Faith Healer

Robert Tracy

What is Hell? Hell is oneself,
Hell is alone, the other figures in it
Merely projections.
T. S. Eliot, *The Cocktail Party*

Abstract: *This essay discusses the balance between theatricality and anti-theatricality in* Faith Healer*, by Brian Friel, and argues that the play draws inspiration from drama as ritual and from medieval and mystery plays.*

Faith Healer is at once a profoundly theatrical and a deliberately anti-theatrical play. It is theatrical because it is essentially and self-consciously about theatrical action, performance. At the same time, Friel thwarts our expectations as theater-goers by never showing us any of the dramatic events that shaped the lives of Frank, Grace, and Teddy, his three characters.

Frank, the Faith Healer, requires a theatre and an audience for his acts of healing. Teddy is his manager, a man of the theater, who hires a church or a chapel or a parish hall for each evening's performance. Grace, Frank's wife, sets up a table near the door and collects money before or after the performance. Teddy is responsible for lighting and for playing a recording of Fred Astaire singing Jerome Kern's "The Way You Look Tonight" at the beginning of each performance as a way of relaxing the audience, letting them know that the performance is beginning, and perhaps as an ironic commentary on the lame, the halt, and the blind who comprise the audience. When Friel's play begins, fifteen chairs are arranged in three rows at stage right, suggesting that the real audience assembled in a theatre for Friel's play might be joined by an audience of Welsh or Scottish villagers hoping – or fearing – to experience a miracle. In *Living Quarters* Friel drew on Euripides's *Hippolytus* to give his play resonance. In *Faith Healer* he goes even further back, to the origins of European theatre in rituals of sacrifice and in medieval miracle and mystery plays.

Friel defies the advice usually given to aspiring playwrights: don't tell us what happened, *show* us what happened. This play's action is entirely verbal. *Faith Healer*

consists of four long monologues, by Frank, Grace, Teddy, then Frank again, each containing a general account of the trio's way of life on the road as they carried their act from village to village, but each describing certain crucial events in mutually contradictory ways.

There is little stage movement. Frank paces about while speaking; Grace sits at a table and smokes; Teddy drinks some beer, plays his Astaire recording for us, tells us anecdotes about performing dog acts he has managed, and about Miss Mulatto's inexplicable rapport with her pigeons. Teddy's stories are the only attempt at entertainment in the conventional sense. Friel is willing to risk boring his audience by defying the Aristotelian definition of drama as "men acting" and giving us only talk. He even omits dialogue.

Anthony Roche has rightly compared *Faith Healer* to Beckett's *Play* (Roche 114-15). There too three immobile actors deliver monologues. They are controlled by a spotlight: an actor *must* speak when the light is on him or her, cannot speak otherwise. The actors are confined in large jars, with only their heads visible. They can neither act nor move, only speak. Between them they piece together a story of a triangle of man, wife, and mistress which seems to be their mutual story, though they cannot hear or see each other. Nor can we be sure that the story we piece together is their shared story. Adultery is hardly rare, and the story a common one. The man and the two women may have participated in three separate triangles, their apparent proximity an accident of Hell's topography or penal system. They communicate only with us. All three are dead, and presumably in Hell. Beckett's Hell is a place where the dead must speak but cannot be heard. And it is eternal: when the seven minute play has been performed, the actors come to a stage direction: "*Repeat play*" (Beckett 157). The play must go on, in an infinite number of repetitions, though Beckett's text mercifully releases us after only a few lines have been repeated for the third time. He has given us a glimpse of Hell as boring, repetitious, and unending. Like the repeated rehearsals of Commandant Frank Butler's last day on earth in *Living Quarters*, Beckett's characters are trapped in an endless recapitulation of their past, aware of what went wrong but unable to change anything. Friel's characters are also in Hell. Frank speaks from beyond the grave, Grace dies after her monologue, Teddy lives on only in the impotence of memory and regret.

Despite its lack of action and dialogue, *Faith Healer* reaches an almost unbearable degree of intensity as the three narrators recount what they saw and felt as they traveled through what Frank calls the "dying" (Friel 1984, 332) villages of Wales and Scotland. Friel has crafted both the theatricality and the anti-theatricality of his play to force us toward the overwhelming question, the reality of Frank's power to heal, which is itself dependent on his faith, his conviction that he can do so. A play succeeds when the actors believe they can become the characters they are portraying, and can persuade the audience to share that belief. Frank always knows when he is to succeed or fail, that is, when he is to feel the power or confidence that will cure those who come, at once hopeful and skeptical, to seek his aid. Though he conducts his healing sessions in buildings that exist for Christian rituals, he never refers to any god, Christian or otherwise.

He refers to himself as a "mountebank" and limits his activities to Great Britain's Celtic fringe, "because Teddy and Gracie were English and they believed, God help them, that the Celtic temperament was more receptive to us" (loc. cit) – a crass recapitulation of Yeats's belief that the Irish of the western seaboard retained visionary powers and an access to the supernatural that had been lost by the better-educated and the sophisticated.

Nevertheless, Frank believes that he really can and does cure some of the people who come to his performances. Behind the worn Astaire record and the shabby chapels there is his faith in the reality of his curative power. Friel's delicate balance of theatricality and anti-theatricality masks a powerful reality, Frank's belief that he is at times possessed by some power of healing, and can feel its presence or absence. It is a dangerous thing to have because it separates him from ordinary people and the possibilities of a normal life. It involves a kind of empathy, so that he feels the pain of those who come to him, as Christ is said to have felt the sins and the pain of all those He came to save. Frank Hardy is the prophet, the artist, the outcast, who must suffer and die because he sees and feels more than anyone can bear to see and feel. Friel himself has described *Faith Healer* as a "study of the artist's life and death struggle" (Friel 1999, 144). Frank's cures are, like theatre, like art, an illusion that is about truth.

"Faith healer – faith healing," Frank intones:

> A craft without an apprenticeship, a ministry without responsibility, a vocation without a ministry. How did I get involved? As a young man I chanced to flirt with it and it possessed me. No, no, no, no, no – that's rhetoric.
> No; let's say I did it ... because I could do it. That's accurate enough. And occasionally it worked – oh, yes, occasionally it *did* work. Oh, yes. And when it did, when I stood before a man and placed my hands on him and watched him become whole in my presence, those were nights of exaltation, of consummation – no, not that I was doing good, giving relief, spreading joy – good God, no, nothing at all to do with that; but because the questions that undermined my life then became meaningless and because I knew that for those few hours I had become whole in myself, and perfect in myself, and in a manner of speaking, an aristocrat, if the term doesn't offend you (Friel 1984, 333).[1]

At such moments Frank cures himself.

Set against these moments of exaltation, of wholeness and self-curing are the doubts and fears that every true artist knows:

> Was it all chance? – or skill? – or illusion? – or delusion?
> Precisely what power did I possess? Could I summon it? When and how? Was I its servant? Did it reside in my ability to invest someone with faith in me or did I evoke in him a healing faith in himself? Could my healing be effected without faith? But faith in what? – in me? – in the possibility? – faith in faith? And is the power diminishing? You're beginning to masquerade,

> aren't you? You're becoming a husk, aren't you? And so it went on and on and on. Silly, wasn't it? Considering that nine times out of ten nothing at all happened. But they persisted right to the end, those nagging, tormenting, maddening questions that rotted my life.
> When I refused to confront them, they ambushed me.And when they threatened to submerge me, I silenced them with whiskey (*SP* 333-4).

But, Frank adds, "I always knew when *nothing* was going to happen" (italics mine), when he was to undergo a numinous vastation, the awful experience of absence.

Frank's uncertainties about his power, which we share, are underlined by the uncertainties about almost everything he tells us about himself and his two companions. His poster calls him "The Fantastic Francis Hardy," a fantasy and a producer of fantasies. "It wasn't that he was simply a liar," Grace tells us. "[...] it was some compulsion he had to adjust, to refashion, to re-create everything around him. Even the people who came to him [...] they were real enough, but not real as persons, real as fictions, his fictions, extensions of himself that came into being only because of him." Grace is describing a novelist or a playwright. To heal is to remake, to alter a story is to remake, and both processes aim to improve. "It seemed to me that he kept remaking people according to some private standard of excellence of his own," Grace says. "[...] It was always an excellence, a perfection, that was the cause of his restlessness and the focus of it" (*SP* 345-6).

The kind of factual truth that Tom Hoffnung craves in *Aristocrats* is hard to come by in *Faith Healer*, but the fluidity of apparent fact is not like Casimir's annexation of family legends and national celebrities. The main events of *Faith Healer* occur off stage, so we cannot evaluate them for ourselves, only listen to each character's account. We are also given variorum information about backgrounds and identities. Frank tells us that Grace was his mistress, and came from Yorkshire (*SP* 335), but she says she is his wife of seven years and, like Brien Friel, comes from Knockdoyle, just outside Omagh in County Tyrone (*SP* 347); Teddy confirms her Irish identity. Frank describes his father as a police sergeant at Kilmeedy, County Limerick (*SP* 333); Grace says he was a factory storeman in Limerick, but "Frank made him a stonemason and a gardener and a bus-driver and a guard and a musician," as readily as he gives her name as "Dodsmith or Elliot or O"Connell or McPherson" or McClure (*SP* 345-6). Their separate accounts of the main events in the story the three characters share reveal more serious discrepancies. At Llanbethian in Wales, Frank cured ten people in a single night; at Kinlochbervie in Scotland Grace gave birth to a stillborn child and buried it in a field; at Ballybeg in Ireland Frank failed to cure a paralytic and was beaten to death by the man's friends.

Frank carries a clipping from the *West Glamorgan Chronicle* describing his Llanbethian cure of ten people " 'of a variety of complaints ranging from blindness to polio,' "but he threw the clipping away that night in Ballybeg, and he throws it away again during his second monologue (*SP* 371). As with the ten lepers Christ cured, an analogy he hints at,

only one comes back to thank him: "an old farmer who was lame." Grace never mentions this spectacular group cure, though she does speak of "the old farmer outside Cardiff" who rewarded Frank generously "for curing his limp," and the four luxurious nights they then spent at a Cardiff hotel (*SP* 371, 343). Teddy remembers the curing of ten people, the lame farmer's generous reward, Frank and Grace exultantly dancing through the empty church, and their four days at the hotel (*SP* 359-60).

Kinlochbervie is a starker and more wrenching event. "Kinlochbervie's where the baby's buried, two miles south of the village, in a field on the left-hand side of the road as you go north," Grace tells us "*Quietly, almost dreamily*," when we see her alone and trying to maintain her sanity after Frank's death. They had taken some time out and relaxed there for a week (Frank; *SP* 337, 370); they happened to be there (Grace; *SP* 344); they were stranded there when their caravan's axle broke and they had a long wait before it could be towed to a place where it might be repaired, because the only man with a tractor was at sea on a trawler (Teddy; *SP* 362-3). Frank and Teddy remember how lovely the village seemed, and how they could see across to the Isle of Lewis (*SP* 337, 362), but Grace says it rained and nothing could be seen (*SP* 344). It was there that Frank received news that his mother had died in Dublin, and hurried home alone to her funeral after a twenty years absence, where he wept with his father (*SP* 337-8, 370). Grace, however, says he learned of his *father's* death while they were in Wales, but "when he came back he spoke of the death as if it had been his mother's [...] his mother had been dead for years when I first met him" *(SP* 346).

Frank assures us that Grace was barren (*SP* 372), but Grace and Teddy both describe her giving birth to a dead child in their caravan outside Kinlochbervie. Grace's account is curiously detached, but Frank is present at her labor, and when they bury the little corpse he makes a cross, paints it white, and inscribes it "*Infant Child of Francis and Grace Hardy*." "He never talked about it afterwards," she adds; "never once mentioned it again; and because he didn't, neither did I. So that was it" *(SP* 344-5). Teddy gives us a more circumstantial account, of Grace shrieking and bloody during her labor, stretched on the floor of the van, of her unnatural calm – "she was so fantastic," Frank's totemic word – as she holds the corpse. Teddy tells us *he* made the cross to mark the grave. Frank had removed himself from the scene as soon as Grace went into labor. "To walk away deliberately when your wife's going to have your baby in the middle of bloody nowhere," exclaims Teddy, recalling the event;

> I mean to say, to do that deliberately, that's some kind of bloody-mindedness, isn't it? And make no mistake, dear heart: it was deliberate, it was bloody-minded.
> 'Cause as soon as she starts having the pains, I go looking for him, and there he is heading up the hill, and I call after him, and I know he hears me, but he doesn't answer me. Oh, Christ, there really was a killer instinct deep down in that man! (*SP* 363).

When Frank returns, after the burial, he is cheerful, talkative, uncharacteristically eager to discuss plans for where they should go next, so much so that he almost persuades Teddy that he does not know what has happened:

> But then suddenly in the midst of all this great burst of interest I see him glancing into the van with the corner of the eye – not that there was anything to see; I had it all washed out by then – but it was the way he done it and the way he kept on talking at the same time that I *knew* that *he* knew; and not only that he knew but that he knew it all right down to the last detail. And even though the old chatter never faltered for a minute [...] somehow I got the feeling, I *knew* that he *had* to keep talking because he had suffered all that she had suffered and that now he was ... about to collapse. [...] And many a time since then I get a picture of him going up that hill [...] walking fast with his head down and pretending he doesn't hear me calling him. And I've thought maybe – course it was bloody-minded of him! I'm not denying that! – but maybe being the kind of man he was, you know, with that strange gift he had, I've thought maybe – well, maybe he had to have his own way of facing things... (*SP* 364-5).

The circumstances of Frank's murder at Ballybeg are also discrepant, apart from the fact of the murder itself. Back in Ireland for the first time in twelve years, Frank and Grace feel that they have come home, but it is an ominous sense of homecoming. In a Donegal pub – corrected to "lounge bar" – they encounter four wedding guests continuing to celebrate after the bride and groom have departed. Frank says the four men initiated a conversation (*SP* 339), but Grace recalls that Frank took the initiative (*SP* 352); Teddy remembers Frank and Grace as warmly welcomed and at the center of a group that opened to include them (*SP* 367). Grace sang "Ilkley Moor" (Frank; 339), as befitted a Yorkshire lass, or Thomas Moore's "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms" (Teddy; *SP* 367). Donal, one of the wedding guests, had a bent finger; he challenged Frank to cure it, and he did (*SP* 339). But Grace tells us Frank offered to straighten that finger and did so, then "turned immediately to me and gave me an icy, exultant, theatrical smile and said, 'That's the curtain-raiser'" (*SP* 352). She knew then that he was going to attempt to cure the paralyzed McGarvey, who was already present (Grace) or had to be fetched from some distance away (Frank; *SP* 340, 372, 374).

When the wedding guests urge him to cure the absent/present McGarvey, Frank *sees* him "in my mind," and

> saw his strained face and his mauve hands and his burning eyes, crouched in his wheelchair and sick with bitterness. Saw him and knew him before Teddy in his English innocence asked why he wasn't there; before Ned told us of the fall from the scaffolding and the paralysis. Saw him and recognized our meeting: an open place, a walled yard, trees, orange skies, warm wind. And knew, knew with cold certainty that nothing was going to happen. Nothing at all (*SP* 340).

Frank knows that the cure will fail. He is even warned by the barman that the wedding guests are

> 'savage bloody men. And there's nothing you can do for McGarvey – nothing nobody can do for McGarvey. You know that.' 'I know that,' I said. 'But if you do nothing for him, Mister, they'll kill you. I know them. They'll kill you.' 'I know that, too,' I said (*SP* 374).

Nevertheless, Frank chooses the fate he has already foreseen. At dawn he goes out to meet McGarvey and the wedding guests, knowing the cure will fail and that they will destroy him. He does so, Friel implies, because the stakes are higher in Ireland, because the supernatural is taken more seriously, as Yeats discovered when an audience protested because "an evil peasant" trampled on a cross in *The Countess Cathleen*. "In using what I considered to be traditional symbols," Yeats wrote, "I forgot that in Ireland they are not symbols but realities" (Yeats 279).

When he confronts McGarvey, Frank can no longer live with his power, but he cannot live without it either. For him it is powerfully real, and at once a gift and a burden. Many saints, especially those subject to mystical experiences, have found their sanctity an ordeal. The stigmata, for example, is a sign of divine approbation, but it is also extremely painful. Frank's power is a manifestation of the arbitrariness of grace – and yes, the pun is intended. It is Friel's, not mine. Liar and drunkard that he is, Frank is nevertheless possessed at times by some force that he feels but cannot understand, or completely control.

The power brings with it a devastating empathy. When Frank enters a hall or chapel he feels the pain of those who await him. More acutely, he feels their impossible hope for healing and their craving to be disappointed. Those who seek him out are like McGarvey, incurable, or so they think. They have come to him to be freed from hope, and at the same time with an awful fear that they will be cured, that the laws of nature will be set aside:

> They were a despairing people. That they came to me, a mountebank, was a measure of their despair [...]And they hated me – oh, yes, yes, yes, they hated me. Because by coming to me they exposed, publicly acknowledged, their desperation. And even though they told themselves they were here because of the remote possibility of a cure, they knew in their hearts they had come not to be cured but for confirmation that they were incurable; not in hope but for the elimination of hope; for the removal of that final, impossible chance – that's why they came – to seal their anguish, for the content of a finality.
> And they knew that I knew. And so they defied me to endow them with hopelessness. But I couldn't do even that for them [...] Because occasionally, just occasionally, the miracle would happen. And then – panic – panic – panic! [...] The sudden flooding of dreadful, hopeless hope! (*SP* 337).

Those moments of wholeness that Frank experiences after he has performed a cure are achieved by the arousal of false hope, the agonies of hope denied, by what Frank perceives as his victimization of those who seek him out. It is for this that he must atone with his own life behind the lounge bar in Ballybeg.

For this, and for trafficking in magic, in the miraculous. Frank does not understand his power, nor how and why he has it, but he comes to understand how dangerous it is. Teddy, who manages artists, describes them as ambitious, possessed of "sensational" talent, and profoundly ignorant about their gift: "what it is they have, how they do it, how it works, what that sensational talent is, what it all means – believe me, they don't know and they don't care" (*SP* 355). But Frank cares.

Frank's performance in churches and chapels, and his dark overcoat and suit, make him vaguely priestlike. He prepares himself for a performance with that Friel calls "incantation": a chanted litany of Welsh and Scottish place-names that looks back to the Old Irish *dinnshenchas*, the lore of place names which makes each one an encapsulated myth, and forward forward to the preoccupation with place names in *Translations* and the love scene between Maire and Yolland in that play, in which they tell over to one another the local place names. Frank recites these names, Grace tells us, "releasing them from his mouth in that special voice he used only then, as if he were blessing them or consecrating himself (*SP* 343-4). "Aberarder, Aberayron," Frank intones, as the play begins:

> Llangranog, Llangurig,
> Abergorlech, Abergynolwyn,
> Llandefeilog, Llanerchymedd,
> Aberhosan, Aberporth... (*SP* 331-2).

This chanting of place names recurs from time to time in Frank's and Grace's monologues to suggest the foreignness, the otherness of the places where Frank performs, but also as an exotic incantatory language, an abracadabra.

When Grace begins to speak, she has had a breakdown, and is being treated by a conventional doctor who lacks Frank's dangerous power. She bravely tries to believe the doctor is helping her, that she is getting better. But she too chants that place name incantation, adding what is for her the most powerful and evocative name of all: "Aberarder, Kinlochbervie,/Aberayron, Kinlochbervie,/ Invergordon, Kinlochbervie..." She ends her monologue with a cry for a miracle:

> how I want that door to open – how I want that man to come across that floor and put his white hands on my face and still this tumult inside me – O my God I'm one of his fictions too, but I need him to sustain me in that existence – O my God I don't know if I can go on without his sustenance (*SP* 353).

It is the only conventional prayer in the play, and it is unanswered. We learn from Teddy that Grace committed suicide exactly a year after Frank's murder.

Like Frank himself, Grace is a victim of Frank's gift. Her role was to reassure him, to proclaim to him her belief in his power, even as he probed her "affirmations for the hair crack, tuned for the least hint of excess or uncertainty, but all the same, all the same drawing sustenance from me – oh, yes, I'm sure of that – finding some kind of

sustenance in me – I'm absolutely sure of that, because finally he drained me, finally I was exhausted" (*SP* 342). Frank values her because she is a rationalist, trained as a solicitor. If he can convince her of his power, he can perhaps fully believe in it himself. In Frank's account, she is a skeptic and a scoffer.

Grace has left behind her training as a solicitor and her comfortable past as a judge's daughter. When she visits her father she is a more rebellious version of Judith in *Aristocrats*, her father, alone in his big house outside Omagh, a less senile version of Judge O'Donnell, the house a Ballybeg Hall in better repair. Something in her responds to Frank despite his cruelty and drunkenness. Trained in logic and order, she leaves order for the squalor of life on the road with Frank and Teddy, sleeping in the caravan or in abandoned cottages. She too seems to be expiating something – her father's rigor, her mother's madness – almost as a kind of coda to *Aristocrats*.

> Frank's gift is her rival, the thing that comes between them. She recalls him "before a performance" in such complete mastery that everything is harmonized for him, in such mastery that anything is possible [...] looking past you out of his completion, out of that private power, out of that certainty that was accessible only to him. God, how I resented that privacy! (*SP* 343).

At such times she feels, not just exclusion but

> an erasion – this erasion was absolute: he obliterated me.
> Me who tended him, humoured him, nursed him, nursed him, sustained him – who debauched myself for him [...] And when I remember him like that in the backof the van, God how I hate him again (*SP* 344).'

Grace comes to admit her hostility to Frank's gift of healing "I never understood it, never," she tells us: "this gift, this craft, this talent, this art, this magic – whatever it was he possessed, that defined him, that was, I suppose, essentially him. And because it was his essence and because it eluded me I suppose I *was* wary of it" (*SP* 349). It is unnerving to be close to the supernatural, the uncanny, the divine. In the legend of Semele a woman Zeus loves demands to see him in his divine guise, and is blasted into nothingness because her human nature cannot contemplate his divinity. In "Leda and the Swan" Yeats speculates on the nature of sexual congress between divine and human. Mounted by Apollo, did Leda "put on his knowledge with his power?" Grace is destroyed

because she came too close to the mystery, and Frank made her the focus of his fear that he might lose his power: "he insisted on dragging me into feud between himself and his talent" (*SP* 350).

Near the end, Frank "seemed to have lost touch with his gift," and may have believed that Ireland "might somehow recharge him, maybe even restore him" (*SP* 351). That last night in Ballybeg, Grace knew he was "going to measure himself against the cripple in the wheelchair" and begged him not to try, but by this time he was alone with his gift, or its terrible withdrawal: "he looked at me, no, not at me, not at me, past me, beyond me, out of those damn benign eyes of his; and I wasn't there for him..." (*SP* 352-3).

Frank meets his death at the hands of the wedding guests, four young men who have stayed on in the pub, perhaps drinking in the wedding's aftermath to assuage their own frustrations in an Ireland still skittish about marriage. They seem deceptively welcoming to Frank and his companions, a version of one of those *Bord Failte* posters showing the warm welcome awaiting the tourist in "Ireland of the Welcomes." They also initiate the presence of a sinister and violent pagan element in Friel's Irish landscapes, continued by the references to the unseen Donnelly twins in *Translations*, an apparent human sacrifice in *Wonderful Tennessee*, and primitive fire ceremonies in the Donegal hills in *Dancing at Lughnasa*. Friel's Ballybeg is a place where the past is always present, in memory or in these oblique references to the survival of ancient rituals.

In his last moments, Frank defies augury and steps forward to test a power he no longer feels and to meet his doom. "Ripeness is all," and he is ready for what must come. In doing so he himself passes into what Anthony Roche calls a "perpetual present" (Roche 114), maintained whenever *Faith Healer* is performed and Frank, Grace, and Teddy relive their times together. Friel reworks the repeated performances of Frank Butler's last day of life that is the device of *Living Quarters*. In *Living Quarters* Frank Butler's family endlessly play over in their minds that last day. Each of them re-enacts what he or she did during the events leading up to Butler's suicide, hoping *this* time that what happened will be changed. Yeats used a similar device in *Purgatory*, when the Old Man watches his parents re-enact his conception and tries to end his mother's ambiguous purgatory by killing his own son so that the consequences of her marriage with an inferior will end without further racial and social degeneration – only to find that the re-enactment will continue. Frank Hardy, story teller, mythmaker, has escaped from life into the permanence of art. Can we call it a kind of resurrection?

Note

1 All further references to Friel's *Selected Plays* will be included in the text as *SP*.

Works Cited

Beckett, Samuel. *Collected Shorter Plays*.New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1984.

Friel, Brian. *Essays, Diaries, Interviews: 1964-1999*. Ed. Christopher Murray. London: Faber, 1999.

____. *Selected Plays.* Introduced by Seamus Deane. Washington, D.C.: Catholic University of America Press, 1984.

Roche, Anthony. Contemporary Irish Drama from Beckett to McGuinness. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1995.

Yeats, W.B. *Autobiography.* New York: Collier, 1965.