightful readings of his poems, side by side with the work of other poets in order to revisit critical opinions in terms of influence and contend for Yeats's Modernity. As Yeats had his own critical view of Modernity, it would seem that he was in favour of more aristocratic or traditional values. The great part of his reception would have failed to notice that his attitude was steps ahead, reading "Modern" (and also "Modern*ism"*) against the grain and taking a counter current that is, in itself, quintessentially Modern. A transversal Modernity that can be seen now as residing in matters where he was mostly perceived as anti-modern.

The first focus of the study is then, with very good reasons, Yeats's own criticism, his considerations of Ireland as an audience, how necessary he thought this audience to be, his views on the question of Modernity, and his own personal poetics – including his polemic choices (and omissions) for *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* and the writing of "that unclassifiable work *A Vision*" (p. xi). The tensions generated by this search of an Irish audience at the same time that the poet had to face his unpopularity and establish his own poetic project, proved to have consequences that can be seen in his work, as Longley analyses excerpts of Yeats's poetry and prose. She also considers the implications of "the Yeats question": the problematic relationship of "Yeats's Irishness,

his aristocratic roots, the Celtic Revival, Nationalism, the opposition of popular taste versus aesthetics – and how all that affected Yeats - and his reception. According to the author, "the growth of literary studies since 1970 vindicates Yeats's original critical project." and these more recent readings are also presented in the study.

From the considerations of chapter 1 the author moves to the chapters dedicated to what she calls "triangular comparisons": two poets per chapter are contrasted with Yeats in terms of style, influence, and the critical reception of their poetry. Chapter 2, called "Yeats and American Modernism", compares how notions of "modernism" can be traced in comparative readings of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. The author points to the influence of New Criticism in placing Yeats, Eliot and Pound as important Modernists, and how Hugh Kenner's work *The Pound Era* has afterwards considered Pound in a more central position, countered, as shown by Marjorie Perloff, by Harold Bloom's preference over Wallace Stevens. She also shows how, for the same line of "Pound-based" criticism, Eliot (and Yeats) would become dissociated of Pound. From the evolution of the criticism of Eliot and Pound and how they were read and used as models and influences, she shifts the focus on their poetry and ideas, and how they constructed their own poetry. This is perhaps the only moment in the book where her argument needs further discussion, for any eclipsing of Yeats's "Modernity" by critics cannot be countered by trying to reduce the quality and importance of Eliot and Pound. The attempts to minimize their genius in favour of Yeats's do not add to the initial notion that seemed to be pointing to a revision of the Modernist canon by tracing critical forces behind questionable choices and showing the fragility of the "modern/modernist" labels.

Chapter 3 focuses on the poetic comparison on Edward Thomas and Wallace Stevens, both younger than Yeats and both, according to her, having poetic works that link them to the term "Symbolism" and to the poetry of Yeats in formal terms. Here the argumentation uses Yeats's poem "The Wind among the Reeds" and his essay "The Symbolism of Poetry" as a key to unlock the modes in which these poets view Symbolism as a movement, their reaction to French Symbolism, their views on form, *vers libre*, and how all that was received by the critics. The argumentation again shows the inconsistency of critical labels when contrasted with the actual poems and poetic projects in question.

Chapter 4, "Monstrous familiar images" is dedicated to war poetry - a polemic topic considering that Yeats himself has expressed, in the Preface to *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* (1936) his reasons for omitting WWI: "I have rejected these poems for the same reason that made Arnold withdraw his *Empedocles on Etna* from circulation; passive suffering is not a theme for poetry."

Wilfred Owen (one of the felt "omissions" of the anthology) is one of the focus of her comparative readings, along with Louis MacNeice. In a 1936 letter to Dorothy Wellesley, Yeats comments on the reception of his Oxford anthology: "(...) the critics get more and more angry. When I excluded Wilfred Owen, whom I consider unworthy of the poets' corner of a county newspaper, I did not know I was excluding a revered sandwich-board man of the revolution, and that somebody has put his worst and most

famous poem in a glass-case in the British museum – however, if I had known it, I would have excluded him just the same" (Jeffares 43). According to Longley, though, the distance of the two poets is not so great, for both share roots in Romanticism and Symbolism; she states: "one reason why Yeats's dismissal of Owen can seem a denial of likeness is that Owen preceded him in developing a visionary response to 'times like this'" (110). She uses this apparent distance to question how War poetry was dissociated from Modern poetry and the reasons behind Yeats's rejection of the Great War as a topic for poetry, though he cannot be excluded from it. The topic of Yeats and his audience returns, for the War Poem is also a public poem. And that brings us to the last chapter, where the author will return to the question of Irishness, and how criticism "has not always reconciled a 'national' and 'international' Yeats," (153) but it would be, as Longley demonstrates, impossible not to read both if we want a more rounded reading of Yeats, one that brings together the different facets of his work.

Throughout the book, the choice of comparing Yeats with other poets renders some very good poetry analysis. In the postscript, Longley asks where Yeats's formal legacy is to be found after MacNeice, and points to the way he was read by more contemporary Northern Irish poets, who brought him "back home", though assimilating him through his international reception (208). If and how his continuous influence can be felt in contemporary Irish poetry, is a question for more focused studies, but the critic indicates a method, through her own examples, of how to reach connections of form – the structure and poetic devices in the poems – with not only poetic, but also ethical and political preoccupations in the minds of the poets in question. Each section of poetry reading is alone worth the reading of the book, but above all, the volume adds to the debate of canon formation, Yeats's reception, and the necessary debate over the meaning and the usefulness of the "modernist"/"post-modernist" categories in our readings of his poetry.

Andrea Martins Lameirão Mateus

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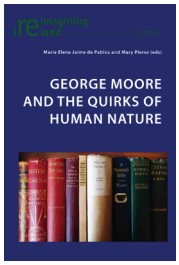


Maria Elena Jaime de Pablos and Mary Pierse (eds.), *George Moore and the Quirks of Human Nature*. Volume 51 in *Reimagining Ireland* book series. Oxford: Peter Lang, 2014. ix, 273 pp.

I should from the outset acknowledge that I am far from a disinterested party when it comes to assessing this collection of essays, having accepted it for the *Reimagining Ireland* book series of which I am editor. It was not a hard decision to make for a number of reasons. Firstly, George Moore (1852-1933), novelist, short story writer, memoirist, art critic, is someone in whom I have taken a keen interest since reading his 1905 novel *The Lake* a number of years ago. Secondly, given the range and quality of his literary output, there is relatively little critical material available on him, a lack that is being addressed by the annual George Moore conferences out of which this book and a number of others have emerged. Finally, the essays in *George Moore and the Quirks of Human Nature* offer significant new insights into the man and the writer, a quality that is undoubtedly enhanced by the multidisciplinary approach of the contributors.

In the Introduction, the editors justify the title of the collection by noting: "The actual and fictive quirks, whether pertaining to author or fictional character, can be interesting and very revelatory" (1). This is undoubtedly an accurate comment on Moore whose writing was influenced by developments (particularly realism, naturalism and impressionism) which were coming to the fore in French literature and art at the time. Moore was painted by the artists Manet, Degas, Renoir, Orpen, Tonks, Steer and many others, as well as being art critic of *The Spectator* for a number of years. Similarly, he met a large number of writers, most notably, Zola, during his years in Paris and experimented in his fictional writing with the most up-to-date literary devices. This possibly led to the generally hostile reaction to his work among the dominant Victorian school of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in England. The "quirks" of his literary output analysed in this collection cover the Anglo-Irish, Gothic, Big House, feminist, classical, autobiographical and memoir genres. The fact that Moore's work lacks "uniformity in subject and style from one volume to another" can make it difficult for critics to categorise him. However, the editors note, justifiably in my view, that "the sum total of his writing constitutes a significant literary asset bank where the riches reward the general reader and tantalise and surprise the scholar" (3).

The book is divided into four sections. The first part, "Hidden Links", is the most captivating, comprising five essays of the highest calibre. I will be concentrating largely on this section in my analysis of the book. Part II, "Terror and the Unconscious", comprises three chapters, dealing with the Gothic, the unconscious and diseased human natures. Part III, "Paradox, Parody and Linguistic Significance", has three chapters that examine a number of the literary devices employed by Moore at various stages of his

literary evolution and they demonstrate the importance of drilling into the texts in order to ascertain what the exact purpose of the novelist was. Finally, part IV, "On Women", comprises three essays on the portrayal of quite liberated female characters who are sensitive to nature, literature and art – Moore's portrayal of women was ahead of its time in many ways. While pressure of space will only permit me to make reference to a certain number of essays, I would like to stress that the strength of this collection lies in the fact that there is no chapter that could be described as being in any way weak, a rare achievement in a book comprising 14 essays and an Introduction.

Adrian Frazier is undoubtedly one of the leading scholars of Moore's work. In his essay, he argues compellingly the possible influence of *Confessions of a Young Man* on Joyce's *Portrait*. Normal practice is to trace the influence of Joyce's *bildungsroman* on any subsequent Irish novel dealing with the coming of age of a young male protagonist. It is refreshing to think that Joyce also had predecessors who opened new vistas for him, and one of these was undoubtedly George Moore. There is much to admire in both their daring autobiographical accounts of a young man struggling to find his way in a world that is both hostile and exciting. In enumerating the qualities of *Confessions of a Young Man*, Frazier mentions the following:

> he stylistic incongruities, the free use of juxtaposition of prose forms without copula, the constant play of artifice and reality, the transportation of styles from one language and culture to another, the exhibition of what today would be called best practice as far as European narrative is concerned, the composition of an international dictionary of decadent tropes, the interlacing of literary criticism with literary production, and the gamesmanship around autobiographical revelations… (18-19).

It is not hard to see how Joyce would have been attracted by these traits or to believe that he learned a few lessons from Moore and applied them to the composition of *Portrait*.

If the relationship between Joyce and Moore was strained at best, Wilde was not someone whom Moore admired, if we are to believe some of the comments that Stoddard Martin unearths in Moore's correspondence. In one instance, Moore brands Wilde's work as "thin and casual, without depth, therefore, unoriginal: no man is original in the surface of his mind, to be original we must go deep, right down to the roots" (26). It can be seen that Moore himself did not always match up to his own high standards, which leads Robert Becker to label him a "contrarian." Becker describes Moore as "a gifted writer who did not read and was not read, an artist who was painted but did not paint, a thought leader who was not followed, a nationalist who spurned his country, a Catholic and then a Protestant who spurned his religion, a Casanova who promoted the dignity and worth of women, a lover who was not loved, a father who did not parent, a landlord with no estate, the head of an historic family who deserted his kin, a storyteller who spurned his audience, an avant-gardist who became archaic" (40). These lines provide

a good summary of Moore's life, but I am not sure I could so far as to share Becker's description of Moore as "Ireland's first punk"!

Mary Pierse supplies a stimulating and elegant comparison between Moore's *Evelyn Innes* (1898) and *Sister Teresa* (1901) and Antonio Fogazzaro's *The Saint* (1905). These three books were found in the libraries of Joyce and Theodore Dreiser, which is what initially prompted Pierse to undertake an examination of the themes covered in the three novels: "The Moore and Fogazzaro texts feature illicit love, urges of the flesh, tussles with conscience, mystical experience, and aspects of belief, especially of Catholicism, in the period; they also engage with the contentious matter of female agency" (51). In relation to "female agency", Pierse argues that Evelyn Innes voices many of Moore's own beliefs, something which is particularly noticeable in her following quote from the novel:

> The restriction of sexual intercourse is the moral ideal of Western Europe […] So inherent is the idea of sexual continence in the Western hemisphere that even those whose practice does not coincide with their theory rarely impugn the wisdom of the law which they break; they prefer to plead the weakness of the flesh as their excuse, and it is with reluctance that they admit that without an appeal to conscience it would be impossible to prove that it is wrong for two unmarried people to live together. (*Evelyn Innes* 326 *apud* Pierse 59)

Small wonder that Moore did not endear himself to the Victorians, as Melanie Grundmann illustrates to good effect: "Literature (for Victorians) was expected to serve the moral education and the improvement of society but French writing was regarded as corrosive to those Victorian values and morals. What was feared in Britain was any detailed depiction of reality, or even a suggestion of it" (125). Moore could not buy into such a restrictive credo and was very much in the French camp, even to the extent of being a self-confessed admirer of the *poète maudit* Charles Baudelaire.

Conor Montague's chapter is the one I find most fascinating, as it combines authoritative comments about Moore's work and the forces that shaped it. Not having been aware of the "volatile" relationship between Moore and his brother Maurice, Montague's dissection of their correspondence shows the extent to which Maurice may well have been the inspiration for Father Oliver Gogarty, the main character in *The Lake*. What is refreshing about Montague is his lack of hesitation when it comes to putting forward an opinion in a forthright manner, as the following lines demonstrate:

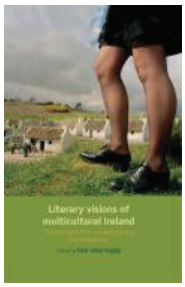
> *The Lake* is not just a novel concerning the psychological awakening of a prodigal priest. It is a stream of consciousness bildungsroman, epistolary novel, treatise of naturalist philosophy, Big House novel, a parable, a love story and a beautifully crafted critique of Catholic Ireland (69).

In analysing how the dialogue between two brothers whose views diverged quite a lot when it came to issues like Catholicism, the Irish language, nationalism (the fact that Maurice fought on the English side in the Boer War was incomprehensible to his

brother), property and parenting and that they exchanged letters on these subjects, was in a strange way good preparation for when Moore would imaginatively configure the correspondence between Fr. Gogarty and his former parishioner, Nora Glynn. Maurice's decision to stay within the fold of Catholicism struck his brother as being fantastical. Montague notes: "In his articulation of the perceived psyche of his brother, GM framed the dilemma that faced Fr Oliver Gogarty: to be an agnostic is courageous and noble, to remain a Catholic is cowardly and decadent" (77). Earlier, Montague quoted a comment by Moore which I find most telling: "One writes very badly when one is in a passion: no one knows that better than I do." If there is one weakness in *The Lake*, it stems from Moore's lack of objectivity when it comes to religion. There is a "preachy" tone in many of the passages and particularly in Gogarty's letters to the woman for whom he harboured lustful thoughts. One more gem that Montague unearths in Moore's letters to Maurice is the following: "it requires much more will to break from prejudice than to acquiesce" (83). If Moore saw his brother as representing an Ireland full of prejudice and blind adherence to the dictates of the Catholic Church, the writer himself was certainly not without his own prejudices, many of which he found it well nigh impossible to break away from.

I regret not being able to refer in any detail to the essays by Elizabeth Grubgeld, Jayne Thomas, Fabienne Gaspari, Kathi R. Griffin, José Antonio Hoyas Solís, María Elena Jaime de Pablos, Kathryn Laing and Catherine Smith. They all contain excellent analysis of certain "quirks" of human nature as portrayed by Moore. I compliment the editors on putting together such a fine collection, which does justice to its subject, and I look forward to more of the same in the years ahead: George Moore deserves no less.

Eamon Maher



Villar-Argáiz, Pilar, ed. *Literary Visions of Multicultural Ireland: The Immigrant in Contemporary Irish Literature.* Manchester: Manchester UP, 2014. 273 pp.

Considering that Irish people have always migrated to other countries in order to find better working and living conditions, this fact changed during the period when Ireland, due to its rapid economic growth, was branded as a "Celtic Tiger." It is now possible to analyse literary works representing contemporary immigrants in the island and this is particularly well achieved in *Literary Visions of Multicultural Ireland: The Immigrant in Contemporary Irish Literature.*

According to Pilar Villar-Argáiz in her introduction to *Literary Visions of Multicultural Ireland,* "one of the immediate consequences of the economic success of the country was the reversal of emigration, from outward to inward migration" (1). In this way, Ireland became a multicultural country during this period and, according to Declan Kiberd in his foreword to the same work, "you might expect the emergence of new and complex forms of narrative to capture these hybridities and complications" (xiv). That is exactly what this collection does: it presents essays by eighteen different authors in order to analyze the representation of the so-called "New Irish" (the immigrants who migrated to Ireland from the 1990s onwards) in contemporary literature.

The collection is divided into four parts: "Irish Multiculturalisms: obstacles and challenges"; "Rethinking Ireland as a post nationalist community"; "The return of the repressed: 'performing' Irishness through intercultural encounters"; and "Gender and the city."

In Part One, chapter two, Charlotte McIvor analyses the works of Donal O'Kelly, Declan Gorman and Charlie O'Neill, situating their careers as playwrights in terms of the community arts movement's commitment to achieving more equal access to art creation. Amanda Tucker suggests that the works of Claire Keegan and Roddy Doyle "depict a non-threatening, non-challenging multicultural Ireland that attempts to solve the challenges of diversity through Irish hospitality and good will" (55) in opposition to the works of Emma Donoghue and Cauvery Madhavan which "point to persistent and perhaps insolvable questions about both individual and collective identity" (61). In Chapter Four, Pilar Villar-Argáiz "challenges this idealisation of Irish multiculturalism by revealing the various ways in which newcomers are marginalised in present-day Ireland" (64) through the analysis of poems by Colette Bryce, Mary O'Donnell and Michael O'Loughlin. In the following chapter, Margarita Estévez-Saá points out that "only when the Celtic Tiger began to collapse, and these communities of immigrants became redundant, did the Irish writers turn their gaze more attentively towards these members of the community" (85) and she analyses the reflection of this gaze in the novels of Éilís Ní Dhuibhne, Anne Haverty, Chris Binchy, Peter Cunningham and Hugo Hamilton.

Eva Roa White's essay opens Part Two, Chapter Six, arguing that Roddy Doyle, in his works, proposes a "larger definition of Irishness that encompasses hybridisation and its resulting hyphenated identities" (95), or, in other words, identities that are formed by more than one nationality. In Chapter Seven, Carmen Zamorano Llena discusses Hugo Hamilton's works in the context of looking at "the changes that the host society undergoes under the influence of migration" (114). In the following chapter, Anne Fogarty aims at exposing how immigrants are depicted in contemporary short stories by Edna O'Brien, Colm Tóibín, Mary O'Donnell, Colum McCann, Anne Enright and Éilís Ní Dhuibhne. In Chapter Nine, Katarzyna Poloczek expresses agreement with the suggestion of Irish poet Justin Quinn that "engagements and collisions between the old and the new Irish will create new subjects and new perspectives in the contemporary Irish poetic landscape" (133). She then analyses these new perspectives through the poetry of Sinéad Morrissey, Leontia Flynn, Mary O'Malley and Michael Hayes.

"The return of the repressed: 'performing' Irishness through intercultural encounters", Part Three, starts with Paula Murphy analysing the second play in Dermot Bolger's *The Ballymun Trilogy*, *The Townlands of Brazil*. In this work, the first act is set in the 1960s and revolves around a group of Irish characters, while the second act takes place in the 2000s and is played by the same actors but now as immigrant characters. According to Murphy, "Bolger encourages the audience to view the present multiculturalism of Ireland through the long history of Irish emigration" (151). In Chapter Twelve, Michaela Schrage-Früh examines transculturality and Otherness in poems by Mary O'Malley, David Wheatley and other poets included in Dermot Bolger's collection named *Night and Day*. This essay is followed by Jason King who delves into the works of Hugo Hamilton and considers that the author represents "the moment of self-acceptance of cultural difference in Ireland as the climactic occurrence of a multicultural epiphany" (185). Katherine O'Donnell, in Chapter Thirteen, firstly deconstructs the history of Irish empathy for black people; she says that "[i]t is in the turning of the twenty-first century, with immigration occurring for the first time in hundreds of years of Irish history, that we saw this empathetic identification encountering actual dark-skinned people" (189). O'Donnell goes on to analyse *The Parts* by Keith Ridgway and highlights what Declan Kiberd has said about this novel: "The very title, *The Parts*, he says, points to the inevitability of an incomplete and partial assessment of the cultural impact of diverse groups of immigrants as they arrive in large numbers to Ireland." (190). Charles I. Armstrong ends Part Three focusing poems by Derek Mahon, Sinéad Morrissey, Mary O'Donnell and Seamus Heaney, who deal with tourist visits to Ireland, bearing in mind the Irish identity.

The last Part of the collection, "Gender and the city" has, as a recurrent theme, the issue of the 2004 Citizenship Referendum, which approved that "people born in the island of Ireland would not have a constitutional right to be Irish citizens, unless, at the time of their birth, one of their parents was an Irish citizen or was entitled to be an Irish citizen"[1]. In Chapter Fifteen, Maureen T. Reddy analyses *Black Baby* by Clare Boylan. Although published in 1989 (before the Celtic Tiger economic boom and the 2004 Referendum), the anti-racist form of Irish feminism presented in the novel is highly relevant to the debate concerning immigration as it "centralises Irishwomen's not only double,

but multiple, and the need for strategies to understand those interlocked systems of oppression" (217). Following the same trend, Wanda Balzano considers Emer Martin's *Baby Zero* and "the need to reevaluate women's individual lives and stories against the backdrop of a variety of multicultural issues of race, language, religion and culture" (231).

In Chapter Seventeen, Loredana Salis investigates "the kind of images of the city that emerge, the tales we hear, who conveys and who receives them, and the depiction of the non-native Other" (243) in the works of Paul Mercier, Sebastian Barry and Dermot Bolger. Finally, in Chapter Eighteen, David Clark examines the rise of crime fiction in Ireland and, in particular, how this genre "has most accurately and most successfully mirrored the profusion of transformations which have taken place in Ireland" (255).

Throughout these eighteen chapters, a significant number of Irish writers are presented and analyzed. All of them focus on how their literary works represent the multicultural Ireland that emerged during the Celtic Tiger period. Irish authors have demonstrated throughout the first decade of the 2000s that they are highly aware of these transformations as experienced by Irish society.

In *The Irish Writer and The World*, Kiberd attributes the delayed representation of multiculturalism in Ireland to the many changes the country has passed through. He says:

> The country has gone through in the past century and a half the sort and scale of changes which took four or five hundred years in other parts of Europe. No wonder that people have looked in the rear-window mirror and felt a kind of motion-sickness, or have sought to conceal the underlying modernity of their lives by giving them the surface appearance of the ancient. (280)

In this way, Kiberd suggests that, instead of looking at contemporary society, Irish writers have preferred to look back in order to try to conceal the present; however, over time, *Literary Visions of Multicultural Ireland: The Immigrant in Contemporary Irish Literature* shows that writers and artists have become more confident to confront the present and have felt the need to represent it. On the other hand, we wait for the "New Irish" to start writing about themselves. According to Villar-Argáiz, that would be the subject of another collection of essays.

Caroline Moreira Eufrausino

Note

1 Extracted from the website Referendum Commission (http://www.refcom.ie/en/past-referendums/irish-citizenship) accessed on September 19, 2014.

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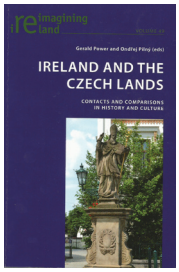

Power, Gerald & Pilný, Ondřej. *Ireland and the Czech Lands: Contacts and Comparisons in History and Culture.* Bern: Peter Lang, 2014. 235 pp.

Ireland and the Czech Lands: Contacts and Comparisons in History and Culture is a timely publication in the field of Irish and Czech comparative studies. It is the result of an ambitious project as it is comprised of ten chapters, or essays, by renowned scholars on a variety of subjects concerning the two territories, from early modern times to the present. The editors, Gerald Power and Ondřej Pilný, describe this study as "a series of maps of significant historical episodes and areas of cultural production, ranging from initial attempts at charting new perspectives and areas of study, to panoramic surveys of more established research fields." (1) As this publication aims to strike a new note on Irish and Czech historical and cultural relations, the editors have decided not to reprint existing material, which is properly referred to in the explanatory footnotes, but to give voice to fresh perspectives.

Since relations between Ireland and the Czech Lands are not, at a first glance, promptly perceptible, the editors offer an insightful panorama that introduces the main topics addressed in the book and contextualizes the individual contributions, which are in an indistinct dialogue with one another. After Power and Pilný's expounding on the different "nomenclatures" that give name to the lands in question, they trace connections between the Irish and the Czech dating from the Irish emigration in the seventeenth century, after the Cromwellian conquest of Ireland, to fight as mercenary soldiers in the Thirty Years War. Yet, for several decades, transactions between the two regions remained limited and began to improve only in the twentieth century: a number of Czech specialists gained fame in Ireland after setting up sugar factories in the 1920s and the glass making industry, especially the Waterford Crystal factory, in the 1930s. Furthermore, after the Communist Party came to power in Czechoslovakia in 1948, Ireland became the destination of political immigrants from Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless, the Irish press depicted Czechoslovakia with suspicion as the lack of up to date information was combined with the view of it being atheist and governed by communists

The authors also pinpoint what they call congruencies and deviations in both countries' histories. One resemblance, among others, is their apparently shared "colonial" experience: the debate of whether or not Ireland was a colony could be applied to the Czech Lands and its relation to the Habsburg monarchy. The diversions between the two regions begin after the Czech Lands and Ireland gained independence, respectively in 1918 and 1921: the Irish Free State entered phases of consolidation, while the Czechoslovak autonomy was undermined by the Nazis in 1938, and by Moscow-directed communists a decade later. However, due to different motivations, issues related to national borders

and minorities remained, and reached its peak in the Czech disaster of 1938 and in the in Northern Irish "Troubles" that lasted until the 1998 Good Friday Agreement.

The book's introduction provides an extensive summary of literary and cultural links between the two territories, also referred to in the individual essays. The authors claim the earliest significant period of Czech interest Ireland to be the first half of the 19th century and "it was the popularity of James Macpherson's Ossianic forgeries of the 1760s, throughout Europe, that initiated an interest in "Celtic" poetry in the Czech Lands" (5). The volume also underscores the role played by translators in the dissemination of Irish prose, poetry and drama in the Czech Lands. Thus, while the essays have as their main core Irish and Czech relations, they can be grouped around three main topics: history, culture and literature.

Historical relations are tackled in contributions by early historians Gerald Power and Jiří Brňovják's. Gerald Power compares the sixteenth-century nobilities of Ireland and Bohemia in terms of their responses to the Tudor and Habsburg regimes to the increase of monarchical authority at the expense of noble power in each their kingdoms. By the 1620s the conflicting situation Ireland and Bohemia were dealing with became more similar in the aftermath of the battle of White Mountain: disastrous uprisings led to major political reconstruction by the monarchy. This new scenario favoured native nobles prepared to cooperate as well as of loyalists and arrivistes: the English and Scottish settlers and German and Italian aristocrats who took up titles, lands and offices in post-White Mountain Bohemia. Jiří Brňovják's essay on Irish aristocratic migration and settlement in the Czech Lands demonstrates that there is still much work to be done. Brňovják' work is still one of recovery, whose primary outcome is, according to Power and Pilný, depicted on the cover of this volume: most inhabitants of Fryštát, where a statue of St Patrick was erected by the Taaffe family, take it for St. Nicholas, the saint who brings gifts to children in December. All the same, the editors point to further research to be done on some of the most influential Irish families associated with the Czech Lands presented by Brňovjak, in addition to work on Bohemian and Irish connection.

Cultural connections are established in articles by Hedvika Kuchařová and Jan Pařez, by Martina Power, by Lili Zách and by Daniel Samek. The essay by Kuchařová and Pařez investigates the way in which the seventeenth-century intensive contact between Ireland and Bohemia was established, as religious intolerance in Ireland encouraged Irish Catholics to leave for the continent; Prague was their main destination. Her conclusion is threefold: there is a small group of Friars about whom little is known; some of the Irish Franciscans that stayed in Prague were mostly the old, sick and disabled; and most of the Friars who left Bohemia returned to Ireland. Martina Power's essay presents an innovative examination of the way in which the Germans viewed Bohemia and the British perceived Ireland from 1750 to 1850. Power focuses on pre-modern travel literature and the awareness of territory, including borders, to show that both Germans and British viewed Czech and Irish peoples in similar ways. Travel writers of the eighteenth century would focus on the "backwardness" of the natives, while those of the nineteenth century

examined the positions of Bohemia within Germany and Britain. Power's conclusion is that although territorial conflicts pertaining to these regions – either separation in the Irish case or the maintenance of exclusion in Bohemia – became evident in the second half of the nineteenth century, they were already apparent to German and British travel writers by the 1840s. The following two contributions deal with Czech-Irish connections in the early 20th century. Lilia Zách's essay deals with the way in which Irish intellectuals, mostly from a Catholic, nationalist, middle class background, have expressed in important Irish-Catholic journals their perception of Czechoslovakia between 1918, when its independence was proclaimed, and 1938, the year of the Sudetenland crisis. Zách's conclusions are, according to Power and Pilný that the texts that were analysed reflect Catholic orientations and a Czechoslovakia viewed "through an Irish lens", which resulted in "intriguing conceptions of Czech interwar problems, including Czechoslovak Ulster" (21). Daniel Samek's essay delves into the way elements of Czech society could resonate in Ireland while investigating how the rigid, yet aesthetic, Czech gymnastics method, known as Sokol, was introduced in the Irish army and schools in the 1930s. Samek also alludes to the parallel drawn by Frank Aiken between the Sokol movement in Bohemia and the Gaelic Athletic Association in Ireland: Aiken insisted that in its native home the Sokol movement helped to keep the people together in the fight against oppression, just as the GAA did in Ireland.

Literary relations are addressed in the works of Bohuslav Mánek, Justin Quinn and Ondřej Pilný. Bohuslav Mánek discusses the Czech reception of Irish poetry and prose in Czech literary production in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He comments on the influence of Ossianic verse on the Czech national revival and highlights the importance of the translation of the work of Oliver Goldsmith and Thomas Moore in Czech poetry. Furthermore, Mánek provides a historical panorama of the translations of James Joyce's main works, such as *Dubliners, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, and *Ulysses* – with careful attention to the preservation of its rhythm and musicality. These translations were generally well received, even under the censorship of the totalitarian regime. In his conclusion, Mánek hopes for the continuation of these creative contacts, declaring that "in Czech literature original and translated writing has been [...] very tightly connected to social and political developments, and the reception of Irish writing has contributed to the scope and quality of writing in Czech, and has generally enriched Czech culture." (175) Justin Quinn's essay inquires into the exchange between two European writers from "minor European cultures [...] and with strong bonds to minority languages" (178): the Czech Miroslav Holub and the Irish Seamus Heaney. Heaney's engagement with the Czech writer was part of a wider exploration of Eastern European Poetry he conducted while resident in California, Berkley. Quinn argues that this engagement is insightful in a critical perspective because Holub was influenced by American poets belonging to the Beat generation, chiefly Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Allen Ginsberg, which were not of interest to Heaney. However, the outcome is extraordinary for, in fact, "Holub was channelling Heaney's Californian neighbours,

twelve miles distant from Berkeley across the Lincoln highway in North Beach, San Francisco, where the City Lights bookshop was and still is located" (196-197), though Heaney was not aware of it. Finally, Ondřej Pilný's essay provides an assessment of the impact that modern Irish drama had in the Czech Lands from its outset to its present day. He discusses the reception of Oscar Wilde, which pleased Czech decadents, and Bernard Shaw, whose popularity continues after the Second World War. Apart from John Millington Synge and Sean O'Casey, no other playwright associated with the early Abbey Theatre received significant attention on the Czech stages. The translation and production of J.M. Synge's *The Shadow of the Glen* led to an article regarding The Irish National Theatre, by Karel Mušek, and the work of O'Casey reached the Czech stages along with televised adaptations; curiously, however, the *Plough and the Stars*, a piece that conveys a clear socialist message, remains untranslated. A discussion of the 1963 production of Brendan Behan's *The Hostage* is followed by an assessment of the impact of Samuel Beckett's work on Czech intellectuals and theatre production after 1989: *Waiting for Godot* was his most frequently produced play, though "in a manner which Beckett would have referred to scornfully, as 'adaptation'." (217). According to Power and Pilný, "the post 1989 period is charted as an extensive map of productions of numerous more recent authors, from Brian Friel to Martin McDonagh, the latter of whom has ranked among the most successful Anglophone playwrights on the Czech stage ever" (23). Pilný ends with an evaluation of Irish Drama by Milan Lukeš, who delves into formal features of Irish plays and associates the popularity of Irish Drama in the Czech Lands to the Irish playwrights' engagement in "subverting ideologies of collective identity (...)" (221).

Due to its multidisciplinary character and the accessibility of its essays, this volume is aimed at a somewhat broad readership, from scholars pertaining to the fields of comparative and cultural, historical and literary studies. Due to its innovative quality, this edition will certainly pave the way for further research into Irish-Czech contacts and comparisons, as well, in the editors' words, "contribute to a broader reassessment of national histories, cultures and identities during a time of unprecedented interaction and co-operation among European states" (23).

Mariana Bolfarine

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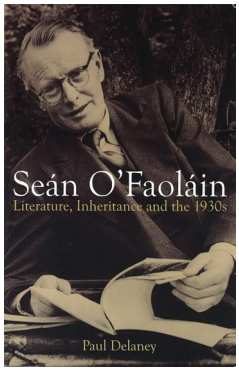

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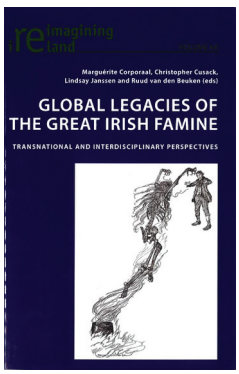

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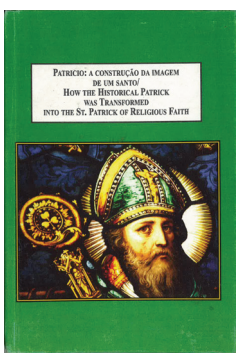

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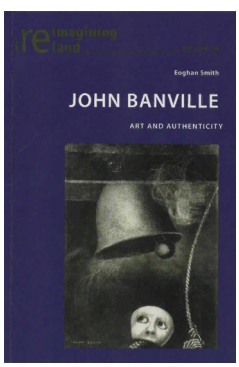

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Irlandaises (*French Journal of Irish Studies*) in 2010, and "Brian Friel's Short Stories and Play Revisited: Orientating "The Visitation," "Foundry House," and *Aristocrats* in their Historical and Audience Contexts" in *Estudios Irelandeses: Electronic Journal of the Spanish Association for Irish Studies (AEDEI)* in 2012.

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