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Cover: From Ângelo Roberto’s Collection “Horses and the Sun”.

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Introduction

This year the ABEI Journal is commemorating ten years since the publication of the first issue in 1998, the progeny of the former ABEI Newsletter. In fact, 2008 has been notable for a number of milestones in the development of Irish Studies in Brazil. Milestones present welcome opportunities for the traveller to pause and look back along the road travelled, taking stock briefly before setting off refreshed for the next stage of the journey. In our case we are only too aware that we could not have got as far as this without the support of those who have accompanied us along the way, contributors, editorial commission, technical staff and, of course, readers. For all our travelling companions we present a retrospective of our covers over the past decade.

The reader will notice that our month of publication has changed from June to November. The reason for this is connected with the consolidation of Irish Studies in South America as represented by the third of our annual symposia. This year's conference, hosted very ably by Noélia Borges and Miriam Souza and a large team of willing helpers, was structured around the theme of "Widening Fields of Research". Amongst a number of exciting interdisciplinary contributions we were very pleased to welcome the playwrights Vincent Woods, from Ireland, and Marcos Barbosa de Alburquerque, from Salvador itself. The current issue therefore includes the text of the public interview that Vincent Woods gave to Beatriz Kopschitz , as well as that of the presentation that Marcos Barbosa gave concerning his play *Auto de Angicos*. In years to come we hope that our new publication date will enable us to offer a dynamic response to debates and ideas raised in the course of our September symposium.

The connection with the Northeast of Brazil established by the symposium is celebrated in the cover to the present issue, which is a tribute to one of Bahia's outstanding artists, Ângelo Roberto, whose collection "Cavalos e o Sol" ("Horses and the Sun") was recently exhibited in Lisbon.

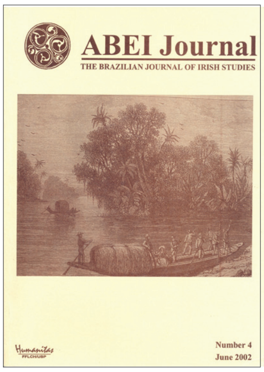
Other contributions in the present issue are structured around the two areas of Irish Studies that have witnessed the strongest growth in recent years here in Brazil – Comparative Studies and Diaspora Studies. After Chris Arthur's introductory text "Falling Memory", the largest section in this year's journal is devoted to intertextual studies. Sinéad Wall takes us to Chile on a journey of rediscovery; Dore Fischer looks at biculturalism in the writing of Blake Morrison and Hugo Hamilton; Stephanie Schwerter examines Brecht, Rimbaud and Akhmatova in the context of Northern Ireland; Miguel Montezanti re-examines Seamus Heaney's "Punishment"; and Cristina Elgue-Martini traces links between *Finnegans Wake* and the writing of Ricardo Piglia.

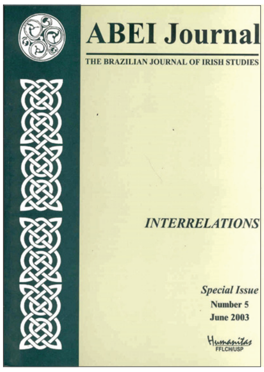
The international flavour of the journal continues with two articles in the area of Diaspora Studies, in which Kerby A. Miller takes us to Nineteenth-Century Ulster, and William H. Mulligan, Jr. gives us the benefit of his personal reflection on Irish diasporic literature published in the United States over the past two decades.

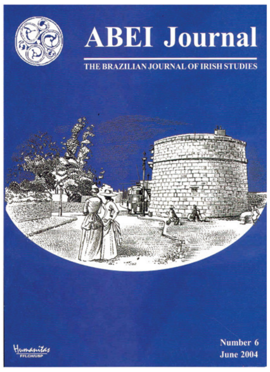
The Journal concludes, as always, with our Review Section, in which we have contributions from Rüdiger Imhof, Jean-Christophe Penet, Pilar Villar-Argáiz, Maria Elena Jaime de Pablos, Viviane Carvalho da Anunciação, Gisele Wolkoff, Domingos Nunez and Tom Hennigan.

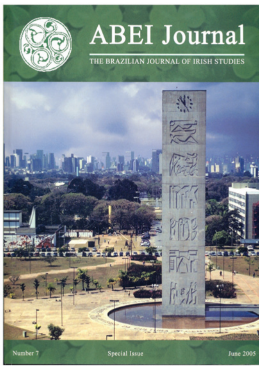
As we set out for the next stage of our journey, we would like to dedicate this tenth-anniversary issue to our fellow-scholars, critics , writers and artists – friends.

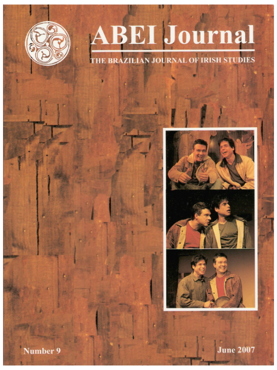
The Editors











Falling Memory

Chris Arthur

Unlike most memories, I know exactly how this one was triggered. This doesn't mean I understand the intricacies involved in the complex cellular transactions that make remembrance possible. The way in which the past is stored in the incredible honeycomb of processes that is our brain, and how we retrieve from its labyrinths our pictures of all the time we've passed through, of every moment prior to this one, belongs to a language in which ordinary discourse is not fluent. I know nothing of the biochemistry involved in remembering. My knowledge of this particular memory's provenance extends no further than the shallows of self-consciousness. In plotting its genealogy – or at least the short stretch of its bloodline I can see – I am, therefore, only dealing with the face values of recall, not the underlying elements that shape their features into the familiar likenesses we recognize. Such obvious physiognomy reveals nothing about the genetics of memory, but it does cast light on the manner in which we unravel our histories into a series of fractional images, from whose threads we can weave up again at least some part of the fabric of what happened. Such re-weavings provide neither the tapestry of documentary nor the fabrication of imagination, but a tightly spun mix of both – a reminder that experience and interpretation are intimately conjoined and that what we take to be reality is conjured from their intimate entanglement. We are so entwined with the world that to think us capable of offering an account of it unmarked by the shadow of our presence is as odd a conceit as supposing fish could engineer a land-dweller's vision of the ocean.

As I've grown older, I've become fascinated by the way in which memory unobtrusively chips from some of the moments we've occupied a few razor-like fragments. Their edges are as naturally honed as flakes of flint. These splinters seem to leave such deep incisions on remembrance that they remain with us for as long as we are here, becoming so much a part of us that, if we ever lose them – through age, disease or injury – people will judge us less than complete and say something like, "he's not himself anymore". Given this closeness of connection between memory and identity, perhaps if we could *consciously* decide where to strike the flint of experience, which slivers to hoard and which to disregard, we might change quite radically the type of person we are. Alas (or should this be "thankfully"?), deliberation has little authority in this realm. I do wonder, though, if *as a culture* we give enough attention to the mechanisms of formal, corporate memory, which do so much to determine the ethos of society. Sometimes education's knapping seems to follow an ill-chosen seam of priorities.

Many of our most durable memories are, unsurprisingly, taken from life's most striking flints – love, death, novelty, pain, betrayal. Some, though, are chipped from far less obvious sources. The memory on which I wish to focus came about like this – rather, its *recall* came about like this, for its original forging, like all our memories, was on the anvil of what happened. I was thinking about meeting my brother at Edinburgh Zoo. It was nearly a year since we'd last seen each other and the summer – when we'd promised we'd make time – was beginning to look complicated. I'd be in Ireland when he was in Norway; he'd be in Ireland when I was in Scotland. It seemed likely, though, that for a few days in July he'd be in Newcastle and I'd be in St Andrews. Edinburgh suggested itself as a good midpoint for a rendezvous and a day at the zoo seemed likely to appeal to both our families. As we spoke about it on the phone, I found myself remembering the last time I'd visited the zoo. So, I can pinpoint quite exactly how the memory I want to talk about was brought back into mind. It was fished from the past by casting the fly of the same place, soon to be revisited. Except that this memory, the memory of a fall, has nothing directly to do with the zoo. It's just that the mind has caged it there alongside the animals and I don't think there's anything I can do now to free it from this erroneous conjunction. It's as if, somewhere along the way, memory itself has stumbled, fallen, spilled the shards it was carrying and picked them up again with zoo and fall clutched so tightly that they've fused together and now seem like twins sharing a single moment when, in fact, these temporal siblings are separated by several days.

The last time I was in Edinburgh Zoo was twenty years ago, when I took my mother. She was in her early seventies then and newly widowed. I have little memory of the day itself beyond her likening the chimps to children in a playground, our being impressed by the acrobatics of the gibbons, and the almost hypnotic magnetism exerted by a giant serpent lying sluggishly behind its glass like some gross slab of naked, elongated gut. The mere fact of its comatose existence was both repellent and fascinating – as if entrails had escaped a body and this piece of fugitive tubing had somehow become independently alive. But the chimps, the gibbons and the other animals, even the snake, are only dimly lit pictures now. They exist in the twilight of the vaguest recall. Pulling them from there with words, however carefully chosen, bestows more light upon them than they warrant. Description, even while emphasising darkness, acts to impart a level of illumination alien to these crepuscular memories. They blink their eyes uncomfortably in the unnatural light that writing introduces.

What memory has chosen to preserve most vividly from our visit to the zoo (though "chosen" is a misnomer here), is an exact picture of the texture and colour of the tweed coat my mother was wearing, and a sense of unaccustomed absence. This sense – almost like vertigo, as if we were marooned on some high, precariously swaying platform – struck me most forcefully as we sat together in the taxi on our way back to my flat in Marchmont, one of Edinburgh's so called villages. In the failing light of a winter's afternoon, as the driver skilfully negotiated the heavy traffic and told us intermittently – between bursts from his control room's radio – about taking his grandson to the zoo on a too hot day in the summer, we looked out at the Pentland Hills in the distance and thought about loss. My father's death was still leaning the weight of unaccustomed emptiness upon us, prompting silent reverie and talkative recollection in about equal measure. In the taxi, neither of us said a word. My mother sat huddled in her brown tweed coat, the collar pulled up against the cold. Although I didn't know it then, the flecks of yellow, blue and green in the material were firing themselves like tiny, invisible harpoons deep into my recollection.

She stayed perhaps a week. I recall very little of that time except for the strangeness of her being there alone, our visit to the zoo (at least those splinters of it that I've mentioned) and her fall. It is this last incident that is best preserved – held in the mind as pitch-perfect as the colours of her tweed coat. Though it happened several days after our trip to the zoo, memory has telescoped time so that whenever I think of Edinburgh Zoo now it's as if I can walk along the caged exhibits and stare at gorilla, giraffe, zebra – and then, in a special enclosure, "Parent, falling".

What interests me about this memory is the symbolic weight it possesses. This was not something that struck me at the time, and writing about it now will, I know, further fix things in the mind in an artificial manner, give them a texture and prominence likely to change their original gravity. Perhaps this will merely result in distortion, but I prefer to see it in terms of introducing that sharper focus which retrospect and reflection sometimes allow. Far from being some trivial anecdotal fragment that has no interest outside the little stories that comprise my life and my mother's, her fall seems to be one of those found symbols – a mundane metaphor happened on by chance – that says a great deal about our situation. In fact it says more, at least to me, than many traditional religious symbols. Comparing it with them, it strikes me as odd that people searching for some meaning to sustain them should cherish symbols drawn from such unlikely places – cross, dharmachakra, dancing Shiva, yin and yang. We're hedged round with more direct and immediate symbols all the time, in our greetings and partings, in our first steps and fallings down. Our everyday existence holds up far more accurate mirrors to life's likeness than the strange reflective surfaces that theologians try to polish into existence with the artificial abrasive of their doctrines.

We were crossing Warrender Park Road at its junction with Whitehouse Loan. Whether Mum just slipped on the cobblestones, had a weak turn, or fell as a result of a knee problem that was then only beginning to manifest itself but which would soon become a permanent affliction, I was never able to establish. She brushed aside inquiry with angry impatience, as if talking about it would reinforce what she took to be a sign of weakness, as if words would confirm and enlarge the event whilst the deliberate bestowal of silence might magic it away. Whatever the cause, she fell with sufficient force for the breath to be knocked out of her body with an audible "whumpf!" I helped her up and supported her across the road to the pavement on the other side, where she sat on a low wall knobbled with the vestigial remains of iron railings. It took her only moments to recover. She assured me impatiently that she was all right, wanted no fuss and was ready to go on. A woman in a green anorak walking a small dog, who had been quite close behind us and must have seen everything, looked over but continued walking briskly, tugging on the lead as the dog made to approach us. Some schoolgirls deep in chatter stared without much interest as they waited at a bus-stop on Whitehouse Loan. Two cars slowed to let us cross, then sped away.

I was relieved she'd not broken anything, that there were no cuts pouring out blood, and that she felt strong enough to walk back to the flat, which was only a few minutes away. Despite the absence of any visible sign of injury, it had clearly been painful and come as a jarring shock. But her chief hurt was one of dignity, composure and self-confidence. Perhaps, having kept her grief so tightly controlled after my father's death, she was shaken to have this little drama of collapse, of momentarily not coping, suddenly imposed upon her so publicly. Perhaps in this fall she had some premonition of the other falls that lay ahead and would, eventually, make living at home impossible. She was, as the saying goes, "fiercely independent" and a fall constitutes a serious blow to such a spirit. It's a very obvious reminder of how we can be laid low without warning and have to depend on others to get back on our feet again.

Seen in one light – the light that normally illumines our doings – her fall was unremarkable. Unfortunate, yes, but completely mundane, just one of those things that happen from time to time, an entirely forgettable accident. Seen in another light, the one whose rays essayists are keen to harness, it takes on a kind of archetypal colouring. It becomes something more epochal than individual, as if, far from being just some haphazard incident, it is following the exact steps of an ancient ritual dance, laid down over centuries, in which all of us take part. Someone falls, someone helps, others go by unconcerned, engrossed in their own business. So much of what happens to us, so much of the human situation, is wired into these bland circumstances. There are echoes here of something elemental, of the tribe, of how things have been since we sat around smoky campfires at the mouths of rank-smelling caves. This fall carried with it ancestral echoes, re-enacted a key part of our human drama, confirming in this individual reiteration a theme sung by our species. We are fated to fall, as much as to stand and walk. When we do, we must rely on whatever help is at hand. We all fall down. Our collapse, however catastrophic it might be to us, is of little concern to anyone beyond our immediate circle. Most people ignore us, as we ignore them. Life goes on though individual lives falter, fall and come to the final drop of death. Our high tragedy or farce is just background detail for someone else's ordinary day.

Chekhov once said:

> I am able to write only from memory, I never write directly from observed life. I must let the subject filter through my memory, until only what is important and typical in it remains in the filter.

It's easy to think of memory in a way that does it little justice. Without memory, a sentence could neither be written nor read; a word begun could not be finished; the mind would be unable to trace the lineaments of a single letter. Memory lays down the continuity of perception, the baseline along which we walk. It provides the gravity of continuance that links one moment to the next and so allows time to flow so smoothly that we can navigate its waters without noticing they're there. Memory provides the stepping stones of duration without which things would disappear into a chaos of pointillism and any sense of who or where we are would be blown away by the buckshot of a billion separate instances, each one bladed with the abruptness of its own ending and beginning. Sense could never scale the serial precipices of perception diced into so many pieces. There would be no handholds of custom to guide us. Memory is too often reduced to a simplistic caricature in which we turn the pages in some neat album showing scenes from years gone by. The truth is that we consult memory's images all the time. So, even if Chekhov had been able to write "directly from observed life" this would still have relied on remembering as much as on immediate perception. The two are tied together as tightly as experience and interpretation.

However it might seem to underestimate the territory of memory's operation, Chekhov's comment points to one of the characteristics that make some memories particularly indelible. Looking at my memory of my mother's fall and at other nuggets that are similarly lodged in the deep strata of the psyche, I've come to realize that the most durably preserved of my memories are those most weighted with the elemental, those that are important and typical in terms of reflecting themes in the human story. It's as if my meaning-hungry mind, ever eager to find (or make) sense, scans my experience for those aspects of it that speak of circumstances beyond my own. As I try to parse my history into some semblance of sense, I reach for those fragments that come heavily weighted with the ritual of what went before, what will come next, those that are most steeped in the dye of our humanness. Things that relate only to the peculiarities of my particular situation are often just filtered out, leaving memory with a kind of Chekhovian substrate of more essential significance.

Now, in writing about this flake chipped from what happened twenty years ago on an Edinburgh street, I can feel at my back an ancient doppelganger, imagine its breath rippling the hair of the ghost of a future in which I will no more have a place than I have one in the haunted past. But in that past and future sons still walk with mothers and ageing parents fall, and people walk past, absorbed in their own lives. Between the ancient and the yet-to-be, the uniqueness of our momentary lives seems at once affirmed and crushed by the sheer weight of repetition, as life after life, death after death, birth after birth sets things on the scale of the archetypal. The dust of our insignificance stipples the surface of the very symbols that yet seem to suggest some glints of meaning in life's strange mosaic. In mundane moments so much that is essential to our human story is acted out. The seemingly incidental is drenched in the elemental.

In *The Gutenberg Elegies*, his meditation on the fate of reading in an electronic age, Sven Birkerts asks: "How does a reading memory differ from the memory of an actual event?" It's a good question, because it raises the spectre of false memories, of our not being able to distinguish between first and second hand experience when we look back at things, the risk of confusing the real and the imagined (not forgetting, of course, that the real is already imagined). The fact that my memory has spliced together into seeming continuity two memories that I know do not belong so closely together – the fall and the zoo – is likewise a prompt to doubt the reliability of what we remember. Thinking about the fall, it sometimes feels as if this memory has been buried in the wrong grave and in exhuming it from there I should brush particles of alien earth from its remains and lay it in the right lair (that oddly cosy Scottish term for grave). But however much I try to lay it down in its own dedicated place, mark it with its own separate and separating memorial, I know it will soon lie in the zoo plot again. There seems to be no gainsaying memory's wishes on the question of this particular interment of the past, however addled they appear to be. Will I always remember that this is not how things were, that the real sequence of events was played out differently, or will I come eventually to believe, as memory falters, that the fall happened at the zoo?

Doubt about the reliability of memory quickly becomes doubt about the reliability of *ourselves*, stressing again the intimate connection between identity and remembering. This kind of doubt darkens in hue as we grow older and encounter occasions where we remember something but no one else does, or where we have no memory of occupying moments when others tell us we were definitely there. When such things happen, how do we determine the truth? If there is no memory of an event filed and enfolded safely in the Venus flytrap of the brain's delicate maze, can we avoid getting lost in a buzzing tangle of fact and fantasy where we're unable to distinguish between the bees and wasps of actual experience and the sting-less mimicry of imagination? How are we to know if something really happened? How much credence can be given to the memories of individuals who have forgotten so much? Birkerts's question is put to the reader. But it can be adapted to interrogate the writer too: "How does a *written* memory differ from the memory of the event it describes?" In putting into words what I remember about my mother's fall, how can I be sure that, in trying to fix this fragment in language, I am not wording into existence something I will hereafter remember as the way things really were? One tries to be accurate, of course, but it would be naïve to suppose that the literary is the same as the literal, that words can represent the real with such point by point exactitude that nothing is left out and nothing is left over.

"I'm eighty-six, you know". This was all the respectably dressed lady said as she lay on the pavement outside the church. My father ran to help and, kneeling down to see if she was all right, received this information. I would have been no more than ten years old. We'd just left the morning service at Railway Street Presbyterian Church in Lisburn, the County Antrim town where I grew up. It was winter, a frosty morning. Not far ahead of us, this elegant elderly member of the congregation slipped on a patch of ice and was laid out on her back in all her Sunday best, lying helpless on the cold stone of the pavement. Several others also rushed to help and soon she was back on her feet – nothing broken, no bleeding, no perceptible injury, just the profound shock of the fall.

This is to reach much further back in time than my mother's fall in Edinburgh, and it's a memory that was prompted by writing this essay. If it does not sound too strange, I hadn't realised I'd remembered it (I'd forgotten that I'd remembered it?). Until prompted by the cue of these sentences, it had slipped my mind – a curiously apt locution in the circumstances. And yet I'm quite sure that it happened, that it was real, that this refers to a lived event rather than one I've read about or imagined, even if there is no longer anyone to substantiate my version of history. In the end, we are often the only eyewitnesses we can call upon to determine how things were. If we doubt our own testimony, history's foundations tremble.

Writing may seem able to retrieve things from oblivion for a while, but it is powerless to stop our falling. What I've written here is more the wave of a falling man than any "triumph over loss and death", which Charles Baxter claims is what remembering amounts to. We are all falling, and unlike those dreams of falling where, always, we waken before hitting the ground, there is nothing to stop or cushion our fall. Any handholds time seems to offer us are no more than illusions. The eighty-six-year-old outside the church has fallen into annihilation long ago, as have the chimps and the gibbons we watched at the zoo, as most likely has the talkative taxi driver who took his grandson there on a too hot summer's day. Perhaps the enormous boa constrictor is still alive, such creatures have a look about them of accommodating ancientness, but it too is falling through the seconds and minutes, even if it is plummeting through time at a different rate than we are.

I don't give any credence to the notion of "The Fall" – the Christian belief in the fallenness of humanity, the view that all of us are marked with sin as surely as a tiger is marked with stripes. I do believe, though, that we are all falling, unstoppably. Remembering may offer a temporary bulwark of sanity and solace, soften the wind of time as it whistles past our ears, muting its banshee screech into something familiar, something that does not make our hair stand on end in horror at what it betokens. But memories too are rushing with us towards extinction. We are all somewhere on the trajectory of mortality's fell stoop. Writing cannot provide the impossible redemption of everlasting memory, the gravity of permanent remembrance that might anchor us and keep us from drifting away into the weightlessness of non-being. It cannot stop us falling. All it offers, but this is a considerable gift, is a way of momentarily articulating and shouting out our glee, our terror, our puzzlement and pain, as we move, inexorably, to join the infinitely expandable ranks of the already fallen and forgotten.

Comparative Studies

Mediating Extremes – A Journey of Rediscovery in Chile

Sinéad Wall

Abstract: *The aim of this article is to explore the healing capacity of travel, as exemplified in the travel account*, Between Extremes. *It also analyses how landscapes and locations have been mythologized, converted into sites of exilic exploration, Patagonia particularly. These sites then become places to enable the recovery of self and identity.*

Between Extremes (1999) by John McCarthy and Brian Keenan is a travel book born out of personal tragedy and suffering, and reflects the friendship that survives that trauma. The response of two men to the people and landscape of Chile and their voyage from an imagined landscape to the reality of Chile highlights the capacity for renewal inherent in travel for those who open themselves up to it. Both men respond to Chile and engage with the Chilean people and the trauma left by Pinochet and through this try to overcome their own experiences of being "*desaparecidos*". Delving into the ghosts of their own past and that of those who have travelled before them reveals the highly intertextual aspect of travel writing and its predilection for creating and mythologizing place. It is within these contexts that I frame this paper and indeed which frames the journey of these two men.

In December 1985 Brian Keenan left his Belfast home to teach in the American University in Beirut, despite the unstable political situation and the potential threat of kidnapping. He assumed his nationality would protect him. Even though he came from a loyalist, Protestant background he carried an Irish passport, something his family only found out after his kidnapping.[1] But on April 12th, 1986 he was kidnapped by Shiite fundamentalists and for the subsequent four and half years he was beaten, tortured and terrorised whilst confined in a series of tiny four by four cells until his release in August 1990.

His captivity was partially mitigated by the fact that he was not alone all this time, as barely a month after his capture an English journalist John McCarthy (ironically covering the hostage stories in Beirut) was himself kidnapped and put in a cell with Keenan. Throughout their captivity these two very different characters, "an Irish, working-class Socialist from Belfast and an English ex-public school boy and international journalist" as Keenan puts it in his preface to his account of the experience in captivity, *An Evil Cradling* (1992), went through four years of blindfolds and beatings, despair and repeatedly dashed hopes. Nonetheless they managed to forge bonds of friendship that sustained them through horrific experiences.

Both of them later tried in their own way to capture in writing their experience of captivity. The aforementioned *An Evil Cradling*, later adapted for a film entitled *Blind Flight* in 2003, and John McCarthy's book *Some Other Rainbow* (1993), which was co-written with his girlfriend of the time, Jill Morrell. Like both men, the books are extremely different. Keenan intellectualises the experience and gives an in-depth and honest record of his descent into madness, the ghosts that visited him and how he coped with the knowledge of his frequent journeys into insanity and back.[2] McCarthy on the other hand, gives a much more straightforward, chronological account of his ordeal which is written in alternating chapters (as is *Between Extremes)* with his girlfriend narrating what it was like to be the one left behind with no knowledge of whether John was alive or dead and desperately trying to get disinterested governments involved. The joyous occasion of Keenan's release in August 1990 was overshadowed by the fact that John McCarthy would have to survive alone for a further six months.

Genesis of the journey

Denied their freedom of movement physically, they embarked on mental journeys and planned these travels together. Their captors gave them random reading material, such as an encyclopaedia, Freya Stark's *Beyond Euphrates* and *National Geographic* magazines. They may have been hoping to taunt them with these images of the outside world, but instead they added impetus to the idea of travelling within and outside their minds. These texts and pictures suffuse the perceptions of the two captives and their imagined travels leading to conversations which McCarthy describes as going "on mental voyages that happily compensated for the physical journeys we were denied by circumstance" (McCarthy 130). Using their sparse resources, they built up an itinerary and travelled all over the world and through those well-worn pages found a vent for the claustrophobic restrictions in their lives. In his memoir McCarthy writes "We [used] the encyclopaedia to make plans, taking ourselves out of that room to beautiful, exotic places, places full of joyful freedom, sailing oceans, crossing mountain ranges and doing something worthwhile" (347). When they lacked sufficient information about a place they simply invented the details and created imaginary landscapes, one of which was Chile. Their "mindscapes" inspired the idiosyncratic dream of starting a yak farm in Chile, proving that their sense of humour had not been unduly affected.

It is not difficult to see what attracted two prisoners in a four by four cell to the vast expanse of Chile and of Patagonia in particular. Patagonia has long been a draw for travellers and its landscape has been frequently narrated, though its depiction varies from the enthralling by Darwin, animistic by Hudson or full of eccentrics, immigrants and exiles as seen in both Bruce Chatwin's, *In Patagonia* (1997) and Luis Sepúlveda's

Patagonia Express (1995). It is hard to have an unmediated view of its landscape or travel an unknown path. In fact, Patagonia has become an almost globalised destination, forming an essential part of a worldwide travelling circuit.[3]

Their account opens with the oft-cited passage from Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* in which he meditates upon the strange fascination that Patagonia continued to exert on him, despite the fact that he could only describe it in negative terms:

> […] these plains are pronounced by all wretched and useless. They can be described only by negative possessions; without habitations, without water, without trees, without mountains, they support only a few dwarf plants. Why, then … have these arid wastes taken so firm a hold of my memory? (Darwin 374).

This sentiment is later echoed by Paul Theroux in his classic travelogue *Patagonia Express,* when he calls it a "nowhere place".

But far from being a "nowhere place", for Keenan and McCarthy it is in fact, a "somewhere" place with a specific agenda, though one predicated on it being the end of the world and as far as possible from their place of incarceration. In discussing peripheral zones Peter Bishop makes the point that peripheral places are often used as an imaginative escape and in fact lend themselves to fantasy making (Bishop 7). The fantasy making in question was an essential tool in preserving their sanity and a strategy for the continued survival of their identities. At the beginning of *Between Extremes* they recount a conversation in which they discussed the merits of starting a farm in Patagonia and they make a promise that when they were released they would visit Chile and see about realising that dream. Their mental journeys to Patagonia mediated between the harsh reality of life in captivity and what they hoped awaited them after. This mediation thus becomes a form of resistance and bolstered their faith in life after captivity; and fulfilling those plans and dreams would be a way of regaining that freedom denied them for so long. It is this experience which sets the basis for how they travel in Chile. Ostensibly they are looking into the yak farm, but in reality they are looking to see how they have dealt with life "outside", if it has changed them and if the bonds of friendship still hold. McCarthy notes at the beginning of the journey "I wonder to what degree, if any, we may have lost the ability to read each other's feelings and react in tandem to situations" (32).

It becomes a multi-layered journey, not only in time but also back in time. They will once more be confined to small spaces (train compartments for example) but this time it will be on their own terms. This time they have chosen to be in each other's company. They are aware of the travellers who have gone before them and they discuss the various ones they have read "as if trying to fit ourselves into the appropriate mould" (33). Keenan sums up his ideas on the purpose of travel writing as having to "engage the reader with a new and imagined present […] to convey the essence of an incident or a place rather than the fact of it" (33), reminiscent of Lawrence Durrell who notes that we should "travel with the eyes of the spirit wide open, and not too much factual information" (Durrell 160).

It took them five years of being “home” to fulfil the plans they had while captured and it speaks to the strength of Keenan’s convictions that he went to Chile despite the fact that his wife was pregnant with their first child. The initial need and hunger for travel which had drawn him to Lebanon, now drew him to the imagined country of their incarceration. The five years gave them ample time to find out more about Chile, its history and its other visitors. They travel with a desire to investigate how the Chilean people have dealt with the ghosts of “*los desaparecidos*”. Coming from their position as former hostages it is important to them to find out how people overcome experiences such as theirs. This is possibly a topic most travellers to this region are interested in, as the Argentine journalist Jacobo Timerman notes “It is difficult to evade certain topics in Chile, and the disappeared constitute one of them” (Timerman 131).

They are preoccupied with Chile’s past and travel with preconceptions about the Pinochet regime and people’s reactions to it. They constantly question the people they meet about what it was like for them during the regime though they are restricted in their interaction with many Chileans, as they don’t speak Spanish. Nonetheless they get a sample of the population (tour guides, taxi drivers and some wealthy friends of friends) and they are taken aback at the responses they get. Their first guide mumbles what feels to them to be an automated response about “the crisis” but refuses to be drawn on it. This contrasts with the pragmatic approach of the taxi driver in Calama who states that “Sure many bad things happen […] but when you’re hungry you don’t care who gives you bread” (114).

Enzo, another of their drivers, responds that although everyone knew it was a bad time, “the country’s so spread out and there are so many views it all just gets passed over somehow” (151). Let the past stay in the past seems to be the common reaction. Whilst they find little in the way of denial of their history, they get a sense that people are not yet ready to face it. Timerman also believed that “the vast majority went about their everyday business, tied to routine like sleepwalkers. The Chileans call this form of evasion ‘submarining’. They want to slip by unnoticed, like submarines” (Timerman 2). Towards the end of their journey McCarthy mulls over the experience and notes “We came here with predetermined attitudes to Pinochet’s regime and, while these have not changed, our growing understanding of Chile has brought about a more subtle appreciation of how the ‘military period’ came about […]” I have to ask myself whether we are stuck in Chile’s past more than the Chileans (380). He effectively upends the stereotypical representation of place as timeless, and portrays the Western traveller as the one mired in their own preconceptions of time and space.

In *Between Extremes* Keenan and McCarthy alternately narrate their travels and experiences, with McCarthy writing in the present tense giving us a more immediate tone, leading us to believe we are gaining access to unedited views. It feels as if he is writing on the move, and in fact Keenan comments on the fact that McCarthy was constantly writing on his Psion. Keenan, on the other hand, writes in the past tense, giving the impression of having digested the experience first before serving it up to us. McCarthy’s laconic, investigative style contrasts with Keenan’s introspective, evocative and earnest one. However, McCarthy's journalistic background and style make him inaccessible at times, though he is an engagingly honest man. He desperately wants "to be the perfect traveller, seasoned, rugged yet with a certain élan". In effect, to emulate Bruce Chatwin. But all he feels is "slightly daft. How can one be adequately equipped in a country where you can move through every conceivable type of terrain and climate?" (94). So we are left feeling that Keenan is more "knowable" as his soul-searching gives us access to his inner thoughts.

Ghostly companions

Although Brian Keenan is physically travelling with John McCarthy, he also has spiritual companions. He travels with the ghosts of Pablo Neruda and Bernardo O' Higgins, whose company he hopes will help him understand Chile and his own need to explore both physical landscapes which he believes "are a mirror of, or perhaps into, our inner landscapes" (43). He feels that Neruda's poetry will help mediate the land for him and help him interpret the signs he finds on the journey. He values signs and believes spirits leave messages and clues for him to follow. For example, upon his release he was given a copy of Neruda's *Canto General* and this was the first sign for him that the Chilean journey was one that had to be made and that Neruda had been chosen as his spirit guide. The figure of Bernardo O' Higgins is also a compelling one for him as he identifies with his fight against colonialism, his betrayal and above all, his ultimate exile from Chile. Keenan writes "I have always believed all of life is a journey and felt myself to be a perpetual exile" (83). The theme of exile finds resonance in many of the connections in the narrative as well as connections between his two Chilean heroes in Neruda's poem about "Bernardo O' Higgins Riquelme" all of which lead him to believe in the predestined nature of their journey. Not only has much travel of the writing been predicated on the notion of exile but the critic Casey Blanton notes that most writers see themselves as exiles and that "part of the darkness of their books comes from their tendency to portray a world full of exiles, even a world exiled from itself" (Blanton xiv). Keenan's notion of what it is to be an exile is inextricably linked to those who went before him and their exilic state.

It is clear from the moment of their arrival in Chile that ghosts and spirits will have a major part to play in this narrative. Keenan has a brief encounter on the plane with a Chilean woman who he believes could be Isabel Allende, whose novel *The House of Spirits* John McCarthy is reading. When he looks for her to compare her picture with the one on the dust jacket she has disappeared. Whether she was a ghostly apparition or not, for him it is a sign and he reveals "that was one of the reasons I came to Chile, to find my own particular house of spirits" (28). When people hear the reason behind the trip they are astounded. Here are actual "*re-aparecidos*", proof that people can return from whatever hell they were in and people respond to them with a variety of emotions, from disbelief to openly crying.

So what resonance does Chile have with the imaginary landscape they had concocted while incarcerated? At first sight it would seem very little. Their initial reaction to the landscape is disbelief. They are dumbfounded by what they find. Upon travelling into the mountains, they are engulfed in a heavy fog but, writes Keenan "the captive imagination had not conjured the Andes in this way: anxious, heavy breathing in a bank of fog" (64). As if responding to their confusion, the fog clears and suddenly they are confronted with a landscape they had expected. This may be literary artifice; nonetheless they receive their first clue that their imagined land may have been more invention than fact.

The Atacama

The desert proves to be a challenge for both of them. It brings out a primeval response in them, both writers react to the space and solitude of the desert as an anathema to captivity. But it isn't totally trustworthy, as it contains too many paradoxes for it to be a secure environment. Looks are deceiving and hard surfaces can be soft and vice versa. For McCarthy it exerts the same draw as it did for Darwin, this place of negative images enthrals him. But its absence, its "desertedness" makes both of them uneasy and there is no inclination to celebrate its emptiness. Having themselves been absent for so long, the *idea* of unbounded space seems to have had more sway than its actuality.

They visit various mines, one of which is Santa Laura. This name resonates with wistfulness and romance for Keenan. The reality is "a crumbling mine in the desert" (99). A nearby graveyard invokes the ghosts of the people to come and tell their stories to him which he calls "the chorus of the dead". The ruins and the surroundings won't allow them to rest. There is an echo of Neruda's sentiment here when he visited Macchu Picchu "En la soledad de las ruinas, la muerte no puede apartarse de los pensamientos" (Aguirre 14). The mines come to represent, as they do in many cultures, the suffering of the people and the degradation of the landscape. McCarthy concurs "Although the landscape is often harsh it actually looks malign only where man has disturbed the surface; his leavings from the mines or diggings look squalid" (109).

As they travel on however, Keenan's response to the desert is that of a smothering abyss. He lashes out with melodramatic fury because he feels "the landscape is perversely the opposite of all natural laws and totally antipathetic towards human needs" (119). He experiences extreme disillusionment with the desert. For him it was to be a place of almost sacred association. It was to have induced a spiritual, meditative state: "Where was this magical desert that had illuminated the mind of the mystic?" he cries (136). He turns to Neruda for help in understanding the Atacama but he cannot reconcile Neruda's poetry to the landscape, finding the imagery too rich and sensual for the environment he is observing. He becomes furious with what he sees as the deception of writers such as William Thesiger and T.E. Lawrence whose travel writing had narrated and even created the myth of the desert as a place of inner enlightenment, meditation or spiritual awakening. Their creation was flawed in Keenan's eyes. He rages at the inanimate desert, and as he gets increasingly frenzied it becomes an adversary for him: “This environment was ugly and hostile, a lamentable landmass that would give no respite to my loathing of it” (136).

The darkness Blanton referred to is prevalent throughout this section of the book. The *mindscape* of Patagonia, the “nowhere place” was to have been a blank page onto which Keenan as an exile, traveller, explorer and writer would inscribe his self and identity in order to recover and renew his own sundered self. His disillusionment with the desert gives way to despair and melancholy as later on they travel through the mountains to the Valley of the Moon. Keenan reads Neruda’s lyrical *100 Love Sonnets* which he applies as an antidote to the barren and harsh landscape. However, the desert can’t be written off so easily. Soon after this it serves up another surprise when they stop off at an oasis which acts as a sanctuary and balm to Keenan’s frayed nerves and through its beauty McCarthy realises that “although we had imagined great vistas, desert plains and mountains in captivity, the reality is far, far greater. What we are seeing could not be dreamed”. The paradoxical landscape “is beyond anyone’s most fertile imagination”. They could never have hoped to feel the range of emotions the scenery would provoke in them. “Excitement, happiness, awe and even fear were likely enough but not that they should come all together and create a more profound feeling” (148). The desert had not finished with Keenan however. His muse had not abandoned him; it was waiting in the Valley of the Moon.

At first he believed it was another trip to a “hideous nowhere”, betraying his frustration at having to follow an itinerary which obsessed McCarthy. Upon looking at the sand dunes they were to climb he realises “I was looking at that imaginary desert I had wished for […] in this hard, brutal land I had found a feminine soulscape” (154). He feels he has gained entry into the landscape which triggers memories of his youth and a play he had once performed in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, about the conquest of Peru and now the darkness lifts and he can begin the process of recovering memories and his sense of identity.

The Andes

By the time they get to The Andes they have been joined by a photographer friend, Tom Hickman, who serves to remind us that they are writing a commissioned book. This landscape has resonance with Keenan because both Neruda and Bernardo O’ Higgins had to make the same journey. In 1949 Neruda had traversed it while escaping into exile after falling foul of the President Gabriel Videla (whom he had helped into power). He wrote a series of poems vilifying him in *Canto General*, one of which is explicitly titled “González Videla el traidor de Chile”. O’ Higgins had used this route after the defeat at Rancagua in 1814 when he went to Argentina to get away from the Imperial forces. Here the landscape reinforces the reality of exile as: “the physical scale of [it] such vital parts of Chile’s identity, must enforce the sense of cruel finality for the exile” (224).

Peter Hulme puts forward the idea that "difficult, occasionally arduous conditions betoken a seriousness of purpose" (92). By striving to push through the physical limits and boundaries they may also overcome their past and present fears. At one stage Keenan seriously considers turning back as the dizzying heights and constant terror wear him down but feels it would be a betrayal of both John's friendship and of the communication and understanding he feels he has with Neruda and O' Higgins. If they had persevered, and the landscape had not beaten them, then he too would go on. The multi-layered element of the journey is reinforced when the trek starts to trigger memories of Lebanon and Keenan compares it to being in prison "Fear and tedium are something we constantly have to deal with, increasingly I resort to the same strategies in the saddle as I did on my prison mattress" (240). But now instead of reading psalms he reads Neruda's sonnets, in English of course. Around the campfire in the evenings he talks to McCarthy and the others in the group about how they deal with their fears. The final "conquest" of The Andes is transformed into a therapeutic device. They say they feel like God "perched here where the mountains pierced the sky, [having] made the journey of our captive imaginings into a reality". They later referred to the experience as "overcoming fear and terror and recognising them as ghosts from the past and shunning them" (250). They are appropriating and retrieving their own past, which Keenan immediately tries to capture into a "memorium" and feels guided by Neruda into writing a poem:

I have infiltrated the stone walls of icons
and ice ages
I have stood in the blitzkrieg and the broadside
of elemental siege
I have known the neck of Pegasus grow numb
beneath the stone cold impress of the night
I have felt raw muscle in man and beast
quiver in every ascent
But I know the end of the gallop in the
footless mist
For me there is no God but this
The end long spine of stone and light
and the advent
Of the beast man taking eagle flight (254).

Patagonia

Patagonia reveals the deepest level of intertextuality in the narrative, as the accounts I mentioned earlier attest to. Keenan himself acknowledges and outlines a history of travellers to the region, a kind of meta-travel writing, and indeed its effect upon literary history from, Melville to Swift and Poe and on to Hudson (353). Alison

Russell observes that “intertextual references offer more than background material or points of comparison; they illustrate the ability of language to travel or move through space and also reveal a post-modern concern with issues of authority and ownership as they relate to both language and land” (Russell 94-5). Neither man claims authority or ownership over the land or its description as Keenan recognises that “it would be pointless to argue who came nearer the truth [as it] is only one’s experience of it” (353).

They take turns to read a book called *A Happy Captive*, which describes the journey and landscape they are passing through, through the eyes of Spanish hostage of the Chilean Indians. An altogether different account of a time in captivity, they nonetheless revisit the past and present through the passages written in 1629. Their time on board the boat to Patagonia, though serving to cement the friendship, also shows the ending of past habits which symbolized captivity, as Keenan spots a game John and he used to play whilst captive, but makes no move to touch it. Upon disembarking they find the son of a Croatian immigrant is their guide and he is vaguely reminiscent of a Chatwin creation. They receive a huge shock upon beginning this part of their journey, as they had not been expecting the sheer size and grandeur of the place “The landscape of Patagonia dwarfs even the giant scale of Chile that we have already seen” (322). On viewing the pampas their absurd yak farm fantasy is exposed. They are humbled by nature and the ability of the people they meet to survive in such isolated conditions. The solitude of life there is not something repellent however, but something which needs to be acknowledged, as Keenan notes “aloneness is not a dreadful place once we understand how to be with ourselves on our own” (326).

Their encounter with Alfonso Campos and his wife Isabel brings their literary journey and ghostly connections almost full circle. They own an estate in the middle of the barren landscape of San Gregorio. Their experience of the place and by extension the owners “With the atmosphere of a museum, a place embalmed in time, stubbornly refusing to accept the imperatives of modernity” is one of nostalgia (339). Alfonso is desperately trying to revert the estate to its former size pre-Allende, to reorder history. In an ironic twist to the tale he is also, proudly, the grandson of Gabriel Videla who had exiled Neruda in 1949. He refers to Neruda as a “lousy Stalinist!” As if this connection were not enough, his wife Isabel had written her thesis on O’ Higgins and had some very disparaging remarks to make about him to Keenan, who found her attitude strangely comforting as she substantiates the mental image he had of his travelling companion. He reads O’ Higgins refusal to marry into the colonial establishment as confirmation of his rebel nature, like Keenan himself “surrendering to the dictates of no-one but his own experience, a rebel, a lover, an outsider to the end” (340).

Their trek through the cordillera of Torre del Paine both realises and ends their fantasy of a yak farm and with its loss the journey has truly ended. After riding for a few hours they emerge into a small valley and their telepathic connection still holds through as both of them immediately recognise the farm they had imagined in captivity. But it arouses mixed feelings of sadness and of endings. Keenan writes that “it was not just that this was the end of our Patagonian trek, it was also the end of the dream that had sustained us". By letting that go, they had to face a new future and relationship based on something other than that now obsolete fantasy. They are no longer in survival mode and neither is their relationship. This journey reinforces acceptance of this change. Their therapeutic exploration of their past, to their present rediscovering of each other and what the future holds for them leaves us with a sad but hopeful view of their relationship. We sense that through this multi-layered journeying they have come to terms with the fact that as independent, free men who are no longer responsible for shoring up the mental and physical health of his fellow hostage, they can still be friends, even if the landscapes they will now be exploring are divergent ones.

Notes

1 His family had to deal with bullying and antagonism because of this (Maguire 28).

2 See Clare Blake's excellent essay for a detailed analysis of *An Evil Cradling* and the strategies he used for survival.

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“Walking on the Wall” – Biculturalism and Interculturality in Blake Morrison’s Things My Mother Never Told Me *and Hugo Hamilton’s* The Speckled People *

Dore Fischer

Abstract: *This interdisciplinary article starts with a brief introduction to the concepts of biculturalism and acculturation, and continues with an attempt to apply these concepts to some of the main characters in Hamilton’s and Morrison’s books. Some significant commonalities and differences in relation to acculturation, biculturalism and interculturality can be found within the two books. The article deals in particular with the following questions: Can the mothers and sons be classified as biculturals? If so, what effect does their biculturalism have on themselves and on their social environment? It also investigates the strategies of acculturation which the mothers in particular applied and the level of success of their acculturation. In conclusion, the article attempts to assess if and how the bicultural characters in the two books have the potential to act as intercultural mediators.*

‘I’m walking on the wall’, (Hamilton 295) is how the I-narrator in Hugo Hamilton’s *The Speckled People* describes himself at the end of the book. This is symbolic of his realization of liberation, of freeing himself from a cultural conflict which has been tormenting him for most of his life. ‘Walking on the wall’ symbolizes the state of being between or, indeed above, different cultures. However, in order to arrive at this stage of liberation and independence, the author had to go through a long, slow and often painful process. In this, and many other respects, Hamilton’s book has a lot in common with Blake Morrison’s *Things My mother never told me.*

There are quite a few more similarities between the two books: they were published nearly at the same time *Things My Mother Never Told Me* was published in 2002, *The Speckled People* in 2003. Both books are best-sellers and can be labelled as ‘memoirs’. Both authors grew up in the 1950s and 60s. Blake Morrison was born 1950 in Yorkshire, Hugo Hamilton 1953 in Dublin. Both books emphasise the authors' relationships with their mothers. Blake Morrison's mother came from Killorglin in County Kerry. She left Ireland during World War Two and lived in Britain for the rest of her life. Hugo Hamilton's mother was German. She left Germany just after World War Two, and then lived in Ireland. And both books display interesting intercultural issues, such as biculturalism, acculturation and interculturality, and deal with the effects that living in two cultures have on two generations.

Many anthropologists and social scientists (Worsley 1999; Hofstede 1994; Hall and Hall 1990; Tomalin and Stempleski1993), define culture as beliefs, values and behaviour shared by a social group. Biculturals usually have two, sometimes even more, cultural identities, or a single cultural identity that is a blending of two or more cultures.

Michael Byram (2003), one of Britain's leading interculturalists, points out that one has to make a clear distinction between primary and secondary socialisation. That means there is a big difference between biculturals who become bicultural through primary socialisation (i.e. in their formative years as children), and those who move to another culture during adolescence or later in life. In *The Speckled People* and *Things my mother never told me*, representatives of both categories of biculturalism can be found. For example, Hugo Hamilton's primary socialisation is bicultural, whereas the mothers in both books had their primary socialisation only in one culture. They only became biculturals as young adults when they moved to another country. However, as Byram (2003: 60) points out, "the power of primary socialisation is such that another set of beliefs and values cannot be accommodated, although it is possible to practice other behaviours". This observation is particularly interesting in relation to both mothers, Agnes O'Shea, alias Kim Morrison, and Irmgard Hamilton, nee Kaiser, as will be discussed later.

Closely linked to biculturalism is the concept of acculturation. Acculturation defines the "changes in an individual or in a group as a result of contact with another cultural group" (Berry *et. al*. 2002. 475). The Canadian psychologist John Berry who is one of the leading researchers in the area of acculturation, has described four acculturation strategies (Berry 1997). These four strategies describe the extent to which migrants identify with their home or their host culture:

1. Marginalisation: the individual fails to identify with either culture
2. Assimilation: the individual rejects the home culture and adopts the new
3. Separation: despite living in a new culture, the individual retains the home culture and fails to adopt the new one
4. Integration: the individual identifies with aspects of both home and host cultures.

According to Berry (2002), "this pattern has been found in virtually every study, and is present for all types of acculturation groups (368)". If one tried to order these four strategies in terms of their psychological health, marginalisation would be the least healthy, while integration would be the healthiest, with assimilation and separation strategies somewhere in the middle (MacLachlan 2003. 38). Of course, the acculturation process is not only determined by the strategies which an immigrant adopts. The host culture has an important part to play in the whole process. Policy decisions and social attitudes by the members of the host culture play a major part in the inclusion or exclusion of the immigrants' cultural identity.

Let us investigate how these concepts of biculturalism and acculturation apply to the main characters in both books, i.e. the two mothers and their sons.

Agnes O'Shea, alias Kim Morrison, is the central figure of Blake Morrison's book *Things My Mother Never Told Me,* and in relation to her acculturation strategies, she is the most extreme character . Her primary socialisation is Irish. Born in Killorglin, Co. Kerry, in 1917, she was the second last of twenty children born to Paddy and Margaret O'Shea. They were relatively wealthy wool merchants. Agnes studied medicine in UCD, from where she graduated as a doctor in 1942. Her secondary socialisation is British. After her graduation, she went to England where she worked in numerous hospitals during World War Two. She married Arthur Morrison, and lived in England until she died in 1997. It is not until after her death that her son finds out about her past. The book centres on a series of letters written by his parents to each other during their courtship, while he was stationed in Iceland and the Azores and she worked in England.

Agnes, alias Kim, is a very good example of an immigrant who applies the acculturation strategy of 'assimilation', in which the individual rejects the home culture and adopts the new. Although Agnes is bicultural, she suppresses and denies her primary culture. She totally reinvents herself, abandons her primary culture and develops a new social and cultural identity. One example for this is the change of her name from Agnes to Kim. Arthur, her husband to be, doesn't like the name Agnes, she offers the Irish version, Oona, but he doesn't like that either. For a while, she is Gennie, but then he suggests Kim.

Her Roman-Catholic religion is also a constant and much more serious issue between her and Arthur and his family. It is the most difficult obstacle that they have to overcome, if they want to get married. Arthur is very much anti-Catholicism, and his father even more. Arthur makes it very clear that he would not marry a Roman-Catholic, nor ever get married in a Catholic church. After much deliberation, she agrees to marry him on his terms and they get married in a registry office. From then on, she denies her religion, and does not practice it any more. She does not bring up her children as Roman-Catholics either. As children, they don't even know that their mother is Catholic. However, after her death, her son finds some religious artefacts from her childhood which she held onto, and had hidden in her wardrobe.

Agnes rejects her home culture. For example, in 1944, two years after she had been living in England, she writes to Arthur from a holiday in Killorglin: "You suggest I spend three months at home here. No thanks, and if you lived in a dump like this you wouldn't stay three months either." (Morrison 16). Not only does she reject her home culture, she constantly denies her Irishness. Her two children are not brought into contact with the Irish culture. She only brings them to Ireland once on a holiday when Blake is five years of age. She hardly ever mentions Ireland or any aspects of her Irish childhood to her children. Even towards the end of her life she is unwilling to talk about it. She does not mix with other Irish expatriates. Her Irish accent fades, and her accent becomes British.

Agnes avoids any contact between her husband and her Irish family. For example, he never meets her parents, whereas even during the years before they were married and Arthur is stationed abroad, she visits his parents regularly, and his sister becomes her best friend. After her mother's death she cuts all ties with Ireland. She does not keep any Irish traditions, and becomes an English middle-class mother and housewife, (even though she still works part-time in her husband's practice and the nearby hospital). When she returns briefly to her native Ireland for her father's funeral, she feels "suddenly lost at being home" and "sees Killorglin through alien eyes" (Morrison 70).

The examples mentioned above show how willingly Agnes gave up her primary culture in order to totally assimilate the new culture. The question is, why did she do this? One can only speculate about the reasons for this strategy. In the 1940s, 50s and 60s, Irish Catholics did not have a high status in England. Individuals with two cultural identities can be in conflict with society around them, as the two cultural groups may see each other as mutually exclusive (Byram 53). On a macro-level, i.e. in society at large, and also on a micro-level, i.e. in Arthur's family who despised Ireland and the Irish, Agnes/Kim most likely suffered under this cultural conflict. As a consequence she feels that her primary culture is something she should get rid of as quickly and as thoroughly as possible.

Part of the Agnes'/Kim's cultural conflict is anti-Irish racism both within her own family and in society at large. As Blake points out, " In the post-war English provinces, anti-Irish prejudice was rife" (Morrison 290). In order to disguise her feelings, she gets in there first. "She also told jokes against her tribe. The Irish as stupid, feckless, drunk, poverty-stricken" (*Idem, ibidem*). She even keeps a book of Kerry men jokes on her bed-side table. Blake only recalls one instance of his mother being upset and insulted, not by general anti-Irish racism but by her husband's negative attitude. The family is gathered for the Christmas dinner in 1960. An anti-Irish joke from the Christmas crackers is being read out:

> Not many laughs. The jokes in the crackers got worse each year. But something prompted Auntie Mary to ask after my mother's family. 'Oh, they're all fine.' 'Do you never think of spending Christmas there, Kim?' My mother, busy with roast potatoes, ducked the question. My father, a glass or two to the good, laughed and said, 'What, Christmas with peasants? In the peat-bogs?' (Morrison 292).

Agnes/Kim, obviously upset about this, leaves the room. This incident gives Blake a new insight into his mother: "But something had opened inside me – a sudden vista of a woman among aliens, orphaned and nostalgic for home. And though my mother was quickly 'herself again', she never was, for me." (Morrison 292).

Blake believes that his mother's increasing poor health and melancholy are connected to her feelings of disconnectedness and displacement. As Blake reads her medical records, he suspects that her evasiveness, her illnesses and her depressions, migraines, anxiety attacks, came from the struggle with her identity, from "the disjunction between the life she'd left and the life she'd made" (Morrison 24).

What effects does Agnes's / Kim's denial of her own biculturalism have on her children, especially on Blake himself? Despite their mother's biculturalism, Blake's and his sister's primary socialisation happens only in one culture. They are hardly aware of the fact that their mother originally comes from outside Britain. She does everything to conceal the Irish culture from them, and apart from a few occasional glimpses, they experience nothing of her Irishness.

Until after their mother's death, neither Blake nor his sister know the name of the place their mother came from. Shortly before she dies, Blake tries to interview her about her Irish childhood. But she is not inclined to give much away. After his mother's death, Blake realises how little he knows about her childhood and Ireland. That is when he decides to visit Ireland and do some research on his roots. Only then he finds out, for example, that there were twenty children in his mother's family, and that only thirteen of them survived beyond infancy.

While there is little or no contact between the Morrisons and the Irish family, they have a very close relationship with the father's family, especially his parents and his sister and her family. As Blake states, "Family meant Lancashire, and a web of my father's relations. Ireland seemed a continent away, and my mother's family as remote as an Amazonian tribe. " (Morrison 12).

Unlike his mother, Blake experiences no cultural conflict with the society in which he is growing up. However, as a self-reflective adult, he becomes aware of the fact that he might have missed out on something important. He feels "a sense of betrayal" (Morrison 22), in that he has been deprived of an important part of his mother's (and also his own) identity, and he regrets the lost opportunity. When he reads his parents' letters, and discovers so much about his mother and her past, he feels shocked and "torn in half" (Morrison 189). "She'd reinvented herself – and done it so thoroughly that she failed to set the record straight with her own children." (Morrison 24). Like Blake's mother, Hugo Hamilton's mother, Irmgard, grows up in one culture, and as a young adult emigrates to live in another culture. She comes from a small town in Germany, where her family lived through terrible times under the Nazis. During the war she was abused and raped by her employer. Because of these traumas she leaves Germany to go on a religious pilgrimage in Ireland, where she hopes to find peace. Here she meets Jack Hamilton, an engineer, who has dedicated his life to the nationalist cause and the rehabilitation of the Irish languages. They get married, and she lives in Ireland for the rest of her life.

On Berry's scale of acculturation strategies, she is nearly on the other end of the scale from Agnes/Kim. She can be placed near the category of 'separation', in which the individual retains the home culture despite the fact of now living in a different one. For example, she frequently talks about Germany, and constantly compares the two cultures: "In Ireland, you can't ask people anything, she says. It's not like Germany where a question is just a question. In Ireland, people get offended by questions, because it's a way of saying what you're thinking." (Hamilton 171).

Irmgard speaks only German to her children. When speaking English to others, she has a very strong German accent. She keeps her German culture alive, both for herself and for her children. For example, she keeps the German traditions and customs, and she makes German cake. She is often homesick, and feels isolated and homeless. But when she visits Germany after having lived in Ireland for a number of years, she too, like Morrison's mother, seems "sometimes lost" (Hamilton 210).

Irmgard's biculturalism often causes conflict (both inside and outside the home), as she is irritated by the host-culture, and vice versa, as members of the host-culture are irritated by her:

> She doesn't understand Ireland sometimes, because they like strange things like pink cakes and soft ice cream and salt and vinegar. They spend all their money on First Holy Communion outfits. They don't like serving people and they don't like being in a queue either, because when the bus comes, they forget about the rules and just rush for the door. The bus drivers in Ireland are blind and the shopkeepers don't want to sell things to you. The butcher has a cigarette in his mouth while he's cutting the meat, and nobody knows how to say the word no. In Ireland, they nod when they mean no, and shake their heads when they're agreeing with you [...]. Sometimes Irish people don't understand my mother either. When she's trying to be helpful, they think she's interfering and being nosy. When she tries to warn some of the other mothers about their children eating too many sweets or crossing the road without looking, they say they don't want some German woman telling their kids what to do. (Hamilton 98)

Unlike Agnes/Kim, Irmgard gives her children insights into her own biculturalism, and makes them aware of the differences between the German and the Irish cultures. Thus the children become very much part of her intercultural conflicts. This brings me to the last person in my analysis of biculturalism and the question of what effect Irmgard's biculturalism has on her children, in particular on Hugo himself.

Hugo can be termed a 'second generation bicultural'. Unlike Blake who has no contact with his mother's primary culture, Hugo is constantly exposed to his mother's German culture. One could even call him and his siblings 'tri-cultural', as his father is a fervent promoter of the Irish language and culture. In the home, the children are only allowed to speak German or Irish, the English language is forbidden under strictest penalties. No English music is allowed in the house, no English books or comics. They are not allowed to mix with other English speaking children in the neighbourhood.

As a child, Hugo suffers severely under this situation. He is confused about his nationality and his cultural identity; his decision to change his name from Johannes to Hugo is only one indication for this confusion. He is also confused about the three languages he learns and speaks; he experiences this as a language war, as something negative rather than positive. His upbringing is burdened both by the German and the Irish history. Both his parents are homesick for something which is passed. His mother is homesick for the Germany before the war, his father is homesick for an Ireland which does not exist anymore either. Hugo and his siblings suffer from being mocked and taunted by the society around them. For example, they are bullied by other kids, called ‘Hitler’, ‘Eichmann’, ‘Kraut’, and they are bullied and beaten because they are different:

> The British are called Brits and the Irish are called Paddies and the Germans are called Krauts and that’s worse than being either British or Irish, or both together. They still call us bloody Krauts even though we are bloody Paddies. Sometimes they tell us to fuck off back to where we come from, but that doesn’t make any sense because we come from Ireland. One day they called Franz a fuckin’ Jew Nazi and held him against the railings of the Garden of Remembrance. [...] they banged his head until it started bleeding. (Hamilton 277)

As a result of this, Hugo does not want to be German; he feels embarrassed and keeps emphasising that he is not German. Instead he wants to be “as Irish as possible so that I would never have to be German again” (Hamilton 2003. 238). He does not want to be different and wants nothing more than to blend in with the crowd. He longs for a belonging. Hugo and his brothers and sisters are trying to fit into a world around them where most people speak English, the Irish language is considered to be backward, and German alien and connected to recent war crimes. In the homogenous, predominantly English-speaking Dublin of the 1950s and 60s he feels isolated, homeless, like an outsider without identity. His father’s explanation for this is that they are the ‘speckled people’, half-Irish and half-German. However, to Hugo it means something else: “I know it also means we’re marked. It means we’re aliens and we’ll never be Irish enough, even though we speak the Irish language and my father says we’re more Irish than the Irish themselves” (Hamilton 7-8).

Hugo, constantly aware of the fact that he is, and forever will be, different, rebels against his father for forcing them to be different from all the other children around them. But he also blames his mother for this: “It’s my mother who left her own native shores, and that means we still end up living in a foreign country because we’re the children from somewhere else” (Hamilton 33).

However, his feelings are ambiguous and he is not always opposed to his own biculturalism. His attitude is more positive when it is related to what happens inside the home, or when the family visit Germany. Hugo loves his mother and many aspects of her German culture, such as bed-time stories, German books, music and cooking, and the German Christmas celebrations in their house. He loves looking at all his mother's German things. And even as a child he is aware of how she balances his father's extremism. Hugo's dual cultural identity allows him to experience an occasional distance, detachment from the Irish culture, because he sees it through his mother's eyes. His increasing cultural awareness extends to a realisation of national stereotypes and prejudices. When the family visit Germany, he becomes even more aware of the Irish culture, and the similarities and differences between the two cultures, and he even sees his father through different eyes:

> My father was different in Germany. He wore a cravat and a new suit, and he also got a new pair of glasses from Onkel Wilhelm that had a brown tint and made him look more German. He stopped wearing his tweed cap and his face was brown from the sun, right down to the collar of his shirt [...].
>
> My father drank beer and sometimes he was nearly as German as any of the uncles, telling stories and laughing. With his brown face and his new cravat he looked so German that I thought he was going to buy a car and start smoking cigars as well. (Hamilton 212-13)

The book is written through a child's narration, but underlying is, of course, an adult's perspective and analysis. As an adult, and through writing this autobiography, the author distances himself and develops an intercultural awareness. This becomes obvious in the following quote:

> We are the German-Irish story. We are the English-Irish story, too [...] we have one Irish foot and one German foot and a right arm in English. We are the brack children**.** Brack, homemade Irish bread with German raisins. We are the brack people and we don't just have one briefcase. We don't just have one language and one history. We sleep in German and we dream in Irish. We laugh in Irish and we cry in German. We are silent in German and we speak in English. We are the speckled people. (Hamilton 283)

Hugo's developing intercultural awareness brings me to the final point in my discussion and to the concluding question, if any of the four characters analysed have the potential to act as intercultural mediators.

In the discussion on biculturalism, Michael Byram finds a remarkable absence of "any examination of it and how biculturals act as intercultural speakers / mediators between their two cultures" (63). He also points out that being bicultural does not necessarily result in acting interculturally, as this involves a level of conscious, analytical awareness (Byram 64-65). Byram defines an intercultural mediator as a person who is competent in intercultural communication. In particular, he/she

- is able to see how different cultures relate to each other
- is aware of similarities and differences between cultures
- is able to take an 'external' perspective on him/herself
- can mediate between him/herself and others
- can act as mediator between people who have been socialised in different cultures
- has the ability to analyse and, where desirable, adapt his/her behaviour and the underlying values and beliefs (Byram 2003 60).

If one applies the criteria above to the four characters analysed, what conclusions can be drawn about their potential to act as intercultural mediators/ speakers? Agnes/ Kim is clearly not an intercultural mediator. As a bicultural she would have had the potential to be an intercultural mediator, but she clearly fails. Even though there is no indication anywhere in the book of her being self-reflective about this issue, it is as if she deliberately decided not to be an intercultural mediator. All her life, she avoids any form of intercultural conflict with her second culture. If there is any conflict at all, she has been concealing it successfully, as some of her depressions and illnesses later in her life may indicate.

Blake has the potential to be a very good intercultural mediator, despite or perhaps, because of the missed opportunity of becoming a bicultural. As an adult he becomes deeply self-reflective on these issues. He realises the effect that his mother's self denial of her biculturalism has had on herself and on her children. Interestingly, in an interview with 'Kingdom Archives' (2003), he describes himself as being half-English and half-Irish. This newly defined cultural identity affects not only himself but also his children. After his mother's death he brings his own children on holidays to Ireland, meets relations he never knew he had, and keeps in touch with his new-found cousins.

Irmgard has the potential to be an effective intercultural mediator, even though she does not fulfil all the criteria mentioned above. She is not portrayed as being self-reflective; instead her interculturality is more intuitive, and as we have seen, not without problems. She brings her primary culture with her, and tries to keep it alive in her house through her language, customs, and values. Especially in her relationship with her children, she shows sensitivity and an understanding for their extraordinary situation. At the end of the book she shows signs of integration: "My mother went back to Germany one more time after my father died, just to visit everyone there and see where she grew up. But she was lost. She couldn't recognise anything. Now she wants to find a place in Ireland that she can remember" (Hamilton 296).

According to Hugo Hamilton himself, the writing of the book has had a therapeutic effect. In an interview with the *Irish American Post,* (Friedrich 2003) he says: "My family can finally talk about it. That's one of the biggest triumphs of the book. That it is out in the open. That I turned our childhood, which was always associated with shame and embarrassment, and have turned it into virtue." As an adult, he is deeply self-reflective, and shows a great amount of intercultural awareness. The conflicts, dilemmas, sufferings are gone, and his attitude is now positive, as he sees all the advantages of being bicultural. He finally recognizes his true personal and cultural identity. The writing of his book would appear to have been an act of intercultural mediation itself:

> I'm not afraid any more of being German or Irish, or anywhere in between. Maybe your country is only a place you make up in your mind. Something you dream about and sing about. Maybe it's not a place on the map at all, but just a story full of people you meet and places you visit, full of books and films you've been to. I'm not afraid of being homesick and having no language to live in. I don't have to be like anyone else. I'm walking on the wall and nobody can stop me (Hamilton 295).

Note

* This article is based on two different papers which were presented at the Annual Conference of IASIL (National University Galway, 2004) and at the *Double Vision* Conference (University College Dublin, 2005).

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“Giving a Sense of History”: Brecht, Rimbaud and Akhmatova in a Northern Irish Context

Stephanie Schwerter

Abstract: *Tom Paulin is one of the major Northern Irish poets attempting to communicate a new perspective on contemporary Northern Ireland through the lens of different literary traditions. He chooses translation as a mode of discourse and seizes upon the differences and similarities of Northern Ireland and various European countries. Through the identification with foreign cultures, histories and political conflicts, Paulin challenges established interpretations of the Northern Irish Troubles. This article focuses on Paulin’s versions of poems by Bertold Brecht, Arthur Rimbaud and Anna Akhmatova. It sets out to examine the deconstruction and redefinition of Irish identities through displacement. Taken out of the context of their culture of origin, the poems transformed by Paulin gain new meanings and new relevances against the background of the Northern Irish conflict. Considering Paulin’s versions of German, French and Russian poems, I will explore the role of poetry in a particular historical and cultural environment. In this context, the article is intended to shed light on the question why Paulin feels urged to strive for otherness and “elsewheres” outside Ireland in order to overcome the established political framework of Irish Nationalism and British Unionism.*

Tom Paulin is one of the most important Northern Irish poets who strives for alternative visions of contemporary Northern Ireland. Like Seamus Heaney and Medbh McGuckian, Paulin draws from different literary traditions in order to explore the Northern Irish conflict through displacement and otherness. Choosing translation as a mode of discourse, he engages with poems by a large number of European poets. The most prominent poets whose works form the basis for Paulin’s translations and transformations are Alexander Pushkin, Anna Akhmatova, Charles Baudelaire, Arthur Rimbaud, Paul Verlaine, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, Heinrich Heine and Bertolt Brecht. Paulin seizes upon the differences and similarities between Northern Ireland and different European countries in order to challenge traditional interpretations of the Northern Irish Troubles. Referring to foreign cultures, histories and political conflicts, he sets out to expose the shortcomings of his own cultural environment. As a poet he feels responsible both to art and to society. In his poetic work he intends to “give a sense of history” (Haffenden 1981. 168) in order to promote an understanding of the Northern Irish situation. The three poems discussed here are examples of the different ways in which Paulin engages with the German, French and Russian literary traditions to reinvent Northern Ireland in his own imaginative terms.

Paulin’s poem “The Emigration of the Poets” is based on Brecht’s “Die Auswanderung der Dichter” (trans.: “The Emigration of the Poets”). Although Paulin’s translation is relatively faithful to the German original, it is rather to be regarded as a transformation as it is altered through a play with German and French terms as well as slang. Choosing a poem by Brecht as a source text for “The Emigration of the Poets”, Paulin engages with one of the most controversial German authors, who became famous as a playwright, novelist and poet. Until recently Brecht was accused by certain parts of German society of undermining the state’s authority through the promotion of communist ideas (cf. Knopf 2006. 119). Due to his identification with socialism and his rejection of war, Brecht was subjected to severe repression in Nazi Germany. Regardless of the fact that he was an internationally renowned author, the Nazis started to censor his work and to disturb the performances of his plays as early as 1930. The increasing political tensions pushed Brecht to turn his back on his native country. Like many other writers and artists, he left Germany immediately after the Reichtag fire in February 1933, as it became clear that the Nazis would use the event in order to persecute those who were not in line with their ideology. On the 10th of May Brecht’s books were burned and one day later his whole literary work was banished by the German state. In 1935 he was also deprived of his German citizenship (cf. Midgley 2000. 17f.). As a political dissident Brecht continued to write anti-Nazi literature during his fifteen years of exile. He considered it his mission to comment on the political situation in Germany in order to participate in the anti-fascist struggle. Brecht firmly believed in literature as a subversive tool to expose Germany’s alarming development towards a totalitarian state. Raising an awareness of the exacerbating political situation, he hoped to incite the German population to overthrow the socio-economical system imposed by the Nazi regime (cf. Schwarz 1978. 28).

Brecht’s sense of social and political responsibility might have had some bearing on Paulin’s identification with the German poet. Like Brecht, Paulin intends to achieve with his poetic writing “a kind of freedom which is contemplation and vision” (Haffenden 168). He also considers himself to be a political dissident. As a member of the Protestant community, Paulin feels disaffected from his ethno-religious background and sympathises with the Catholic community: “I had always hated Ulster Unionism very bitterly and supported the Civil Rights movement from the beginning” (Paulin 1984. 16). Pleading for a secular united Ireland, he cherishes the ideal of a Republican state in which all cultural traditions would be guaranteed full expression. Thus, Paulin refuses to accept the status quo in Northern Ireland in the same way as Brecht rejected the repressive regime in Germany. Paulin's disagreement with Ulster Protestantism turned him into an "internal émigré" in his own community. Being equally critical of the institution of the Catholic Church, Paulin cannot be clearly associated with either community. In Seamus Deane's words he could be described as "neither Irish or British while also being both" (1983. 24). Having spent his childhood in Belfast, Paulin went to live in England, where he regards himself as an immigrant moving between different cultures (cf. Haffenden 17). In Northern Ireland he occupies the position of an outsider because of his rejection of a clear ethno-religious allegiance. In England, however, he does not blend into the local population due to his Northern Irish background. In this way, Paulin remains as much an outcast in his native country as in his chosen "exile". Paulin's "internal" and "external" emigration can be seen as a parallel to Brecht, who felt mentally alienated from the totalitarian regime in Nazi Germany and lived at a geographical distance from his home country for many years. The biographical similarities between himself and the German poet must have encouraged Paulin to engage with Brecht's poetic work.

"Die Auswanderung der Dichter" was written in 1934, one year after Brecht's emigration to Denmark. Translating but maintaining the title of Brecht's work, Paulin draws attention to the two central themes of his poem, which are exile and displacement. In this way, Paulin indirectly alludes to his own "exile" in England and his ideological disaffection with the ethno-religious community in which he was raised. In the German original Brecht conjures up nine poets from different historical periods and different literary traditions. Historically, the condition of exile evokes an association with the intellectual and the poet. In Brecht's poem the understanding of exile bears an ancient and international dimension. Exile is not seen as a punishment for wrongdoing but rather perceived as a proof of virtue and integrity. Through the reference to authors who were subjected to repression and suffered different kinds of "internal" or "external exile", Brecht draws a parallel between himself and the legendary poets. Identifying with the fate of free thinking spirits, he engages with his own exile. Thus, he points out that political and social dissent is not restricted to Nazi Germany but reaches across time and space. Taking Brecht's poem as a basis for "The Emigration of the Poets", Paulin establishes a correlation between himself and the German author as well as the mentioned historical writers. In this way, he ranks himself among the "exiled poets" and sets Northern Ireland into an international context.

In the opening lines of his poem Brecht evokes the ancient Greek poet Homer, the Italian fourteenth-century writer Dante and the two Chinese poets Tu Fu and Li Po, who both lived in the eighth century. Each of the poets experienced deracination and the loss of home. Whereas Homer spent his life as a wandering minstrel, Dante was sent into exile because of his secular political convictions. Tu Fu and Li Po exercised their art travelling through China's war-torn provinces. Due to their condemnation of warfare, both poets were sent into exile and underwent periods of severe poverty and hunger:

Homer hatte kein Heim Und Dante muβte das seine verlassen. Li-Po und Tu-Fu irrten durch Bürgerkriege Die 30 Millionen Menschen verschlangen	Homer did not have a home and Dante had to leave his. Li-Po and Tu-Fu erred through civil wars which engulfed 30 million human beings	Homer belonged nowhere, and Dante he'd to leave home as for Tu Fu and Li Po they did a flit through the smoke – 30 million were no more in those civil wars
(Brecht 1967. 495)	(my translation[1])	(Paulin 1999. 71)

Through the allusion to poets who were exposed to voluntary or involuntary exile and experienced extreme personal hardships, Brecht gives voice to his feelings about his own situation as an exile.Banned from his native country and separated from his audience, he considered his emigration not only as a geographical but also a spiritual exile (cf. Schwarz, 35). Through his reference to "civil wars" he implicitly hints at the violent seizure of power by the Nazis in Germany in the 1930s. With the "30 million engulfed human beings" Brecht anticipates the 70 million deaths of the Second World War and gives voice to his rejection of warfare. Paulin's opening line "Homer belonged nowhere" reads as an allusion to his political position located "in between" the two ethno-religious communities in Northern Ireland. Suggesting that politically and geographically he does not belong anywhere, he highlights his rank as an outsider. In this way, Paulin underscores that his political ideals lie outside the established framework of British Unionism and Irish Nationalism. Dante's leaving home reminds us of Paulin's move to England. Letting Tu Fu and Li Po's make "a flit through the smoke", Paulin nods to the two poets' flight from political violence. On a second narrative level, however, he evokes his own emigration from his home country at a time when it was torn by social unrest. In this way, he self-ironically points at the fact that he left Northern Ireland to live in the country of the coloniser. With the Chinese "civil wars" Paulin enforces his reference to the Northern Irish Troubles and establishes a link between a historical political struggle and a contemporary one. By mentioning the thirty million deaths, he implicitly draws a parallel between the victims of the Chinese wars and the casualties of the Northern Irish conflict. Thus, he sets Northern Ireland into an international framework and hints at the irrationality of warfare regardless of the cause for which it is carried out.

Like most of the poems written during Brecht's exile, "Die Auswanderung der Dichter" stands out for its free rhyme. Rejecting traditional rhyme schemes, Brecht attempts to create a new language in order to expose new political realities and to engage with the Nazi regime (cf. Knopf 1984. 89). He argues that the use of a regular rhythm would produce an "unpleasantly dreamy mood" interfering with the reader's rational thinking (1976: 470). Thus, Brecht advocates a poetic style, which provokes thought and does not bypass the reader's critical analysis. His quest for new ways of expression is taken up by Paulin. Whereas Brecht sets out to create an alternative poetic voice through the rejection of traditional rhythmic patterns, Paulin introduces slang and colloquial terms in order to subvert the established discourse of the Northern Irish Troubles. Like the German poet, Paulin rejects predictable generalisations and formulaic vocabulary, which in Brecht's words would "glide past the ear" (Brecht 1976. 469). Using in his poem the colloquial short form "he'd to leave home" and employing the slang term "flit" for a "hurried departure" (cf. Ayto 2003. 286), Paulin works against traditional forms of poetic expression. Being at odds with their native country, both poets search for new languages in which to express their political dissent in a coded way.

In the following lines of his poems Brecht alludes to the ancient Greek poet Euripides and the English writer Shakespeare:

Dem Euripides drohte man mit Prozessen Und dem sterbenden Shakespeare hielt man den Mund zu.	Euripides was threatened with trials and the dying Shakespeare got his mouth shut.	[…] the high courts tried to stuff Euripides under the floor and even Shakespeare got a gagging order as he lay dying in Stratford
(Brecht 1967. 495)	(my translation)	(Paulin 1999. 71)

Tried for his liberal views, Euripides was sent into exile to Macedonia. Through his reference to the Greek poet's fate, Brecht seems to allude to the trials which the Nazis conducted against him. In this way, he creates a parallel between himself and Euripides and draws attention to his own escape from Germany. As to silencing Shakespeare, Brecht implicitly hints at the writing ban, which was imposed on him by the German state already before his emigration to Denmark. In Paulin's version of the poem the reference to Shakespeare could be interpreted as a reference to the British establishment, which tried to suppress dissenting voices during the Troubles. In this context, especially internment without trial and the arrest of innocent people suspected of terrorism spring to mind. Speaking about Euripides' trial, Paulin uses colloquial language in order to give his lines an ironic tone. "Stuffing Euripides under the floor", evokes the attempts made by the Greek state to silence the poet. The mentioned "high courts" stand for the abuse of power. Paulin's allusion to the abusive Greek state authority could be read as a subversive hint at the British government, which used torture and biased methods of policing in order to settle the conflict in Northern Ireland. Considered in a Northern Irish context, the term "gagging order" reminds us of the ban of Gerry Adam's voice on radio and television in the Republic of Ireland and the United Kingdom from 1988-1994. Alluding to repression carried out by the state against the Catholic community, Paulin gives voice to his criticism of British politics in Northern Ireland.

Referring in the following lines to the French poet François Villon, Brecht turns to another writer, who entered in conflict with the state:

Den François Villon suchte nicht suchte nicht nur die Muse Sondern auch die Polizei.	François Villon was not only looked for by the Muse but also by the police.	Villon who wrote "Les Pendus" had visits from the Muse and from the Beast – i.e. the police
(Brecht 1967. 495)	(my translation)	(Paulin 1999. 71)

In contrast to the other writers in the poem, Villon was not persecuted by the police because of his poetry but due to his criminal record, which included robbery and manslaughter. For his crimes Villon was condemned to be hanged and strangled. However, he appealed to the Parliament and his sentence was commuted to ten years of banishment from Paris. Mentioning Villon's persecution, Brecht implicitly alludes to the harassment he was exposed to in Nazi Germany. Through the creation of a parallel between himself and the French poet accused of murder, he launches an ironic attack on the German state, suggesting that for the Nazis his literary work represented a crime as serious as manslaughter. In his version of the poem Paulin does not only refer to the French poet but also to one of his most famous poetic works, the "Ballade des Pendus" ("The Ballad of the Hanged Men"). Written while Villon was under the sentence of death, the ballad depicts the poet hanging on the scaffold with his body rotting away. Through the image of death and decay Paulin suggests the foulness of British politics carried out during the Troubles. With the biblical connotation of the word "Beast" he attributes to his lines an apocalyptic overtone. Calling the police "the Beast", Paulin hints at the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC), which until 2001 was the official police force in Northern Ireland. Consisting almost exclusively of Protestants, the RUC frequently acted in favour of its own community and discriminated against Catholics. With his reference to the biased police force, Paulin alludes to corruption and social inequality. Mentioning "The Ballad of the Hanged Men", he implies that during the Northern Irish conflict the Catholic community was "executed", falling prey to the British establishment.

In the closing lines of his poem Brecht establishes an explicit parallel between himself and the Roman poet Lucretius and the German writer Heinrich Heine. While in ancient Rome Lucretius was branded an enemy of religion due to his secular world views, Heine in nineteenth century Germany was demonised because of his rejection of the existing monarchy:

„Der Geliebte" genannt ging Lukrez in die Verbannung So Heine, und so auch floh Brecht unter das dänische Strohdach.	Called the "loved one",Lucretius went into banishment as did Heine. In the same way Brecht fled under the Danish thatched roof.	Though at least Lucretius was nicknamed "Le bien aimé" and slipped away from *Heim* just like Heine - now watch me here Bertolt Brecht I'm a pike shtuck in this Danish thatch.
(Brecht 1967. 495)	(my translation)	(Paulin 1999. 71)

By mentioning two poets who rejected the established power structures of their time, Brecht draws attention to his own political dissent and his refusal to succumb to the Nazis. Through the reference to Lucretius and Heine's exile, he yet again points at his own emigration. With "Danish Thatch" Brecht evokes the farmhouse with a high thatched roof in which he lived during his exile in Denmark. In his poetry the "thatched house" occurs as a frequent image for displacement and banishment. The fact that Brecht referred to his Danish residence as "Danish Siberia" (Brecht 2000. 204) expresses his feelings of remoteness and spiritual solitude, which he takes up in "Die Auswanderung der Dichter". He ends his poem with a direct reference to his emigration to underscore his place among the historically exiled poets. Considered in a broader context, Brecht's poem can also be interpreted as a hint at the expulsion of the German intelligentsia, which was almost entirely driven out of Germany by the Nazis.

In Paulin's poem the closing lines stand out due to an unconventional play with different languages. Through the use of foreign vocabulary and slang, Paulin, attempts to add emphasis to the German source text. Calling Lucretius "Le bien aimé" without translating his nickname into English, he creates a link to the Latin as well as the French literary traditions. With his reference to Heine and the use of the German word "Heim" ("home"), Paulin establishes a further connection to Germany. Speaking about Heine and Lucretius, he enforces his parallel between the two poets' banishment and his own spiritual exile in England. Through the word "shtuck" Paulin imitates the sound of German word and ends his poem on a subversive note. The pike "stuck" in the Danish thatch reminds us of weapons hidden by Irish rebels in the roofs of Irish thatched houses. In this way, Paulin links the German context of Brecht's poem to Irish history. The slang term "shtuck", meaning "in great trouble" (Ayto 2003. 241), further reads as an allusion to Brecht's persistent persecution by the German state. Implying that Brecht was as much hounded by the Nazis as the Irish rebels were by the British Crown, Paulin alludes to state repression in different historical contexts. Letting the speaker of the poem refer to himself as a pike hidden in a thatched roof, Paulin expresses his belief in the revolutionary power of poetry. He suggests that the task of the poet living in a suppressed society is to undermine the existing social order in a hidden way, using his art as a weapon against oppressive power structures. Through the German original and the different literary traditions mentioned in the source text, Paulin establishes a link between foreign histories and political conflicts and the Northern Irish Troubles. Conflating in his poems a number of different cultures and languages, the poet creates a multifaceted image of nomadism and exile. Thus, he employs otherness and displacement as a lens in order to view the Northern Irish situation from an alternative angle.

In his poem "The Rooks" Paulin is inspired by the French symbolist Arthur Rimbaud to explore the consequences of warfare. "The Rooks" is based on Rimbaud's poem "Les Corbeaux", which translates as "The Ravens". Paulin's transformation of Rimbaud's title from "The Ravens" to "The Rooks" does not have any underlying symbolic function as in literature the two birds are commonly not distinguished from each other. Due to their habit of eating corpses, the traditional association with rooks and ravens is imminent death. As they thrive on battlefields, the two carrion birds are generally employed as symbols for ill omen (cf. Ferber 2007. 167-168). By naming his poem after a bird embodying death and destruction, Rimbaud creates an apocalyptic atmosphere already in the title. "Les Corbeaux", written in 1971, refers to the defeat of France in the French-Prussian war. Conceived as a criticism of warfare, the poem belongs to Rimbaud's early works which bear a political dimension. Following anarchist ideals, Rimbaud rejects religion and the authority of the state. His conception of poetic realism is to "see everything up close, to describe modern life with fearless precision" to expose every detail of modern society “in order to hasten its destruction” (quoted in Robb 2001. 55-81). As a critic of Napoleon III, Rimbaud writes about the consequences of the very war, which brought the Second Empire to an end. He opens his poem with the images of coldness and destruction and in this way communicates an apocalyptic atmosphere:

Seigneur, quand froide est la prairie,	Lord, when the prairie is cold, when	When the ground’s as hard as rock
Quand, dans les hameaux abattus,’	in the worn-out hamlets the long	and the Angelus has gone dead in
Les longs angélus se sont tus…	Angelus fell silent …	each crushed village
Sur la nature defleurie	Let from the high skies delicious	Lord let the rooks – those great
Faites s’abattre des grands cieux	dear ravens swooped down on the	clacky birds sweep down from the
Les chers corbeaux délicieux.	faded nature.	clouds onto fields and ridges
(Rimbaud 1972. 36)	(my translation)	(Paulin 2004. 31)

Rimbaud hints at Christianity by beginning his poem with the word “Lord” and by mentioning the Angelus, a series of prayers traditionally recited in Catholic churches three times a day. Rimbaud’s references, however, might be read as an ironic subversion of religious belief. In the poem, the “Lord” is depicted as powerless: with the long prayers falling silent, he is defencelessly exposed to devastation and ruin. In this way, Rimbaud suggests that neither the Lord nor the prayers have an influence on the political situation. The cold prairie illustrated in the poem reminds us of a battle field and the descending ravens evoke impending death. Rimbaud does not only hint at the dead of the French-Prussian war but also refers to the rigid totalitarian structures of the Second Empire. Rejecting any kind of authority and imposed politics, Rimbaud rebels against the existing civic order in nineteenth-century France. The “delicious dear ravens” have to be considered on two narrative levels. On the one hand they communicate the atmosphere of melancholy favoured by the Parnassian poets, on the other they read as an ironic attack at the Catholic Church, as priests are commonly referred to as “ravens” by French atheists. Thus, Rimbaud does not only voice his rejection of religion but also his opposition to its institutionalisation.

Paulin takes up Rimbaud’s central image of the raven or rook as a foreboder of disaster and gives his poem an equally gloomy atmosphere. The described battlefield with its “crushed villages” points at Northern Ireland during the Troubles. With the “Angelus has gone dead” Paulin alludes to Catholicism and the inability of the Catholic Church to prevent bloodshed in a dispute which many sides perceive to be a religious one. Seen in a broader context, the death of the “Angelus” implies the general absence of religion. In this way, Paulin presents the Northern Irish conflict as a self-interested struggle devoid of religious aims. The ground being “as hard as rock” can be seen as a reference to the uncompromising positions adopted by the two communities perpetuating the conflict. Thus, Paulin illustrates Northern Irish society as fossilised and opposed to change and progress. The mentioned ridges evoke the bare mountains and cliffs of Ireland and suggest emptiness and stagnation. The “great clacky birds” take on the form of messengers reminding us of the victims of the Troubles. With the symbolism employed Paulin underlines the horrors of warfare and gives voice to his rejection of political violence.

In the second stanza of his poem Rimbaud dwells on the images of war and destruction. Mentioning “ditches” and “holes”, he illustrates the battlefield of the French-Prussian war. Paulin, however, uses the same imagery in order to portray the consequences of the sectarian clashes in Northern Ireland. In his poem the “holes” allude to the craters left by bomb explosions and the “ditches” recall the hiding places of snipers. Rimbaud speaks of cold winds attacking the ravens’ nests in order to hint at instability and political turmoil. Paulin takes up the image used by Rimbaud in his line “the wind’s bashing your nest” to remind us of the harsh winds frequently sweeping over Ireland. At the same time the wind creates an atmosphere of fear and insecurity. In this way, Paulin implicitly points at political upheaval and echoes the mood of public anxiety reigning during the Troubles. In the third stanza of “Les corbeaux” Rimbaud’s allusions to the French-Prussian war become more explicit:

Par milliers, sur les champs de France, Où dorment des morts d’avant-hier, Tournoyez, n’est-ce pas, l’hiver, Pour que chaque passant repense! Sois donc le crieur du devoir, Ô notre funèbre oiseau noir!	In your thousands do swirl on the fields of France, where yesterday’s dead are asleep so that every passer-by remembers them, fly about, it’s not winter! Therefore, our mournful black bird, be the messenger of duty!	turn in your thousands over the fields of France where the recent dead lie maimed and broken – in your clattery dance our black funeral bird reminds us how they bled!
(Rimbaud 1972. 36)	(my translation)	(Paulin 2004. 31)

Through the countless ravens swarming over the deserted battlefields, Rimbaud creates a threatening picture: winter enforces the feeling of coldness and embodies the approaching end of life. The appeal to the birds to “be the messenger of duty” is not to be seen as an incitement to fight against the German oppressors but as a plea to pay tribute to those who lost their lives in the war. Thus, Rimbaud uses images of grief and destruction in order to point at the fatal consequences of warfare. With the thousands of birds Rimbaud implies the omnipresence of death and suggests that destruction is looming at every corner. Paulin in his poem uses the French-Prussian war as a prism to engage with the Northern Irish conflict. The “recent dead” that lie “maimed and broken” recall the victims of the Troubles, mutilated by bomb explosions and violent riots. The use of the adjective “broken”, might hint at the psychological and emotional scars suffered by the Northern Irish through the experience of political violence. With the sentence “remind us how they bled” he pleads us to remember the fate of those who fell prey to the Troubles and points at the irrationality of political violence by implying that in a battle there is nothing to be achieved apart from devastation during political conflicts.

Rimbaud finishes his poem on a dark note, alluding to eternal death and the impossibility of a future:

Mais, saints du ciel, en haut du chêne; Mât perdu dans le soir charmé, Laissez les fauvettes de mai Pour ceux qu’au fond du bois enchaîne, Dans l’herbe d’ou l’on ne peut fuir, La defaite sans avenir.	But, saints of the sky in the top of the oak tree – the lost flagpole in the charmed evening – leave the May warbles for those who are chained by the eternal defeat in the grass in the thicket of the woods, which nobody can escape.	you sky saints in the treetops draped on that dusky mast above paradise lost please let the May songbirds be – for our sake who’re trapped beaten servile unfree in the hawthorn’s green dust.
(Rimbaud 1972. 36)	(my translation)	(Paulin 2004. 31)

In the last stanza of his poem, Rimbaud yet again gives voice to his anarchist ideals. Underscoring his rejection of the Church as well as the state, he expresses his refusal to recognize both authorities as part of the current civic order. He uses the “oak tree” as a symbol for both institutions. Being the largest and strongest of common European trees, it is traditionally employed as a symbol of rootedness and steadfastness (cf. Ferber 143-144). In Rimbaud’s poem, however, the tree is likened to a “lost flagpole”. Described as weak and powerless, the oak tree reads as an allusion to the French state, which failed to defeat the Prussians. In this way, Rimbaud implies that the state, similar to the tree, has lost its strength and its authority. On a second narrative level the oak tree seems to allude to the Church and its receding influence. The home of saints but at the same time lost in time and space, the oak tree embodies the weak position of the institution. Thus, Rimbaud suggests that in a country which had just been ravaged by a bloody battle, the religious establishment is as powerless as the saints in the tree. Rimbaud undermines the authority of the state and the Church and pleads for the destruction of the existing social order and for the creation of a state devoid of repressive power structures. In his closing lines he uses the image of the “May warbles”, which could be interpreted as a prediction of an eternal defeat. The song birds which traditionally embody spring and regeneration take on a negative connotation in Rimbaud’s poem and are associated with the dead: they become as much symbols of death as the ravens. In this way, Rimbaud gives voice to his nihilism and creates a feeling of looming catastrophe.

Like Rimbaud, Paulin ends his poem on a gloomy note. Ironically calling the saints mentioned in Rimbaud’s poem “sky saints”, he suggests that they have lost their connection to earth and reality. Thus, he launches a subversive attack on the Catholic Church and implies that it has failed to be an institution for the living as it did not end the conflict but, on the contrary, contributed to its escalation. By letting the saints hover over a “paradise lost”, Paulin seems to point at the war-torn state of Northern Ireland. In a Northern Irish context, however, the word “paradise” takes on an ironic tone. Paulin alludes to the fact that even before the outbreak of the conflict the region was far from being a faultless place. He subversively implies that Northern Ireland represented a paradise only for one part of the local population: while the Protestant community benefited from unjustified privileges, the Catholic community was suppressed and discriminated against. In the closing lines he returns to the image of social inequality. With “beaten”, “servile” and “unfree” he alludes to the Catholic community, presenting it as subjugated to the British coloniser. With the “hawthorn” and the colour green, Paulin employs two images which regularly occur in his poetry as symbols for Ireland. Alluding to those how are trapped in the “hawthorn’s green dust”, he refers to the Northern Irish Catholics, who are unfree in their own country. In this way, he communicates his sympathy with the Catholic community and advocates a new social order in which each ethno-religious group can find its free expression. Considering Paulin’s criticism of the Unionist establishment and the Catholic Church, his poem can be read as a plea for a non-sectarian united Ireland shaped by a secular value system, which works against religious prejudice.

Paulin refers to the Russian poet Anna Akhmatova in order to examine the theme of identity in an international context. Paulin’s “My Name” is based on Akhmatova’s poem “Name”, which was written in 1962. Whereas Akhmatova engages with the creation of her own artistic identity, Paulin sets out to explore the influence of colonial stereotypes on the creation of an Irish identity. In “Name” Akhmatova refers to the fact that she was forced to change her surname in order to become a poet.

When Akhmatova started to compose poetry in her teens, her father objected to her writing. Fearing that her poems would bring shame on him, he insisted that his name would not be associated with his daughter’s art. Consequently, Anna Andreevna Gorenko decided to reinvent herself by adopting the pseudonym Akhmatova, the name of a Tatar princess among her maternal ancestors. The poet Joseph Brodsky regarded her choice of name as her “first poem” (Feinstein 2006. 10). In “Name” Akhmatova plays with the Tatar origins of her pseudonym:

Tatar, thick,

Татарское, дремучее Пришло из никуда, К любой беде липучее, Само оно - беда.	It came from nowhere Sticking to every disaster, Itself is disaster.	Tatar coarsegrained it came from nowhere my name and it sticks aye sticks like a burr to any disaster – no it is disaster
(Akhmatova. 1995.364)	(My translation)	(Paulin 2004. 16)

By changing her name for professional reasons, Akhmatova elevates her art to a crucial dimension of her identity. In the above mentioned poem, Akhmatova’s name stands for her poetry. Thus, engaging with the origins of her pseudonym, she implies that her identity receives its shape through her art. Suggesting that her name is followed by catastrophe and disaster, Akhmatova refers to the fateful effects which her poetry had on her life. Considering the fact that the poem was written four years before her death, “Name” reads as a retrospective of Akhmatova’s life. With “disaster” Akhmatova hints at the difficulties of being a poet in Soviet Russia. As she refused to put her writing at the service of the state, her poetry was banned for many years under Stalin and she was expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers for allegedly “poisoning the minds of Soviet youth" (Hemschemeyer 1990. 5). The fact that Akhmatova did not cease to compose poetry made her lead a life of risk and anxiety. Under constant state surveillance, she feared to be deported at any time. To see fellow-writers such as Mandelstam die in prison camps did not prevent her from exercising her art. With the allusion to "disaster" in her poem, Akhmatova implies that the urge to write poetry condemned her to an insecure and unstable existence. By establishing a parallel between her name and her lyric work, the poet points at the fact that both her name and her profession as a writer were chosen deliberately.

In his version of the Russian poem Paulin plays with the different connotations of the word "Tatar". In English "tatar" does not only refer to an ethnic group from Mongolian descent but also to a fierce and terrifying person. With the adjective "coarsegrained" Paulin emphasises the second meaning of the word and implies barbarism and wildness. The poem receives its location in time and space through the employed language. With the line – "it sticks aye sticks like a burr" – he imitates Northern Irish speech and thus sets "My Name" in Northern Ireland. Through the word "burr", he hints at the harsh sound of the local speech. Referring to the coarse sound of the Northern Irish dialect and playing with the connotations of the word "tatar", Paulin implies roughness and crudity. With the evoked image of primitivism he echoes Edmund Spenser's conception of the Irish as a "barbarous nation" devoid of civility (Spenser 1977. 17). In *A View of the State of Ireland*, published in 1633, Spenser describes the Irish as wild, untameable and inferior to the English colonisers. In order to illustrate their cultural "lowliness", he exposes the uncivilised nature of Irish agricultural practices, marriage costumes and politics. Spencer further argues that in order to civilise the "barbarians" they have to be defeated and forced to obey the English system of common law. Thus, Spencer presents England as the centre of power and civilisation in contrast to Irish wilderness. Based on national stereotypes, Spenser's opposition between English civilisation and Irish barbarism communicates the condescending view of the Protestant coloniser. Spenser's concept of the "wild Irishman" subsequently has been dwelled upon by many writers and academics. Seamus Deane argues that English commentators on Irish affairs have consistently established a relationship between civilisation and Protestantism (cf. Deane 1985. 35). He further points out that the discourse of the Northern Irish conflict continues to be dominated by the division between barbarism and civilisation. In this way, Deane suggests that seventeenth-century stereotypes continue to perpetuate a contemporary conflict.

Paulin ironically echoes Spenser's image of the "Irish barbarian" through the word "tatar". Establishing a parallel between "tatar" and "my name", he points to the speaker's Irish identity. Through the line "it came from nowhere" Paulin suggests that the "name" was not chosen deliberately by the speaker but was imposed on him/her by somebody else. Thus, Paulin alludes to the fact that the Irish were "made" barbarians through the prejudice of the English coloniser. In the sentence "it sticks to any disaster" Paulin alludes to Spenser's parallel between Irishness and savagery and points at the negative images evoked by an Irish identity. The closing line “no it is disaster” hints at the stigma attached to Irishness and the impossibility of freeing oneself from established clichés. In this way, Paulin suggests that the Irish are marked as barbarians simply through their nationality. Playing with the image of the “wild Irishmen” promoted by the Protestant coloniser, Paulin expresses his contempt for Ulster Unionism, which he regards as “fundamentally ridiculous” (Haffenden 1981. 158). In *Viewpoints* he argues: “It’s a culture which could have dignity, and it had once – I mean that strain of radical Presbyterianism, free-thinking Presbyterianism, which more or less went underground after 1798” (Haffenden 158). Qualifying Ulster Unionism as an undignified culture, Paulin subverts the clichés furthered by Spenser and presents the coloniser as “barbarian”. Through his ironic closing line Paulin exposes Unionist prejudice and self-righteousness. Turning established stereotypes upsidedown, he suggests that ethno-religious boundaries can only be overcome by a political movement similar to the United Irishmen, in which both communities struggle for a common state. Thus, Paulin pleads for the creation of a national identity outside the established framework of Irish Nationalism and British Unionism. Inspired by Akhmatova’s poem, Paulin suggests that the question of identity and name is as fundamental in a Russian context as it is in a Northern Irish one. In Stalinist Russia Akhmatova’s pseudonym marked her as a political dissident and made her lead a life of oppression. By displaying her artistic identity, her name took on a political dimension. In Northern Ireland, the Catholics were discriminated against due to the stigma attached to their Irish identity. The parallel between Northern Ireland and Stalinist Russia, implies that both countries suffered similar kinds of oppression.

Paulin engages with Brecht, Rimbaud and Akhmatova in order to contemplate Northern Ireland through the lens of German, French and Russian poetry. Through the exploration of foreign cultures and histories, Paulin strives for a geographical and mental distance to come to terms with the Northern Irish situation. Basing “The Emigration of the Poets” on Brecht’s “Die Auswanderung der Dichter”, Paulin refers to Nazi Germany to explore the themes of banishment and alienation. With his allusions to the German poet, he implies that he experienced a comparable form of “internal” and “external” exile. In his poem “The Rooks” Paulin nods to nineteenth-century France to express his criticism of the Unionist establishment and the Catholic Church. Furthermore he translates and transforms Akhmatova’s poem “Name” to engage with the topic of identity and national allegiance. Based on the Russian poet’s quest for an artistic identity, Paulin questions established colonial stereotypes and expresses his sympathy with the Northern Irish Catholic community.

Through a play with difference and perspective Paulin attempts to communicate alternative perspectives on Northern Ireland which are free from absolutes. It is however arguable how far the established correlations between the different poets and the respective national histories are justifiable. In the case of “The Emigration of the Poet”, the parallel between Brecht and Paulin seems to amount to an overstatement. Whereas Brecht was banished, persecuted and stripped of his citizenship, Paulin left Northern

Ireland on his own initiative without being exposed to the repression of a totalitarian state. In contrast to Brecht, who suffered from being expelled from his native country, Paulin seems to feel at home in his chosen "homelessness" between England and Northern Ireland. Paulin's references to nineteenth-century France and twentieth-century Russia also appear daunting. Considering the fact that the French-Prussian war overthrew the entire power structures of central Europe and that under Stalin millions of people were randomly killed, it can be argued that the created parallels are out of proportion. However, Paulin might have deliberately chosen to magnify in order to make his voice heard and to draw attention to the Northern Irish situation on an international level. Trying to rework traditional power structures through amplification, he pleads for an innovative discourse of the Northern Irish conflict, a discourse which is held in secular and not in sectarian terms.

Note

1 My translations of the poems by Brecht, Rimbaud and Akhmatova quoted in this article are not to be regarded as lyrical translations as they aim at pure accuracy.

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Archetypal, Identical, Similar? Seamus Heaney's "Punishment" Revisited

Miguel Montezanti

Abstract: *"Punishment" by Seamus Heaney reflects upon the relationship between a prehistoric girl killed in a ritual and two modern Irish girls punished as a consequence of political strife. My point is that Heaney's poem cannot be taken as a one-sided approach to identity, to stereotypes or archetypes. The introduction of a Christian hypotext works in such a way that no element in any of the sequences can be taken as a univocal "archetype" of the other two. Notions such as "archetype", "repetition" and "rite" are critically discussed. The poet interrogates the painful reality of Irish contemporary events and his own reactions, rather than acquiescing to a conclusive pattern of revenge.*

The poem "Punishment", which belongs to the first part of *North* (1975), is connected to reactions concerning the Irish Troubles and has been largely discussed from the ethical point of view. Briefly stated, my point is that Heaney's poem cannot be taken as a restrictive or simply dualistic approach to matters such as violence, personal and national identity, stereotypes and archetypes.

"Punishment" exemplifies contrasting critical stances, which can be strongly biased by ideologies. Because of the bold connection between the bog girl depicted by the poet and the victims of modern violence in Northern Ireland, I think that critical detachment and emotional balance were difficult to achieve in the past decades. It is worth noticing that in the case of "Punishment" the poet is not contemplating an actual corpse or archaeological vestige, but only a photograph — a book written by P.V. Glob, *The Bog People,* motivated many poems of *North,* "Punishment" among them. The daring link between the victimized girl and the modern Irish girls reveals that Heaney's concern with Irish identity is always present and permeates his work.

The type of revenge put into practice in both punishments is the tribal one: the victim is not an enemy but an "enemy's friend" instead; the act involves insiders, not outsiders. However, the so-called similarities and identifications are not to be pressed too far. For example, we know that the Irish girls were punished because of their friendship with British soldiers, but we only guess why the bog girl was punished, we do not even know if she was really an "adulteress", as the poet calls her.[1]

It is my contention against too quick an identification between the bog victim and the Irish girls that the Bible, particularly the Gospels, functions as an intertext. There is a clear allusion to the passage of an adulteress brought before Christ (*John* 8, 1-11) in the last line of the following passage: “I almost loved you / But would have cast, I know / The stones of silence”. The Christian element is also present in the ninth stanza, where the poet imagines himself seeing the girl’s body: “And all your numbered bones” (“I can count all My bones”, *Psalm* 23, 17). Finally, in stanza 7 she is “my poor scapegoat”: because of her sufferings, her very bones can be counted. The Biblical passages link the two cases referred to in the poem. The explicit introduction of the Christian element makes things complex, a sort of *mise en abîme* in which no element in any of the sequences can be taken as a clear “archetype” of the other two sequences.

At the beginning of the poem, the poet’s feeling is of sympathy, even tenderness: he himself feels the rope around his neck as if he were the victim. But all this tenderness is severely put at stake when he refers to himself as the “artful voyeur” (of the girl’s naked body), suggesting the idea of morbid curiosity, even sexual attraction, derived from the image he invents out of the contemplation of the ruined corpse.

Let us concentrate on the three Biblical hypotexts. It must be remembered that according to the Gospels Jesus says: “he who is without sin among you, let him throw a stone at her first.” The poet classifies himself within the group that wanted to punish the woman, hence among the sinners. On the other hand, he calls her “My poor scapegoat.’ In *Leviticus* 16, the rites for atonement are described: Aaron must offer a scapegoat, which “shall be presented alive before the Lord to make atonements upon it.” Somebody or something must be chosen to expiate for everybody’s sins, assuming that everybody is guilty of sinning or must serve as a propitiatory offering. The victim is not more guilty than the other members of the community. This is consistent with the passage of the adulteress, because Jesus makes the punishers admit that they are not less guilty than the adulterous woman. In the third place we have these “numbered bones” in a complex textual relation to the poem, because the passage of the Psalm is considered to anticipate Christ’s suffering. This is an amazing, though almost imperceptible, step. Now the victim is assimilated to Christ, who is thought of as absolutely innocent, thus a scapegoat. There is a process of justification and transformation ending in the idealization of the victim.

I want to reexamine the biblical episode of the adulterous woman following St Augustine’s *Tratados sobre el Evangelio de San Juan* (XIV: 667 ff.). In the 33rd treatise, Augustine focuses his attention on the issue of temptation included in the episode. The Gospel narrator says that the woman was brought before Jesus because the Scribes and Pharisees wanted to test Him, “that they might have something to accuse him.” Augustine comments on this test saying that Jesus, having the reputation of a mild man, could not tell the accusers to stone the woman. However, if Jesus had set the woman free the act would have been against the Law and against Moses, in which case Jesus would have had to be stoned together with the woman. Christ’s answer is neither “stone her” nor “don’t stone her” but “he who is without sin among you, let him throw a stone at her first”. Augustine’s comment includes the word “*calumnia*” (“slander”): “They did not do anything but slander the rest without any self-examination.” [2] Being themselves trespassers on the law, they wanted the law to be enforced: “This out of cunning, not according to the truth, which would have been to condemn adultery in the name of chastity”.[3] Augustine’s comment does not underrate the woman’s sin but stresses the fact that those who wanted to stone her to death were ill doers. The word “slander” is fundamental here, not because the accusers wanted to spoil the woman’s reputation telling lies about her, but because their behaviour was not better than the woman’s. The Gospel hypotext makes “Punishment” polysemous. The revengers’ attitude changes from one of violence into one of injustice. Since Heaney chooses to introduce the Biblical case, we can ask which is his place in the scenes he is watching. Can we assimilate the poet to Christ? At first sight, there is no justification for this: because he speaks of casting stones, it seems that he is placing himself among the punishers. Bearing in mind Augustine’s comment we can say that in a way the poet reproduces Christ’s puzzle, *i.e.*, the impossibility of setting the woman free or of condemning her. This is reflected in the conditional verbs he uses to imagine his reaction witnessing the episode.[4]

We can assume that the bog girl is an adulteress and we know that the Irish ones are called “betrayers”. Are the prehistoric punishers slanderers? The answer is guesswork. We might say that “all men are sinners”, but it is evident that we can apply neither the Hebrew concept of Law nor that of Christian forgiveness to the prehistoric case. Paradigms, patterns and archetypes are not trustworthy; therefore, the attractive idea of repetition, reenactment or reproduction becomes blurred, hence dangerous. We can speak of fatalism, *i.e.*, of iterative patterns of punishment exacted by guilty people, those who are not sufficiently pure to condemn the others. In this case, we cannot restrict the pattern to the case of Irish political struggles. The idea of archetype would imply that the poet denounces this extreme fatalism as a characteristic of mankind. Benedict Anderson states that there is a fatalistic halo in the origin and definition of national identities, but he remarks that this fatality is integrated into history. (202)

One of the controversial issues appears in the one-but-last stanza. The poet makes an enormous historical leap: “our betraying sisters” become now the bog girl’s sisters, indirectly the biblical adulteress’ sisters, eventually Christ’s sisters. Does the coupling of the “little adulteress” with the (contemporary) betraying sisters imply that the prehistoric behaviour works as an archetype of the troubling situation in Ireland? If the two realities coalesce, then the poet is a sort of indifferent witness admitting that he “[would] understand the exact / And tribal, intimate revenge”. Henry Hart considers this poem as an example of self-inflicted punishment,

> in which he [Heaney] attacks himself for not standing up to and actively resisting the abhorrent reprisals of his Catholic tribe against those who, like himself, have abandoned its religious and revolutionary principles. (92)

Similarly, Neil Corcoran mentions the desperate irony of these allusions in that they both judge this act of tribal revenge by the more merciful ethic enshrined in the biblical religion and also implicate that religion is precisely those sacrificial rituals which join Jutland and Irish Republicanism. (73-4)

> The following is what Heaney says about these ancient practices:
> You have a society in the iron age where there was ritual blood-letting. You have a society where girls' heads were shaved for adultery, you have a religion centering on the territory, on a goddess of the ground and of the land, and associated with sacrifice. Now in many ways the fury of Irish Republicanism is associated with a religion like this, with a female goddess who has appeared in various guises. She appears as Cathleen ni Houlihan in Yeats's plays; she appears as Mother Ireland. I think that the Republican ethos is a feminine religion, in a way. It seems to me that there are satisfactory imaginative parallels between this religion and time and our own time. They are observed with amazement and a kind of civilised tut-tut in the first century AD and by leader-writers in the *Daily Telegraph* in the twentieth century. (qtd.in Morrison 63)

Moreover, in *Preoccupation*s Heaney refers to the barbarous rite as "an archetypal pattern" in relation to what he calls "the tradition of Irish political martyrdom" (57). The implied fatalism arouses stern reactions. In his well-known "'Pap for the Dispossess'd': Seamus Heaney and the Poetics of Identity", David Lloyd deplores the idea of violence as "symbolic of a fundamental identity of the Irish race" (174). In his opinion, the ideology of identity is simplistic and eventually a manifestation of Eurocentrism. The "well-made poem" cannot justify this dangerous identification between rite and history. In the same vein, Ciaran Carson shows a diffident disagreement with Heaney's stance: "Being killed for adultery (for example) is one thing; being tarred and feathered is another, and the comparison sometimes leads Heaney to some rather odd historical and emotional conclusions" (qtd. in Andrews 85). As this kind of fatalism seems to restrict the "feminine principle" to a transhistorical role, Patricia Coughlan describes these poems as "a very equivocal result". According to Coughlan the persona "constructs Northern Irish Catholics as, like Celts in the ancient Romans, a rare, mysterious, barbarous; inarticulate, lacking in civility" (qtd. in Andrews 129). It is worth noticing that Coughlan mentions a *persona*, which in a way distances these statements from Heaney himself. Now, the idea of defining your own identity in relation to the Other is attractive and would fit Heaney's supposed attempts to define Irish identity by opposing it to the British one.

What I object to in such pieces of criticism is an overly rigorous reading of Heaney's declaration about "archetypal pattern". "Archetype" does not mean absolute identification of the model and the event happening after it. An archetype presupposes a sequence in which differences are bound to appear. In other words, the bog girl considered as an archetype is not enough ground for identifying her with the Irish girls. It is because of the distance that separates them from us that the poet can contemplate these differences. Too much attention has been laid on the "voyeur" element without emphasizing the adjective, *i.e.*, "artful", which describes a complex cultural situation in which nothing can be taken at first value.[5] In the poem, this word can be taken as self-referential: it draws attention to the devices used by the poet in phrasing the poem.

Whereas Arthur McGuinness emphasizes Heaney's sense of guilt in the ambiguous attitude of witnessing the revenge and at the same time understanding it (36), Tony Curtis comments that "irrationality can only be answered through the imaginative leap of metaphor" (100). I agree: transforming something into poetry is an assertive fact in itself, even if it tells atrocities. Bernard O'Donoghue refers to "the writer's self as an example of the experiencing observer. So the judgment in the poem is not a moral or political one: it is an artistic one" (74). This "salvation through word" had been stated by Blake Morrison, who appreciated Heaney's effort "to discover a myth helping to understand the Irish problem" (69).

In my view, O'Donoghue's and Morrison's approaches point out the risk of oversimplification in the process of analysing repetitions within an archetype. On the contrary, any tribal archetype of punishment must be studied and discussed in each occurrence: "archetype" cannot mean sameness. Repetition becomes a fallacy if considered in the sense of cloning an experience. If archetypes can be mentioned at all, this is because there are differences in the "repeated" things. Among the many present in the poem the main one is, as Carson notices, that the bog girl is killed, whereas the Irish girls are only stigmatized, tarred, in fact. The Biblical allusions, especially the Christian ones, overlap the two cases. Nevertheless, Heaney's use of Christian allusions is rich and shifting.

The fallacy involved in the utter simplification of the two punishment sequences can be answered turning to Shlomith Rimmon-Kenan. Using Greimas's terminology, Rimmon-Kenan states: "Repetition of the sign… still occurs when one *actant* is always associated with one character, a repetition of the signified when the same *actant* is realized in different characters, and a repetition of the signifier when one character functions as different *actants*" (152). I find difficulties trying to fit Heaney's "characters" in this taxonomy. Apparently the right one is the second: in this case we should consider that there is a character, let us call it "the victim", who is punished as a bog girl, and the same character(s), now in a twofold version, who are punished as Irish betrayers. Is this the position of the Gospel adulteress, whom Heaney uses as a linking figure?

This question corresponds to Rimmon-Kenan's first paradox: "Repetition is present everywhere and nowhere" (151). After discussing some definitions of repetition, he concludes that "there is no repetition without difference and no difference without repetition, *and each can only be discussed in terms of the other*" (153, my emphasis). In the poem "Punishment", "repetition" covers all the three cases, *i.e.,* the bog girl, the Biblical girl, the Irish girl(s), so that each one can be considered a hypotext of the other two.

The second paradox reads as follows: "Constructive repetition emphasizes difference, destructive repetition emphasizes sameness" (153). This seems to be a firm ground for Lloyd's and Carson's objection: Heaney is producing a destructive repetition in coupling the prehistoric girl with the modern one(s). However, Carson's contention is precisely that there are differences between the two cases; on the other hand, Heaney uses distancing metaphors. For example, casting the stones [of silence] applies to no case except the Gospel's adulterous woman. It can be added that the stones that are to be thrown at her are not, strictly speaking, "of silence". Differences are always there. The first person in "Punishment" would have been active in casting stones but "silence" means passivity, lack of aggression: it reveals cowardice rather than indifference. Yet, the poet qualifies "outrage" as "civilized", an oxymoron, and introduces contrastive clauses as though finding that no path is easy or smooth. Rimmon-Kenan says: "The danger is that of over-sameness, of a repetition that repeats itself without variation" (154). I would add that the danger in reading "Punishment" consists in failing to perceive the differences that separate the two sequences because the transitions are subtle.

The third paradox reads: "The first time is already a repetition, and repetition is the very first time" (155). Things become very complex in literature, because reading itself consists of repeating, *i.e.*, decoding what has previously been encoded. Mentioning Borges and Kierkegaard, Rimmon Kenan stresses the fact that "although repetition can only exist in time it also destroys the notion of time". This would account for Heaney's powerful synthesis. Although the three cases (not just two) start a *mise en abîme* instead of coalescing, it must be recognized that (Christian) time has elapsed, thus making modern violence more unacceptable.

The concept of "archetype" mentioned by Heaney in the quoted passage must be reconsidered. Firstly, Heaney is very much aware of some archetypes: the principal one is the image of a center, which he terms *omphalos* using the Greek word. It is difficult to ascertain whether Heaney is using this symbol according to the archaic ontology, meaning the sacred center where the Deity had manifested or founded the cosmos. *Omphalos* is certainly an archetype of creation or rather of communication between earth and heaven, *Axis mundi*. Following Mircea Eliade, any human action is a repetition of a mythic or supernatural archetype (15). Human beings, their products, even nature, become meaningful or obtain their identity through their participation in a transcendent reality. In a way, everything, even geography, has a celestial model. The function of any rite is to transform chaos into cosmos, to shape it into a significant reality. We can therefore say that every rite corresponds to an archetype. The punishment of the girl in Jutland is not evidently an archetype but a variation within an archetype. Again, Eliade says: "Cada vez que el conflicto se repite, hay imitación de un modelo arquetípico". This implies that there is no meaningless suffering (35).[6] Eliade emphasizes that the archaic mentality works differently from the modern one: in the former, individual events are dismissed in favor of categories and archetypes. Hence, we can consider that the concept of "punishment" of the bog girl in Heaney's poem is a probable transfer of a modern concept. That is to say that Heaney is, partially at least, "reading" the punishment of the Irish girls into the prehistoric one. I am not highlighting this fact to soften the brutal image of a stone hanging from the girl's neck, but to show that the modern idea of punishment might not accurately describe the Jutland case.[7]

On the one hand, I do no think that Heaney, in spite of his mentioning of *omphalos*, is using the word “archetype” in the archaic sense or in the sense supported by Eliade. He is rather using it with the meaning of a historical anticipation or prefiguring of the modern event (or, perhaps, as I suggest, *analepsis* instead of *prolepsis*). Critics who take the idea of archetype for granted might be misled. On the other hand, it is noticeable that Heaney is fond of etymologies, which are referred to both in his poems (the *dinnseanchas*) and in his essays. Besides the “accepted” meaning, the word “exact”, in the last line of the poem, can also mean “what is demanded” (from *exigere*). Consequently the community, notwithstanding the fairness or unfairness of the act, demands revenge. Likewise, the word “intimate”, which is at first sight associated with something pleasant happening in a small community, can also mean something that happens in the girl’s body, thus forming an oxymoron with “revenge”.[8] Hence, I would like to refer to Eugene O’Brien’s approach to Heaney’s work. O’Brien highlights a sense of multiplicity within the same self, a sort of polyphony that becomes remarkable when we think that the so-called archetype belongs to prehistoric Denmark. This, according to O’Brien, implies *différance* in the Derridean sense: “Rather than voicing the language of the tribe, Heaney is translating and transforming that language in a manner calculated to open the tribe’s consciousness to other perspectives” (86). If Heaney is deconstructing essential identities, the controversial stanzas in which the observer pities the victim and understands the punishment can be taken as multiple voices, which interrogate selfhood and sameness. Perplexity, guilt and interrogation define an attitude that cannot be deterministic.

Arthur McGuinness gives an amazing account of the genesis of “Punishment”: the fourth title chosen by Heaney was “Shame” (183). Furthermore, it is visible in McGuinness’s account that the Christian symbols and allusions disappeared almost wholly.[9] It is noteworthy that Heaney was guided by a pattern of sinning and forgiving through successive drafts but then the pattern became transformed into that of a tribal custom. Similarly, the first person plural became the singular “I”, thus showing that the poet undertakes his personal responsibility. Finally, he transformed the idea of “righteousness” into that of “a painful understanding”: this entails a personal commitment in the tribal revenge and an awareness of his failure in adopting a clear attitude as regards atrocities.

I suggest reading the poem both ways, *i.e.*, from the bog girl into the Irish ones and vice versa. This double way is justified in the very poem. The poet says: “I almost love you” in the present tense, when he addresses the bog girl, but he uses the present perfect to refer to the event he is presently witnessing, *i.e.*, that of the Irish girls.

I find Fernando Lázaro Carreter’s statements particularly relevant to reveal my point of view as regards the first person in “Punishment”. Carreter quotes Samuel Levin, who in 1976 suggested that all poems depend on an implicit sentence: “I (the poet) imagine and invite you (the reader) to imagine a world in which...” [“Yo (el poeta) imagino, e invito a Ud. (lector) a imaginar un mundo en el cual…”] (34) Carreter insists on the fact that the pair author-poet is not a dissociation but rather something that the writer delegated to the poet. Quoting many sources, among them, significantly, Wayne Booth, Lázaro Carreter highlights the idea of an *alter ego*: every poet is a *persona* masking the author's face.[10] He states that from the artistic point of view it is indifferent if what is said in the poem is true or false:

> Ese yo fictivo puede encarnarse en un muerto, en una nube, en un cíclope, en una estatua: ninguna proeza transformista le resulta imposible al poeta. (45)
>
> El poeta, en cuanto figura delegada del autor, puede llegar a distanciarse tanto de éste y goza de tan plena autonomía, que es capaz de transformarse a su vez en otro ser distinto. (94)

Instead of referring to "the poet" or "Heaney" let us refer to the first person in "Punishment": this person becomes a character because it is a creature in the poem. The first person in "Punishment" defines himself as an "artful voyeur". He builds up a character that travels from Jutland to Ireland, from Prehistory to contemporary events, from Archaeology to the Troubles.

When discussing *North* Daniel Tobin says that in "Bone Dreams", "Come to the Bower", "Kinship" and "Punishment", Heaney's "I" "almost merges with the murdered dead" (114). After examining different ways of viewing identity in these poems, he quotes from Heaney's essay "Place and Displacement": "The 'I' of the poem is at the eye of the storm within the 'I' of the poet". This accounts for a fierce consciousness, which tries to organize chaos through the poetic word. The concept of identity, if it is to be taken as a frozen category, melts and is demythologized only to reappear in a complex, almost ungraspable, way.

Heaney's fondness for etymologies justifies a brief discussion of the title. He chooses "Punishment", which goes back to Latin *poena*, a borrowing from Greek *poiná*, "compensation versée pour une faute ou pour un crime, rançon". Perhaps he might have turned to "Chastisement", an old-fashioned word that would be consistent with the "archetypal" case of the bog girl. We can trace the word back to Latin *castus*, *qui se conforme aux régles ou aux rites*. However, Ernout-Maillet hypothesizes that *castus* might have coalesced with another adjective *castus* (from *careo*) meaning *exempt de, pur de*, this being the habitual meaning in modern languages.

Etymologies may take us very far: at first sight "punishment" refers to pain or suffering exacted in order to compensate for a crime; whereas "chastisement" would have implied concentrating on the aspect of purification or chastening, thus showing the type of crime committed by the bog girl. I think that "punishment" emphasizes the predominant aspect of pain and suffering and understates the element of restoring or purification. This, obviously, indicates something even more unacceptable in the revenge act.[11]

My general conclusion is twofold. Firstly, I am aware that a single poem cannot be considered enough ground on which to build up an image of a nation, let alone the notion of Irish identity. It is necessary to bear in mind that iteration is always relative. Relativization of an otherwise automatic concept of archetype should prevent us from attributing a fatalistic nature to Heaney's poem. Anyway, it is evident that the continuity of violence during a long period, particularly the Troubles, urges the poet to interrogate a type of iterative pattern, as if this community were bound to exert violence. Secondly, this "as if" clause must be always borne in mind: the poet interrogates the painful reality of Irish contemporary events and his own reactions, rather than acquiescing to a conclusive pattern of revenge. The subtlety of his phrasing and of the Biblical allusions attests to this fact.

Punishment

I can feel the tug
of the halter at the nape
of her neck, the wind
on her naked front.

It blows her nipples
to amber beads,
it shakes the frail rigging
of her ribs.

I can see her drowned
body in the bog,
the weighing stone,
the floating rods and boughs.

Under which at first
she was a barked sapling
that is dug up
oak-bone, brain-firkin:

her shaved head
like a stubble of black corn,
her blindfold a soiled bandage,
her noose a ring

to store
the memories of love.
Little adulteress,
before they punished you

you were flaxen-haired,
undernourished, and your
tar-black face was beautiful.
My poor scapegoat,

I almost love you
but would have cast, I know,
the stones of silence.
I am the artful voyeur

of your brain's exposed
and darkened combs,
your muscles' webbing
and all your numbered bones:

I who have stood dumb
when your betraying sisters,
cauled in tar,
wept by the railings,

who would connive
in civilized outrage
yet understand the exact
and tribal, intimate revenge.

Notes

1 Thomas Froncek normally uses hypothetical formulae to refer to the victims: "Estas tres víctimas podían haber sido culpables de un delito contra las normas tribales. Pero también podían haber formado parte de un rito religioso... No hay medio de saber ciertamente en qué categoría se clasifican los cadáveres de Borremose." (II. 142) He refers to Tacitus as a skeptic when the Roman historian says that the goddess herself (*i.e.* Nerthus) was purified in a remote lake. He quotes Tacitus to explain why these sacrifices were sacred: "Así el misterio engendra terror y una piadosa aversión a preguntar qué puede ser aquello que solo es observado por los hombres destinados a morir". (II. 144). But in a previous passage Froncek says that undoubtedly some victims were prisoners of war or criminals, and others were women accused of adultery. (I. 52) A recent article by Karen E. Lange stresses the fact that many mistakes have been made in the research on the bog mummies and that Tacitus's report is not reliable. She refers to the examination of the Windeby girl carried out by Heather Gill-Robinson: the girl is probably a boy, and the body of "her" hypothetical lover, buried very near, belongs to somebody who lived three centuries before. (6-8)

2 "*Foris enim calumniabantur, seipsos intrinsecus non perscrutabantur.*" (My translation from Latin)

3 “… *et hoc calumniando, non vere tanquam adulteria castitate damnando*”. (My translation from Latin)

4 On the other hand, the Biblical passage has another “poetic” attraction: it is the only episode in which Jesus is said to have been writing on the sand. There are numerous comments on this action. St Augustine, for example, contrasts the rigid Law of the Old Testament, written on stone, with Jesus’s “mild” writing on earth. We may consider the ambiguity found by Derrida when he considers the problem of writing in Plato’s “pharmakon”, which is not only “poison” but also “cure”. The paradox is intensified in the case of the Gospel, because Jesus writes, but nobody can read what he wrote. Furthermore, all this information is known through writings (*i.e*. the Gospels) and Heaney does write a poem: Derridean “*différance*” in writing relies on the transformation of another text (18). Commenting on Derrida’s contribution to translation theory, Anthony Pym says: “The source text may thus be seen, not as a set of obligatory orders, nor an entirely annulled monarch, but as a phantom, an image that organises without determining the range of translational variants” (38). Applying the old “paradigms” of the bog girl and of the Gospel to the repressive episode in modern Ireland can be considered a genuine case of translation.

5 Under the entry “artful”, the *Webster’s New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* enlists “skilful in adapting means to ends”.

6 Eliade gives the example of a just, innocent god being humiliated, beaten and left in a well. Then he is comforted by a goddess or messenger until he comes again to life. (95)

7 I am not considering the Jungian concept of archetype. However, if we think in terms of recurring ground structures on individual beings, the impending fatalism in the poem would be almost absolute.

8 I evoke “El íntimo cuchillo en la garganta”, in Borges’s “Poema Conjetural”.

9 McGuinness mentions only “the stones of silence” (183). But “number my bones” also remains.

10 According to these scholars, what Ciaran Carson remarks about Heaney’s *persona* in “Punishment” should be extended to every poetic “I”.

11 Heaney’s main concerns, particularly the origin of words and the phenomenon of violence, go well into the twenty-first century: in his recent book, *District and Circle* (2006) there is a poem, “Out of shot”, which includes recollections “of the distant Viking *vik*” and of “*scriptorium*”. On the other hand it evokes “no attack… thinking shock / Out of the blue or blackout”. Meditating upon words and having the impression of bombs and violence seem to be some of Heaney’s “obsessions” in the Borgesian sense.

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Finnegans Wake *in Ricardo Piglia's* La ciudad ausente

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Abstract: *Ricardo Piglia writes his fiction as an answer to the "fiction" of the monologic official discourse of the State, and from this definitively historical and ideological position, faces the issue of Argentine cultural and literary identity with a self reflexive narrative whose meaning is built mainly through an intertextual poetics.In this context,* Finnegans Wake *is assimilated and transformed in* La ciudad ausente *(1992) as a homage to James Joyce. This article aims at showing how this work is achieved through a montage based on a metaphorical isotopy whose main analogy is the syntax used in both novels. It also proposes an approach to Piglia's novel as an interpretation and explanation of* Finnegans Wake *through fictional discourse, as a commentary on* Finnegans Wake, *to show how the bitextual structure opens the possibility of reading Piglia's novel from the narrative premises of the Irish novelist.*

Anglophone Literature and, more specifically, American fiction have been powerful influences in Ricardo 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 *La ciudad ausente* (1992) he pays homage to the Argentine writer Macedonio Fernández[1] and to James Joyce, especially to his *Finnegans Wake*.

La ciudad ausente proposes a generalized investigation into Argentine History and the state of our society from a utopian perspective of resistance. Piglia is a postmodern writer – because he published in the last decades of the twentieth century, but also on account of his writing strategies; yet, his postmodernism is one of resistance. He writes his fiction as an answer to the "fiction" of the monologic official discourse of the State, and, from this definitively historical and ideological position, faces the issue of Argentine cultural and literary identity with a self reflexive narrative whose meaning is built largely on the basis of an intertextual poetics. In this context, *Finnegans Wake* is assimilated and transformed in *La ciudad ausente* as a homage to James Joyce. This article aims at showing how this work is achieved through a montage based on a metaphorical isotopy[2] whose main analogy is the syntax used in both novels. I also propose an approach to Piglia's novel as an interpretation and explanation of *Finnegans Wake* through fictional discourse -in Genette's terminology, as a commentary on *Finnegans Wake*- and, viceversa, it aspires to show how the bitextual structure opens the possibility of reading Piglia's novel from the narrative premises of the Irish novelist.

The events narrated in Piglia's novel take place in Argentina in the third millennium, in 2039 or eventually in 2239; the readers who are familiar with Joyce's work will remember that *Finnegans Wake* was first published (in London by Faber and Faber and in New York by Viking) in 1939. The state of society Piglia investigates about bears the marks of a recent cataclysm and the events narrated as real get mixed up with the stories produced by a machine. The references both to the Argentine history of the second half of the twentieth century and the names of streets, buildings and neighbourhoods of Buenos Aires perform the function of anchoring the reader to a reality from which the fantastic elements are always trying to take him away. Though there is then a real geography and a historical time, as a consequence of the desolate landscape associated with the epilogues of catastrophes or big wars, the control over lives and thoughts exerted by the State through a sophisticated technology and the revolutionary forces of resistance working from the underground, Buenos Aires is blurred, erased in a sort of transterritorialization – or deterritorialization- of censorship, oppression and pain. It becomes "la ciudad ausente", the absent city. The atmosphere of the novel is similar then to that of so many dystopian novels of the end of the twentieth century. The novel has in fact most of the components of a dystopian novel, a product of the weakening of the utopian impulse and imagination; according to Frederic Jameson (25), a novel of maximum future which portrays a nightmare society, with a plot and characters that normally end in an unsuccessful runaway or insurrection.

The central piece of the mystery Junior, the journalist who functions as a detective, tries to elucidate is related to a machine, which is jealously kept in a Museum. There are different versions about the origin of the machine, but in all of them the machine was once a woman. In the first version, the machine was built by Macedonio after the death of his wife Elena in an attempt "to annul death and to build a virtual world"[3] (*La ciudad ausente* 63). It was fabricated as a translating machine, but from the very beginning it transformed stories instead of translating them[4] and it learnt as it narrated. Lately, the machine has begun to incorporate real events in its stories and it has thus become the only possibility of free and autonomous thinking – and consequently of resistence – in a totalitarian and telepathic State in the hands of a "mad president" with "psychopathic ministers". This is why the State wants to destroy the machine.

The last story of the machine is called "Nudos blancos" – expression which could be translated as "blank nodes" or "white nodes". The "white nodes" are "zones of condensation" of memory, sort of "myths" that "define the grammar of experience" (*Op. cit.* 74). The story has a dream-like organization since it is narrated from Elena's point of view at the time when she was at a rehabilitation centre, undergoing an intoxication treatment, to alter the grammar of her experience, with the purpose of turning her inoffensive. The story ends with the image of sea turtles' shells that reproduce the white nodes, which "at an original time had been marks in the bones", "a map of a blind language common to all living beings" (*Op. cit.* 84). Wich makes, it possible possible to reach an island "at the border of the world": "the white nodes have been opened on an island" (*Op. cit*. 123), a refuge for dissidents and the hope of a new humanity; a linguistic utopia about a future life where a common language would be restored. The island is connected with the legend of a saviour woman – an artificial woman fabricated by a survivor from a shipwreck who was the first inhabitant of the mythical island- and thus the concept of resistance is associated with the feminine principle.

Only one person returned from that island, Boas, who went back to tell what he had seen. Boas' report was produced in 2039 – or may be in 2239 – and through his story Piglia also parodies many of the linguistic theories and practices of the twentieth century. According to the myth, Nolan, a militant from the Celtic-Gaelic resistance was the only survivor from a shipwreck; he settled on the island and with the elements he got from the river, he built a double entry recorder, which he programmed to talk with a woman. He loved her from the very beginning, but committed suicide after six years when he lost any hope of being rescued. When the first Irish exiles of the period of political repression that followed the counter offensive of the IRA reached the island, they found the machine lamenting her solitude in a "mild metallic murmur" (*Op. cit*. 138). "The only written source on the island is *Finnegans Wake*, which all consider a sacred book" (*Op. cit*. 138-139) and whose origin is explained through different myths. *Finnegans Wake* is the only written source on the island; it is written in all languages and consequently they can all read it, irrespective of the state of their language, which constantly changes.

Macedonio had conceived the machine that is now exhibited in the Museum on the basis of the theory of the white nodes, that is, of the existence of verbal nuclei that are preserved in the memory: recorded in the skull bones, they continue alive as flesh disintegrates. The machine that Russo – one of the conspirators- built for Macedonio is then "Elena's memory, it is the narration that always comes back eternal as the river" (*La ciudad ausente*, 163), but at the same time it is a plurality of women: Anna Livia Plurabelle, Molly, Hipólita[5], Eva Perón, Ada Eva María Phalcon[6] and Lucía Joyce. Macedonio died and the machine was left alone, the same as the wire woman built by Nolan "on the island at the border of the world", who lamented her fate in a metallic voice. Ultimately, both machines are one, in the same way as Nolan's mythical island, the home of the Irish refugees, is also the island in the Argentine Delta where Russo has his operational base: "Finnegans' island, deep into the Paraná, the other side of the Liffey" (*Op. cit*. 76).

All these motifs ultimately point to Piglia's central hypothesis: all narrations are variants of a very few fundamental stories. But they also support Piglia's idea that "fiction works with truth to construe a discourse that is neither false nor true" (*Crítica y* *ficción*, 18). The machine's mechanism reproduces, in effect, the work of the novelist -as Piglia explained it fictionally in "Prisión perpetua"- and its creative processes thus become a metadiscursive reflexion about the work of the writer and its relationship with the raw facts of life. *La ciudad ausente* seems to show that literature has blurred the boundaries between reality and imagination, reality and virtuality, reality and dream. On the other hand, the stories produced by the machine appear as the only means to resist the fictions produced by the State, and in this sense, the machine has become an important strategy of Piglia's politics of counter-reality, since, as the author declared in an interview, the novel is, among other things, an opinion on our state of society "on the basis of an aspiration to something impossible" (Piglia in *La Voz del Interior*, 15/09/1994).

As mentioned, one of the most important intertexts of *La ciudad ausente* is *Finnegans Wake*. The motifs, characters and geography of *Finnegans Wake* are incorporated in the stories produced by the machine and, consequently, their presence follows the machine's organizational syntax, a syntax which is analogous to that of *Finnegans Wake*, whose mechanisms Campbell and Robinson defined precisely as similar to those of a dream, a dream that has freed the author from the needs of the common logic and which has allowed him to compress all the periods of history, all the faces of the development of the individual and of the race, in a circular design, from which every part is the beginning, the middle and the end (3).

In his assimilation and transformation of *Finnegans Wake*, apart from its grammar, Piglia privileged one section and one character: Anna Livia Plurabelle. Nolan built the machine with the elements "brought by the river" (*La ciudad ausente* 111) There is here an allusion to Anna Livia Plurabelle, who is identified with the Liffey. With all the litter and dirt accumulated as it flows across Dublin, the Liffey throws its waters into the ocean to restart the natural cycle again. Anna Livia represents then the principle of life, of perpetual movement and renaissance, and, consequently, a principle of resistance.

The story in which the presence of *Finnegans Wake* is more systematically developed is Boas' report. Let us remember that Boas was the only person that came back from the island. References to some parts of the report will give some instances of the way the motifs and the geography of *Finnegans Wake* are incorporated. For example, in the first part of the report, after a reference to the linguistic characteristics of the island, Boas reproduces a dialogue in a bar between Shem and Teynneson:

> No empieces, Shem, le dice Teynneson, tratando de hacerse oír, en el barullo del bar entre los acordes del piano y las voces de los que cantan *Three quarks for Muster Mark!*, todavía tenemos que ir al entierro de Pat Duncan y no quiero tener que llevarte en carretilla.
>
> Don't start again, Shem, Teynneson shouted, in the noise of the bar, the music coming from the piano and the voices of those singing *Three quarks for Muster*

> *Mark!*, we still have to go to Pat Duncan's wake and I don't want to have to take you in a wheelbarrow.

As we know, in *Finnegans Wake,* Shem is one of the twins, who represents the interior energy, the spiritual and aesthetic interests. The burial alludes to the central theme of the first chapter of the book that narrates the fall, the death and the resurrection of Finnegan, who finally accepts to die when he learns that the new hero has arrived in Dublin. The song belongs to the last chapter of the second book. In this section, the father, HCE, lying on the floor, identifies himself with King Mark in the legend of Tristan and Isolde and imagines the young couple leaving on a ship. At the end of the third part of Boas' report we learn that the owner of the tavern is Humphry Chimden Earwicker, which points to the owner of a tavern in a suburb of Dublin in *Finnegans Wake*: Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. The differences in the spelling of the names also allude to the fact that in Joyce's novel, HCE is a number of characters: he is the father, but at the same time he is related to a wide scope of gods, heroes and saints. The initials also mean "Here Comes Everybody" and "Haveth Childers Everywhere", expressions that stress the universality of the character and his role as progenitor.

As to the geography, the seventh part of Boas' report explains that on the island the space is defined "in relation to the river Liffey […]. But Liffey is also the name that designates the language and in the Liffey are all the rivers of the world" (*La ciudad ausente*, 129). In *Finnegans Wake*, the Liffey, which is the river that structures the space of Dublin, also contains all the rivers of the world, and, as Anna Livia Plurabelle, represents the essential flux that engenders life. The structure of *Finnegans Wake*, on the other hand, is a fluid one, ruled by the Liffey. To reinforce the space analogies, the following part of Boas' report is devoted to the description of the capital city of the island, Edemberry Dubblen, DC. As you may realize, there is in the name not only an emphatic reference to Dublin and the "Celtic fringe", but a new parodic allusion to the poliglossia of *Finnegans Wake*. In this part of the report, the same as in the ninth part, the allusions to *Finnegans Wake* ge mixed up to those reday *Ulysses*. A brief reference to *Ulysses* in connection with the eleventh part, devoted to the myth of the origins, that is to say to Nolan and "the woman made of wire and red ribbons". In *Ulysses*, Nolan is the surname of one of the men in the tavern in Episode number twelve, but the surname of Piglia's character does not send to him, but to James Joyce. Nolan's name is James, since Berenson refers to him as Jim, and according to the myth, Nolan loved the wire woman with red ribbons because he thought that she was Livia Ana, the wife of his friend, Italo Svevo, Trieste's most beautiful madona, with her beautiful red hair reminiscent of all the rivers in the world (*La ciudad ausente* 137). The third year after she was fabricated, she began to mix the words, producing phrases such as "Heremon, nolens, nolens, brood our pensies, brume in brume" (137). At this moment, Nolan began to call her Anna Livia Plurabelle. Going back to *Finnegans Wake*, let us remember that Italo Svevo was Joyce's friend and his wife's and that she was one of the motifs that generated not only the Anna Livia Plurabelle section, but the whole novel, as Joyce declared to an Italian journalist (Ellmann, 572). Nolan is Joyce, but he is also HCE "singing against the waves" *Three quarks for Muster Mark,* all the years following the shipwreck (*La ciudad ausente*, 136).

In *La ciudad ausente,* Ricardo Piglia pays homage to James Joyce, and particularly to his *Finnegans Wake*. Now, if we consider the criticism on Joyce's novel – for example, Campbell and Robinson's opinion in A *Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake,* we can see that it coincides greatly with the meaning the inhabitants of the mythical island have attached to their *Finnegans Wake*, which in Boas' report is described in terms of a letter telling about Tim Finnegan's fall from a ladder; a piece of written paper dug up by a hen that was pecking in the rubbish, with a tea stain as a signature, whose holes have been filled with sacred meanings by different generations to suit their needs according to their own historical circumstances. *Finnegans Wake* is a sacred book on the island and it has become a sacred book of the Western Canon, because -the same as the Bible and a few great books, such as Dante's *Divine Comedy,* for example- it construes a cyclic vision of the life of man from fall to redemption. But, on the other hand, by making explicit the mechanisms of social discourse, the story gives Piglia the opportunity to parody the origin of sacred books and myths that explain how the word of God reaches man.

La ciudad ausente, and specifically Boas' report, presents a different reading of *Finnegans Wake,* a commentary on one of the greatest books of the Western Canon made through a fictional text. On the other hand, and as anticipated in my introduction, the quotations and allusions to *Finnegans Wake* establish a bitextual structure that allows the reading of Piglia's novel compared with the mechanisms, themes and motifs of Joyce's masterpiece. Piglia's homage is addressed to Joyce, the rebel, the revolutionary, and to the text of the "exile language" which, in his opinion, is a most extreme and exacerbated attempt at representing reality, at narrating the "real" events. Ultimately, in its homage to *Finnegans Wake*, *La ciudad ausente* also claims a place in the Canon.

Notes

1 Argentine writer (1874-1952) whose fiction was very influential in future generations of novelists. In *La ciudad ausente* Ricardo Piglia pays special homage to Macedonio's novel *Museo de la Novela de la Eterna.*

2 Laurent Jenny's terminology in his article "La stratégie de la forme".

3 All quotations from *La ciudad ausente* are my translations.

4 For example, *William Wilson* turned into *Stephen Stevenson*, that is to say, the machine produced a different version of the topic of the double.

5 A character in one of the Argentine writer Roberto Arlt's novels. Roberto Arlt (1900-1942) has also been an important referent for Piglia.

6 An Argentine tango singer famous in the 1950s.

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Diasporic Studies

"Heirs of Freedom" or "Slaves to England"? Protestant Society and Unionist Hegemony in Nineteenth-Century Ulster

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Abstract: *Drawing partly on Ulster Protestant emigrant correspondence and partly on new research in Irish religious demography, this article challenges conventional ('revisionist') interpretations of the evolution of Ulster Protestant, especially Presbyterian, society and political culture, from Irish nationalism to British loyalism, in the half-century after the Irish Rebellion of 1798. It posits, for example, that Presbyterian nationalism and republicanism were not so much 'naturally' diluted in Ulster by industrialism, Orangeism, and evangelicalism as they were exported overseas, by mass migration to the USA, 1800-1850, and suppressed in Ulster by hegemonic and reactionary (and largely Anglican) systems and pressures, which many Presbyterians consciously rejected and, they believed, 'escaped' through emigration to an idealized American republic.*

Over thirty years I've read thousands of letters written by Irish Protestant and Catholic immigrants and by their relatives in Ireland.[1] In the past decade my research has centered on letters penned in the 1700s and early 1800s by Ulster Presbyterian immigrants and their relatives in the North of Ireland, with particular focus on what those documents revealed about their authors' political culture – about their sense of ethno-religious or "national" identity.[2] Recently I've re-examined this material in light of the results of another, quite different kind of research – on Irish religious demography in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This essay represents some initial efforts to understand the conjunctions between these sources. My conclusions are tentative, and those concerning nineteenth-century Ulster society and the development of Ulster Unionism sometimes diverge heretically from the current orthodoxies of "Revisionist" scholarship.[3]

I begin with quotations from several fascinating letters written, between the 1790s and the late 1820s, by members of the Burns family – Presbyterian small farmers and weavers in County Armagh, in mid-Ulster – to their emigrant relatives in the United States. In early November 1796, shortly before the French failed to land their army at

Bantry Bay, to aid the United Irishmen's planned revolution against English rule, James Burns, the family patriarch, wrote to his son in western Pennsylvania. "We should all wish to be out of this countrie," Burns complained, "as every year oppression is growing greater," while those in Ulster who dare "grumble" against the government "are counted rebels and hurried away to jail and tried for treason." However, he exulted, "we are looking everyday for an invasion from France, and the most part of Ireland are uniting together under the name of United Irishmen and are striving for liberty."[4] Five months later, the government and Irish loyalists had begun the "dragooning of Ulster"—full-scale military repression of suspected United Irishmen – but Burns remained hopeful. "The people in this kingdom are greatly oppressed by bad trade and . . under the severity of a military law" designed "to oppress the people and prevent them . . . from entering into any combination against government. Notwithstanding," he declared, "the people console themselves that one day or other they will shortly become the Heirs of Freedom."[5]

If Burns wrote any letters to his son during 1798, the year of the United Irishmen's failed rebellion, they have not survived. His remaining letters, penned between 1799 and 1803, referred occasionally to continued "tyranny and oppressive war,"[6] but they were concerned primarily with the health of kinsmen and neighbors, with food and yarn prices, and especially with moral and religious admonitions. "My dear son," he wrote in early 1803, "endeavour to shun e[x]cess in drink and bad company which is an inlett to all ev[i]l ..."[7]

After James Burns' death in May 1804, the letters written from Armagh by his other son, Alexander, were equally apolitical, focusing on mundane, local matters and lamenting the moral "degeneracey of the times" and "the spirit of indifferancey and infidelity [that] has turnd r[eal] relig[i]on out of doors."[8] In his last surviving letter, penned in April 1827 to his emigrant brother's widow, Alexander Burns complained that in Ulster prices were low, rents were high, evictions increasing, "and what is worse the linen trade that so many live by in this country has completely failed." As a result, he reported, "a vast number of our neighbours in this country are selling off their little property and emigrating to [North] America."[9] Yet despite the prevailing distress, Alexander did not make the critical associations between economic and political conditions that his father had drawn during the tumultuous 1790s. In the Burns family, at least, the voices of Ulster's would-be "Heirs of Freedom" had apparently been stilled. Judging from their transatlantic correspondence, the Burns family had been politically demobilized: they no longer looked for collective, political salvation in Ireland itself; rather, they sought personal, spiritual salvation through "real religion" and/or they projected material ambitions across the ocean.

The de-politicizization of the Burns family correspondence might seem to confirm the "Two Traditions" model that generally prevails among Irish historians.[10] According to that paradigm, modern Irish (and especially Ulster) history is characterized by permanent conflicts of material interest and of cultural and political identity between Catholic Nationalists and Protestant Unionists. In this view, the 1790s was an ephemeral and anomalous moment in Irish Presbyterians' political history, as after 1798 they quickly returned, chastened and wiser, to their traditional allegiance to the British Crown and to a renewed emphasis on the interests and, especially, the cultural characteristics that sharply differentiated them from their Catholic countrymen.

Revisionist historians often caution, however, that Irish Catholic history should not be read backward, from the events of 1916-1921, as the linear and inevitably successful progress of Irish Nationalism. If that same lesson is applied to the history of northern Protestants, then we should beware of assuming that the virtually unanimous and militant Unionism that apparently characterized Ulster Presbyterians and other northern Protestants in the late 1800s and early 1900s was a "natural" or "inevitable" development after 1798 and the passage of the Act of Union in 1800. The Two Traditions thesis may be less a cause than a consequence of – or merely a justification for – Unionism and Partition.

Indeed, much of the surviving correspondence between immigrants in the United States and their kinsmen and – women in the North of Ireland indicates that disaffection from landlordism – and from the political system that sustained it – remained common among Ulster Presbyterians long after the events of 1798 and 1800. Most common in their letters were complaints against rack-renting proprietors, against the bishops and clergy of the Church of Ireland (the legally-established Protestant church), against tithes and high taxes, and against oppressive agents, bailiffs, and tithe-jobbers. Also frequent were broad, invidious comparisons between Irish aristocracy and privilege and American democracy and meritocracy. Perhaps more surprising, many Presbyterian emigrants empathized with the plight of their Catholic countrymen and continued to express sympathy for the Nationalist ideals and goals of the United Irishmen. Some argued that many Ulster Protestants had become Unionists only because they had either been coerced or duped – in the latter case, by the British government's and the landlord class's strategy of setting Irish Protestants and Catholics against one another, especially through the instrument of the Loyal Orange Order.

As might be expected, such arguments – what skeptics might denigrate as "crude conspiracy theories" – were often made by exiled United Irishmen in the United States. Thus, in 1807 John Chambers declared from New York City that it was a combination of British repression and inducements that had rendered Ireland's people "into three divisions, [that is]: the Lovers of liberty, the lovers of intolerance, & the lovers of loaves & fishes. The two last seem invariably to unite," he lamented, "& are perhaps now too many for the first."[11]

However, quite ordinary Ulster immigrants made similar statements. For example, in 1818 Daniel Polin, just arrived in Pennsylvania from County Down, reported to an earlier Ulster immigrant that:

> As to Ireland it is in a most wretched state – The resources the people *had* for the making [of] money are completely extinct – The farming interest has undergone

> a great change for the worse & there is no hope of any alteration or relief except in case of Revolution [...] It will however take a long time to unite Ireland or to make them behold their grievances thro' one focus, in consequence of the narrow system of party which prevails there – The Government have connived at a disunion of the people & they have succeeded to the full extent of their wishes – The Orange system prevails among the [P]ro[t]estants [i.e., the members of the Church of Ireland] & even [among] some of the Presbyterians – [And t]here is a Catholick party [...] which is opposed to the Orangemen, & these two factions are continually fighting & often murdering each other.[12]

Much later, in 1832, John McMahen, a Presbyterian in County Down, made similar remarks (in a letter to his nephew in America)—remarks occasioned by the Orangemen's provocative, annual march to re-enact and celebrate the final Protestant conquest of Ireland's Catholics at the Battle of the Boyne (1690). "[O]ur much dreaded 12th of July is passed By in peace," McMahen reported. Of course, "the processions... were led on By Lords and Noblemen actuated By self interest" – sadly, "the Vulgar throng [of marchers] not thinking that the[y] were [only] a goverment tool to Support oppression or a Cripple leg for the Church [of Ireland] to stand on."[13]

Not surprisingly, perhaps, some official evidence supports such interpretations. In the early 1800s, both Robert Peel and his successor as Irish Chief Secretary, in Dublin Castle, revealed their conviction that the Union could best be maintained by keeping Ireland's Protestants and Catholics divided: "I hope they will always be disunited," Peel wrote, and "the great art is to keep them so" – to ensure both Protestant dependence on British power and what scholar Frank Wright calls "reactionary dominance throughout" the entire United Kingdom.[14]

Nevertheless, for most historians, statements like those of Chambers, Polin, and McMahen conjure up long-derided Irish Nationalist or Marxist arguments – to the effect that ordinary Ulster Unionists were deluded victims of a kind of "false consciousness," instilled by official and upper-class propaganda, that prevented them from seeing that their "true interests" lay in forging political alliances with Catholic Nationalists – particularly with Catholics who had similar socio-economic backgrounds and grievances.

And indeed, this was precisely the argument made during the Great Famine of 1845-52 by John Mitchel, the radical Presbyterian and Young Ireland journalist from Newry, County Down. In his scathing "Letters to the Protestant Farmers, Labourers, and Artisans of the North of Ireland," Mitchel advised his readers: "[I]f any man talks to you now of religious sects [or religious divisions], when the [real] matter in hand relates to civil and political rights, to [the] administration of government or [the] distribution of property – depend upon it, [al]though [that man may] wear a coronet on his head, he means to cheat you." For example, Mitchel warned, the typical Orange Grand Master was an aristocratic landlord who opposed the legalization of tenant-right – the principal political goal sought by Ulster's Presbyterian farmers – and "had ejectments [i.e., eviction notices] hid under his purple sash and orange aprons."[15]

Of course, thanks to the work of quantitative historians like Joel Mokyr,[16] even Revisionist scholars now concede (however reluctantly) the accuracy of Mitchel's claim that the Great Famine caused one million deaths. Virtually no historians, however, give any credence to Mitchel's radical critique of Ulster Presbyterian society. It is surprising, therefore, to discover that Mitchel's revolutionary prescriptions for Ireland's social and political ills, as well as his interpretation of the Famine itself (as caused by British and landlord malevolence), were echoed by at least some quite ordinary Presbyterian immigrants – by recent arrivals such as the Kerr and McElderry brothers, for instance, Presbyterian craftsmen, schoolmasters, and shopkeepers from County Antrim – and this in the 1840s and 1850s, a half-century after the Act of Union, when, according to conventional academic wisdom, northern Protestants' devotion to the Crown had become virtually unanimous.[17]

The Orangemen "pretend that they are the defenders of the constitution," scoffed John Kerr in 1845, and yet "they disregard & break laws made under that constitution which the[y] pretend so much to reverence." "But what is Orangeism?" Kerr asked rhetorically: it is "[t]he most tyrannical Society in the world. If there be any organisation or body of men, which deserves the [execration] of the friend of justice, the friend of peace, or the friend of his country, it is that of the Orangemen... whose principles are to deprive men of rights which belong to everyone that breathes. [S]uch a society is insufferable, such principles are detestable." "Would the Irishman could see things in their proper light," Kerr concluded. "The [P]rotestants do not see that in depriving the Catholics..., they are [only] binding the fetters of [British] tyranny closer on themselves."[18]

By early 1849 news of starvation and wholesale evictions in Ireland inspired Kerr to express even more radical opinions: "Down with landlordism," Kerr declared, as he eulogized the now-exiled John Mitchell – "the best man in Ireland" – and prayed for a revolution that would overthrow what he called "the vile British Government," that would establish an Irish "Republick," drive "all the pampered aristocracy from the country," and relieve "poor Ireland" from the "tread of the tyrant's heel & . . . the chains of oppression."[19]

Likewise, in 1854 Robert McElderry proclaimed from Virginia that Mitchel's "hatred of the English... ought to pervade the breast of every Irishman." "The Irish are slaves to England," he asserted; "Where is tenant right[?]" he asked. "Where are all the rights asked for by the Irish[?]" "Would that the Irish people could be induced to rise up and by force break off that accursed union with England which Keeps you in bondage to her," McElderry admonished; but, alas, "[i]t is the policy of England to Keep the Irish divided among themselves so that they may be an easy prey."[20]

It is tempting of course, to view such statements as idiosyncratic, as unrepresentative of most Presbyterians in Ulster, especially by the mid-nineteenth century. Yet it is possible such sentiments were still more widespread than contemporaries usually acknowledged, or that scholars have since realized, in part because they could always be expressed more openly (and safely) in the United States than in Ulster itself. Indeed, in their transatlantic letters many Presbyterians in both America and Ulster remarked that liberal or radical opinions suppressed or self-censored at home could only flower openly abroad. Thus, Robert McArthur, a Presbyterian farmer in east Donegal, envied his brother, a minor Jeffersonian politician in western Pennsylvania, and lamented that, in post-1798 Ulster, even constitutional reform was "a thing Not to be spoken of by any Irishman."[21] By contrast, northern Dissenters in the United States, such as James Richey in Kentucky, happily discovered that "the Irish . . . are particularly well rec[eive]d" as "Patriotic republicans." In fact, declared Richey, "if you were to tell [the] American[s that] you had fl[e]d your country or you would have been hung for treason against the [British] Gover[n]ment, they would think ten times more of you and it would be the highest trumpet sounded in your praise."[22]

To be sure, some Ulster Presbyterian immigrants, such as Robert Crockett in Tennessee, admitted that their political views had been nurtured (if not created) by favorable American environments – in which Irish Catholics usually comprised only small, non-threatening minorities – and so their opinions naturally differed from those of many of their correspondents in nineteenth-century Ulster.[23] Nevertheless, in view of the striking persistence of such views, even to the mid-nineteenth century, it would seem reasonable to reconsider at least two issues or questions. First is whether the Nationalist sentiments and analyses of these transatlantic authors cast doubt on historians' conventional assumptions as to the rapidity and universality – the "normality" or inevitability – of the development of Unionism among Ulster Presbyterians after 1798. Second, and much more controversial, is whether the analyses posited in these immigrants' letters had any bases in fact or logic.

Examining the first of those issues: In the early 1980s, when I wrote my first book, *Emigrants and Exiles*, I followed the interpretations of Revisionists and other scholars to argue that, after 1798, Ulster Presbyterian nationalism and disloyalty to the Crown quickly disappeared – and did so because of a number of mutually-reinforcing developments.[24] First was the northern Presbyterians' "natural" revulsion against reports of Catholic rebels' massacres of southern Irish Protestants (particularly in County Wexford) in 1798, as these revived Presbyterian memories of 1641 and confirmed their traditional fears and allegiances. Second was the spread, in the early and mid-1800s, of Protestant evangelicalism, as the fervor of revivalism (as revealed in the later Burns family letters, for example) united Presbyterians with Anglicans, intensified their common religious identity, confirmed their superiority to the unconverted "papists," and thus heightened both sectarian tensions and pan-Protestant loyalty to "Protestant Britain."

A third explanatory factor was the Loyal Orange Order's growing popularity among Presbyterians, as well as Anglicans, particularly in response to Daniel O'Connell's crusades, from the 1820s through the early 1840s, for Catholic Emancipation (granted 1829) and for repeal of the Act of Union. Like evangelicalism, the Orange Order reportedly embraced Ulster's Protestants in an anti-Catholic and pro-Union alliance. Also spurring the Orange Order's growth was a fourth factor: local competition between

Ulster's Protestants and Catholics over land and employment. During the early nineteenth century, Unionist spokesmen frequently alleged that Catholics were out-bidding ordinary Protestants for leases and farms, thus forcing them to emigrate. Such competition often turned violent, in part because after 1815 economic depression heightened the scramble for scarce resources, but also because in Ulster the contests were formalized and ritualized in frequent, bloody confrontations – the immediate causes of which were usually attributed (then by Orangemen, later by Revisionist historians) to "Catholic aggression."

Finally, the fifth and, by nearly all accounts, the most important factor in forging Protestant, and especially Presbyterian, loyalty to the Crown was the expansion in Ulster, from about 1830, of linen manufacturing and later of ship-building and related industries. These economic developments were all centered in or around "Presbyterian Belfast"; they were controlled by Protestant (often Presbyterian) businessmen; the best jobs were generally reserved for Protestant migrants to Belfast from the Ulster countryside; much of the capital for these enterprises came from Britain, as did the coal that powered the factories; and Britain and its Empire provided their principal markets. As a result, it *would* seem natural, as the loyalist clergyman, Rev. Henry Cooke, declared, that Belfast's economic growth should ensure that northern Presbyterians (and other Protestants) would view the Union with Britain as the source and ultimate guarantor of their profits, wages, and privileged market position.

However, recent research (both my own and that of others) has caused me to question the usefulness of these explanatory factors, and also the comprehensiveness of the result that they allegedly produced. For example, historians identify localism and parochialism as major characteristics of early nineteenth-century Irish rural society. It therefore seems at least questionable whether Ulster Presbyterians' interpretations of 1798 would be shaped primarily by reports of Catholic killings of loyalists (some of whom were also Catholics) in far-distant Wexford – especially when those atrocities paled by comparison with the scale of British and loyalist murder, torture, and house-burnings of Presbyterian (as well as Catholic) United Irishmen and their alleged sympathizers in Ulster itself.[25]

Likewise, research by David Miller and others indicates that evangelicalism was by no means universal among Ulster Presbyterians before the Great Famine, and that, in most parts of the North, Presbyterians did not join the Orange Order *en masse* until the mid-1880s.[26] Until then, the Orange Order remained a predominantly Anglican organization, and the patronage it enjoyed from the Church of Ireland and from much of Ulster's landlord class and magistracy, as well as from Dublin Castle prior to the 1830s – plus the Orangemen's leading role in the counter-revolutionary terror of the late 1790s – largely explains the aversion to Orangeism that early nineteenth-century Presbyterian emigrants often expressed in their letters.[27] Thus, if competition over land and leases between Presbyterians and Catholics was a major aspect of life in early nineteenth-century Ulster, it does not seem to have inspired many of the former to embrace the Orange Order.

Moreover, neither their letters nor the demographic data generally support the notion that successful competition from Catholics forced significant numbers of Presbyterians to emigrate. Indeed, as I've argued elsewhere, I suspect that the "Catholic competition caused Protestant hardship and emigration" argument was less a reflection of social reality than a product of the hegemonic imperatives of Unionist leaders, usually landlords or members of the *haute bourgeoisie*, who needed to deflect attention away from economic conflicts *within* the Ulster Protestant community, to unite the latter against the "eternal" Catholic "enemy."[28] There is no doubt, as historian Sean Farrell has shown, that violent encounters between Ulster Catholics and Protestants were frequent in early nineteenth-century Ulster.[29] However, Farrell's evidence reveals that, first, virtually all such confrontations were between Catholics and members of the Orange Order (who in the pre-Famine and Famine eras were overwhelmingly Anglicans, not Presbyterians); and, second, in almost every instance the casualties incurred by the Catholic combatants were far more numerous and fatal than among their Protestant adversaries. Indeed, between 1798 and 1916, the single most violent and lethal incident in Irish history was the Dolly's Brae massacre, in west County Down, on 12 July 1849, when Orangemen slaughtered at least thirty unarmed Catholics who allegedly threatened their annual march. Such lopsided statistics should at least call into question the argument that "Catholic aggression" was largely responsible for the growth of Ulster Protestant Unionism, especially among Presbyterians.

But what about the argument that regional economic development was the most important factor cementing Ulster Presbyterians' (and other Protestants') loyalty to the Union? Unfortunately, what Cooke and other apologists for Ulster's new industrial order often overlooked was that that the North's economic development was very uneven and its rewards were distributed quite selectively. Although parts of *east* Ulster were relatively prosperous in the pre-Famine decades, thanks to industrialization, ordinary Protestants in mid-, south, and west Ulster – even within mid-Ulster's so-called Linen Triangle, as Alexander Burns' 1827 letter revealed – suffered intensely in the transformation of linen manufacturing from widely-dispersed, cottage-based industry to highly-capitalized, urban- and factory-centered manufacturing. From the late 1820s, rural spinning collapsed, as northern capitalists concentrated spinning operations in Belfast's mills; meanwhile, most handloom weaving contracted geographically, to the immediate vicinity of the city's new factories. At mid-century (coincident with the Famine), the final mechanization and urbanization of weaving more-or-less completed the virtual de-industrialization of Ulster's countryside. As a result, during the pre-Famine period, much of northern Ireland deteriorated into what observers described as an overpopulated rural slum. In and near Belfast itself, the earlier collapse of the once-flourishing cotton industry (a collapse at least partly due to post-Union British competition) wrought severe hardship, and in the 1820s, 1830s, and 1840s, contemporaries described the city's working-class neighborhoods as "a mass of filth and misery," and the "physical condition" of its textile weavers as "worse . . . than that of any [other] class of Irishmen."[30]

Most tellingly, Ulster's economic development did *not* deter mass Protestant migration from Ireland's northern province. Rather, it was the uneven and inequitable nature of that development that served as a principal cause of mass migration—as Ulster Presbyterian weavers, such as the young John McBride from County Antrim, revealed in their letters; thus McBride's explanation that he had emigrated to America so that he would not "have to stand like a beggar at a manufacturer's door."[31]

Indeed, the scale of Ulster Protestant emigration during this period was remarkable, and its composition was highly revealing. As to scale, between the end of the American Revolution and the beginning of the Great Famine, at least one quarter-million—and probably much closer to one half-million – Protestants emigrated, to North America alone, from an Ulster which, near its demographic peak in 1831, contained less than 1.1 million Protestants. Moreover, both denominational and social-class factors heavily determined *which* Protestants had to emigrate and which did not. Analyses of census data confirm contemporary reports that Ulster's Protestant emigrants were disproportionately (indeed, overwhelmingly) Presbyterians as well as predominantly cottage artisans (principally weavers) and small tenant farmers or their children.

Perhaps most startling (particularly in light of the "Two Traditions" thesis), the demographic data indicate that Ulster's Presbyterians and Catholics had almost identically high rates of emigration, whereas by contrast the North's Anglicans generally had much lower rates of emigration. These disparities were particularly marked in the Mid-Ulster or Linen Triangle region, centered on County Armagh, which, significantly, was the epicenter of the Orange Order. Between 1766 and 1831, for example, Anglican growth rates in Mid-Ulster parishes were two, three, even four times higher than those of local Presbyterians (or Catholics).[32] Equally surprising is that these patterns continued through the period of the Great Famine and beyond. Between 1831 and 1861, Ulster's Anglican population declined merely 13 percent, whereas the number of Presbyterians in the province fell 18 percent. Again, the discrepancies in Mid-Ulster were most dramatic: between 1831 and 1861 County Armagh's Anglican inhabitants declined by only 8 percent, while the county's Presbyterian population fell 31 percent.[33]

Unfortunately, census data on religious affiliation were not compiled in 1841 or 1851, so it is difficult to distinguish the Great Famine's *specific* impact on the overall 1831-1861 patterns. After that crisis, Unionist myth-makers would claim that there had been no Famine in "Protestant Ulster"—that northern Protestants' social and moral superiority to Ireland's "feckless" Catholics had ensured their continued prosperity and thereby validated their loyalty to the Union with Britain. However, local studies indicate that Ulster Presbyterians often suffered severely. According to David Miller, for instance, during the Famine period the number of Presbyterians in the town of Maghera, in south County Derry, fell some 30 percent. Likewise, my own research has discovered in County Antrim a number of contiguous and overwhelmingly Presbyterian parishes, inhabited principally by small farmers and cottage weavers, where, between 1841 and 1851, the local populations declined by 20 to 25 to even 36 percent.[34]

Equally important is that Ulster's uneven economic development generated considerable social or "class" conflict – as well as mass migration – among northern Protestants. Of course, historians are aware that, in the late eighteenth century, the inequitable results of the commercialization of northern agriculture, coupled with periodic crises in the linen industry, provoked the emergence of secret agrarian societies – the Oakboys in the 1760s and the Steelboys in the early 1770s – with memberships largely composed of poor Presbyterians, who protested (often violently) against rents, evictions, tithes, high taxes, low wages, and other forms of economic oppression. Less well-known is that various forms of class conflict among Protestants, particularly in industrializing east Ulster, continued for at least several decades *after* the Act of Union of 1800.

I was first alerted to this phenomenon by the discovery of a remarkable letter written by William Coyne, a Belfast craftsman, to his brother in America. In March 1816 Coyne reported:

> We have [had] a little Stir as usual [here] between the Weavers and [the] Manufacturers – particularly Thomas How[e] and Frank Johnson. Several violent attacks have been made on the property of those two individuals, but the most daring of all was on the night of the 28th of February, on the house of Mr. Johnson. As his place had been twice set on fire before, he was well-prepared for a third attack, having the outside of his windows and door covered with sheet iron and [he was also] well [armed] on the inside to meet his assailants. However, notwithstanding, they made the attack about 3 o'clock in the morning of the 28th by forcing off the iron shutters [...] [Then] a heavy firing [of guns] commenced on both sides until the [members of the attacking] party forced the shutters and introduced either a bombshell or some other extraordinarily combustible [device] that soon exploded and rent the house from top to bottom, not a wall or inside partition that was not torn to pieces.[35]

Astonishingly, no one was killed – and within six months five of the alleged assailants were arrested, tried, and condemned – three of them to death, two to public floggings and long imprisonment – for their offense against what the local Unionist newspaper, the *Belfast News-Letter*, called the principles of "commercial good order." However, the public hangings of the weavers who attacked Johnson's house and factory seem to have had little immediate effect. My survey of the *News-Letter* in 1816-18 revealed the frequency in east Ulster of "outrages" perpetrated by Protestant (and principally Presbyterian) weavers and other trade union members in towns like Belfast, and by Protestant (again, principally Presbyterian) small farmers, weavers, and laborers in rural areas, against the persons and property of those whom the members of these illegal "combinations" regarded as economic exploiters. As local judges warned, if east Ulster's upper- and middle-classes (the so-called "friends of order") did not unite and act, quickly and harshly, the region threatened to become as chronically and violently "disturbed" as southern Irish (and Catholic) counties like Tipperary!

Otherwise, they admonished, the North's "turbulent [classes will only] become more audacious."[36]

By the 1830s, however, it seemed that overt examples of class conflict within Ulster's Protestant community had sharply diminished. Indeed, it was in that decade that local notables, such as the Rev. Henry Cooke, as well as visitors from Britain and overseas, became lavish in their praise of Ulster's and Belfast's Protestant inhabitants as exceptionally industrious, steady, and sober – as fully imbued with the "spirit of commercial enterprise" – indeed, with all of the virtues attributed to the happy conjunction of what Max Weber would later call "the Protestant ethic" and the beneficial effects of the Act of Union. Yet, as other, more acute observers noted, even in the 1830s and afterwards, Belfast and Ulster, generally, still contained many Presbyterians and other Protestants who did not behave "respectably" by bourgeois standards, and who were still, as one mill-owner complained, quite resistant to the demands of the new "factory system" and who continued to entertain very "erroneous opinions of the [proper] relations [between] employers and laborers, of masters and servants," in the new industrial order.[37] Likewise, although élite Unionists had already begun to eulogize the alleged superiority of the so-called Ulster "Protestant way of life" – and to argue that the Union with Britain was its principal protection against its Catholic, Nationalist foes – as we have seen, there were still plenty of poor northern Protestants, especially Presbyterians, who would suffer terribly in the Great Famine and who, both before and during that crisis, viewed emigration to America as their only alternative to poverty and exploitation in Ulster.

So, what are the implications of these demographic and social patterns for the questions raised earlier in this essay? How do they illuminate, for example, the transformation of Ulster Presbyterians, from John Burns's hopeful aspirants to be "Heirs of Freedom" in the 1790s, to what Robert McElderry scorned as "slaves to England" in the 1850s?

First, the exceptionally high rates of Presbyterian out-migration, from the early 1800s through the 1870s, coupled with the political sentiments expressed so frequently in Presbyterian emigrants' letters from America (especially in the pre-Famine period), suggest that the Ulster Presbyterian radicalism of the 1790s was not – as historians have argued – "naturally" or "inevitably" diluted at home by evangelicalism or Orangeism or even by the North's much-vaunted economic "prosperity". Rather, it was largely transplanted overseas, by the massive migrations of those who would not, or could not, adapt to the new Unionist order. These emigrants included not only Presbyterians who remained loyal to the ideals of the United Irishmen, but also a much larger number of poor and predominantly-Presbyterian small farmers and weavers who recognized, consciously or unconsciously, that this Unionist order entrenched in power what they called a "landlord aristocracy" and an established church (with its hated tithes) – with all their petty, despised agents and functionaries (bailiffs, tithe-jobbers, etc.) – plus an equally exploitive new class of manufacturers and mill-owners, such as the hated Frank Johnson. It also entrenched in power an Orange Order which, in many parts of pre-

Famine Ulster, many Presbyterians by no means regarded as a universal champion of pan-Protestant interests. In the 1790s even loyal Presbyterians, such as James Steele in east Donegal, had good reason to view the Orangemen as "sworn to destroy all Presbyterians" – as well as Catholics – because of their real or suspected disloyalty to the Crown.[38] Such pressures, backed by at least the threat of force, continued. In the 1820s, as the Scottish visitor to Ulster, Thomas Reid, observed, local Orangemen demanded that all "loyal" Protestants "show themselves" in the annual 12th of July parades; otherwise, Reid's informant added menacingly, "how could we tell whether they are of the right or the wrong sort?" Significantly, Reid noted, "it is not the poor Catholics alone whose allegiance is suspected. Poor Protestants are also thrown into the background. None but Orangemen are the 'right sort.'" Significantly also, in both the pre-Famine and Famine eras, instances of Orange mobs attacking Presbyterian anti-tithe and pro-tenant right meetings were not uncommon.[39]

Thus, in the years after the Napoleonic Wars, when Ulster emigration surged, John Gamble – himself a northern Presbyterian and one of Ulster's most astute observers – noted that the Presbyterian small farmers and craftsmen who flocked to America explained their decisions to emigrate in language that mixed bitter criticism of landlordism and of post-Union Ulster's social and political inequities with republican visions of the political "freedom" and socio-economic "independence" they hoped to enjoy overseas. "Borne down by poverty and oppression," Gamble wrote of his countrymen, "they carry their industry, talents, and energy to a distant and happier land, and [they] never think of the [land] they have quitted [except] with loathing, and of its government with a feeling for which hatred is [too] feeble [a] word."[40]

In short, I suggest that massive Presbyterian emigration helped ensure Unionist hegemony in Ulster by removing from northern Ireland a large and disproportionate number of people who were politically disaffected or who, because of their socio-economic grievances, were very likely to become politically disaffected. For although there is no doubt, for example, that Famine mortality and high emigration rates among northern Irish Catholics served to make Ulster's population more Protestant – and hence establish the parameters of the North's future Partition – it may be equally important that the disproportionately high percentage of Ulster Protestant emigrants who were Presbyterians also served to make the North's Protestant population more Anglican – and thus more "Orange" and loyal and Unionist. In addition, it is arguable that such massive, sustained emigration by *lower-class* Presbyterians (small farmers, cottiers, weavers, and laborers) resulted in a reconfiguration a restructuring – of Ulster Presbyterian society itself, which in turn helped ensure the hegemony of a Presbyterian bourgeoisie, its growth and wealth fueled by industrialization, whose members increasingly linked their economic interests with loyalty to the Union. Put crudely, mass, lower-class migration resolved the dangers of class conflict – as well as political disaffection – that had threatened the emerging Unionist élite in the early 1800s.

Moreover, it is also arguable that Ulster Unionism itself was at least partly a response to both the denominational and the social conflicts that had characterized northern society in the early 1800s. Whatever its abstract merits, Unionism provided a pan-Protestant political program whereby Anglican landlords and the Presbyterian middle classes could unite in defense of shared economic interests to achieve cultural and political hegemony over ordinary Protestants who challenged their authority – as in the Belfast weavers' violent attacks on their employers in 1816. The response to those attacks was instructive: east Ulster's gentry, merchants, and manufacturers – Anglicans and Presbyterians, Tories and Whigs – united in the face of what amounted to class warfare from the lower ranks of their own "Protestant community." Even more important, the logic of their social position obliged all Protestant "men of property" to rely on the coercive mechanisms of the post-Union British state which, after 1800, was the ultimate authority that protected upper- and middle-class Protestant interests against the resentments of both the Protestant and the Catholic poor. By the time of the Great Famine, this inter-denominational, Unionist alliance among the North's Anglican and Presbyterian élite had virtually been finalized, as, in the late 1840s, affluent Presbyterian Whigs joined with Anglican/Tory landlords to deny the Famine's dire effects on poor northern Protestants – and to ratchet up a sectarian rhetoric that identified hunger and want as the peculiar and much-deserved fates imposed by a Protestant God only on "indolent" and "disloyal" Catholics.

During the nineteenth century, élite Protestant hegemony – which also meant Unionist hegemony – was exercised through a variety of means on an Ulster Protestant "community" which, thanks to mass migration and social restructuring, was increasingly composed of those who chose neither "fight" nor "flight" and, hence, were increasingly receptive or vulnerable to élite pressures and Unionist perceptions. Ultimately, of course, hegemony is armored by brute force, and the capture and executions of Frank Johnson's assailants exemplified a policing and court system that steadily became more professional and effective – making successful "fight" virtually impossible. However, there were positive inducements for conformity as well. For example, the evangelical revivals of the so-called "New Reformation" provided northern Protestants not only with spiritual comforts but also a host of charitable and self-help institutions whose benefits were available to those Protestants who demonstrated industry, sobriety, deference, and fidelity to the Unionist order. Likewise, it is arguable that membership in the Orange Order not only provided ordinary Protestants with a sense of fellowship but also with economic advantages that usually sheltered them from pressures to emigrate. Thus, the surprisingly low emigration rates among Anglicans in County Armagh and elsewhere in Mid-Ulster can surely be attributed, at least in part, to the rewards of loyalism – as demonstrated by membership in the Orange Order – and to the consequent patronage they received from landlords and magistrates who themselves were overwhelmingly Anglican and often prominent Orangemen.

In retrospect, it is less surprising that Ulster's Presbyterians eventually embraced the New Reformation and the Orange Order, than that they delayed doing so for so long.

For on local levels, and for Ulster Presbyterians who hoped to avoid emigration, what were no doubt most crucial and pervasive were a multitude of everyday signals, hierarchically imposed but laterally reinforced, that conformity to "respectable" and "loyal" norms of behavior and opinion were essential prerequisites for favorable leases, steady employment, or decent wages. No doubt the most important, initial signals were given by those who had the greatest resources and power to bestow or withhold rewards, but eventually they were reinforced by sub-élites, social intermediaries, and, in the end, but all those who, consciously or unconsciously, acknowledged their legitimacy and thus adhered – sincerely or pragmatically – to the so-called "Protestant way of life." Probably typical, therefore, was the early and mid-nineteenth century transformation of the Harshaw family (Presbyterian farmers in west Down), from avowed Nationalists to staunch Unionists and Orangemen, as its younger members were enmeshed in webs of credit and other obligations to wealthy Orangemen, while the older ones were publicly criticized by their own clergyman for refusing to join the Orange Order or to renounce their old political sympathies.[41]

Thus, by the 1850s, in the eyes of someone like Robert McElderry, the younger Harshaws had indeed become "slaves to England." But, as queried earlier in this essay, did Ulster Presbyterians like McElderry, John Kerr, and John Mitchel have any *practical* (as opposed to a "romantic") basis for urging their co-religionists who remained in Ireland to return to the Nationalist ideals of the United Irishmen (instead of seeking to realize those ideals in the United States)? Could a kind of "false consciousness" be attributed, on any reasonable grounds, to ordinary Ulster Protestant Unionists in the nineteenth century? Most Irish historians would vehemently deny that possibility, contending that the material interests, as well as the cultural differences, between the "Two Traditions" were practically as well as ideally irreconcilable.

And yet, it is not arguable, on the basis of solid evidence (not wishful thinking), that ordinary Ulster Protestants and especially Presbyterians, from the middling and lower ranks of society, did in fact profit greatly from nearly all Irish Nationalist movements? – either from those movements' actual successes or from the efforts of British governments to suppress them by remedying their alleged underlying causes and grievances?

For example, Presbyterians and other Protestant Dissenters gained as much as did Catholics from the British Parliament's commutation of tithes in 1838 and from its disestablishment of the Church of Ireland and abolition of tithes in 1869: both measures were passed in response to Catholic Nationalist demands (by O'Connell and the "Tithe War" agitators in the 1830s) or actual rebellion (by the Fenians in 1867), and both removed longstanding Presbyterian grievances.[42] Likewise, Presbyterians and other Protestants derived as many social and political advantages as did Catholics from legislation such as the Irish National Education Act (1831), the Irish Municipal Corporations Act (1840), the Irish Colleges Act (1845), and the Irish Local Government Act (1898), all of which again were enacted partly if not primarily to undermine or appease Nationalist agitation. Finally and most important, Protestant tenant farmers shared equally with Catholics in the great material rewards generated by the Irish Land Acts and the Land Purchase Acts of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and from 1870 onward their passage, too, was attributable largely or entirely to British government responses to the Fenian, Land League, and Home Rule movements.

Conversely, is it not also remarkable that Unionist landlords, Anglican clergymen, and most of the leaders of the Orange Order opposed nearly all these reforms from which ordinary Ulster Protestants benefited – especially the Land and Land Purchase Acts? And is it not arguable that, when poor northern Protestants suffered from low wages, rack-rents, evictions, and, during the Famine, from parsimonious relief, in the overwhelming majority of instances their fates were determined (and rationalized), not by their "ancient Catholic foes," but by Protestant proprietors, head tenants, magistrates, employers, and clergymen: in other words, by precisely the sorts of people who, a few decades later, would mobilize the North's poor Protestants to defend a Union and a social hierarchy that, especially (but by no means exclusively) during the Famine, had failed dismally to protect their ancestors and former neighbors from poverty or dispossession?

It was no wonder, therefore, that Unionist mythology could not accommodate the slightest acknowledgment of – much less expressions of gratitude to – Irish Nationalism for these and other striking improvements in the quality of life for ordinary Ulster Protestants. Indeed, at the risk of provocation, one might suggest that British Prime Minister Harold Wilson's 1974 characterization of Ulster Unionists as a "race of spongers" had a much broader, historical application than he ever had intended—confined as his remark was to their twentieth-century demands on the British Exchequer.

Yet, ironically, it was the Irish Nationalist triumphs that brought the greatest material benefits to ordinary Ulster Protestants that also may have ensured the final triumph of Unionist hegemony. The Land and Land Purchase acts tempered and ultimately removed the perennial economic conflicts between Protestant landlords and tenants. Thus, they reinforced the effects of lower-class emigration by creating, to an unprecedented degree, the socially-homogenized "Protestant community" of Unionist mythology. Moreover, those Acts also created a host of new administrative bodies, and of rules and procedures for rent-reductions and for the sale and parcelization of estates that were subject to interpretation – in a multitude of complex and potentially-disputed circumstances – by officials who might be influenced by subjective as well as objective considerations. David Fitzpatrick has suggested that, in County Clare in the early 1900s, Nationalist organizations such as the United Irish League and the Ancient Order of Hibernians gained large memberships less for their ideological or political appeal than because they operated as intermediaries, as "fixers," between Catholic farmers and the administrators of the Land Purchase Acts.[43] If that was true in overwhelmingly-Catholic Clare, then it would be logical to assume that in "Protestant Ulster" it would be the Orange Order (which already united many northern landlords, tenants, and laborers) that might play an even more decisive role in the selective interpretation and implementation of the new land laws. This in turn might help explain how, despite those laws, Ulster's proprietors apparently retained more land and power than did their peers in southern Ireland, and also why membership in the Orange Order (and overt expressions of Unionist fidelity, generally) – increased so dramatically among Presbyterians and other tenants from the 1880s on. Indeed, perhaps one reason for Ulster Protestants' militant opposition to Home Rule was fear that a Catholic-dominated government in Dublin might appoint officials who would implement the Land and Land Purchase acts in ways less sympathetic to Orange-Protestant landlords and tenant farmers alike.

Of course, many issues of great importance to the development of Ulster Unionist hegemony remain unexplored in this essay. These include the effects of changes in the Irish franchise laws,[44] the doctrinal controversies among Ulster Presbyterians in the early 1800s, and the Ulster Revival of 1859. Likewise, Ulster Protestants' inherited fears of another "native" rising and massacre of northern "colonizers," as in 1641 (the scale of which was grossly exaggerated in loyalist mythology), can never be discounted. Indeed, it is not unlikely that the possible liberalization of firearms licenses (which Ulster's overwhelmingly Unionist magistrates had always confined largely to Protestants – thus ensuring that Orangemen could always "out-gun" their opponents) was yet another "hidden" factor in Ulster Protestants' opposition to Home Rule. Still another probable influence is what might be termed the "feedback effect" on Protestant Ulster from an American "Scotch-Irish" community that, during the nineteenth century, itself became increasingly bourgeois, religiously and politically conservative, and mobilized (socially, culturally, and politically) against Irish-American Catholics and their working-class, religious, and political institutions. From the mid-1800s through the early 1900s, some Ulster Protestant immigrants played prominent roles in American nativist and anti-Irish Catholic movements; and it is likely that the development of Unionism in Ulster, and of a pan-Protestant "Scotch-Irish" identity in America, were interrelated, transatlantic phenomena.[45] Yet the relationships between them have scarcely been studied, despite intriguing clues in the British consular (and spy) reports from the United States.

But perhaps the most intriguing question concerns the long-term cultural and psychological effects on Ulster's Presbyterians of their crushing defeat in 1798 and, more important, of their subsequent disavowal of the ideals and aspirations of the United Irishmen. After all, if McCracken, Munroe, and the United Irishmen's other Ulster Presbyterian leaders had been successful in 1798, doubtless they would have become their community's most revered political heroes and greatest political inspirations (comparable to Bolivar or Washington in the Americas). Perhaps what eventually became Ulster Presbyterianism's triumphalist Unionism – the ferocity of their loyalism and anti-Catholicism – was in some twisted way a response to the disappointments, even the shame, felt by the descendants of the "Heirs of Freedom" – or even to fears that they had indeed become "slaves to England," condemned by their own, not entirely-suppressed memories of lost (or betrayed) possibilities, and scorned by many of their own republican children from across the Atlantic Ocean.

Notes

1 The initial results of this research were published principally in Kerby A. Miller, *Emigrants and Exiles: Ireland and the Irish Exodus to North America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985). In this essay, with few exceptions, only quotations from Irish immigrants' letters will be cited in full. Other complete citations can be found in the notes to my other publications, cited below.

2 See Kerby A. Miller, et al., *Irish Immigrants in the Land of Canaan: Letters and Memoirs from Colonial and Revolutionary America, 1675-1815* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2003).

3 On Revisionism in Irish historiography, see: Ciaran Brady, ed., *Interpreting Irish History: The Debate on Historical Revisionism* (Dublin: Irish Academic Press, 1994); Luke Gibbons, "Challenging the Canon: Revisionism and Cultural Criticism," in Seamus Deane, ed., *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing*, Vol. III (Derry: Field Day, 1991), 561-68; and Kerby A. Miller, "Re-Imagining Irish Revisionism," in Andrew Higgins Wyndham, ed., *Re-Imagining Ireland* (Charlottesville, Va., 2006), 223-43, reprinted in Miller, *Ireland and Irish America: Culture, Class, and Transatlantic Migration* (Dublin: Field Day, forthcoming 2008).

4 James Burns, Brackly, Co. Armagh, to James Burns [Jr.], c/o David Atcheson, Washington, Pennsylvania, 12 November 1796 (Burns family letters, courtesy of Professor James F. Burns, formerly of the University of Florida, Gainesville).

5 James Burns to same, 10 May 1797 (Burns family letters).

6 E.g., James Burns to same, 8 April 1802 (Burns family letters).

7 James Burns to same, Ten Mile, Greene Co., Pennsylvania, 22 February 1803 (Burns family letters).

8 Alexander Burns, Brackly, Co. Armagh, to same, Morris township, Greene Co., Pennsylvania, 28 June 1805 (Burns family letters).

9 Alexander Burns, to Elizabeth Burns, Williamsburg, Ohio, 9 April 1827 (Burns family letters).

10 See Kerby A. Miller, "Ulster Presbyterians and the 'Two Traditions' in Ireland and America," in Terence Brotherstone, Anna Clark, and Kevin Whelan, eds., *These Fissured Isles: Varieties of British and Irish Identities* (Edinburgh: John Donald, 2005), 260-77, and reprinted in J. J. Lee and Marion R. Casey, eds., *Making the Irish American: History and Heritage of the Irish in the United States* (New York: New York University Press, 2006), 255-70.

11 John Chambers, New York City, to Robert Simms, Belfast, 17 June 1807, cited in Miller, *Emigrants and Exiles*, 190.

12 Daniel Polin, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to William Bennet, Mercer, Pennsylvania, 2 June 1818 (Balch Institute, Philadelphia).

13 John McMehen, Tullymore, Co. Down, to Joseph McMehen, Norwalk, Connecticut, 27 July 1832 (Michigan Historical Collections, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor).

14 Robert Peel and scholar Frank Wright cited in Kerby A. Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life': Class Conflict and the Origins of Unionist Hegemony in Early Nineteenth-Century Ulster," in David A. Wilson and Mark G. Spencer, eds., *Ulster Presbyterians in the Atlantic World: Religion, Politics and Identity* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2006), 148; forthcoming as slightly revised in Miller, *Ireland and Irish America*.

15 John Mitchel, "Letters . . . ," originally in the *United Irishman* (Dublin), 28 April and 13 May 1848, reprinted in *An Ulsterman For Ireland*, intro. by Eoin Mac Neill (Dublin: The Candle Press, 1917), 1, 22-23.

16 Joel Mokyr, *Why Ireland Starved: A Quantitative and Analytical History of the Irish Economy, 1800-1850* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1985 ed.).

17 Mitchel's opinions were also replicated by elderly Ulster Presbyterian immigrants in the United States – such as James McConnell in Illinois, William Hill in South Carolina, and Robert Crockett in Tennessee – who had imbibed United Irish sentiments in early life, before they left Ireland, and preserved them in the congenial political environments of Jeffersonian republicanism and Jacksonian democracy, particularly in the southern and western states. See the James McConnell letters (Illinois State Historical Society Library, Springfield, Illinois); the Robert Crockett letters (Cumbria Record Office, Kendall, England); and the William Hill letters (South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia; and T.1830, Public Record of Northern Ireland, Belfast, PRONI hereafter). Also, on Crockett, see Miller, et al., *Irish Immigrants in the Land of Canaan*, chapters 15, 27, and appendix 3; and on Hill, see Kerby A. Miller, "Scotch-Irish,' 'Black Irish,' and 'Real Irish': Emigrants and Identities in the Old South," in Andy Bielenberg, ed., *The Irish Diaspora* (Harlow, England: Longman, 2000), 139-57, of which a slightly revised version is forthcoming in Miller, *Ireland and Irish America*.

18 John Kerr, Perrysville, Pennsylvania, to James Graham, Newpark, Co. Antrim, 26 November 1845 (MIC 144/1/7, PRONI).

19 John Kerr, New Orleans, Louisiana, to same, 29 January 1849 (MIC 144/1/13, PRONI); see also the letter written by his brother, William Kerr, Cincinnati, Ohio, to same, 5 August 1848 (MIC 114/1/12, PRONI).

20 Robert McElderry, Lynchburg, Virginia, to Thomas McElderry, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, 31 May 1854 (T.2414/16, PRONI); see also McElderry's letters of 5 September 1851 and 12 December 1853).

21 John McArthur, Greenfort, Burt, Co. Donegal, to Robert McArthur, Shenango township, Crawford Co., Pennsylvania, 27 May 1800 (McArthur family letters; courtesy of C. W. P. MacArthur, Marble Hill, Dunfanaghy, Co. Donegal, and Col. Francis M. McMunigle, Tucson, Arizona); on the McArthurs, also see Miller, et al., *Irish Immigrants in the Land of Canaan*, chapter 64.

22 James Richey, Hopkinsville, Kentucky, to his parents, Moyrusk, Lisburn, Co. Antrim, 2 March 1826 (Richey family letters; formerly in the collection of the late Professor E. R. R. Green, Queen's University, Belfast; now in PRONI).

23 Robert Crockett, Gallatin, Tennessee, to George Crockett, Sr., Drumnashear, Co. Donegal, 23 December 1825; see n. 17 above.

24 Miller, *Emigrants and Exiles*, 228-35.

25 The number of loyalists (mostly Anglicans) murdered by rebels at Scullabogue Barn and on Wexford Bridge, both in Co. Wexford, are estimated as between 200 and 300. Lamentable as were those killings, scholarly estimates of total casualties shortly before, during, and after the 1798 Rebellion range from 20,000 to 30,000 (contemporaries' figures ranged up to 100,000), with the overwhelming majority of victims identified as Catholic and Presbyterian United Irishmen (or those reputed to be United Irishmen or their sympathizers), most of whom were killed not in battle but in "cold blood."

26 E.g., see David W. Miller, "Irish Presbyterianism and the Great Famine," in Jacqueline Hill and Colm Lennon, eds., *Luxury and Austerity: Historical Studies*, 21 (Dublin: University College Dublin Press, 1999).

27 According to Alan Blackstock's research on the Yeomanry (Ireland's official and virtually all-Protestant – and heavily Orange – militia, 1796-1834), Ulster Presbyterians were also under-represented in that institution – and, when they did join, officials in Dublin Castle often questioned their "sincerity," charging they enlisted only to "screen themselves" against imputations of disloyalty. Blackstock cited in Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life," 151.

28 See Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life,'" 160-61.

29 Sean Farrell, *Rituals and Riots: Sectarian Violence and Political Culture in Ulster, 1784–1886* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2000).

30 Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life,'" 138-39.

31 John McBride, Watertown, New York, to James McBride, Derriaghy, Co. Antrim, 9 January 1820 (T.2613/3, PRONI).

32 E.g., see Miller, et al., *Irish Immigrants in the Land of Canaan*, appendix 2: "Irish Migration and Demography, 1659-1831" (with Liam Kennedy), 656-73 (esp. 663-68).

33 Kerby A. Miller, "The Famine's Scars: William Murphy's Ulster and American Odyssey," *Éire-Ireland*, 36, nos. 1-2 (Sprint/Summer 2001), 98-103, 110; slightly revised version forthcoming in Miller, *Ireland and Irish America*.

34 Miller, "The Famine's Scars," 100-03.

35 William and E. Coyne, Belfast, to Henry Coyne, Pleasant Valley, Duchess Co., New York, 17 March 1816 (from Roger Hayden, Ithaca, New York); printed in full in Miller, "”Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life,'" 130-33.

36 Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life,'" 134-37, 141.

37 Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life,'" 143-45.

38 James Steele, Tops, Raphoe, Co. Donegal, to Ephraim Steele, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, 15 May 1797 (Ephraim Steele Papers, Acc. 3876, Southern Historical Collection, University of North Carolina).

39 Reid cited in Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life,'" 155.

40 Gamble cited in Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life,'" 164.

41 On the Harshaws, see Miller, "Forging the 'Protestant Way of Life,'" 158.

42 The same argument might be made about the Irish Parliament's repeal of the Sacramental Test Act in 1780, although in this instance the nationalist threat to the political *status quo* came from the "colonial nationalism" and reform demands of Protestant (and especially Ulster Presbyterian) Patriots and Volunteers.

43 David Fitzpatrick, *Politics and Irish Life, 1913-21: Provincial Experience of War and Revolution* (Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 1977).

44 Rather surprisingly, no scholars have investigated the effects of Parliament's 1829 disenfranchisement of Ireland's *Protestant* (as well as Catholic) 40s.-freehold voters, although thousands of Ulster Presbyterian (and other Protestant) tenants and craftsmen must have lost the vote thereby. Perhaps significantly, by the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when the Irish parliamentary and local government franchises were finally re-democratized, the political complexion of Ulster's re-enfranchised Protestant voters had been transformed into a vivid Orange.

45 This is my argument in *Irish Immigrants in the Land of Canaan*, but that work only identifies the origins of that relationship in the 1790s and early 1800s. See also Kerby A. Miller, "The New England and Federalist Origins of 'Scotch-Irish' Identity," in William Kelly and John R. Young, eds., *Ulster and Scotland, 1600-2000: History, Language and Identity* (Dubin: Four Courts Press, 2004), 105-18, a slightly revised version of which will appear as chapter 6 of Miller, *Ireland and Irish America*.

What We Know About the Irish in the United States: Reflections on the Historical Literature of the Last Twenty Years

William H. Mulligan, Jr.

Abstract: *For many years, scholars and others who wrote about the Irish in the United States focused on the Catholic Irish, especially those who arrived around the time of the Irish Potato Famine and the several decades after that great calamity. Over roughly the last twenty years, the historical literature has come to grips with the more varied nature of the Irish experience in the United States and now better reflects the diversity of the varied religious backgrounds of the Irish in the United States. Further, while the literature on the Catholic Irish in the United States focused heavily on the Irish in northeastern cities there has been increasing attention to the Irish in other sections of the United States. The result of this new research and writing has been to expand and enrich our understanding of the Irish experience in the United States. My intention in this article is to sketch out this expanded and enriched understanding of the Irish experience in the United States which is also part of a larger, global process, the Irish Diaspora. The Diaspora approach to the study of the Irish in the United States offers a great many advantages. One of the limitations on the study of United States history has long "American exceptionalism." In its simplest form this approach begins by seeing United States history as a unique experience, separate from the larger flow of world events, and stresses the distinctiveness of the American (U.S.) experience. The Diaspora approach moves away from this and places the experience of the Irish in the United States in global context.*

In the United States today, people asserting Irish ancestry are the second largest white ethnic group – there are more people claiming German ancestry. The 30.5 million or so United States citizens who claim Irish descent, as well as another 4.3 million who identify as Scotch-Irish, are mostly Protestant – about 52 percent. The number has declined steadily since ethnic identity was first reported in 1970; in 1990 the total of Irish and Scotch Irish was slightly over 43 million.[1] The large number was something of a surprise; that the majority of Irish in the United States are Protestants was much more so. The principal reason for this is that for quite some time in the United States, being Irish has been equated with being Roman Catholic. Popular culture, especially the movies, has played a significant role in promoting this view. The academic literature certainly reflected that understanding for a long time.[22] Donald Harmon Akenson, "Irish Migration to North America, 1800-1920," in Andy Bielenberg, editor, The Irish Diaspora (Harlow, England: Longman 2000), 111-138.How that came about is the result of complicated cultural processes that I am exploring in my own research but that research is not the subject of my presentation today, or at least its focus.

Two articles appeared in 2003 that form a foundation for my thinking. The first Kevin Kenny's "Diaspora and Comparison: The Global Irish as a Case Study" appeared in the *Journal of American History* in June 2003.[3] It outlines much the same approach I will discuss today – with, of course some variations. Most importantly, I see the Diaspora approach as having more potential than the comparative approach, the opposite of the conclusion Kenny reaches. The second, Patrick O'Sullivan's "Developing Irish Diaspora Studies: A Personal View" appeared in *New Hibernia Review* in the spring of 2003.[4] O'Sullivan's essay is important for a number of reasons, two of which I want to highlight. As founder and moderator of the Irish Diaspora discussion list O'Sullivan has been a central figure in the development of the field and has actually helped create the sense of community that exists among scholars working on the Diaspora. Second, the essay began as a presentation at the International Basque Congress. The Basques were interested in the Irish Diaspora and particularly the connection those in the Diaspora feel to Ireland and being Irish as a model for the dispersed Basque people, who are also have a Diaspora. More recently, the Armenian government has invited him there for a similar purpose. The Irish Diaspora, both as an analytical concept and as particular type of community is significant far beyond its role in Irish history and relationship to Ireland. It is something other groups look to help understand their own experience. The special, particular nature of the Irish Diaspora as well as its more general aspects make it a viable and important framework for research.

The best introduction to the current state of knowledge about the history of the Irish in the United States is Timothy J. Meagher's, *The Columbia Guide to Irish American History.*[5] I offer this essay as a brief introduction to the topic.

In short form and very broad strokes, the dynamic of migration from Ireland to the United States shifted from being primarily from the north of Ireland and heavily (about 2/3) Protestant to being principally from the south and west and overwhelmingly Catholic around 1830. The pre-1830 arrivals, especially those arriving before 1780, came during the formative period of what became the United States and helped shape and define its values and identity. Those who were Catholic often had few qualms about becoming Protestant in their new homeland. The strong identification between Catholicism and Irish nationalism, and hence identity, only developed during Daniel O'Connell's various campaigns of the 1820s and 1830s. Those who came after 1830 not only were Catholic, they were overwhelmingly from rural areas and found themselves in a country that had defined itself as Protestant and was well along in the process that would transformation it into an urban, industrial economy and society. They were profoundly other. Their “otherness” made their experience very different from that of those who had arrived earlier.

Many of those from Ireland already in the United States around 1830 and those Protestants who continued to come to the United States developed a new identity, variously stated as Scots-Irish or Scotch Irish that underscored their separateness from the more recent arrivals.[6] This helped them avoid the discrimination that Irish Catholics faced and preserved their position as part of the core culture. Based on recent work this phenomenon may have been more pronounced in the northeast than in the southern states due to the presence of large numbers of African slaves in the South. Interestingly, when large numbers of eastern European Jews began arriving in the United States in the late nineteenth century German Jews, who were already established, followed a similar course.

More important to my concern here, for many years scholars and others who wrote about the Irish in the United States focused on the Catholic Irish, especially those who arrived around the time of the Irish Potato Famine and the several decades after that great calamity. Many of these scholars were themselves Catholic Irish Americans. Over roughly the last twenty years, however, the historical literature has come to grips with the more varied nature of the Irish experience in the United States and better reflects the diversity of the varied religious backgrounds of the Irish in the United States. Further, while the literature on the Catholic Irish in the United States had focused heavily on the Irish in northeastern cities there has been increasing attention to the Irish in other sections of the United States during this same period. The result of this new research and writing has been to expand and enrich our understanding of the Irish experience in the United States. My intention here is to sketch out this expanded and enriched understanding of the Irish experience in the United States.

The most significant book in beginning the sustained reexamination of the Irish in the United States is Kerby A. Miller, *Emigrants and Exiles: Ireland and the Irish Exodus to North America*.[77] Kerby A. Miller, Emigrants and Exiles: Ireland and the Irish Exodus to North America (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985). Only a year earlier, the first revised edition of Lawrence J. McCaffrey’s *The Irish Diaspora in the United States* appeared with a new title, *The Irish* <u>Catholic</u> *Diaspora in the United States* (emphasis added). The first edition published in 1976 had omitted the word Catholic although it only discussed the Irish Catholic experience.[8] To a certain extent, McCaffrey was responding to specific and pointed criticism of his focus on the Catholic Irish by Donald Harmon Akenson as well as to new studies that appeared following his initial publication.[9]

So, the first thing about the Irish in the United States that we now are more aware of and have a substantial and growing historical literature than we were twenty-five years ago is the balance between Catholics and Protestants among the Irish. This is important because it opens up new possibilities for studying the Irish in regions where Protestants were more numerous than Catholics, such as the American South, and adds new levels to our understanding of the reception of Irish immigrants as the make-up of that migration changed.[10]

A second new direction is a more national focus on the Irish. For many years, a corollary of the focus on the Irish Catholic experience was a focus on the seaport and industrial cities of the northeastern United States. These cities certainly had large Irish communities and the work done was generally quite good. Oscar Handlin's work on Boston, first published in 1941, was a major contribution that, one might argue, moved the study of the Irish into the mainstream of U.S. historiography. Handlin's view of immigration as an "uprooting" prefigures in some ways Miler's focus on loss and longing among Irish immigrants.[11] Stephan Thernstrom discussed Irish Catholic immigrants as part of a larger study of social mobility in nineteenth-century Newburyport, Massachusetts.[12] He found significant differences between the Catholic Irish and other groups. The Irish were slower to own homes and move up the social ladder – which Thernstrom attributed to the resources committed to building churches, schools, and other separate institutions. Dennis Clark wrote extensively on the Irish in Philadelphia. While not an academic historian, Clark was a prodigious researcher and his work has been well received in academic circles.[13] Very good work continues to appear especially focused on the medium size northeastern cities such as that of Brian Mitchell on Lowell and Timothy Meagher on Worcester, both of which are in Massachusetts.[14]

Another area where there is renewed activity is the study of the Irish in New York City. Obviously, historians have not just discovered that there were Irish people in New York City. The size of the city and the very large number of people involved discouraged the kind of comprehensive community studies that appeared for smaller communities. In 1986, the New York Irish History Roundtable began changing this situation. A number of books and articles are bringing the largest Irish community outside Ireland's history forward.[15]

It is now clear that the experience of the Irish outside the northeast was quite different. A number of recent studies on San Francisco, California show a very different pattern than that which emerges from the studies of the northeastern communities. In San Francisco, there was much less discrimination against Irish Catholics, more rapid upward social mobility, and more marriages outside the group.[16]

This is an area where a great deal of work remains to be done. One very interesting project underway at Stanford University is creating an online library of literary works that grow out of the Irish experience in the American west as well as memoirs and autobiographies. These works were largely unknown before this project and offer tremendous potential. Many are not only out of print, but very hard to find. The Irish American West Project, to use its formal name is a very positive example of the power of the Internet to open up new areas of scholarship.[17]

Another of the images of Irish immigrants in the United States has been that they have been overwhelmingly unskilled, rural people. This, and much of what we have "known" about the Irish in the United States, is largely based on extrapolation from the Famine-era immigrants. To a considerable degree, the renewed attention directed at pre-1830 immigrants has revised this for that cohort. However, the image persists to a considerable degree for later arrivals, especially those during and shortly after the famine. Given the economy of Ireland, a large portion of unskilled, rural migrants in any cohort of emigrants would hardly be surprising. However, recent work is uncovering a thread of Irish immigrants who brought real skills to the United States and who migrated at least in part because of those skills.

The first to highlight these skilled Irish immigrants was David Emmons in his work on the Irish in Butte, Montana.[18] Marcus Daly, from County Cavan, emerged as the winner of the War of the Copper Kings and controlled the copper mining industry in Butte from 1875 to his death in 1900. Irish copper miners from the failing copper mines of the Beara Peninsula in southwest County Cork flocked to Butte to work in Daly's mines. In addition, Irish miners from the Michigan Copper Country went to Butte. The Michigan mining districts, copper and iron, had opened in the mid 1840s and Irish miners from the Beara and mines in counties Waterford and Tipperary were among the pioneer settlers there.[19] This was thirty years before Butte. Other Irish miners, I have learned through my research, who appear to have been from the small mines of County Tipperary, had already been in the lead mines of southwestern Wisconsin and northwestern Illinois and were the earliest Irish in the Copper Country. Other recent research has found the Irish on most western mining ranges as skilled miners who had migrated either directly from Ireland or from the Michigan copper and iron ranges.[20] Still others were prominent in the development of copper and other mining in Australia and mining in New Zealand as well.

My research expanded with this enlarged agenda and has revealed a very different experience for the Irish who went to the Michigan Copper Country from the Irish in the Northeast whose experience has dominated the literature on the Irish in the United States. The first Irish in the Copper Country arrived there from the lead mining fields of Southwest Wisconsin and Northwest Illinois beginning in 1845.[21] They were almost all originally from County Tipperary, which had a number of small copper, lead, and other metal mines early in the nineteenth century. They left Ireland between 1820 and the early 1840s, nearly all pre-Famine. The next wave, which began to arrive a few years later were overwhelmingly from the Beara Peninsula, which had the most extensive copper mines in Ireland at Allihies. Others in this group were from the Knockmahon mines in County Waterford. The mining areas in Tipperary appear to have been areas well penetrated by English, the Beara and Waterford mines were in heavily Irish-speaking areas. [22] While not ruling out the ability to communicate in English – and those who worked in the mines at Allihies would have had to have some English to communicate with the small number of Cornish miners, including the superintendents, and the Puxleys – it does suggest the possibility of problems using English, at least initially. Those from Knockmahon would have had a similar need for minimal English, perhaps.

There is some contemporary information about the language spoken by the Irish in the Copper Country, even if one disregards the phonetic mocking of Irish speech frequently appearing in the *Portage Lake Mining Gazette*, especially in the 1860s.

Language may have been an issue for the Beara emigrants in the Copper Country. In an 1860 letter to the *Wahrheitsfreund* [a German-language Catholic newspaper published in Cincinnati beginning in 1837.] Frederic Baraga, founding bishop of the diocese within which the Copper Country is located, wrote,

> The copper mines in Portage Lake are very rich, and they attract so many people that on the census taken this year , over 6000 persons were found there, of whom one-third are Catholics [...] Last year, we built quite a large church here, but it is now too small. This year we will begin to build a second one. I would like to point out a remarkable fact: the zealous missionary, Mr. Jacker, [pastor at Hancock] who already hears confessions and preaches in four languages, is now going to learn a fifth, that is the Irish, or better the Celtic language, because he has so many Irishmen who only speak this language. It takes a heroic will for learning such a language. I procured him a Celtic grammar in New York.[23]

There is additional evidence of use of the Irish language in the Copper Country. In the early 1870s, a dozen or so families who had emigrated from the Beara between 1845 and 1849 joined Fenian General John O'Neill's planned agricultural colony, modestly named O'Neill, in north central Nebraska. In her reminiscence of growing up in O'Neill, Margaret McGreevy wrote,

> One of the areas that I remember well was the Michigan settlement where the Dwyers and the Sullivans and the Murphys lived. Tim and John Dwyer were friends of Grandpa and they loved to go back to the Gaelic selections that they both knew in Ireland – songs and poems that they learned in school. Grandpa would carry a Gaelic bible and a Gaelic catechism down to the Bank sets – their favorite meeting place when the weather was nice, to speak Gaelic to one another and they were always surrounded by interested listeners. [24]

The last piece of Irish language evidence is especially intriguing. In its November 3, 1881 issue the *Portage Lake Mining Gazette* reprinted an article from the *New* York *Tribune* about a local man. James Sheehan, who had worked at the Osceola Mine, near Calumet, had gone to New York City to arrange for his wife and twelve children to join him.

> An Irish immigrant who came to this country in May last, went to the Castle garden yesterday and was unable to make known his destitute condition except through an interpreter, as he could not speak any other than the Irish language. The man was James Sheehan, who, assisted by the Irish Relief Fund, left his

> wife and twelve children in Castle Down, [most likely Castletownbere] Ireland, and came here to establish a home. He went to work in Osceola mines, near Lake Superior, and not only sent money home to support his family but sent $100 additional six weeks ago, to pay their passage here as soon as he could send a little more [...] He does not speak a word of English.[25]

Yet, despite not having a word of English, he was able to work in the mines for more than year, earning enough money to send a substantial amount home. This was in 1880 – more than three decades after the initial settlement of the region and several decades after large numbers of Irish people had settled in the region. So, Irish had to be spoken and understood in the Copper Country longer than the initial settlement period for Sheehan to have survived.

Granted this is not a large body of evidence, but it suggests that some the Copper Country Irish were Irish speakers, some especially in the earlier years, exclusively so. I think this is an important factor in two characteristics of the Copper Country Irish community. First, the dominant role early arrivals from Tipperary played in the community, particularly in the period before 1870 – they clearly had English — and the very high percentages of Irish-born people who married an Irish-born person into the 1880s. This, the language question, is another of the things we thought we knew that needs to reevaluated. It has been a standard explanation for Irish upward mobility in the historical literature that the Irish had an advantage over most of immigrant groups because they spoke English. Given the strength of the Irish language in the rural south and west of Ireland, this deserves to be reconsidered.

The earliest arrivals in the Copper Country, those who arrived before 1850 especially, did well. It was a mining boom area – those who knew how to open mines, sink shafts, and the other aspects of hard rock mining found work and opportunities to advance. The Tipperary group benefited the most – they had some familiarity with the United States and English; the Beara and Waterford people had less familiarity with English and some, apparently only spoke Irish. They could work because mining work was organized by teams in the early period and the teams were based on ethnicity – Cornish, German, and Irish.

As the mines went deeper and shifter from mining mass copper to native copper the costs of development and operations rose dramatically and control shifter from prospectors and small firms to large corporations. These firms were based in Boston and controlled by native-born capitalists.[26] They strongly preferred Cornish and German Lutheran workers to Irish Catholics. Opportunities for Irish Catholics, especially for promotion, declined dramatically. By the mid-1870s the community was stagnating and an exodus began to Butte, Montana, Leadville, and other mining towns further west where opportunity existed. This, and much of what is being learned about Irish Catholic communities in the nineteenth-century American west suggest that we may also need to rethink the nature of prejudice against the Catholic Irish and see it not as a constant in the United States but as a variable depending upon the specific environment in which people found themselves.

Another group is of particular interest to me. Many of the workers at du Pont's gunpowder plant on the Brandywine River in Delaware early in the nineteenth century were Irish.[27] The du Ponts were French but they had little success in recruiting workers from France and many of their early workers were Irish. I first became aware of this in 1977 when I joined the staff at the Hagley Museum & Library, established to preserve and interpret the early du Pont site. Only years later did I learn that not only were many of the early Hagley workers Irish – they were from Ballincollig in County Cork. Many had emigrated when the Royal Powder Works in Ballincollig closed after the Napoleonic wars – the precise time du Pont, who was desperate for labor, had finally accepted that he would not be able to draw it from France.

There is a great deal more work to be done on the migration of skilled workers from Ireland to various parts of the United States. These four examples cannot be all there is.

For example, the experience of the Irish in Argentina, for example, suggests that connections between particular places and particular industries, in this case grazing sheep and cattle are worth pursuing more generally. A majority of the emigrants bound to Argentina came from the Irish Midlands counties of Westmeath, Longford and Offaly, as well as from Co. Wexford. According to Peadar Kirby, however, the focus is even narrower, "came from two clearly defined areas, south-east of a line from Wexford Town to Kilmore Quay in Wexford, and from a quadrangle on the Longford/Westmeath border stretching roughly from Athlone to Edgeworthstown, to Mullingar and to Kilbeggan. Virtually the whole population surrounding the town of Ballymore, which stands roughly at the centre of this quadrangle, emigrated to Buenos Aires in the 1860s"[28] A related area is assisted migration. Generally, assisted migration in the Irish Diaspora is associated with Australia and New Zealand and to a much lesser extent South Africa. Ambinder's work cited above raises the question of how extensive this might have been in the United States. Bishop Ireland's efforts to establish rural Irish communities in Minnesota and Tyler Ambinder's recent article on assisted emigration to New York City from Lord Palmerston's estates suggests that this too is an area worth investigating for the United States as well.[29]

The final area I want to discuss today is the awareness that Irish immigration in the United States is very much part of a larger, global process, the Irish Diaspora. While president of Ireland Mary Robinson brought the discussion of the Diaspora out of the shadows in Ireland and the Diaspora has attracted considerable scholarly interest. Mary MacAleese has continued to discuss the Diaspora during her presidency. In 1997, both the Irish Centre for Migration Studies at University College Cork (now closed) and the Centre for Emigration Studies (now the Centre for Migration Studies) at the Ulster American Folk Park in Omagh hosted major international conferences devoted to the Diaspora. That same year the last volumes in a six-volume anthology of scholarly writing on the Diaspora, The Irish Worldwide, appeared.[30] In 1999, RTÉ produced a five-part television series, The Irish Empire, with accompanying book, that explored both the history and current status of the Irish around the world.[31] A lively internet discussion list (IR-D@jiscmail.ac.uk) helps maintain a lively exchange among scholars interested in the Irish around the world.

The Diaspora approach to the study of the Irish in the United States offers a great deal of advantage. One of the limitations on the study of United States history has long been what is known as "American [United States] exceptionalism." In its simplest form, this approach begins by seeing U.S. history as a unique experience, separate from the larger flow of world events, and stresses the distinctiveness, some would say uniqueness (literally) of the American (United States) experience. At times, it can be providential and/or triumphal, suggesting that the United States has been specially favored and blessed not only by nature but also by God. While this approach is waning, it persists often subtly. Looking at the experience of the Irish in the context of the Irish Diaspora helps us move beyond that approach. Including the perspective of the Diaspora is also useful in another important way; it helps us move away from seeing the Irish experience as the Irish Catholic experience.

But, migration does not occur in a vacuum, nor is it likely to be directed by God and large numbers of Protestants left Ireland for the same destinations as Irish Catholics. From the very beginning, migration out of Ireland is related to events in Ireland more than anything else. Further, the decision of where to go, once one decided to leave was complex. Canada was generally the least expensive destination (other than Great Britain), but as part of the British world after 1776 Catholics faced the same religious discrimination (disabilities was the contemporary term) there as in Ireland. Assistance was frequently available for Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa but these were distant and harsh environments. South Africa attracted relatively few Irish settlers who were not already there as part of the British Army, for example. Despite Irish sympathies with the Boers in their struggle with Britain, few Irish emigrated there. Irish troops were also a significant component of early Irish settlement in New Zealand. Australia, of course, received many involuntary settlers.

Being Irish, the precise sense of Irishness people develop and organize their lives around differs throughout the Diaspora – as it has in Ireland. We need to begin the integration of the many studies of the Irish in local communities and countries across the globe into a coherent sense of the overall experience. This not only should affect our understanding of Irish America, by seeing the Irish experience in the United States as part of a global Diaspora, not something purely American. This approach also has implications for the study of the literature that has emerged from the diverse global experiences of the Irish people. This offers us all a broad and inviting common ground for study.

Notes

1 Angela Brittingham and G. Patricia de la Cruz, *Ancestry: 2000* (United States Census Bureau, June 2004).

2 Donald Harmon Akenson, “Irish Migration to North America, 1800-1920,” in Andy Bielenberg, editor, *The Irish Diaspora* (Harlow, England: Longman, 2000), 111-138.

3 Kevin Kenny, “Diaspora and Comparison: The Global Irish as a Case Study,” *Journal of American History* 90 (2003), 134-162.

4 Patrick O’Sullivan, “Developing Irish Diaspora Studies: A Personal View,” *New Hibernia Review* 7, no. 1 (2003) 130-148 and in more detail at www.irishdiaspora.net in the folder, “An Irishman at the Basque World Congress, 2003.”

5 Timothy J. Meagher, *The Columbia Guide to Irish American History* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2005).

6 There is a huge literature. Among the more important studies is James G. Leyburn, *The Scotch-Irish: A Social History* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1962) already something of a classic. Kerby A. Miller has addressed this issue in “’Scotch-Irish, ‘Black Irish’ and ‘Real Irish’: Emigrants and Identities in the Old South,” in Andy Bielenberg, editor, *The Irish Diaspora* (Harlow, England: Longman, 2000), 139-157 and in “’Scotch-Irish’ Myths and ‘Irish’ Realities,” in Charles Fanning, editor, *New Perspectives on the Irish Diaspora* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2000), 75-92. Patrick Griffin, *The People with No Name: Ireland’s Ulster Scots, America’s Scots Irish, and the Creation of a British Atlantic World* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2001) and David T. Gleeson, *The Irish in the South, 1815-1877* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2001) have addressed the topic in highly useful ways and Gleeson, “Small Differences: ‘Scotch Irish and ‘Real Irish’ in the Nineteenth-century American South,” *New Hibernia Review* 10, no. 2 (2006), 68-91. James Webb, *Born Fighting: How the Scots-Irish Shaped America* New York: Broadway Books, 2004) is aimed at the popular market and draws selectively from the scholarly literature.

7 Kerby A. Miller, *Emigrants and Exiles: Ireland and the Irish Exodus to North America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985).

8 Lawrence J. McCaffrey, *The Irish Diaspora in the United States* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1976) and *The Irish Catholic Diaspora in the United States* (Washington, DC: Catholic University of America Press, 1984, revised edition 1997).

9 Ibid., 3 ff., 201, note 4. Akenson has written extensively not only on the Irish in the United States but also on the entire Diaspora, giving his work an unusually comparative dimension. The most relevant of his works for this essay are Donald Harmon Akenson, *The Irish Diaspora: A Primer* (Toronto: P. D. Meany Company, 1996); *Being Had: Historian, Evidence and the Irish in North America* (Toronto, 1985); and *Small Differences: Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants, 1815-1922: An International Perspective* (Kingston and Montreal, 1988); and “Irish Migration to North America, 1800-1920.”

10 David T. Gleeson, *The Irish in the South, 1815-1877* was among the first to begin this investigating. His recent article “Small Differences: ‘Scotch Irish and ‘Real Irish’ in the Nineteenth-century American South,” shows the continuing potential the topic offers.

11 Oscar Handlin, *Boston’s Immigrants: A Study in Acculturation* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1941, rev. ed., 1959) and *The Uprooted* (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1951). John Bodnar has suggested a different metaphor for understanding immigration to the U.S. – “transplanting” rather than “uprooting.” This has great potential for reframing how we look at Irish immigration, *The Transplanted: A History of Immigrants in Urban America* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1985).

12 Stephan Thernstrom, *Poverty and Progress: Social Mobility in a Nineteenth Century City* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1964).

13 Dennis Clark, *The Irish in Philadelphia; Ten Generations of Urban Experience* (Philadelphia; Temple University Press, 1973.)

14 Brian C. Mitchell, *The Paddy Camps: The Irish of Lowell, 1821-61*(Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1988); Timothy J. Meagher, *Inventing Irish America: Generation, Class, and Ethnic Identity in a New England City, 1880-1928* (Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press, 2001).

15 Ronald H. Bayor and Timothy J. Meagher, eds., *The New York Irish* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996); Mary C. Kelly, *The Shamrock and the Lily: The New York Irish and the Creation of a Transatlantic Identity, 1845-1921* (New York: Peter Lang, 2005); and Tyler Ambinder, *Five Points: The 19th-Century New York City Neighborhood That Invented Tap Dance, Stole Elections, and Became the World's Most Notorious Slum* (New York: Free Press, 2001 are examples of the work being done on New York. The journal, *New York Irish History*, which began publishing in 1986, and the New York Irish History Roundtable have played central roles in the increased attention to the Irish in New York. The important role Irish immigrants played in the development of popular culture in the United States is discussed in John P. Harrington, *The Irish Play on the New York Stage* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1997).

16 Donald Jordan and Timothy J. O'Keefe, eds., *The Irish in the San Francisco Bay Area: Essays in Good Fortune* (San Francisco: The Executive Committee of the Irish Literary and Historical Society, 2005) most recently. Earlier works include R.A. Burchell, *The San Francisco Irish, 1848-1880* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1980) and Patrick J. Dowling, *California: The Irish Dream* (San Francisco: Golden Gate Publishers 1988).

17 http://shl.stanford.edu/IAW/about-overview.html

18 David M. Emmons. *The Butte Irish: Class and Ethnicity in an American Mining Town, 1875-1925.* (Urbana: University of Illinois Pres, 1989). Also, David M. Emmons, "Immigrant Workers and Industrial Hazards: The Irish Miners of Butte, 1880-1915," *Journal of American Ethnic History* 5 (1985), 41-64; "The Orange and Green in Montana: A Reconsideration of the Origins of the Clark-Daly Feud." *Arizona and the West* 28 (1986), 225-245; "An Aristocracy of Labor: The Irish Miners of Butte, 1880-1914," *Labor History* 28 (1987), 275-306; "The Socialization of Uncertainty: The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Butte, Montana, 1880-1925," *Eire-Ireland* 29, no. 3 (1994), 74-93; and "Faction Fights: the Irish Worlds of Butte, Montana, 1875-1917," in Patrick O'Sullivan, ed., *The Irish World Wide: History, Heritage, Identity*: Volume 2: *The Irish in New Communities*. London: Leicester University Press, 1995, 82-98. Other works that deal with the Irish in Butte include Carrie Johnson, "Electrical Power, Copper, and John D. Ryan," *Montana: The Magazine of Western History* 38, no. 4 (Autumn 1988), 24-37; Laurie K. Mercier. "'We are Women Irish': Gender, Class, Religious, and Ethnic Identity in Anaconda, Montana," *Montana: The Magazine of Western History* 44 (1994), 28-41; Mary Murphy. *Mining Cultures: Men, Women, and Leisure in Butte, 1914-1941*(Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1997).

19 William H. Mulligan, Jr. "Irish Immigrants in the Early Keweenaw Mines: A Research Note"; "From the Beara to the Keweenaw"; "Irish Immigrants in Michigan's Copper Country; "'The Merchant Prince' of the Copper Country"; "Completing the Ethnic Mosaic: Irish Miners in the Upper Peninsula,". See also, Timothy M. O'Neil. "Miners in Migration: The Case of Nineteenth-Century Irish and Irish-American Copper Miners," *Eire-Ireland* 36, nos. 1 & 2 (2001), 121-140.

20 Anne M. Butler. "Mission in the Mountains: The Daughters of Charity in Virginia City," in Ronald M. James and C. Elizabeth Raymond, *Comstock Women: The Making of a Mining Community* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1998), 142-164; John Fahey, *The Ballyhoo Bonanza: Charles Sweeny and the Idaho Mine*,(Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1971); Ronald M. James, *The Roar and the Silence: A History of Virginia City and the Comstock Lode* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1998); Ronald M. James. "Erin's Daughters on the Comstock:

Building Community," in Ronald M. James and C. Elizabeth Raymond, *Comstock Women: The Making of a Mining Community* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1998), 246-264; John Bernard McGloin, "Patrick Manogue: Gold Miner and Bishop," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* 14 (1971), 25-31. In addition, James P. Walsh is completing a doctoral dissertation on the Irish in Leadville, Colorado at the University of Colorado-Boulder.

21 On the Irish in Wisconsin, see Grace McDonald, *History of the Irish in Wisconsin in the Nineteenth Century*(New York: Arno Press, 1976).

22 Garret FitzGerald, "Irish-Speaking in the Pre-Famine Period: A Study Based on the 1911 Census data for People Born before 1851 and still alive in 1911," *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* 103C, no. 5 (2003), 191-283 and FitzGerald, "Estimates of Baronies of Minimum Level of Irish-Speaking amongst successive decennial cohorts: 1771-1781 to 1861-1871," *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* 84C, no. 3, (1984), 117-155.

23 Baraga to *Wahrheitsfreund*, Sault Ste. Marie, October 5, 1860 quoted in *The Diary of Bishop Frederic Baraga: First Bishop of Marquette,* edited by Regis M. Walling and Rev. N. Daniel Rupp (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1990), 183.

24 Margaret McGreevy to Holt County Historical Society, June 1973. Holt County Historical Society, O'Neill, Nebraska. She was 88 at the time she wrote this as part of program by the historical society to collect reminiscences.

25 *Portage Lake Mining Gazette,* Nov. 3, 1881.

26 William B. Gates, Jr., *Michigan Copper and Boston Dollars: An Economic History of the Michigan Copper Mining Industry* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1951).

27 Margaret M. Mulrooney, *The du Pont Irish and Cultural Identity in Nineteenth-Century America* (Hanover, NH: University Press of New England, 2002) and George D. Kelleher, *The Gunpowder Mill at Ballincollig* (Iniscarra, Ireland: John F. Kelleher, 1993).

28 Peadar Kirby, *Ireland and Latin America, Links and Lessons* (Dublin: Trócaire, 1992. 150. A major source on the Irish in Latin America is the electronic journal, *Irish Migration Studies in Latin America* at: http://www.irlandeses.org. Two recent works of note are: Edmundo Murray, *Becoming Irlandés: Narratives of Irish Emigration to Argentina* (Buenos Aires: Literature of Latin America, 2006) and Oliver Marshall, *English, Irish and Irish-American Pioneer settlers in Nineteenth-Century Brazil* (Oxford: Centre for Brazilian Studies, 2005).

29 Ann Regan, *Irish in* Minnesota (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society, 2002). Tyler Ambinder, "Lord Palmerston and the Irish Famine Emigration," *Historical Journal* 44, no. 2 (2001), 441-469. See also Desmond Norton, "Lord Palmerston and the Irish Famine Emigration: A Rejoinder," Ibid. 46, no. 1 (2003), 155-165. ,

30 Patrick O'Sullivan, editor, *The Irish World Wide*, six volumes (London: University of Leicester Press, 1992-1997). Both the *Irish Journal of Sociology* (Vol. 11, no. 2 (2002)) and the *Irish Journal of Psychology* (Vol. 23, nos. 3-4 (2002)) have published special issues on the Diaspora.

31 Ritchie Cogan, coordinating producer, *The Irish Empire* [video and dvd] (New York: Winstar Home Entertainment, 1999); Patrick Bishop, *The Irish Empire: The Story of the Irish Abroad* London: Boxtree, 1999).

Interview

Interviewing Vincent Woods

Beatriz Kopschitz Xavier Bastos

Vincent Woods is an Irish playwright, poet, arts critic and journalist whose work includes the plays *A Cry From Heaven*, *At The Black Pig's Dyke*, *Song of The Yellow Bittern* and *On The Way Out*. A new play *Broken Moon* will be staged in Paris in winter 2008. He has also adapted Ignazio Silone's novel *Fontamara* for stage and Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi*. He has written two plays for children, *The Brown Man* and *The Donkey Prince*, and radio plays that include *The Leitrim Hotel* and *The Gospels of Aughamore.*Vincent has published two collections of poetry, *The Colour of Language* and *Lives and Miracles*, and co-edited *The Turning Wave*, an anthology of Irish-Australian poetry and songs. At present he presents an arts programme on RTÉ (Irish national radio).

BK: Vincent Woods – welcome to Brazil, welcome to Bahia. It's been a pleasure to have your company here at the *Third Symposium of Irish Studies in South America,* held at Federal University of Bahia.

VW: Thank you. It has been a great pleasure to be here. I have to say that all of this started about two years ago when I turned on my computer and was delighted to find an e-mail from somebody called Domingos Nunez in São Paulo saying that he was translating my play *A Cry from Heaven* and his theatre group would like to produce it, and I am delighted to say that that will be happening next year. So we met in Dublin, Domingos, Beatriz and myself, and Beatriz said that there was this event that would be happening in Salvador, and why didn't I come. So I very happily said yes. And thank you to everybody for making it possible for me to be here. I want to begin briefly by reading a very short piece from the beginning of one of the plays that Beatriz mentioned, *At The Black Pig's Dyke*, a play I wrote in 1991/92, and it was first staged in September of 92. It's a big play about memory. It relates to lots of the things we've been talking about over the last few days – how we remember, what we remember, borders, what endures, the power of storytelling, the power of mythology. And this is the beginning of the play:

> It was a long time ago, Elizabeth, and it was not a long time ago . . . It was a time when to go east was to go west, when to go south was to go north, when people sang songs at a wake and cried when a child was born. It was in a land where the sun never rose and the sun never set, where the dead prepared shrouds for the livin' and straw people walked the roads.

> It was not a long time ago at all and it was not far away. It was in a land where the black pig had furrowed an endless tunnel under the earth and where it ran still, trapped and frantic beneath the ground.
>
> At that time there was a Strange Knight on the road. He met a woman with a riddle. How many people were in the world before the world was made? How many graves did it take to bury them? What way were they laid – facin' north, south, east or west? And did they rest or not from then till now? He said he'd answer any riddle in three parts but not in four. So she rose her hook to kill him – but if she did he shot her first, through the heart with a golden bullet.
>
> The Strange Knight went on till he arrived at a fair where two men were havin' a dispute over a piece of land. He said he could settle it and offered a fine price to whichever of them would sell it to him. One man said he'd sell it that minute, the other said he wouldn't sell it for love or money. So the Strange Knight said to the second man, 'You're the owner, it's your land.' Then he shot the two of them and had the land for himself.

BK: Vincent, the passage you've just read shows a lot of influences, both from folklore and history. Could you comment a bit on that?

VW: I suppose the influence of folklore and history in general on my work is immense. I've said before that in a sense I grew up at the tail-end of tradition. I was born in 1960, in a small town in the north-west of Ireland, in Leitrim, very close to the border with Northern Ireland, and it was still a very traditional society. I experienced a great deal of that tradition as a child, and one of those traditions that strongly influenced this particular play was the tradition of mumming. Around Christmas groups of mostly men, occasionally with some women joining in, would go round from house to house to perform these small ritual plays of conflict, death and resurrection. And they were dressed in straw, wearing these extraordinary straw costumes, with enormous masks so that they might be eight feet tall. I saw little of that. It was dying out as I was a child. It came from a tradition of strawboys, where there were a lot of people dressed in straw, who went around to celebrate a wedding, but there was a slight element of danger to that and threat as well, because the couple who were being married were obliged to welcome these figures, and if they didn't show hospitality, the strawboys as they were called could break things in the house, could cause a small riot. There were stories of the bride being abducted briefly, all kinds of things went on. But I grew up with a very strong tradition of story-telling, and my grandmother had been an Irish speaker, so that there were two languages at work constantly in my upbringing – English, but an English strongly influenced by Gaelic, and Irish. And all kinds of stories of fairies, of ghosts, and political history. And they were all very closely bound. And my mother and grandmother used to talk about this place called The Black Pig's Dyke, which was a pre-Christian fortification between the old kingdom of Ulster and some of the West of Ireland. And some of the actual fortification exists still. It has been excavated, running roughly, in places, parallel to the border between the six counties of Northern Ireland and the Republic. And when it came to writing this play, where I wanted to write about memory and sectarianism, a play that I wanted to confront our recent history of violence in Northern Ireland, that image came to me as an image from mythology but with a very strong grounding in reality. So it was this poetic impulse towards an art, where, rather than saying this is the Border, this is now, I wanted to tell a story that might be timeless, that was confronting how contemporary politics might be addressed through mythology, through stories, through poetry, because the text is strongly poetic.

BK: In relation to the mummers in the play, in fact they are an organic part of the play, they unite the different parts of the play. It has been said by critics that the fact that you introduced the mummers into your play reinvented the categories of Irish drama because the Revival dramatised narratives, while you used the traditional drama. Do you agree with that?

VW: It was a very flattering quote. It was Fintan O'Toole who said that this play, *At **The** Black Pig's Dyke*, reinvented the categories of Irish theatre. It didn't. But it brought back into public consciousness an aspect of folk theatre that had been neglected, and I am forever indebted to two books, to two writers, two great people: folklorist, Henry Glassie from the United States, who lived in Fermanagh, on the Border, very close to Leitrim, through the 1970s, and he wrote a marvellous book called *All Silver and No Brass: An Irish Christmas Mumming*, which was an examination of mumming traditions in a particular part of Fermanagh. If he hadn't come there and done the work that he did, those traditions would have been forgotten. He wrote down from the old people, men and women, the rhymes, the precise rhymes that they used, the descriptions of the mumming, the stories about mumming and its traditions. It's a wonderful book. If you ever get a chance to read it, do. And Alan Gailey's *Irish Folk Drama* is a very fine book, looking at various aspects of our traditional drama, probably linking it back to pre-Christian Ireland. We don't know exactly where mumming came from. Undoubtedly some of it came in from England with the settlers, with the planters. But it merged with something much older, probably pre-Christian. I should say that, in those little dramas that I talked about, Conflict, Death and Resurrection, there was a Captain who led the group, and two Heroes who fought a mock battle. In the little play one of them is killed, and is brought back to life by a Doctor. There are two Fools – a male Fool and a female Fool, who play with the audience, the audience being the household, the people who are there, have fun, and present an element of danger. So it's both very funny and yet there's something sinister about it, something strange and unsettling, and I think that's what attracted me from the beginning. I was familiar with it before Glassie's book: my father talked about it, I'd seen the remnants of it as a boy, as a small kid, I'd done something similar on St. Stephen's Day, on Boxing Day, when we went around as Wren Boys and Wren Girls, from house to house, making these performances, singing songs, for money. That went back to an old tradition where people actually carried around a wren, this small bird, and there was a rhyme, "The wren, the wren, the King of all birds, On St. Stephen's Day is caught in the furze. Up with the kettle and down with the pan, And give us a penny to bury the wren." Again, bringing good luck or bad, if the people in the house didn't give hospitality and money, sometimes the wren was buried, close to the house. So you're looking at something that's very old, that has many, many functions. And those mumming plays, because they were performed mostly in mid-winter, I think were also plays of the conflict of light and dark, and, briefly, darkness triumphing over light, with light restored at the end. They're fascinating, and obviously as well I spotted that they were inherently wonderfully theatrical. And who could resist those costumes, extraordinary masks – it was made for theatre, and it's no accident that it was a theatrical performance. So it gave us a very natural route to the stage. I remember actually, in Toronto, because the play went to various parts of the world, there was a who man came from Montreal to see it, and he was from the Valley of The Black Pig, in North Leitrim, and he told me this very sad story about how, when he first moved to Montreal in the 60s, there was an old woman who lived beside him in Leitrim, who made mummers' costumes – those entire outfits, the masks, the suits, from straw. And, when he was going back, he asked her to make an entire costume for him to take back to Canada. And she did. But in going through Customs, going into Toronto, they took it from him and burnt it, before he had time to say this is terribly important, it's for anthropology etc. And they said, it's too late, it had already gone into the furnace. And, whenever he went back home, the old woman would say, do you still have that suit I made for you, and he would say that he did have.

BK: Your play was extremely successful, both in Ireland and abroad. Do you think it was because of the costumes, the theatricality? Why do you think there was such a good national and international response, in spite of the local colour?

VW: I think the play has a very particular power, and some of that power is about the theatricality of mumming, and those spare plays of death and resurrection. In the bigger play also, I try to mirror those plays in terms of *At* ***The*** *Black Pig's Dyke* telling a story of conflict, death and the possibility of resurrection. It confronted various stories of hatred, of violence, of sectarian violence disguised as politics. It was a very controversial play as well. There was a minor riot in Derry when it was put on, because a group of young local Republicans saw the play and they read it as being anti-Republican, as being anti-Nationalist. So on the opening night of the play they disrupted the ending, and they took over the stage and performed a parody of the end of the play. The actors who were on stage, with these masks on, they didn't know what had happened, they were terrified to be there. So in a sense it entered a great tradition of Irish theatre, the riot. I think it hit a particular note at a very important time. Nationally, it seemed to anticipate some of the changes that were to come. And, internationally, I think many people recognised the story, the Irish story, as their own, and people have come to see me in many parts of the world, and they say, yes, we see the story – and we know that it could be Bosnia, it could be various parts of Africa. It's been translated into a few languages, including German and Czech. People have said to me we see the power that comes from a particular folk tradition, it opens out into many traditions, and into many histories, because, in telling that story of love and obsession and hatred, it sought to be timeless and international, and I think it probably is.

BK: Now, in national terms, it was first staged by the Druid. What is the importance, or interest of the Druid Theatre in your own work? What is the importance of the Druid Theatre in the process of regionalisation of theatre in Ireland?

VW: Druid is a theatre company founded about thirty years ago by a woman called Garry Hynes, who's gone on to become one of the most famous of modern Irish directors, a woman of extraordinary energy and vision. She founded it in Galway, in the West of Ireland, with a number of other young actors, Mick Lally and Maire Mullen. They were just out of college at the time, and really in Ireland then, there was the Abbey and that was about it. There was the Gate, which was going through a strange time. So this force, these people came together and created a very, very fine new theatre company, seemingly out of nothing, and they had no money. They started it up at university, and out of sheer determination and vision, and extraordinary will and ability, they created a theatre group that is at least as important as any other group in Ireland now. They showed that theatre did not have to be centred in Dublin. They put on the plays of Tom Murphy, one of our great, great modern playwrights. For instance, one of the plays that Druid produced and that Garry Hynes directed, and which strongly influenced me in terms of writing was a play of Tom Murphy's called *Bailegangaire* (the town without laughter), which is a tour de force of story-telling, of memory and loss, it's a magnificent play. And I was lucky enough to see the late Siobhán McKenna, one of our greatest actresses, in the main role of Mommo in that play, and it went straight into my heart. It somehow made me feel that I had stories to tell, that I might tell through theatre, and I remember that moment very vividly. So I can say that Druid was very, very important to me before I began to write. And my writing for them then was almost accidental because I worked as a journalist in the 1980s. I knew that I wanted to write – I wanted to write something, I wasn't sure what. And in order to do that I left Ireland, went to live in Australia, and met Maeliosa Stafford, who was moving back to Ireland, to the Druid, to take over as artistic director. I gave them a short play I had written, and out of that contact came all the rest.

BK: So, on the one hand you have *At The Black Pig's Dyke*, Druid, folkloric drama. On the other hand, we move to your 2005 play, *A Cry from Heaven*. We have another theatre – it was staged at the Abbey. It's a retelling of the myth of Deirdre, so going back to the material that the Revival dramatised. So, why such movement, and why did you think it was relevant to revisit this story in the twenty-first century?

VW: Jocelyn Clarke who was then literary manager at the Abbey, approached me probably around 2002 or 3 to ask me to write a play at the Abbey. He said what would you like to do, and I immediately said I'd like to write a new version of Deirdre, and he was surprised. Why did I think it was relevant? Because I think it's one of these eternally rich and relevant stories, and a great tragedy of Irish story-telling. Deirdre and the Sons of Usna is a story with parallels in mythology and story-telling all around the world. A young woman who is fated to marry, betrothed to marry an old man, falls in love with his nephew. They run away together and are pursued eventually by the old king and are surrounded. Then Deirdre and the sons of Usna are lured back to Ulster, and Naoise and his brothers are killed. And it has everything, it has love, it has sex, it has great passion. For me it is one of these eternal stories. It fascinated me at the time – I was a small boy when I first read a very basic version of it, and I felt that I strongly wanted to tell this story again. Yeats had done a version of Deirdre, Synge had done a version of Deirdre, various people had, but not for a long, long time. I wanted to write it in verse as part of that great and glorious tradition, and because a good deal of *Black Pig's Dyke* is also written in verse. And, because I'm a poet as well, I'm always attracted to writing in that form. So, over the course of probably about two years, I wrote this version of Deirdre, which became *A Cry from Heaven*. That title comes from what for me is one of these most extraordinary images, not only out of the story of Deirdre, but out of all of Irish story-telling, which is that, before she is born, Deirdre is heard to cry in her mother's womb, to call out, to cry. For me, that image of the unborn child calling out to life, as a warning, is an extraordinary image, an extraordinary concept. And, in the play, that cry becomes a cry right down to the present, and, in a sense, it's a cry of grief for all life and all death, and there's a good deal of death in the play.

BK: You mentioned that you wrote part of *At The Black Pig's Dyke* in verse, it's the mumming plays, and *A Cry from Heaven* is entirely in verse. You have already said that it's because you're a poet. Is this the only reason, or is there another, maybe theatrical, reason for staging *A Cry from Heaven* in verse?

VW: It was partly again a nod to the past, to the great work of Yeats and Synge. It seemed to me the most natural form in which to tell this story. I wasn't interested in trying to make it modern. I didn't want to make a version of Deirdre which would have motorbikes and cocaine. For me, the poetic in particular is eternal, and many of the playwrights that I most admire, people like Lorca, have imbued their plays with this core of poetry, that is timeless. Blank verse can carry something extraordinary. It's a very different form, there's a little rhyme, but very little. But what there *is* there is a very strong sense of rhythm, and the whole play is perhaps a little bit like an opera. From the opening word to the last there's a very particular rhythm and sound, and it's almost all of one piece. I've been reading *Snow* by Orhan Pamuk, and a good deal of that is about exploring this notion of where inspiration comes from, where poems come from, and I remember writing a lot of this, exactly where I was, exactly where I was sitting, and, at times, not knowing where concepts were coming from, where the words were coming from. Occasionally when you're writing, maybe it sounds ludicrous, but sometimes when you're writing it feels like something is coming through you, and it's a much bigger force than you are. And I feel very lucky when it gets out onto the page and I've captured it, I hope, in something like my play.

BK: What was your source when it all came to you? Was it the dramatised versions? Old stories? Oral versions from childhood?

VW: It was everything. I read everything that I could possibly get my hands on over a few years, and then put them all away, and started with a blank page, a blank screen. First I put the skeleton, a kind of construct there, and then I put the flesh on the play, onto that body that I'd shaped. I should say as well that I changed the ending of the story. In all of the traditional versions of Deirdre, after her lover Naoise and his brothers are killed, time passes and she is held captive by Conor, the king, and she eventually kills herself. In the version I've made she's already pregnant with Naoise's child, and she gives birth to the child, but tells Conor that the child is his. And then she kills herself. But this child is left, this boy is left, who might be the son of Naoise, or might be the son of Conor. So this child who represents hope, the future, unity, peace, is left, and in the end of the play he too is killed. And so, in fact, the ending of *A Cry from Heaven* is much darker than the ending of *Black Pig's Dyke*. *Black Pig's Dyke* ends on a note of hope. Actually I might just read a little, following on from that story of the Strange Knight, which runs as a Prologue and Epilogue to the play and Prologue to Act Two:

> The Strange Knight walked on again till he came to a castle. There was a rook perched on the rampart with blood on its beak. The Knight asked whose blood it was and the rook said, 'It's the king's blood. The people have killed the King and his body is in pieces in the courtyard inside.' So the Knight thanked the rook and went inside to the people. He told them they had done a wonderful thing and he wanted to be their leader. So they elected him their leader and that night held a great banquet where he set one half of them against the other; and they fought till there was no one left alive but the Strange Knight.
>
> And he was happy then: to have evaded answering the riddle, to have the piece of land for himself and to have the castle without King or people to bother him.

And then, at the very end of the play:

> The Strange Knight remained in his castle. He watched from the ramparts and no one came. The land around him grew rancid from the decay of bodies in the ground.

> He ordered a banquet but there was no food; a ball but there were no musicians; a duel but there was no one to fight. He posted orders that a beautiful woman be brought to him to sire an heir: all night he lay alone, naked, in his bed.
>
> And the Strange Knight grew lonely and came to be filled with sorrow. He walked back along the road he had travelled till he came to the place where he'd met the woman with the riddle. He fell to the ground and begged to be forgiven. His tears fell like rain on the soil and the water soaked down, down into the heart of the dead woman.
>
> And out of her heart grew a flower – a blood-red poppy. And the Strange Knight plucked it and when he did it fell asunder. Petal after petal drifted to the ground and out of each sprang a dozen women with hooks and seeds and implements to sow and harvest. They yoked the Strange Knight to the plough and so began the endless task of restoring the land to life and the beginning of happiness.

And I should say that, at the end of the play, that image there of the poppies comes directly from an incident – in 1987 the IRA set a bomb at a Remembrance Day ceremony in Enniskillen, Fermanagh, very close again to where I grew up. And many people were killed. I was working as a journalist at the time in Radio Éireann, and I always remember that the following morning a recording came in to the studio of a man talking about his daughter's death in that explosion. The man was called Gordon Wilson and his daughter was killed, and she'd been a nurse, and she was trapped underneath the rubble of the explosion. And he talked about how he'd held her hand, and talked to her. And I was listening to this voice, and thinking why is this so familiar? And I realised, subsequently, two things: he was originally from County Leitrim, but he was also unconsciously using an old story-telling device, the form of three, where he said, "I said to her once, are you alright? And she said, yes, Dad, I am. And I said to her a second time, are you alright? And she said, I am, Dad, I love you. And I said to her a third time, are you alright? And there was silence. She was dead." And he went on to make the most moving and generous plea that there be no retaliation, and that her death represent a future and hope, as opposed to retaliation and a continuance of violence and horror. And within *Black Pig's Dyke* there's a huge element of that story, of his words and her words, and the character who tells that story of the Strange Knight in the play is, in theatrical terms, suspended in darkness, she's dressed in white, she's holding a clutch of poppies and she, in my mind, represents the spirit of Maire Wilson, and also represents the spirit of many other people who died, and when the play was on tour it went to Enniskillen, and Gordon Wilson who, by then was a Senator in Dublin, was there in the audience, and he came to me afterwards and we talked for a while about it all. So the power came out of many sources for that play, and I suppose that's sometimes what we do, as artists, as writers, we tap into other sources of power as well. And, in *A Cry from Heaven*, there is a great darkness in it, which seems strange because it was written after the peace had been sealed in Northern Ireland. And yet I think the pessimism at the heart of *A Cry from Heaven* is again linked to some of what we've been discussing in the past few days, which is, what's left after the peace, what kind of society has it made, and how do we remember, how do we truly represent all aspects of the past and go from that in the best way into the future? Also, we talked about the enduring power of nature and the power of poetry, like of Ossian, a conflict with the modern world and development, and, within *A Cry from Heaven* as well, is a kind of lament for landscape and the destruction of some of the great and sacred landscapes of Ireland, including Tara. I'm sure many of you will know that there's a huge controversy over a motorway, which is being built through part of the Gabhra Valley, very close to the Hill of Tara and, for me, that represents a great deal of what we talked about in the last few days, the force into the future that denies so much of the past, and won't allow even time to properly explore the past in its movement forward. To what? To becoming consumers? I didn't want to be too deliberate about that. I thought, if anyone sees it in the play, they will. It is there, and that is the pessimism at the end of that play. Again, I'll read a little: I've always been haunted by the scene describing the return from Scotland of Deirdre, Naoise her lover, and his two brothers, from exile with the promise of a pardon and the promise of a future life, and they're betrayed, and they're under siege. Conor and his soldiers have surrounded the place where they are, and they play a form of chess inside, and the men go out one by one to their deaths, 'til Deirdre's the only one left. And this is that scene from the play:

> **Deirdre:**
> What do you see?
> Ardan:
> Fergus has kept his word.
> His nephews, Finn and Roe,
> Have thrown a circle round
> To shelter us.
> Ainle:
> Legion of the Red Branch,
> Standing with them:
> Gone from Conor.
> Deirdre:
> What do you see now?
> Ardan:
> A fire of battle on the snow.
> The lines advance, retreat
> Like twin seas that face each other's tide.
> **Ainle:**
> Each retreat leaves frothings on the shore;
> A scattering of limbs, the moaning dead,

A hand that clutches at the chilly air.
Deirdre:
Has it finished? Who has won?
Ardan:
They rest.
Ainle:
The ravens come;
Two hundred scald crows rise and fall again.
Deirdre:
What was the thing of greatest beauty
In your life?
Naoise:
The sight of you that morning, naked.
Ardan:
That morning, too;
We sat and watched the morning grow.
Ainle:
My brothers swimming
In the river’s light.
Deirdre:
The dream I dreamt of you
And of us all.
Ardan:
The battle starts again:
Roe is wounded.
Ainle:
Roe is dead:
His men fall back.
Ardan:
Conor comes forwards,
The battle stops.
Ainle:
Finn goes to him,
The ranks part for him.
Deirdre:
He will betray us.
Ardan:
They talk. Finn turns.
Ainle:
He is bought and fights against us.
Deirdre:
Then you must go.

And Naoise's brothers go out to fight.

Deirdre:
What do you see?
Naoise:
My brothers like two dancers in the snow;
They hold the horde at bay –
Their swords are faster than the eye.
As fierce and fast as two young wolves
They move among the living and the dead.

The siege draws back, but gathers force again:
Conor at its head.

The snow is muffling life –
Clean limbs are falling;
The hacking axe is whirled
As joyful as the plaything of a boy.

Their men are scattered now:
I must go out to them.
Deirdre:
Tell me before you go,
Of Ulster's beauty.
I never saw it.
Naoise:
It is not as beautiful as you:
Yet it's my life:
By day it is as green and fertile
As a tree fresh drenched by rain.
At night the skies are endless,
With stars cut out of all the glorious dead;
The moon now palest blue, now red, now yellow,
I swear it must be the loveliest sky
In all the world.
The journey down to Tara,
Some day you'll see it:

The way the land rolls back
And opens out,
The plains of whitest cattle,

Swift rivers full of trout,
The little rolling hills,
The forests full of deer,
The clear blue lakes
Which hold the world in perfect upside-down;
Each tree, each rock, each shore of waving sedge
So glassy true the lake might be the world
And world water – maybe is.
Deirdre:
Don’t go:
Love’s power is the only force we have:
If we can raise it now
And make it like a flame
To scorch the fires that blaze around,
Then we burn beyond these walls of siege
And burn and burn and live;
And take your brothers with us
From this wounded snow.
Naoise:
Love’s power is not so great,
And I must go:
Live, that I may live if I should die:
Your eyes will look on day and see,
And it will be as if my eyes, too,
Are seeing light;
And these sweet ears will hear for me,
Will hear night fading into dawn,
The joyful throat of morning open wide,
Its song defiant, heard anew each sun,
And heard again by me, though I am gone.

He goes out to battle, and she watches his death.

Deirdre:
(How can I bear to hear the dawn without you?
If you die, I am dead, all but this life in me.)

He was hunting with two others;
        It was winter.
The deer was young and lithe.
        The snow

Was everywhere, great branches
        Silent in the white of day.

(What do you see now?)

They cornered him upon the crest of Manaun,
        His fawn cried in a hidden slope;
He was dappled with the light
        Of autumn appling.

He was trembling, with his hands
        Upon her throat.

A thread of blood runs round;
        The stitch unravels,
His head held back, the grip
        A tautened bow:
The thread is drawn again,
        The main knot severs –
His life pours hot and staining in the snow.

(Applause)

BK: While you were reading I was wondering, moving from creation and motivation to performance, how did audiences and critics react when it was first staged at the Abbey?

VW: It had a very mixed reaction. It was directed by a very famous modern French director called Olivier Py. I chose him to direct the play because I'd seen some of his work in France, and it was extraordinary. We had differences about aspects of the production. The most striking feature of the production was this pretty ceaseless rain on stage. In my text the one weather feature is snow. But it rained pretty ceaselessly, relentlessly, in the production, and I think that that metaphor, of rain, which was in a sense imposed on the play, overwhelmed the text of the play. But, despite that, I think it had a power – some people hated it, some people loved it, some people walked out. I met a young waiter, and, when I was signing the cheque, he said "Are you the man who wrote the play at the Abbey?" and he said, "I went to see it six times." For me, the play is now there. It exists, it has entered a realm of its own life. And I'm so very happy that it will be seen in Brazil, and that it has been translated into Portuguese. Because, again, while it is a particularly Irish story, at least, for me, it is also truly a universal and timeless story, as the best of all myths are, and I hope that it could be seen anywhere.

BK: Do you have any expectations, concerning its production in Brazil?

VW: No, I'm just delighted that it's happening, and everything I've heard and read about the work of Domingos Nunez makes me very confident that it will be a very good production, one that I'm looking forward to.

BK: Moving now to more recent work, *Broken Moon*, a new play, which was premièred in French as *Lune Brisée,* is a more personal play. You've somehow moved gradually from *Black Pig's Dyke* to *Cry from Heaven*, and now, abandoning a little of the historical burden, moved to something more personal. Could we say that this is a trait in very contemporary Irish drama?

VW: I don't know. I suppose I can really only speak for myself, and this play, *Broken Moon*, is very simple, a very short play with two actors. It's a story again about love and loss, and peering very uncertainly into the future. It's set deliberately and ambiguously "somewhere in Europe", it's never given an absolute definition. It's really in France. I wrote it in English, it was translated into French, and it's been done in French. I suppose I'm drawn more and more towards those personal, smaller and yet immense, details of love, and loving and loss and hope and those very important narratives in all our lives. And perhaps for the moment, yes, moving away from, as you say, the burden of history to perhaps the burden of individualism and personal history. I should also say that that's not the only story in the play. But if we look at the broader gamut of modern Irish drama, I suppose that you do see perhaps a move away from the bigger stories of history, drawing from history and mythology as I have done, and to the work of somebody like Conor McPherson, who began with monologue and made it an art form. It's a strange time in Irish theatre because I don't think you can define any particular strand happening at the moment. The best thing you can hope for is that more young people, especially, are writing and will write. But my concern is that the numbers going to the theatre are dropping off. So I would ask the question, how can young people write plays if they don't go to the theatre, if they don't read plays, if they're not actually engaging with all that from a young age? The Peacock, for instance, the second, smaller, theatre in the Abbey, which, when I was first in Dublin in the late 70s and through the 80s, showed about ten plays a year, I think, mainly for financial reasons, has been dark largely over the last couple of years. And that was a theatre where young writers could find their feet, have their work put on, see what work was being done. And it wasn't this constant expectation of a new masterpiece, of a new play that would go to Broadway, of something that was going to be a huge hit and a world première. And I say why can't a new play simply be a new play, why does each new play have to carry this burden of expectation, that it's going to be an important part of the canon? It may be or it may not be, but to have written it at all and had it staged is a significant achievement. And I think we should mark that, and put things in their proper perspective, and that just seems distorted, especially in modern Ireland.

BK: You have just spoken more as a critic than as a writer, so let's talk a little bit about your work as an arts critic. Do you have any particular critical approach? Do you consider yourself as a ground-breaking critic in any sense?

VW: I should say that I present a programme on radio, an arts programme which is broadcast on Irish National Radio four days a week. It's an hour long and it covers theatre, visual art, music, poetry, literature, everything. So I interview writers. I facilitate reviews, I don't actually do the reviewing myself, because I think that would be invidious. We review, critics review the new plays, new novels, new poetry, and we revisit work that may be forgotten. We try to do a lot, I suppose. Since it's an hour long each day, we actually have quite a bit of time. It's worth having a look at the web-site, which is www.rte.ie , and the programme is called *The Arts Show*, because there are lots of very interesting interviews, some of them with modern Irish authors, and it's both an archive and a register of what's happening now. I recently did a public interview with the playwright Tom Murphy who I mentioned earlier. During the course of that interview he read quite a long excerpt from a new play, for example, and it was great to record that, and record him also reading from some of his other works. So that is there, we hope, forever, in the sound archives in National Radio. So we're trying to document and preserve some of what is happening in the arts in Ireland now. I began work as a radio journalist in current affairs and news, so it seemed a natural progression to do this.

BK: I have one last question for you and, after that, maybe you would read something of your own choice. Considering all this – adaptations, creative and critical work, your relationship with theatre groups, your creative process – do you feel your work is taking any specific direction now?

VW: I suppose that, more than anything, what I want to do, and I suppose it's what most artists would say, is that I want to go on making my art, I want to go on writing. It's always a challenge. It's a particular challenge at the moment because of the nature of the other work I'm doing. So in a sense, for the moment, I've got some of that creative work on hold. But, to be perfectly frank, it's great to earn decent money again, after years of struggling financially. As a writer in Ireland it's relatively civilised – we have a good deal of support for writers, for artists. There's a group called Aosdána, where if you're not making a serious income, they now pay you about 20,000 euro a year to do your work, which is a big help. It won't make anyone rich, but it may well keep the wolf from the door. I want to keep writing, both poetry and plays. I don't know what shape or form those will take in the future. I'm working on a new collection of poetry, a lot of which is already written, and I suppose what I try to do with each new play is slightly set a challenge for myself, so that I don't too easily fall into the trap of reproducing the previous play. I seek to do something each time that will stretch myself, while still looking very much towards the original sources from history, tradition, folklore, poetry. To finish, I'm going to read one very short piece for you, which is a kind of prose-poem, and it links to something that was touched on this morning, which was the self-sufficient farms of Donegal, the sort of farm I grew up on. This is a short excerpt from what will be a much longer poem, entitled "Thirteen Acres", again partly about memory, time, place:

> Babble pulls you down and back. The voices gabbling in the frozen thaw. All rush in one great meadow of scythed time. The men with flailing arms, the woman racing in impatient wake, a boy and girl who drowned and hanged, the seasons flow and flux of all that's gone. A tumbled pig house and an echoing gable ruin. All weeds and flowers shoot, trees fall, the summer stink of nettles and green rot. In this stone house a black tomcat did battle with a bride intruder into men's domain. He spat and arched and sprayed against her being; but lost and drowned or smoked to death inside a pot. In this white room five children slid to life; new afterbirth crackles in a blazing fire. A woman not-yet-old sits vigil with each child, iron tongs criss-crossed upon the cradle against fairy craft. One boy is dropped head first from her sleeping lap and bears a bruise to chapel for his christening. The first of many falls and risings up. Pink roses spatter the whitewashed wall. The cobbled way shines up a single stone through muck and mud. The hundreds who stepped here, the come and go of boots and summer feet, the shadows thronging wake and wedding, voices flinting the dark night. One man appears too late across the threshold, takes his whistle from his coat, asks the tall man Hugh how to turn the tune and plays a bar or two. "You'll turn straight round and out that door again, we'll turn the tune in daylight." Tall enough for any regiment, Hugh; his brother James is small and stout, wrapped in a cooper's apron in that brown photo of working men in Edinburgh. A dozen eggs thickyellowwhite fry perfect on the pan, the losset out for praties, cold buttermilk in the shaded churn. A wooden cup hooked up beside it for dipping deep, the cure for summer thirst. This was the haggard where the donkey kicked in hayful dust, let loose from bands and harnesses, sweat lines smearing his grey belly and his sides. Rolling, snorting, the great brays of lonesome humanness, near-humanness, bonded, bound, all labouring, all fed now and thirsted in the shade. Gone the garden sanded from the blue lough shore and gone the path, well cowdunged from the dunkle at the byre door.

(Applause)

BK: Vincent Woods, thank you very much for a most fascinating interview.

Note

"I was delighted to be given the task of transcribing the public interview that the renowned playwright Vincent Woods gave in response to questions from Dr Beatriz Kopschitz on the second day of the Irish Studies Symposium in Salvador, 11th September 2008. I myself met Vincent for the first time when I arrived at Salvador Airport on a very hot afternoon, just prior to the conference. Noélia Borges, one of the organisers of the Symposium, was waiting for me when I got off the plane, and with her were two of the invited speakers, Larry Taylor and Vincent Woods. Vincent, not surprisingly, was looking rather pink in the heat, and I noticed that he was holding in his hand, in a spirit of pragmatic optimism, a copy of Orhan Pamuk's novel *Snow*. Staying in the same hotel as Vincent I had a number of opportunities to chat with him, and I always found him very approachable. The interview was certainly the highlight of an excellent symposium for me. Vincent's soft-spoken, modest delivery underlined a powerful emotional charge which was felt by all who were privileged to be in the audience that afternoon. In transcribing and editing the interview I have cut only some moments of hesitation and repetition. Vincent himself was kind enough to proofread the completed transcript, so the final text has his seal of approval!" (Peter James Harris).

Voices From Brazil

Lampião and Maria Bonita: a Playwright's Approach to a Modern Brazilian Legend[1]

Marcos Barbosa de Albuquerque

To give an account of my experience at shaping a very controversial episode of Brazilian history into the play *Auto de Angicos*[2], I should start by my recollection of learning a song: Like most Brazilians (at least those of my age or older), I picked up "Mulher Rendeira" ("Lacemaker") still as a child and in such a spontaneous way that I cannot pin-point the first time I listened to it, who taught me the lyrics, who showed me how to dance to its tune. This song belongs to a common treasure-trove, to a popular art canon that is shared by Brazilians, especially those living in the Northeast of the country.

"Mulher Rendeira" can be now found in the album *Cantigas de Lampeão*[3], sung by the husky voice of Antônio dos Santos, also known as Volta Sêca. Arrested by the Police of Bahia at the age of sixteen, as an outlaw, this man stayed in prison for twenty years and, later in life, in 1957, accepted the request to record a collection of songs that were representative of daily life – and death – of the *Cangaceiros*, rural bandits who terrified the Brazilian Northeast during the nineteenth and early twentieth century.

As a child, I was told that "Mulher Rendeira" was just a piece of folklore. It took years for me to learn that this bucolic song that tells us the story of a man who woos a lacemaker and who volunteers to learn from her the art of lacemaking in exchange for teaching her the art of loving had probably been composed by Virgolino Ferreira da Silva, better known in Brazilian history as Lampião ("The Lamp"), a bandit whose claim for glory shifts briskly and unceasingly from cruel savagery to social redemption in the chronicles that his numerous detractors and admirers have written about him over and over again since his death seventy years ago.

I wrote *Auto de Angicos*, a play about Lampião and the *Cangaceiros*, in 2003, after being invited to do so by Elisa Mendes, one of our most prominent theatre directors. At the time, Mendes and I were colleagues in the Postgraduate Studies Programme in Performing Arts at the Theatre School of the Universidade Federal da Bahia. For me, saying "yes" to that request immediately became a form of obsession, and I started to work on the script as if it were some kind of sacred mission.

It was probably around that time that I also started to become acquainted with Walter Benjamin's theory of a concept of history that invites us to understand the task of the historian as something akin to poetry or the divine and, furthermore, to conceive of history as a quest that unfolds an inner metaphysical dimension closely related to the waking of the dead and to the salvage of the past from the ruins of barbarity, as a means of redeeming the future.[4]

But, strictly speaking, how does a playwright relate to that? The writing of a play is something rough, basic, soily; it is a craft – as the word play-*wright* points to – that has to do with *making, building, constructing*. Writing a play is a handicraft; it is neither theory nor abstraction. A play is solid, as a mountain is solid, and also as a gorge is solid. And if a play can sometimes strike the ineffability of epifany into us, we must never forget that the strike was, first and foremost, of a physical nature, it was rough, basic, soily; adjectives that could be perfectly used to describe a photograph that can be found in almost every school book of Brazilian history printed in the last decades, showing eleven human heads cut off from their bodies and carefully displayed for public visitation on the four frontsteps of the council house of a backwater town called Piranhas. That image is the work of an unknown photographer, but the heads can easily be identified as being those the local Police cut off from the body of Lampião and from the bodies of some of his followers just after his gang was defeated, once and for all, on a small farm called Angicos, on the border between the states of Sergipe and Alagoas, on July 28th, 1938.

The heads were salted for preservation and – kept in jars filled with a mixture of kerosene and limestone – went on to travel the country on public display, passing through many important cities in the Brazilian Northeast. Years later, the heads were donated, for scientific studies, to the Faculdade de Odontologia, at Universidade Federal da Bahia, and after about half a decade, they were sent to Museu Nina Rodrigues, also in Salvador, where they were exhibited untill 1969, when the Brazilian justice system finally decided they should be buried.

Can such dead figures be re-awakened?

They too should be, I thought. And I wanted to do so, with a play. But how? A torrent of seventy years of narratives, and pictures, and films, and songs had already been accumulated regarding the history of Lampião and the *Cangaceiros*. How then, through a play, could I discover a fresh take on the myth, an angle that hadn't been covered by seventy years-worth of art, culture and barbarity?

At the time I was interested in dramatic structures whose strength lay in their simplicity. I am talking about one-act plays where the action remains uninterrupted all the way through. August Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, written in 1888, would be the quintessence of that model. I believe that an interesting phenomenon takes place in the perception of spectators when confronted with artistically well executed plays of this sort. These plays trick the audience's sense of time and, although there are no apparent cuts or ellipsis, one has a difficult time to accept that the time spent on reading or watching the play is the same time experienced by the characters in the play. It is a bit like the magician's ability to make big objects fit into small places, except we are talking about fitting the experience of a lifetime – or of a number of lives – into a couple of hours.

This is probably how I came to the idea of adopting the one-act play model to write *Auto de Angicos*. I say *probably* because as I try to organize my memories of the work I am driven to make sense and to draw lines of logic out of scattered pieces of experiences that were not primarily *understood* or *rationalized*, but rather *felt* or *lived*. Telling the story of writing a story is, forcibly, storytelling. It is not necessarily fiction, but it is always fictiveness, in the sense that Luiz Costa Lima applies to the term, pointing beyond the life-art dichotomy to a model that has at least three terms, where mimesis is both invention and perception in the realm of the imaginary.[5]

I chose to base the play on the final hour of Lampião's life. He was killed at dawn, we know that. But we also know that the *sertanejos*, the men and women who have moulded their habbits to fit the severe social and environmental life conditions that have to be faced in the countryside of the Brazilian Northeast are not easily caught in bed at daybreak. So I assumed Lampião had already been awake for sometime when the siege came, and I set off, as a playwright, to temper the metal of a mans's life, the metal of a culture and of a way of living, through the forge of drama, picturing what the last words of an outlaw could have been.

Maybe I should make a brief stop here to say that Brazil does not have a tradition of seeing its own history depicted on stage. Historical plays are in no shape or form a major trend in the country. We simply do not have a settled canon of historical plays which writers can use to find a model to adopt or to revolt against. One can meticulously examine the work of our most significant past writers without coming acrross anything that could be regarded as having the same significance in Brazil that the works of Shakespeare, Corneille, Lope de Vega, Schiller or Strindberg have had in their own homelands. In Portuguese-Brazilian culture, national history has always been primarily a subject for epic poets or novelists. This means that, in some way, playwrights here have to start from just anywhere, which can be terrifying. But it also means that, in some way, we *may* start from anywhere, which can be very liberating.

But if *anywhere* is a dubious startpoint, I believe it is the worst possible end point for playwrighting. I find no place in my heart for theatre that, once completed, is generic, unspecific, hibridized to the point of total dissolution. So, if the question of where to start was vague, the question of where to get to was of undeniable importance to me. Yet, it took me some time to accept that in writing *Auto de Angicos*, having started I-do-not-know-where, I ended up adopting a genre that I believe to be the core of our theatre tradition: the melodrama.

The word *melodrama* is now commonly used as an insult. In the common sense, melodrama is sheer exaggeration, falsity, base coaxing. In the theatre, melodrama is all that and also a transcendental formula to describe everything that theatre should not be.

But I believe there is a time to come when the critical works of Peter Szondi[6], Eric Bentley[7] and Jean-Marie Thomasseau[8] will shed new light into this concept, and clarify that melodrama is not just an ocean of tears, coincidences and love letters on stage; it might also be our way of dealing with the sense of being at once splendid and impoverished, transcendental and base, all that in a world that has reduced us all to servants and deprived us all of the hope that at least amongst the nobles there could be life without daily spiritual and physical toil.

When that happens, when the word *melodrama* finally finds some redemption from the ruins of barbarity, we theatre-makers and theatre-enthusiasts will be at ease to accept, for instance, that if the last half page of *A Doll's House*, by Henrik Ibsen, had been lost forever, the play could be considered a model melodrama. We will be at ease to celebrate the great works of Federico Garcia Lorca, Tennessee Williams and Robert Hollman – to name but a few – as melodrama at its best.

To find a way into the noble genre of melodrama – I believe –, a playwright must be willing to accept as a virtue the occurence of love, of human love, of the love that human beings experience for other human beings. I emphasize all that because the so-called high art has done its share on banning love from its pantheon. One cannot love in a post-modern world, one cannot love in a post-dramatic world; these environments are too concerned with forms and strucutres (even when questioning the existence of form and structure), to accept the occurence of love. Love has no exquisite form. If it has a form at all it is something not worthy of scrutinizing or writing about. This is perhaps the central theme of Roland Barthes' *A Lover's Discourse*[9]: His key is not to write about love, but to write love itself, to write in love.

Auto de Angicos is a play immersed in this discourse. I could not have written it in any other way. The ceramicist artist Mestre Vitalino[10] and his myriad of followers have set a hallmark in our culture: Lampião is to be represented as a double figure. His clay figurine is always accompanied by that of a woman, Maria Gomes de Oliveira, also known as Maria de Déa, better known as Maria Bonita, "Pretty Maria". Thus the iconic image of Lampião also represents love, human love, the love that a human being experiences for another human being, the love of a man for a woman who was to share with him the last years of his life in the hinterlands of the Brazilian Northeast, the woman who was to give birth to their daughter, Expedita Ferreira – whom I had the immense pleasure of meeting a few years ago, in Aracaju –, the woman who was to die with Lampião in Angicos, and whose body was also beheaded on the 28th of July, 1938 – perhaps while she was still alive.

Auto de Angicos was first produced in Salvador, 2003, characters being played by Fafá Meneses (Maria) and Widoto Áquila (Virgolino). The show went on tour in 2005, and it was staged in about a dozen cities throughout Brazil. When performed in Rio de Janeiro, the show was seen by Amir Haddad, a theatre director nationally recognized as one of our most important theatre artists, mostly known for his work with the theatre group *Tá na Rua*, which specialises in street performances. It was under

Haddad's direction that the play opened anew in Rio de Janeiro, in 2007. Transferred to São Paulo in 2008, this second production of *Auto de Angicos* is currently on tour (2008), with cast as follows: Adriana Esteves (Maria) and Marcos Palmeira (Virgolino).[11]

At first glance, *Auto de Angicos* seems little more than an everyday conversation between Lampião and Maria Bonita. But I would not be so simplistic as to reduce the historical importance of those characters by limiting them to the level of "Good morning, did you have a good night's sleep?". My task as a playwright was then to find ways of making the big fit the small. We know that Lampião bought his ammunition from the Police, we know that a big part of the loyalty he found among small farmers was based on threats and terror, we know that he was offered political advancements to hunt communists hiding in the countryside. My task as playwright was then to find ways to let these questions flow through other aspects of Lampião's life; aspects that – although testified by history – are not usually remembered. We forget that Lampião changed the ethics of conduct of his small army to make marital life possible within the gang after he fell in love with Maria Bonita, we forget that he was a man haunted by premonitorial dreams and who made important strategic decisions based on this, we forget he was an amateur accordionist and master of the art of embroidery. It was my task to bring these two visions of one man into unity, all that in the form of drama.

Of course, there is a fundamental question to be confronted when working with the story of a bandit-hero. History tends to limit this family of characters by narrowing the comprehension of them into the dicotomy of a judgement. Like Pancho Villa or Jesse James, Lampião's history, again and again, is simplified in terms of pardon or conviction. But drama needs more.

When writing, there are times I feel as if the hands know more than the mind. It is as if the electricity of dramatic action refused the filter of clear consciousness and found some direct connection with muscles and bones, and then I no longer deserve the merit of writing, because it is not what I usually call *I*, what I usually call *myself*, that is writing. Those brief and subtle moments are rare, and I have learned not to rush them, not to rely on them, but above all I have learned to respect them.

I was in one of those flows when a time came, in the writing of the play, to judge Lampião. I am talking about a passage where Maria Bonita appeals to her husband, asking him to name what in his soul drives him into war. She can only think about that on mystical terms that associate the hunger for war with a deed of the evil entity – the devil. The Lampião of the killings cannot be the same man she loves, so she begs for an answer. She wants him to name the sparkle of fierce power that sometimes changes one Lampião into another.

The eight to ten lines of dialogue that contain that passage were wrtitten in that sort of thrill I mentioned before. But the *I*, the *myself* was startled by the expectation of what the answer of Lampião would be, and then the flow stopped, and I was left with myself again, and had to face the question of Maria Bonita and therefore to judge

Lampião. His answer – *my* answer on his behalf – would be my sentence of what drove that man into war.

Would it be it a noble cause? Would it be a mere display of vanity or sheer passion for violence? Pardon or conviction?

As I said before, drama wants more. And as a playwright I had now to face the challenge of offering the character more than just a badge or a shackle. Lampião's answer to Maria Bonita's question ended up being: "It is a thing that has no name." Simple as it may be, it took me a long time to find those words. But after I had them, I was finally at ease with a line I believed could deserve a place in the life of drama.

I have mentioned previously that the structure of *Auto de Angicos* was that of a one-act uninterrupted play. This is only partially true, and therefore it is partially a lie; for I have scattered the strucutre of the one-act uninterrupted play in the very last page of the script, to portray the sequence of the killings as an expressionist flow of flash-like scenes. The end of the story of Lampião and Maria Bonita is common knowledge to a Brazilian audience. They know the outcome of the siege, as the ancient Greeks knew, before entering the Theatre of Dionysus, the fates of Oedipus and Medea. We have all seen reproductions of the photograph showing the cut-off heads on display before. Absorbed by Walter Benjamin's words as I now try to spin this thread of memory, I would like to think – and to say – that those flash-scenes, conceived to portray the killings, are to some extent an embodiment of the ruins of barbarity piling up high over the memories of Lampião and Maria Bonita. Ruins from which I had to rescue those characters by bringing them back to life...

But, to be quite honest, this would probably be just a palpable device, a reasonable but fictonal way of saying that I simply did not want to see those characters killed. I wanted them resurrected.

So the play ends with a *da capo*. And the last we see from Lampião and Maria Bonita is the repetition of a scene previously shown to the audience; the moment when Lampião and Maria Bonita, a man and a woman, share their thoughts about their future together and about a relationship of love that yields to no rational explanation.

The actors now touring the country in Amir Haddad's production of the play are very famous in Brazil. Marcos Palmeira and Adriana Esteves are Brazilian TV stars, who made their way into fame by playing important parts in many soap-operas for the last fifteen years or so. I am always touched by the way they seem to become something else in the final moments of their performance in *Auto de Angicos*. The characters' after-death return adds to my eyes a mystical perspective, pointing to the word *auto* in the title of the play. The *auto* is the Spanish-Portuguese Medieval equivalent of the morality plays.

For me, in those final moments the actors seem to find the way I was looking for, out of the ruins of barbarity, to grow into looking like the clay figurines of Mestre Vitalino. The same clay figurines that have made Lampião and Maria Bonita, among other things, an icon of love.

I feel I should now ask the reader to forgive the words of a playwright who admits to find in melodrama a harbour for his literary work, the words of a writer of historical plays who admits to believe historical drama has to fulfil the sacred mission of waking the dead. So, if nothing else, I ask you to remember from this article not my words or my example, but those of a better playwright, whom I believe to have done, with genius and nobility, what I intended to do, as he shaped into wonderfull scripts the history of his country, traces of his culture, and the living mirage of a – perhaps universal – possibility of love between human beings, as the incarnated memories of his characters seem to be strong enough to overcome base criticism or theory and, in a way, to save their past (maybe to redeem our future):

> **Boyle** (*becoming enthusiastic*) Didn't they prevent the people in '47 from seizin' the corn, an' they starving'; didn't they down Parnell; didn't they say that hell wasn't hot enough nor eternity long enough to punish the Fenians? We don't forget, we don't forget them things, Joxer. If they've taken everything else from us, Joxer, they've left us our memory.
> **Joxer** (*emotionally*) For mem'ry's that only friend that grief can call its own, that grief... can... call... it's own!

Words of Sean O'Casey, in the play "Juno and the Paycock"[12].
Let us try and remember this.

Notes

1 This article is the development of a lecture of the same name, given on occasion of the Third Symposium of Irish Studies in South America, held at Universidade Federal da Bahia (Salvador, Brazil, September 10 to 12th, 2008).

2 Text available for download at [http://www.marcosbarbosa.com.br], accessed on September 15th, 2008.

3 Antônio dos Santos (Volta Sêca). *Cantigas de Lampeão*. São Paulo: Intercd Records, 2000.

4 "Sobre o conceito da História". In: Benjamin, Walter. *Magia e técnica, arte e política*. 7 ed. São Paulo: Brasiliense, 1994. 222-232.

5 Cf. Lima, Luiz Costa. Mímesis: desafio ao pensamento. Rio de Janeiro: Civilização Brasileira, 2000. And Gabriele Schwab's "'Criando Realidades': a mímesis como produção da diferença." In: Gumbrecht, Hans Ulrich, and Rocha, João Cezar de Castro (org.). *Máscaras da mímesis: a obra de Luiz Costa Lima*. Rio de Janeiro: Record, 1999.

6 Szondi, Peter. *Teoria do Drama Burguês*. São Paulo: Cosac e Naify, 2004.

7 Bentley, Eric. *The Life of the Drama*. New York: Applause, 1991.

8 Thomasseau, Jean-Marie. *O Melodrama*. São Paulo: Perspectiva, 2005.

9 Bartes, Roland. *Fragmentos de um Discurso Amoroso*. São Paulo: Martins Fontes, 2003.

10 Vitalino Pereira dos Santos (1909-1963), Brazilian ceramicist artist known for his naif representations of *sertanejos* and *cangaceiros* in terracota.

[11] For further details on the second production of the play, refer directly to [http://www.primeirapaginaproducoes.com.br/espetaculos/angicos/angicos.html], accessed on September 15th, 2008.

[12] In: O'Casey, Sean. *Plays 1*. London: Faber, 1998. 25.

Book Reviews

William Trevor's Late Short Stories

Rüdiger Imhof

William Trevor has, since publishing his first novel, *The Old Boys*, in 1964, occupied a commanding position in contemporary Irish fiction, proving himself masterfully at home in both the full-length form and the short story. With thirteen novels, many of which are of the first water, three novellas, and eleven collections of stories (his *The Collected Stories* of 1992 comprises 1261 pages) to his name, Trevor can look back on an *œuvre* that scarcely any other Irish fiction writer of his generation, let alone of a younger one, can equal. Furthermore, it is an *œuvre* that has reaped a deluge of literary prizes. Of course, only fools go by numbers; a writer may publish merely four books, say, that exceed in quality and long-term significance the two dozen works another author has produced. In Trevor's case, it is appropriate to take into account that his fiction output has been outstanding throughout: he has gone on from strength to strength.

Increasingly during his career as a writer he has focused his thematic interest, in the greater part of his novels and quite a few of his stories, on the exploration of evil. What possibly fascinates most is the light-hearted manner in which he goes about that business, effecting an almost inimitable blending of the hilarious with the poignant, of farce with tragedy. This blending clearly works towards a mutual intensification of the comical and the dreadful. A particular event becomes the more heart-rending for forming the climax of a series of laughter-inducing incidents in which a number of exceedingly eccentric characters are involved: so eccentric, in fact, that their oddity is little short of being Dickensian. Thus, for instance, *The Silence in the Garden* (1988) uncompromisingly engages with aspects of violence and division that are seen to characterise Ireland's troubled history, and yet the narrative contains one of the funniest scenes in Irish fiction of the last fifty years or so, featuring a woman who arrives well-oiled with a few glasses of whiskey at a wedding-party, in the course of which she nudges the elbow of the Bishop of Killaloe with her own, saying: "'Errah, go on with you!'". She then starts conveying jumbled facts of local history to the Bishop, most of which escape him:

> She wondered if the man was affected in the brain. She watched him eating his fish, the fork going up and down, the single face becoming two and then one of the faces sliding away altogether. It was Dowley who killed the butler, she explained in case the man was ignorant.[1]

Those oddballs and crackpots have vanished from Trevor's world, and some of his readers may deplore their disappearance. From *The Hill Bachelors* and the superb *The Story of Lucy Gault* (2002) onwards, he has ceased to leaven his narratives with humorous or even hilarious features. Particularly in his last three collections of stories – *The Hill Bachelors*, *A Bit on the Side* (2004) and now *Cheating at Canasta* – he has focused his attention on small-scale lives, trapped existences, broken dreams, missed opportunities and memories of things that never occurred, done in a style that is quite unique: impressively unspectacular, yet utterly arresting, relying on the exact phrase and nothing but the exact phrase, honed to perfection – a style that leaves the reader in silent awe.

In *A Bit on the Side*[2] there is a story, "Sitting With the Dead", in which a widow, on the day of her husband's death after twenty-three years of marriage, receives a visit from two Legion of Mary women, although the dead man had been without religion. They have come to lend succour. However, in the course of the conversation, the widow is inadvertently made to come clean about things she has never admitted even to herself and should certainly have kept from complete strangers. There is no grief in the house, she says, because all her married life she had to bear the power of her husband's anger, the husband having, in his commitment to horse-racing, been an utter failure. He married her for her money, and she accepted him since, until he made a bit for her, she had, as a Protestant girl, got passed by. "Traditions" deals with a variety of traditions in a boarding school, including a maid who "had in her girlhood been, herself, a fragment of tradition, supplying to boys who now were men a service that had entered the unofficial annals" (34). Even today, she admires one particular boy, who in turn finds her attractive and who, in his imagination, sees "her stockinged feet and laughter in her eyes, and then her nakedness" (38). In "An Evening Out", a woman and a man, brought together by the Bryanston Square Introduction Bureau, meet in the bar of a theatre. She is naggingly aware of the falsity inherent in the situation, and as thought to bear out the truth of her insight, it soon becomes obvious that the man is only looking for a car-owner who would transport him and his photographic equipment from one area of London to another. In the end, he tells her about the photographs that he is ashamed of because she herself doesn't matter, and she realises that without resentment. When they part, there is modest surprise: "that they had made use of one another was a dignity compared with what should have been" (83).

In "Graillis's Legacy", the eponymous character hands back the legacy he has received from a deceased woman whom, as a married man, he had befriended because of a mutual interest in books. Nothing indecent ever took place between them, still

Graillis finds himself caught in this predicament: “the wronged wife haunting restlessly from her grave, the other woman claiming from hers the lover who had slipped away from her” (92). “Solitude” has a fifty-three-year-old woman recount how as a seven-year-old girl she had paid undiscovered witness to her mother’s making love with her lover and how afterwards she was instrumental in making him fall to his death down the stairwell. That event led to her parents’ leaving Ireland with her and living in different hotels all over Europe. She now lives in Bordighera, Italy, where her parents first met. The dining-room waiters, and the porters in the hall, and the bedroom maids are her only friends, and the waking hours of her solitude are nagged by the compulsion to make known the goodness of two people. But no one wants to listen to her story, because “the truth, even when it glorifies the human spirit, is hard to peddle if there is something terrible to tell as well” (120). Eventually, though, she acquaints an Englishman who is willing to lend an ear, telling her: “Theirs was the guilt […] His that he did not know her well enough, hers that she made the most of his not knowing.” (126).

“Sacred Statues” shows a married couple in dire financial difficulties, brought about not least by a Mrs Falloway’s persuading the husband to give up his job in a joinery and carve sacred statues. Mrs Falloway, who had believed in the husband and had understood his problems, had lent the couple the money for their house and garden. When he now turns to her another time for help, he is forced to discover that she herself has little funds left. Since the wife is pregnant again, she hits upon the plan to sell the child to a childless couple, reasoning: “it surely was not too terrible a sin, too redolent of insidious presumption, that people should impose an order of their own on what they were given?” (150). She is overcome by a raging anger when the other woman shies away from the offer, and it is only in her husband’s shed, while she is looking at the saints who have become her friends, that her anger gradually abates and she comes to realise: “The world, not she, had failed” (152). In “Rose Wept”, Rose, being a borderline case in all her chosen subjects, goes to Mr Bouverie for private tuition. She soon learns that, while her husband is teaching downstairs, Mrs Bouverie is entertaining her lover upstairs, an activity in which she also engages when Mr Bouverie has gone to have dinner in other people’s houses. While he is spending the evening with her parents and herself, Rose weeps: “She wept for his silent suffering, for his having to accept a distressing invitation because of her mother’s innocent insistence. She wept for the last golden opportunity the occasion provided for two other people, for the woman whose sinning caused her in the end to turn her face to the wall, for the man whom duty bound to a wife” (167).

“Big Bucks” charts the deterioration of a love relationship, when the man goes to the US to make the big bucks everyone has kept telling him about. Letters between the couple become more and more infrequent, until she eventually comes to believe “that she [is] less alone than if she were with John Michael now” (191). In “On the Streets”, Cheryl is suddenly accosted by her divorced husband, a man who since childhood has followed people on the streets, to find out where they live, to make a note of the address and add a few details that will remind him of the person. Furthermore, since childhood he has stolen. In the end, it becomes obvious that he has shortly before killed a woman, a dribble of whose blood has got onto a sleeve of his jacket, the kind of thing, he points out, "that [is] discernible beneath a microscope, easy to overlook" (210), which is why he wants to wash the jacket in a launderette. Cheryl envisages him going about his business: "Her tears, tonight, allowed him peace" (212). "The Dancing Master's Music" has a scullery maid in a big house for once in her life, together with the other servants, listen to the supreme music of an Italian dance master. Afterwards the spread of deterioration comes over the place, the house going quiet in its distress, the family getting broken; but the dancing-master's music does not cease. "She knew it would be there when she was gone, the marvel in her life a ghost for the place" (227). "In a Bit on the Side", a man, mid-forties, has an extra-marital affair with a thirty-nine-year-old woman, the relationship having begun as an office romance. These days they always meet in the same places during the day. She suddenly realises that their relationship is based on lies, lies of silence. She has had a divorce and imagines him feeling trapped by the divorce, sensing that she is no more than "his bit on the side", despite his saying that he cannot do without her. At the end of the day during which the reader accompanies them, they draw apart and walk away from one another, "unaware that the future [is] less bleak than now it [seems], that in it there still [will] be he delicacy of their reticence, and they themselves as love had made them for a while" (245).

The recent collection *Cheating at Canasta* persues comparable thematic interests. In "The Dressmaker's Child", Cahal, a young man working in his father's garage in the west of Ireland, drives two Spanish tourists to see a miraculous statue that every local person knows isn't what it is said to be. Fifty euros are his incentive. On the way back, the car collides with the dressmaker's child, who is in the habit of running out at cars. Several days later, the girl is found dead in an exhausted quarry, having been carried there by her mother, who witnessed the accident and recognised Cahal. After being told about it by the dressmaker, he knows that he will be enslaved to her. "The Room" has a forty-seven-year-old woman enter upon an extra-marital affair to punish her husband, who nine years before had a sleazy relationship with a classy prostitute, who one day was found murdered. The husband was accused of the deed. Whether rightly or wrongly so and why he betrayed his wife was never found out by them, above all because "[t]here'd been no asking […]" (40), "[…] there had [always] been silence in their ordinary exchanges" (41). In "Men of Ireland", a down-and-out who twenty-three years ago went to England comes back to Gleban to blackmail a priest with a fabricated story of sexual harassment. In the end, the priest reasons: "Guiltless, he was guilty […]. He might have managed to say something decent to a Gleban man who was down and out in case it would bring consolation to that man […]. Instead he had been fearful, diminished by the sins that so deeply stained his cloth, distrustful of his people" (58f.).

"Cheating at Canasta" tells of a widower who has come to Venice because he promised his wife to do so before she died. While having dinner in a restaurant, he wonders whether his trip does not represent an act of sheer foolishness, for, after all, "how could it matter if a whim […] was put aside, as the playing cards that fell from her hands were?" (63). Then he overhears a couple fighting at a nearby table, and that experience brings about a complete change in him: "His manner had dismissed the scratchiness he'd eavesdropped on as the unseemly stuff of marriage. It was more difficult to dismiss his own silly aberration, and shame still nagged" (71).

"Bravado" deals with the show-off violence of Dublin youths and the enduring guilt of the girl who watched them kick someone to death. "An Afternoon" features an unloved fourteen-year-old girl being groomed for abuse by a man she "meets" in an internet chat-room. He is on probation for having, to all intents and purposes, molested another girl. This story, in particular, ties up with previous Trevor studies in human evil and depravation, such as *Felicita's Journey* with the sinister Mr Hilditch. The Catholic gentry family in "At Olivehill" has the two sons, after their father's death, tear apart the ancient landscape for a golf-course, which hard-headed decision sends the mother into a form of self-enforced internal exile that Trevor parallels with the lives lived by previous generations in the era of the Penal Laws.

In "A Perfect Relationship", a couple briefly separate because they had not realised that a relationship means losing a little of oneself and requires communicating with another: "Prosper didn't say much and nothing at all of what he might have, not wanting to, although he knew he must" (148). "The Children" has a daughter, after her mother's untimely death, prevent her father from marrying again since her "honouring of a memory was love that mattered also, even mattered more" (172). "Old Flame" treats of a wife observing her husband's long-treasured infidelity of the spirit. In the end she realises: "The old flame bore him now, with her scent and cigarettes and her cellophane butterflies […] One day, on her own, she'll guess her friend was false. One day she'll guess a sense of honour kept pretence alive" (190). "Faith" has a Protestant clergyman, despite feeling a stirring in his vocation, hold on to his belief because of the intensity of his sister's faith in the face of her exceptional suffering. "Folie à Deux", finally, is about two men, friends when young and one of them presumed dead, who accidentally encounter one another in Paris, whither the one believed to be no more has fled. They are connected by an act of cruelty committed when they were children. The encounter causes a radical modification in self-esteem: "and yet this morning he likes himself less than he likes his friend" (232).

There is a touch of the Wordsworthian about these late stories of William Trevor. In the "Preface" of *Lyrical Ballads* (2nd edition), Wordsworth laid down that poetry, or rather his kind of poetry as distinct from that of his collaborator, Coleridge, should concentrate on the mundane, ordinary things in life, which tenet at first glance may read like a recommendation for sending coals to Newcastle. For why on earth should a poet of Wordsworth's ilk write about something that everyone is thoroughly familiar with? But, then, Wordsworth asks of the poet to present those thoroughly familiar things in a new light, so as to make them yield fresh qualities, or aspects, hitherto undiscerned. One may be put in mind here of the Joycean concept of epiphany or of what, roughly at about the same time that Joyce was developing his ideas, the Russian Formalists called the act of defamiliarisation and regarded as the essential function of all worthwhile literature. Interestingly, John Banville, in *Eclipse*, seems to be referring to this phenomenon when he has his main character discuss the process of “making strange”.[3] Both defamiliarisation and ‘making strange’ aim at rendering objects, say, as if we were encountering them for the very first time and through this manner of representation freeing us from automatic or habitual perception, which enables us merely to recognise what we think we know and not to take in the things for what they essentially are. Trevor would appear to be pursuing the same goal, and the things he makes us see, not least the aberrations of the human heart, are surely astounding.

Notes

1 William Trevor, *The Silence in the Garden*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, repr. 1989. 151ff.
2 William Trevor, *A Bit on the Side*. London et al.: Viking, 2004.
3 John Banville, *Eclipse*. London: Picador, 2000: 46.

Amador Moreno, Carolina P. ***Hiberno-English in the Early Novels of Patrick MacGill. Bilingualism and Language Shift from Irish to English in County Donegal***. Wales, UK: The Edwin Mellen Press, 2006.

Jean-Christophe Penet

In her extremely well-argued and well-documented study of the type of Hiberno-English used by Patrick MacGill in his early novels, Carolina Amador Moreno achieves a double *tour de force* that will certainly not be without consequences for future research in the fields both of Irish linguistics and of Irish literature. Not only does the present study resuscitate the spectre of an otherwise largely forgotten author, Donegal-born Patrick McGill (1891-1963), it also – and, perhaps, more importantly – uses two of the latter's early prose works to reassess the situation of bilingualism in his home county at the turn of the century.

Soon known as "the navvy poet of Glenties" after the publication of his first collection of poems in the early 1910s, *Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrap Book*, the life of Patrick MacGill was, to say the least, most extraordinary. Born in Maas, MacGill was the eldest of eleven in a family where money was always an issue. At twelve, Patrick was sent to the hiring fair of Strabane where he was hired by a farmer from Co. Tyrone. Two years later, he left for Scotland as a seasonal labourer along with other men, women and children from his home land – seasonal migration to Scotland was par for the course for many people from Donegal at the time. After experiencing the hardships of absolute destitution in Scotland, he joined the hundreds of itinerant workers working as navvies, whose routines were made of toil, heavy drinking, gambling and fighting. It was in such a desperate atmosphere that Patrick MacGill started reading extensively – a somewhat unusual hobby for a navvy – and thus discovered the joys of Carlyle, Victor Hugo, Montaigne and Karl Marx amongst others. These authors urged his desire to produce his own collection of poetry, his *Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrap Book*, which gained the amazement and the praise of many literary critics of the time. From then on, MacGill's social improvement was rapid and dramatic, and it was certainly boosted by Rev. J. N. Dalton's offer to come and work for the Chapter Library in Windsor. In 1914 the "navvy poet" turned to prose and published *Children of the Dead End, the Autobiography of a Navvy*, which he presented as his own autobiography and, one year later, *The Rat Pit*, in which the same story was narrated but from the point of view of another character this time, Norah Ryan, who had already appeared in *Children of the Dead End*. Both novels were tremendous successes. Thus, Amador Moreno reminds us of MacGill's now forgotten popularity by rightly pointing out that about 10,000 copies of his first novel were sold within its initial fortnight in England and in the USA, as compared to Joyce's sale of 499 copies of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in 1916.

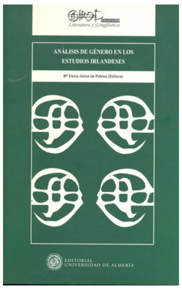
Due to his exceptional life, one can wonder if Carolina Amador Moreno's choice of MacGill's works to study the type of English spoken in Donegal at the beginning of the twentieth century really is the most appropriate. It is true that MacGill had already left his native Donegal for quite a few years before writing *Children of the Dead End* and *The Rat Pit*, and so the English he spoke/wrote must therefore have been influenced, if not altered, by what he had heard in Scotland and in England. Could it, therefore, remain representative of the English spoken by his community? Carolina Amador Moreno's decision to study MacGill's early prose can, in fact, be easily justified in the frame of her linguistic study. Indeed, if MacGill's Donegal English had probably been altered by being in contact with the form of English spoken in Scotland, it made it but more representative of the English spoken by a whole population that was regularly forced to migrate to Scotland for economic reasons, thus bringing home new linguistic souvenirs every time they returned. Carolina Amador Moreno's analysis accordingly cleverly focuses on the various levels of Irish (Gaelic), Old English and Scottish English influences whose blend created the very special flavour of Donegal Hiberno-English that can be found in MacGill's early novels.

This is undoubtedly Amador Moreno's second *tour de force*. Her study manages to expose with an exceptional clarity that never gives in to oversimplification the whole complexity of the linguistic stakes at play during the bilingual, transitional phase from Irish to English in early twentieth-century Donegal. Warning her readers of all the necessary caveats applying to her analysis, Amador Moreno brilliantly reassesses through the navvy poet's writings the possible substratum and superstratum grammatical and lexical cross-fertilisations that can be found in MacGill's prose. Concerning grammar, for instance, her study methodologically identifies, exemplifies, explains and, eventually, reassesses the position of well-known Hiberno-English structures in relation to the kind of English spoken in Donegal. This is the case of, amongst others, the overuse of the definite article "the" and the emphatic use of the reflexive form ending in –self/-selves, both of which she finds to be mostly due to an Irish substratum influence. Similarly, the redundant use of "own" in sentences such as "[…] and I wrote home to my own mother" (example given on p. 80) can be explained by the direct translation of the Irish *cuid* structure and represents, therefore, "[…] an interesting feature from the point of view of the effects of bilingualism and transfer from the native language into the target language" (80). Concerning the verbal system, Amador Moreno's analysis scrutinises as thoroughly and as insightfully the progressive and habitual forms; the habitual aspect, the expression of the perfect aspect, the typically Irish "after + V-ing" and "have + object + V –ed" structures, the "extended now" perfect, the Be perfect and indefinite anterior. She then lingers on the use of cleft sentences in MacGill's writings, showing how, even though there is nothing unusual *per se* in the use of cleft sentences – seeing that cleft sentences are also to be found in standard English –, it is the high frequency with which they appear that makes them a truly Hiberno-English feature. Interestingly enough, cleft sentences can thus be considered to be both the result of a superstratum and of a substratum influence, as their unusual frequency in Hiberno-English was probably caused by the need for language learners to find a similar structure in English to their native Irish "*Is*" structure. Furthermore, the substratum influence of Irish can also be found in MacGill's prepositional constructions that reveal a tendency towards a post-position of the prepositional phrase followed by a pronoun, a construction that, according to Amador Moreno, echoes the Irish language's traditional thematic organisation with the subject placed at the end of the clause or utterance. Concerning prepositions, the occurrence of archaic prepositional forms in the two novels, such as "atop of", "afore", "abed", "afire" etc. illustrates what Amador Moreno calls the "retentionist process" from old English in Hiberno-English. Concerning grammar, she therefore concludes:

> Many of the patterns examined are likely to derive from Irish, even though many of them could also be explained from the SLA [second language acquisition] perspective as the result of learners' overgeneralisation or simplification of rules of the target language, which has often been found to be a common strategy of second language learners. In this regard, those terms which have fossilised in the English of the Irish-speaking community in general (for example, the use of the definite article) seem to be common to both the NHE [Northern Hiberno-English] and the SHE [Southern Hiberno-English] varieties. Others (such as the word order of a subordinate *–ing* clause discussed earlier) appear not to fossilise in general, but be the product of an individual interlanguage. However, other word order alterations, as has been seen, do fossilise and become a characteristic of the HE [Hiberno-English] variety of English. (173)

The same processes of superstratum and substratum cross-fertilisation, of Irish-speaking learners' overgeneralisation and simplification of the rules of English, of retention and of fossilisation are to be found in the lexical analysis further provided by Amador Moreno. Her analysis demonstrates the extent to which the state of bilingualism that preceded the complete shift from Irish into English in Donegal at the beginning of the twentieth century allowed for a considerable amount of lexical borrowings from one language to another. Amador Moreno exemplifies her point by showing in great detail that the two novels are peppered with words resulting from this cross-fertilisation, and from the traditional contact with Scottish English. Thus, she gives the example of the occurrence *mits* (hands), which she believes could be the final result of the semantic metonymic extension from the English *mitten* that became *miotan* in Donegal Irish English (its meaning being changed from a glove to a hand). The suffix -en, which was seen as a way to form the plural in the Middle English period, would then, still according to Amador Moreno, have been replaced by the ending -s as an overgeneralisation of the rule of plural formation in English. On top of this example of metonymic extension and of overgeneralisation, Amador Moreno also gives *strand* (beach) as a perfect example, amongst others; of lexical retention in Hiberno-English of words from Medieval English. Concerning the direct substratum influence of Irish, she hints at the use of words such as *brogues*, *mairteens* (from the Irish *máirtín*, soleless stockings) and the term of endearment *alannah* (sweetheart) which had, at that time, already made it into standard English, probably thanks to stage-Irish theatrical characters, and therefore did not need explaining to non-Irish readers . Other words such as *brattie* (from the Irish *brat*, an apron or a cloth), *spag* (from the Irish *spág*, a clumsy foot) and *máthair* (mother) are explained by MacGill, which certainly means that they were used by the speakers of his native community but not perceived as fully assimilated in their English. In MacGill's writings, one can also find Scottish English words which became yet another feature of Donegal's Hiberno-English such as *gallowses* (suspenders, braces), *oxter* (armpit) and *lassie* (girl). Complete with a most useful index of the words under scrutiny, Carolina Amador Moreno's thorough analysis of the lexicon used by MacGill in his early prose thus clearly illustrates the specificity of what she calls "[…] the curious mix of Irish, Scottish and English dialectal words [that] is called on by the author […]. This mixture reflects not only the language contact situation in Ulster, but also the linguistic repercussions of the migratory movements to Scotland" (264). This is how, Amador Moreno convincingly argues, MacGill managed to render so truthfully the speaking voice of this community, a changing voice in a world that was no longer merely Irish-speaking, but had now become bilingual.

Thorough, extremely well-argued and comprehensive, Carolina Amador Moreno's study should raise the interest not only of linguists, but of every Irish studies scholar with an interest in the stakes of the world-shaking language shift that took place in the West of Ireland at the beginning of the twentieth century. I would also strongly recommend it to anyone desirous to understand the particularities of Hiberno-English in general, as this book, which focuses on its Donegal variety, also represents an excellent review of all major studies thus far devoted to the question of the English spoken in Ireland.



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Pilar Villar-Argáiz

The publication in October 2002 of the eagerly awaited volumes IV and V of *The Field Day Anthology*, devoted to women's writing and traditions in Ireland, gave a new impulse to the process, which began more than a decade ago, of uncovering Irish female voices from ancient times to the present. As the general editors claim, "The initial proposal for the present work emerged after the publication of that three-volume anthology, which coincided with a perceived flowering of women's writing, political activism and feminist scholarship in Ireland, and led to an intense debate about the position accorded to women in the formation of literary canons" (Bourke et al. 2002: xxxii). *Pillars of the House: An Anthology of Verse by Irish Women from 1690 to the Present* (1987) pioneered this movement of accepting and celebrating the presence of female voices in 'mainstream' history and literature. Since then, many studies have clearly established firm grounds on this subject, thus reshaping the boundaries of Irish Studies by integrating women's writing into Ireland's literary canon. One such book is *Women Creating Women: Contemporary Irish Women Poets* (1996) by Patricia Haberstroh, which focused on what Allen-Randolph (1999. 205) calls the "unprecedented arrival" of Irish women writers in the eighties and nineties. More recently, studies such as *Gender and Sexuality in Modern Ireland* (Bradley & Gialanella Valiulis 1997) and *Border Crossings: Irish Women Writers and National Identities* (Kirkpatrick 2000) have provided the necessary theoretical tools for readdressing women's position within Irish nationalism, identity and culture.

The recently published collection of essays *Análisis de género en los estudios irlandeses* (*Gender Analysis in Irish Studies*), edited by Mª Elena Jaime de Pablos, participates in this ongoing cultural movement of rereading and reassessing Irish history and literature from a gender perspective. This collection brings together the recent research of leading scholars of Irish studies in Spain. Drawing on a wide range of critical approaches (literary criticism, feminism, ecocriticism, historicism, etc.), the essays comprehensively explore the different and contesting representations of femininity and masculinity in a large corpus of Irish literary texts written both by men and women in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Their scope is ambitious, in their analysis of conventional and innovative representations of Irish men and women, their contrastive analysis of male and female authors in Ireland, and their comparative reading of how women have been represented in Ireland and in Spain.

Four essays in the collection explore representations of women in Irish male writing. In “Women and Nature in *The Lake* by George Moore”, Jaime de Pablos examines, from the perspective of ecofeminism, the role of Nora Glynn, the female protagonist of this novel published in 1921. Like many other male writers at the time, George Moore establishes in *The Lake* an association between women and nature. Whereas in patriarchal standards this mystical connection is used in order to strengthen male hegemony (by deeming women/ nature as passive, irrational and inferior to men/ culture), ecofeminists such as Mary Daly and Susan Griffin believe that if women align themselves with nature, they will be able to create spaces that are free of patriarchal influence. Jaime de Pablos draws on these critics in order to defend the positive identification between Norah Glynn with nature. As the author explains, her profound connections with the environment are a reflection of her vitality, strength, dynamism and independence. Nora also stands as an allegory of the “new woman”, the feminist ideal that emerged in the last decades of the nineteenth century, as she does not comply with feminine conventions and she has the courage to pursue her life according to her own ideals and standards.

Morales Ladrón’s essay similarly analyses subversive representations of women in masculine narratives. Focusing on Roddy Doyle’s 1996 novel *The Woman Who Walked into Doors*, Morales Ladrón explores the physical and psychological degradation of Paula, a mother of four children who has suffered domestic violence for eighteen years. Doyle offers a scathing critique of Ireland’s contemporary society, revealing the hypocrisy of ‘patriarchal’ institutions such as the family, public health, religion and education, which sanction masculine hegemony by ignoring Paula’s dreadful situation. As Morales Ladrón claims, this novel brings into focus the pervasive influence of the precepts of the 1937 Constitution, which relegated women to the roles of mothers and housewives. In her exclusion from the public – and particularly labour – terrain, Paula economically depends on her husband, becoming a mere ‘object’ in the hands of masculine power.

Irish women have not only been silenced and marginalized by patriarchal power; they have also become ideological tools for expressing nationalist aspirations. García de Salazar’s study focuses precisely on this aspect, by examining how many Irish male writers found necessary to claim independence and sovereignty by declaring their ‘masculine’ power and reinforcing gender divisions. In particular, he examines the role of women in two nineteenth-century plays: *Spanish Patriots a Thousand Years Ago*, by Henry Brereton Code and *The Rose of Arragon* by James Sheridan Knowles. These plays reflect the social, political and religious divisions between Ireland and England by making use of gender stereotypes, such as the symbolic identification between Ireland and the Mother.

In her comparative reading of *La Casa de Bernarda Alba* by Federico García Lorca and *Dancing at Lughnasa* by Brian Friel, Inés Praga Terente also shows how Irish women have been doubly colonized by a restrictive nationalism which has been fused to Catholicism. Praga Terente skilfully reveals the similarities between these two plays, which, in spite of being temporally and culturally separated, equally reflect female characters who are trapped in a claustrophobic and patriarchal rural community highly determined by restrictive social, cultural and religious pressures. In particular, the essay deals with the sexual repression of the protagonists and their tragic fate when they transgress the borders of the domestic sphere. The author shows how both plays are, in many ways, emblematic for the stifling social and cultural circumstances of Ireland and Spain in the 1930s.

Another important section in this collection of essays offers illuminating and innovative critical readings of literary texts written by Irish women in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In "New Tendencies in the Irish female *Bildungsroman*", María Amor Barros del Río examines the many differences and similarities between traditional male *Bildungsroman* and nineteenth- and twentieth-century Irish novels of female development. Barros del Río particularly focuses on some of the most remarkable and representative Irish women writers within this narrative form, such as Kate O'Brien, Edna O'Brien, Eilís Ní Dhuibhne, Kate Cruise O'Brien or Moya Roddy, among others. All these writers position themselves outside traditional Bildungsroman parameters, in order to articulate alternative outcomes of female development. They firmly oppose feminine roles of subordination, by describing "the protagonist's journey from the enclosed realm of the familial home into the social world" (Felski 134). Furthermore, marriage and motherhood are eventually perceived in their work as insufficient means of achieving personal fulfilment and female self-discovery. The question of how this narrative form is related to historical forces is particularly important to the study of the Irish female *Bildungsroman*, because, as the author explains, women in Ireland represent a special complexity: whichever the medium of expression, they have been doubly silenced, both as national(ist) icons and idealized custodians of tradition, and also as beloved muses of the male artist. The corpus of texts analysed by Barros del Río shows the pressing need that many Irish women experience even nowadays to escape the burden of the colonial past, and to find their own space in private and public terrains.

In her analysis of Somerville and Ross's nineteenth-century novel *The Real Charlotte*, Díez Fabre also examines, in a historical light, the rebellious attitude of the female protagonist, a ruthless and manipulative middle-aged woman who, in spite of the decline of the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy, is fiercely determined to improve her own status in life by finding a good husband with wealth and land. Challenging current readings of the protagonist as a mere diabolic, Faustian figure, "a classic study of 'the banality of evil'" (Kiberd 78), Díez Fabre interprets the ambitious and malevolent attitude of this character from a feminist perspective. She draws on Gilbert and Gubar's (2000: 28) theoretical claims in order to characterize Charlotte as "the monster-woman", an embodiment of "intransigent female autonomy" who refuses to stay in her ordained life of feminine submission. This innovative reading offers new insight into Somerville and Ross's novel, and again illustrates how Irish women's writing stretches beyond patriarchal ideals of femininity and gender.

Keith Gregor's essay also explores the subversive possibilities of Irish women's writing, by analysing at length the emergence of a new female drama in the North of Ireland. Gregor particularly focuses on the work of three notable playwrights: Christina Reid, Anne Devlin and Marie Jones. By means of their female protagonists, mostly working-class women caught between conflicting political views, these playwrights articulate the current situation in the North. They also problematize issues of nationalism and colonialism in their representation of women who feel imprisoned in their assigned roles of daughters, wives and mothers.

This book does not only look into artistic representations of women; it also deals with the presence of real women in the political terrain, a public space traditionally and exclusively assigned to men. Trainor's illuminating essay on the life of Maud Gonne serves as a reminder of the pivotal and active role Irish women played in Ireland's fight for independence. The author offers an overview of Gonne's biography, in order to highlight some essential aspects of the political activism of this "servant of the Queen [Maeve]": her commitment with the evicted people in the Land Wars, her struggle for the release of Irish political prisoners, and her involvement in the so-called Irish Cultural Renaissance.

The book also contributes to wider debates on gender studies, by addressing not only the position of women as historical subjects or the aesthetic representations of femininity in Ireland, but also the forms and varieties of Irish masculinity. Fernández Sánchez's essay, for instance, considers the construction of male gender identity in three novels by contemporary Northern Irish writer Bernard Mac Laverty: *Lamb, Cal* and *The Anatomy School*. Fernández Sánchez particularly focuses on the homosocial relationships established by the male characters and how they are bound to guide themselves according to a particular set of social and 'official' norms which define their masculinity. The author also reveals the links between ideals of masculinity, on the one hand, and violence, power and truth, on the other. By investigating the way these norms are internalized, normalized or challenged, this study complicates conventional distinctions and binaries between femininity and masculinity in Ireland.

All in all, this book offers a sustained focus on questions of gender in Irish Studies by drawing into 1) the persistence of important forms of oppression in many images of femininity and masculinity that have survived the Irish cultural legacy and are still produced in the Republic of Ireland and the North of Ireland; 2) The creation of new images of femininity that subvert the feminine stereotype, or that reproduce it in order to assume an agentive role; and 3) The pressing need that many Irish women writers experience nowadays to forge and rediscover a new Irish female identity, freed from the colonial and patriarchal legacy. Therefore, this collection is an original and important contribution to the growing body of critical studies devoted to the field of Feminist and Gender Studies. Jaime de Pablo's sustained, meticulous, and exacting edition opens up and articulates from the perspective of gender hitherto unknown views on Irish history and canonical and non-canonical Irish writers. It is thus an essential and valuable contribution for anyone interested not only in gender but also in any aspect of Irish Studies.

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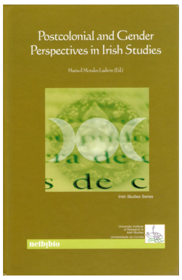

Morales Ladrón, Marisol (ed.). ***Postcolonial and Gender Perspectives in Irish Studies*****.** A Coruña: Netbiblo, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-9729892-6-8. 240 pp.

Mª Elena Jaime de Pablos

The collection of essays *Postcolonial and Gender Perspectives in Irish Studies*, edited by Marisol Morales Ladrón, gathers important research by leading Spanish scholars on various aspects of Irish Studies. Their relevance lies in their application of an array of postcolonial theories to the study of Irish literature and cinema, an approach pioneered by the work of the Field Day Theatre Company in the 1980s, and continued by many critics both within and outside the Irish academic field.[1] The critical acclaims put forward in the last four decades by Edward W. Said, Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Homi K. Bhabha, Frantz Fanon, Albert Memmi and Ngugi Wa Thiong'o, together with other theories belonging to the so-called field of Gender Studies, are successfully combined in order to offer illuminating analyses of conflicting and marginal voices who earnestly strive to counterattack the silence they have been imposed to by different hegemonic discourses (i.e. imperialist, nationalist, religious, etc.).

The book is divided into five parts, preceded by Morales Ladrón's illuminating prologue: "Prólogo: Postcolonialism y Género en los Estudios Irlandeses" (Prologue: Postcolonialism and Gender in Irish Studies). Part I "Postcolonialism, Language and Gender" opens up with an essay by Isabel Carrera Suárez entitled: "La teorización postcolonial de Irlanda" (Postcolonial Theorization of Ireland), in which this scholar provides different and contrasting academic discourses about the appropriateness of considering Ireland within a postcolonial framework. After emphasising the difficulties involved in any attempt to interconnect the three fields of Feminism, Irish Studies and Postcolonial Studies, Carrera Suárez explains how feminist perspectives have often been neglected in gender biased pieces of research. In "The Irish Language and Issues on Postcolonialism: An Approach", Asier Altuna García de Salazar shows how the Irish language – an expression of Irishness – has traditionally been promoted as a sign of difference from and rejection of the English identity. The essay ends up by analysing the Irish language from the point of view of hybridism, bilingualism and multiculturalism, key concepts to understand Ireland from a postcolonial standpoint.

Part II of the book includes two essays on Irish poetry examined from a similar viewpoint. In "Northern Ireland: The Poetry in Between", Manuela Palacios González focuses on the geographical, political, religious, class and gender divisions reflected in the work of different generations of male and female writers from the North of Ireland, ranging from John Hewitt, Mac Neice, W. R. Rodgers, John Montague, Seamus Heaney to Michael Longley, Derek Mahon, Paul Mauldoon, Medbh McGuckian. This critic concludes that there are obvious similarities between the poetry published in the North and that published in the Republic of Ireland (with representative names such as Paula Meehan, Nuala Ní Dhomhnail, Anne Hartigan or Eavan Boland), which implies that there is no such thing as a 'distinctive' Northern Irish poetry. The second essay, "*Acts of Union*: El discurso del amor en el texto poético de autoras irlandesas (1980-2005)" [*Acts of Union*: Love Discourse in Poetic Texts by Irish Female Authors (1980-2005)], by Luz Mar González Arias, deals with the poetry of Irish women writers in the last three decades, in particular Eavan Boland, Eithne Strong, Katie Donovan, Nuala Ní Dhomhnail, Paula Meehan, Dorothy Molly, Anne Hartigan, Leanne O'Sullivan and Mary Coll. As González Arias shows by applying the critical claims of the philosopher Umberto Galimberti, the psychoanalyst Erich Fromm, the critic Linda Hutcheon or the feminist sociologist Wendy Langford, love for these Irish women poets is understood as a non-symmetric bond between a man and a woman, which reinforces the patriarchal order.

The four essays included in Part III of the volume: "Fiction: Novels and Short Stories", examine Irish narrative drawing on postcolonial and gender-orientated notions. In "Glenn Patterson and Robert McLiam Wilson: Two Contemporary Northern Irish Writers and the Question of National Identity", Esther Aliaga Rodrigo focuses on how the controversial concept of national identity is reflected in the work of two writers belonging to opposing religious backgrounds, Catholicism and Protestantism. Interestingly enough, both authors similarly question the possibility of offering a static conception of national identity in a changing society characterised by multiculturalism, globalization and universalisation. Once more, the suitability of the term 'postcolonial' to refer to Irish or Northern Irish literature is discussed. "Espacios femeninos en la novela de la República escrita por mujeres" (Feminine Spaces in the Republic Novel Written by Women), the second essay of this section by María Amor Barros del Río offers an overview of the evolution of the twentieth-century Irish novel by female writers such as Emily Lawless, Edith Somerville & Violet Martin, Kate O'Brien, Edna O'Brien, Kate Cruise O'Brien, Éilís Ní Dhuibhne and Catherine Dunne. Resorting to postcolonial and gender theories, this author discusses the way these writers deal with the identification of woman with nation, their 'sense of place', and their search for a new female identity free from negative and/or male-chauvinist stereotypes. The third essay of this section by Tamara Benito de la Iglesia, "The Anti/postcolonial Trace in Some Stories of the Northern Irish Troubles", studies postcolonial and anti-colonialist traces in short stories dealing with the so-called 'Troubles' in Northern Ireland. Special emphasis is laid on the short stories by Gerry Adams, William Trevor, David Park or Bernard MacLaverty, in order to demonstrate the importance of issues such as power, sectarism, cultural identity, repression, violence and terror in Northern Ireland, all of them clear aftermaths of British imperial rule. Margarita Estévez Saá's essay "'The *Seanchai*': Short Fiction by Irish Women Writers from the Republic", puts an end to the postcolonial and gender analysis of Irish short story in the volume. After analysing the role of the *Seanchai* both as a story teller and as a custodian of the Irish language, culture and history, Estévez Saá denounces the fact that only a few of the many anthologies of short stories include female writers. The recent inclusion of voices such as Mary Lavin, Mary Kelly, Clare Boylan, Éilís Ní Dhuibhne, Bernardette Matthews, Anne Le Marquand Hartigan, Eithne Strong, Evelyn Conlon and Judy Kravis, among others, contributes to the enrichment and popularity of this narrative genre.

Part IV of the edited collection of essays is devoted to contemporary drama published both in the Republic of Ireland and in Northern Ireland. In her essay "La compañía Charabanc (Marie Jones), Anne Devlin y Christina Reid: Estudio postcolonial del teatro norirlandés contemporáneo" ["Charabanc Theatre Company (Marie Jones), Anne Devlin and Christina Reid: A Postcolonial Study of Northern Irish Contemporary Drama"], Mª del Mar González Chacón offers an insightful postcolonial and gender analysis of the work produced by the above mentioned female playwrights, in order to highlight how they deal with important issues such as 'trauma', 'knowledge', 'power', 'otherness' and 'exile'. Particular attention is drawn to the establishment in 1983 of The Charabanc Theatre Company, as an important and subversive attempt to depict the heterogeneity of women's experiences and debunk traditional gender roles. "Infantilising Staging of Postcolonial Adulthood: A Study of Tom Murphy's *A Crucial week in the Life of a Grocer's Assistant* and Sebastian Barry's *Boss Grady's Boys*", by Rosana Herrero Martín, deals with the drama produced in the Republic of Ireland. The author shows, by carefully analysing the representations of parental overshadowing in Murphy's and Barry's plays, that Ireland was conceived as an infant in the nationalist drama produced under Eamon De Valera's rule. Herrero Martín sheds new light upon these two playwrights by resorting to Jean-François Lyotard's theories on the plurality of small narratives competing with each other and replacing the totalitarianism of grand narratives. The author concludes that both authors prefer the fragmented voices of marginal characters to establish an Irish cultural identity rather than the well-known protagonists of Irish official history.

The fifth and last part of the book contains a large essay on cinema "Postcolonial Ireland on Screen", in which Rosa González Casademont uncovers a series of stereotypes (such as the image of a rural paralysed country), which were often employed in cinematic representations of Ireland. González Casademont includes in her scope of research filmic representations of Irishness produced not only in Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland, but also in the United States, the United Kingdom, with a view to revealing how gender, self-representation and cultural identity is conceived in these filmic discourses.

In short, *Postcolonial and Gender Perspectives in Irish Studies* proves to be an indispensable and obligatory reading for those interested in Irish Studies, Postcolonial Studies and Gender Studies, since it provides a most valuable contribution to scholarship on these three rich and fascinating fields of knowledge.

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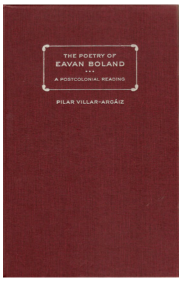
Note

1 Recent research on Ireland's place within postcolonial studies has been carried out by Carroll and King (2003), Deane (2003), Graham (2001), Smyth (2000), and Villar-Argáiz (2007a, 2007b), to name some representative scholars.


THE POETRY OF
EAVAN BOLAND
A POSTCOLONIAL READING
PILAR VILLAR-ARGÁIZ

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> "After the wolves and before the elms/ the Bardic Order ended in Ireland// A few remained to continue/ a dead art in a dying land"
> ("My Country in Darkness" Eavan Boland)

Viviane Carvalho da Annunciação

Should I have been requested to define Pilar Villar-Argáiz's book in a single line, I would most certainly have chosen Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin's "her history is a blank sheet". To my way of thinking, this line is quite precise to characterise the critic's work due to the fact that she puts a great deal of effort into trying to prove that Eavan Boland's mature oeuvre is the product of a constant *self conscious mimicry*, which makes an unsettling attempt to articulate women's silence in Irish history. Not only does the author appropriately scrutinize the poet's main achievements in terms of subject and theme, but also rigorously recaptures the most fundamental theoretical premises of post colonial criticism. In order to place the author in a minority, feminist and subaltern discourse, the author reserves almost a hundred pages of her study to give precise and accurate details about the main debates in postcolonial criticism. Seldom does her analysis fall back on run of the mill appreciation on Eavan Boland's poetry, what enables her to produce unique and innovative insights.

As I want to take the reader on a quick trip through this book, I would like to start with the table of contents which already points out the main qualities of the book: organisation and clarity of thought. If on the one hand the author unequivocally exposes her methodological procedure by taking on board in its titles a number of terms which belong to the post colonial idiolect, on the other hand, she makes it clear that there are two opposing forces leading the field in Eavan Boland's outlook. While the poet wishes to get rid of the burden of history by rewriting and subverting Irish past zeitgeist according to her female and exiled experience, she also desires to break free from Ireland's border and confer on her poems a sense of hybridity and openness. Such attempt does not come without pain, mainly because she has to come to terms with an *anxiety of authorship*, which constantly requires of her to *adulterate* [1] traditional tropes of women in traditional nationalistic literature. In order to accomplish such intricate task, she challenges the masculine discourse from within, rediscovering the past anew.

In addition to giving a sneak preview of the main points to be developed in the course of the book, the table of contents offers the readers the possibility of reading each of the eight chapters separately, since they are divided into subsections of the same theme, and present a brief conclusion on the topic. The first three chapters are dedicated to specifying the author's methodological *locus of enunciation*, or the epistemological approach with which she interprets Boland's art. In this sense, the introduction is followed by a detailed chapter in which Villar-Argáiz examines and positions Boland in colonial discourse. Interestingly enough is that the ones who are not fully acquainted with this kind of criticism are able to understand its main trends and considerations. As far as I am concerned, one of the main points she touches on is the distinction between postcolonial theory and postcolonial criticism. After explaining the central theoretical framework posed by the pioneers Edward Said, Homi K. Bhabha and Gayatri C. Spivak, she sheds light on the fact that the present criticism plumbs the depths of the legacy left by this *holy trinity* in the light of new challenges. The chief names mentioned by the critic are Aijaz Ahmad and Wa Thiong'o Ngugi, certainly owing to the fact that while the former proposes a revision in postcolonial reason by adopting a revolutionary Marxist standpoint, the latter does that by putting forward a decolonisation of the mind through the adoption of native languages.

No sooner does Villar-Argáiz sum up her discussion on the critique made by postcolonial criticism, than she takes up the theme of minority and feminine discourse. Invested with as much authority as in the other sections, in the second chapter, the critic embarks on the enterprise of envisaging Eavan Boland's poetry according to Deleuze and Guattari's concept of *deterritorialisation*. In her words, with a view to "identify[ing] writers exile and displacement in terms of language and literature… 'deterritorialisation is… negative because it involves estrangement… [also] positive, for it allows subversion of the major language" (Villar-Argáiz 63). Likewise, such concept helps the author to comprehend how Boland creates a literature of resistance that "is political in nature... in the sense that each of its individual concerns is connected immediately to politics. The minor writer, just by raising his/her voice and demanding his/ her right to be heard and recognised as an agentive subject, defies the established system which confines him/ her to the margins" (*Op. cit.*). With the purpose of scrutinising critically the relationship between colony and metropolis, the poet revitalises the English language through the incorporation of forgotten (hi)stories, specially the ones lived by the women who, in the national literature, were nothing but *fictive queens or national sibyls* [2]. Thus, these passive subjects, that were once represented as Kathleen Ni Houlihan, Shan Van Vocht and Roisin Dubh are turned into contemporary agents, such as mothers whose tasks are as ordinary as bringing up the children and doing the household chores.

The forth and fifth chapters are dedicated to the task of proving how Eavan Boland *reterritorialises* Irish female poetry at the moment she challenges and disrupts the authoritarian discourse, giving raise to a revisionary stance on motherland. Nevertheless, as an artist that comes from a land whose past has been, by and large, revisited and rewritten by generations of writers from various literary affiliations, the poet's stance relies on two contrasting motivations: if on the one hand she wishes to move beyond nativism, acknowledging not only Ireland's lost culture in the colonial process by its Other subaltern histories, on the other hand, she also desires to depict her own subjectivity as a hybrid entity, whose essences are lost within the numerous psychological and geographical dislocations undergone by her. Consequently, the main target of her initial outlook is *critical nationalism*, which means Boland will articulate both culture and politics in her poetry. As a paradigm of the manner in which she breaks the nationalistic ideology, Villar-Argáiz analyses the poems "Mise Eire" and "Mother Ireland", asserting the use of *I*, instead of *she* in the representation of the land suggests the subject matter woman became the subject, however unsure of her place in Irish nationalism.

The following section, "To a Third Space: Boland's Imposed Exile as a Young Child", perhaps the most important of the book, touches on a crucial point: the formation of such subjectivity. In relation to that, Villar-Argáiz reinforces the view that Eavan Boland's sense of displacement stems from her experience of living in London when she was a little girl due to her father's professional duties. As regards the theme of exile, the author presents a general account on what has been theorized on the theme: notions such as dispossession, displacement, ruptures and discontinuity serve as a springboard for her main argument that, in search for an identity, the poet relies on a threefold basis whose main function is to decentralise essentialist ideals, such as the main motifs concerning women. In this fashion, relying in Stuart Hall's *strategic politics of position*, the critic confirms for us that, as an Irish citizen, as a woman and as a poet, Eavan Boland perceives the authoritarianism in the politics of identity, along with its restrictive boundaries to the imaginative creation of a versatile and fluid identity. In the detailed scrutiny of the poems "The Pomegranate" and "Heroic" Villar-Argáiz shows how the necessity of exile and dislocation shed light on a new interpretation of Irish history. By the same token, the poet forges a third space where hybridity and psychological tensions bring to the surface an anti-fundamentalist poetics.

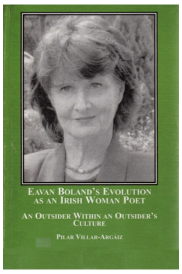
Continuing with her line of thought, in the two final chapters, the criticism hinges on the theme of subalternity and spontaneous exile, as the titles suggest: "The Subaltern in Boland's Poetry" and "Boland's Mature Exile in the US: an 'Orientalist' Writer?". Both chapters seek to prove how the subjectivity, as a literary device, when constructed on the grounds of no-essences and hybridism, is powerful enough to "reconstruct the history of female literary marginalization" (Freadman and Miller *apud* Villar-Argáiz 205). Rather than focusing on the defeats of Irish women, or even Irish history, Boland proposes, as the critic suggests, an *irreducible difference*, which forces both poet and reader to acknowledge the fact the "Other" cannot be fully grasped, be "It" a woman, an event in the past or even a memory. Poems such as "The Achill Woman", "Outside History", and "We are always too late", at the outset, rehearse an apparent connection with the past that ends up in failure due to the epistemological fragmentation of his native land and feminine discourse. To Villar-Argáiz mind, this is highly subversive for it criticises hegemonic powers and inserts her poetics in the realm of the *in-between space* where she can identify with not only Irish stories, but also other stories hidden by the colonial repression on native culture.

As a conclusion, the book presents a conscious analysis of the main debates regarding Eavan Boland's work, while giving a general idea of the main trends of post colonial criticism. Throughout the book, the reader is invited to go beyond the Western binary thought and understand a new *sense of place*, which pertains to a continuous search for identity and space in an interconnected world of multiple identities. One of the features which seems highly extraordinary is the fact that these concepts and conclusions can be also observed in other Irish poets, which also highlights the quality of the book, since it has captured a contemporary search for a new world view.

Notes

1 According to Pilar Villar-Argáiz, "adulteration" is a concept developed by the cultural critic David Lloyd to refer to "a strategy employed by those who have found themselves on the margins of power and which is resistant to colonialist discourse as well as dominant forms of nationalism" (Villar-Argáiz 80).

2 The female poet Nula Ní Dhomhnail quotes Eavan Boland in order to support her position that, since the beginning of Irish literary canon, women have not been allowed to take part in it, except for being idealized allegories of the country. In her words, "Nowhere in the Irish poetic tradition can I find anything but confirmation… that women have been nothing else but 'the fictive queen and national sibyls'". (Villar-Argaíz 95).



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Gisele Wolkoff

In this book, Pilar Villar-Argáiz provides us with a thorough and detailed examination of Eavan Boland's poetry. For that, Villar-Argáiz mainly reappropriates theories of feminism and colonialism applied to her readings of the poet's writings. Given the importance of Eavan Boland, we can say that there is already a considerably qualitative amount of critical work on the poet's works, which has by and large taken into account mostly Boland's relevance in the realm of twentieth-century Irish poets, her dialogic position within an Irish literary tradition and her fundamental role as a woman writer in the reassessment of the female voice's importance. However, much of such criticism has left out that which Villar-Argáiz points out to: the association of a postcolonial, national context of production to that of the situation of being a woman. By bringing together such postcolonial critics, as well as critics of postcolonialism, that range from Albert Memmi, Avtar Brah, Edward Kamau Brathwaite, Frantz Fanon, Gayatri C.Spivak, Homi K.Bhabha, Jacques Derrida, Jody Allen-Randolph, Stuart Hall, among others, the author presents us the fundamental basis of reading poetry by means of its locality of enunciation, that is, how the poet's place of enunciation is constructed from the perspective of the reader.

In this sense, the book is divided into four sessions that outline both the approach to the poet's works and the presentation of her poetry by means of thematic and elocutionary positions assumed by the writer. In the "Introduction", Villar-Argáiz politically situates contemporary Irish women poets in the context of Ireland and its literary tradition. Furthermore, the critic argues and justifies the challenge of adequating American and European feminist aesthetics as well as theories of postcolonialism into the comprehension of the Irish literary contemporaneity. The cultural syncretism present in feminist and postcolonial approaches allows the critic to lead her readers into a hybrid, non-essentialist and non-fixed understanding of human beings as portrayed by the poet at issue in the book. The second chapter, "Boland's initial steps as a woman poet", provides us with a more particularized view of the writings of the poet in dialogue both with the Irish (male) tradition and with the contemporary artistic attempt to voice the feminine body. This is when Villar-Argáiz makes what seems to be contradictory statements about the poet, such as: "She prefers to make for herself a place among the well established (male) literary canon by adopting conventional features, rather than by defying them, and so asserting herself as a female poet." (2007. 33). Moreover, in this chapter, Villar-Argáiz gives us explanations on Boland's connections with other Irish poets from William Butler Yeats to Derek Mahon, Brendan Kennelly Seamus Heaney and Patrick Kavanagh. The centre of conflict between nationalism and an Irish literary (male) tradition, following this latter's steps, seem to create the poet's own aesthetics. Therefore, the critic envisages Boland and the figure of the poet as a hero, apart from ordinary life, the poet as a pilgrim and her association with Nature. By the end of this chapter, we have a broad access to Boland's complete works, by means of Villar-Argáiz's comments on poems that metonymically represent Boland's phases, as that of "The Winning of Etain", the final, long poem in *New Territory***,** which is the most well-known book.

The third part, "Boland's Reaffirmation of Sexual Difference", recuperates the previously mentioned, and apparent contradiction about belonging to a tradition and affirming oneself as a woman, speaking with a female voice and from a feminine perspective. The critic, once again embedded in French feminism and postcolonial theory, comments poems that mark Boland's phase of female assertion that goes from the concern with anorexia to the matter of motherhood and writing, particularly in the book *In Her Own Image*.

"Boland's artistic decolonization", the fourth and last part of the book, is an entire work of inspiration itself for those who seek to look into an artist's complete work from various thematic perspectives. This chapter is composed of a series of articles grouped in three sections – "A deconstruction of the poetic self", "An 'authentic' Irish past which cannot be grasped" and "A more assertive 'marginal' writer?" – that reflect Villar-Argáiz's main theme: decolonization. This passage is from where the reader can eventually reach a space closer to understanding the whole idea of hibridity, belonging, womanhood and poetry, with its origin in Ireland. All of the three instances of reading in this chapter are united by the aim to establish an understanding of how domination and subordination are drawn in Boland's poetry, as well as of how the idea of elsewhereness is a fundamental basis there. Villar-Argáiz manages to steer the reader into a full comprehension of how boundary crossings in contemporaneity are possible in the poetry of Eavan Boland. The conclusion reiterates such hybrid concepts of nationalism, womanhood and writing as both central leitmotifs for Boland, and tools by means of which the poet moves from marginality to centrality, without ever losing track of her origins.

Idiot In The Absurd Country: The Brazilian Version for Bernard Shaw's *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* by Cia Ludens.

Domingos Nunez

Cia Ludens' third production, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, a play written by George Bernard Shaw, premiered on sixth of June, 2008 at Sala Crisantempo in São Paulo. Adapted to the Brazilian context this play, called here as *Idiota no País dos Absurdos* (*Idiot in the Absurd Country)*, gave the company the opportunity to continue and expand its project of staging Irish drama in Brazil. After producing the plays of two contemporary playwrights, *Dancing at Lughnasa* by Brian Friel and *Stones in His Pockets* by Marie Jones, the company turned its attention to the past and put on the stage a play of one of the most important dramatists of the theatre written in English.

Founded with the sole purpose of staging contemporary Irish plays in Brazil and interested in establishing possible connections between the Irish social and political reality of today and the contemporary Brazilian society, Cia Ludens wanted with this project to investigate in which extent a writer of the past might be attractive to a contemporary audience. For that purpose, and encouraged by Rosalie Rahal Haddad who is a specialist in Shaw's plays and novels, the company undertook a long investigation on the dramatist's writings, and after a period of nearly a year in which almost all his plays were scrutinized and a great number of his Prefaces and other reflections investigated, a study on the author's later plays headed the company to *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, one of his most obscure scripts. Also subtitled *A Vision of Judgment*, this text was conceived during a trip to the West Indies when Shaw was 79 years old. The text attracted the company's attention first due to the themes discussed in it, and besides that because in this play Shaw was able to put into practice, in a very radical way, one of his dearest formal obsessions, pursued throughout his career as a dramatist, that was the creation of a drama "without plot". In practical terms, the result of such a pursuit appeared most of times in the form of an episodic theatre in which sometimes the parts are not quite tightly linked and the characters either disappear in the middle of the narrative or are transformed into persons that one can hardly recognize as the same ones previously portrayed. As a thinker and polemist, Shaw was rather interested in the intellectual improvement of the audiences of his time. However, by emphasizing the rational aspects of both his characters and narrative he ultimately turned out to create extensive, wordy and didactic plays that might have little or no appeal for contemporary spectators.

Notwithstanding, these very aspects of Shaw's work were exactly what instigated Cia Ludens to investigate deeper and deeper into the play. Defined by Shaw as a fable (included in the volume entitled Plays Extravagant), *The Simpleton*'s story set in a fictional island in the tropics seemed to be a perfect metaphor for the discussions of Brazilian contemporary questions in the fields of politics, religion, morality and social relationships. Because it consists of a prologue and two acts, and due to the lapses of time in between them, the episodic nature of the narrative becomes much more outstanding than in any other play written by the dramatist. The fable starts in the emigration office at a tropical port in the British Empire where a clerk and an officer argue with a young woman from Liverpool who wants to enter illegally the country. This scene evolves into the officer going out with the young woman to meet a native priest and his wife and another couple of English tourists; meanwhile in the office the clerk blows his brains out with a revolver. Twenty years later this group of six reappears as a multiple marriage religious-like community that has taken up the political power of the Unexpected Isles. The result of their marriage is four spoiled children who were raised as and feel themselves like deities. In the adaptation of the script into Portuguese, the four children were transformed in two underage adolescents who seduce a Clergyman, whose name is Idiot, who happens to be abandoned in the island by pirates who could not put up with him anymore.

The idea behind this adaptation of the original script was to introduce contemporary themes, such as pedophilia (although a bit inverted in this case, since the children are the ones who first harass the clergyman), homosexuality and incest: the two siblings' invention that they are only one person seems to be more than only an innocent and ingenuous device created by the author. Naturally Shaw was interested in discussing the polygamy of some Eastern societies in opposition to English Christian principles. But, in any case, although this theme is still a taboo for the Brazilian society, the decision of the company was to approach it in even a more provocative way, putting together two men and a woman in a polygamous marriage. Encouraged by the six parents, who want to use the Clergyman as an experiment, this marriage intends to be the continuation of their original project of founding a millennial world culture, started with their own eugenic experiments twenty years earlier. Nevertheless, a couple of years later, despite a war declared by neighboring islands outraged by the promiscuous behavior of the Unexpected Isles inhabitants, their project of creating a new society turns out to be a failure, for the children happened to be sterile and the clergyman proved to be impotent. And then out of the blue an Angel lands in their garden to announce the Day of Judgment that, contrary to the ideas present in the Gospels, is not the end of the world, but simply the day in which all men will be judged; those incapable of justifying their presence on the earth will vanish in the air. Thus, as soon as the Angel takes off, the children evaporate as well as many other people reported to be worthless to the evolution of the humanity; among them corrupt politicians, lazy rich and poor people, fathers, doctors and journalists, etc… The audience is then left to question their own values and the reasons why some characters are left on the stage.

The comical extravagances depicted in *The Simpleton* proved in the end that the company was not wrong to think that a writer of the past such as Shaw could offer very contemporary material for audiences of today. But, besides this attempt to establish a parallel between the narrative as imagined by the dramatist and the Brazilian contemporary moment, the formal aspects of this play were of crucial importance to the company's decision of staging it. As mentioned above, in this text Shaw radicalized a procedure that should result in "a play without a plot". In *Shaw on Theatre*, published in 1958, in an article entitled "My Way with a Play", he declared that instead of planning his plays he let "them grow as they came, and hardly ever wrote a page foreknowing what the next page would be". Although it is clear that he is attacking the "constructed" plays, the so-called "well-made" plays that were fashionable in Paris and abundantly copied in London, it was very attractive to the company to think how it would be to deal, from an aesthetic point of view, with this notion of a play without a plot. This notion and the absurdities of the situations depicted in the narrative led the company to consider during its process of staging the play whether Shaw was not already flirting with what was later known as the absurd theatre. All in all, for performance purposes, despite any possible comment Shaw might have made on the subject, it eventually seemed to the company that there were no doubts that in a more positive key, in writing *The Simpleton* Shaw was more than ever in the field of nonsense and if the play had no resemblances whatsoever with the characteristics appointed by Esslin as the ones related to the absurd theatre, at least it was intriguing that in Shaw the term "absurd" could be understood as a synonym for "extravagant".

Another strong conceptual line explored by the group throughout the rehearsal period took into consideration the major idea presented in the play, that is, "the lives which have no use, no meaning, no purpose, will fade out. [People] will have to justify [their] existence or perish". The intention in terms of performance was to create a visual effect that could enable the audience to have the sensation that the characters did not enter the stage or exit from it, but that they appear and disappear on it. What was aimed by the group was that the audience could eventually understand that the judgment to be announced by the Angel in the end was already in course since the very beginning of the play. In the first minutes of the performance, after being said to stay in the office working and "be worth his salt" under the penalty of perishing, the clerk commits suicide and disappears forever. In other moments that character appears and disappears in different parts of the acting space up to the moment when the two children vanish in the air in front of everybody and the priest Pra and the priestess Prola are left waiting for the judgment. Then the last blackout occurs as a sign to indicate the possibility of their having disappeared as well, depending on what judgment the audience might have made on them.

The play was produced with private resources by Rosalie Rahal Haddad and was adapted and directed by Domingos Nunez. This production ran for two months and had the following crew: Gabriel Paiva (executive producer); André Cortez (setting designer); Marina Reis (costume designer); Aline Santini (lightning designer) and Gabriela Gonçalves (Choreographer). In the cast were Helio Cicero, Priscila Jorge, Fausto Franco, Chico Cardoso, Márcia Nunes, Eliseu Paranhos, Sylvia Jatobá, Xico Abreu, Liv Izar and Julio Cesar Pompeo.

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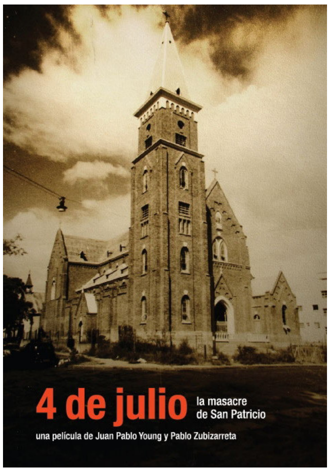
Photographs by Rodrigo Hypolitho



4 de Julio. La masacre de San Patricio.
Directores: Juan Pablo Young y Pablo Zubizarreta.

Lifting the Lid on an Unsolved 'Dirty War' Atrocity[*]

Tom Hennigan

A documentary about the massacre of five churchmen in 1970s Buenos Aires is also the story of an Irish community under pressure. Now its makers are bringing the film to Maynooth. **Tom Hennigan** reports

IN THE GRUESOME list of atrocities that scarred Argentina during its "dirty war" of the 1970s, the St Patrick's Massacre, which struck at the heart of the country's Irish community, was among the most shocking. In the early hours of July 4th, 1976, unidentified gunmen slipped into the parish church of San Patricio in the Buenos Aires neighbourhood of Belgrano and murdered three priests and two seminarians from the Pallottine Order.

Although Argentinians had become accustomed to death during the vicious struggle between government death squads and left-wing guerrillas, the killing of men in holy orders in a parish church in one of the capital's smartest neighbourhoods stunned the country.

The Pallottines had come to Argentina from Ireland to provide for the spiritual needs of the Irish immigrants who went there in the second half of the nineteenth century to farm the recently opened pampas. In Argentina they remained closely identified with the Irish community, and two of the murdered priests – Alfredo Kelly (San Patricio's parish priest) and Alfredo Leaden – were of Irish descent.

In the aftermath, the military government sought to blame left-wing guerrillas, though all the indications were that the murders had been carried out by a government-linked death squad. The Catholic Church largely remained silent. A judicial investigation went nowhere, and no one has ever been convicted of the crime.

Now an Irish audience will have a chance to see a new investigation into the massacre by two Argentinian film-makers. After a general release in Argentina and a tour of the international film festival circuit, *4 de julio (Fourth of July)* finally reaches Ireland on Monday [28th April 2008] with a 6.30pm screening in Maynooth University.[1] Directors Juan Pablo Young and Pablo Zubizarreta say they always wanted to show their film in Ireland, telling as it does the story of an Irish community. But even without the Irish connection, the film is a fascinating insight into Argentina's dirty war and the complicity of the country's Catholic hierarchy and many of its citizens in the crimes of the military dictatorship.

Young is a descendant of Irish immigrants and his family lived in San Patricio parish when the massacre took place. Although he was a very small boy at the time, he still remembers clearly the image of his aunt crying afterwards.

Zubizarreta's family also lived in the parish and he too recalls the aftermath, with "all the people gathered outside the church, everyone silent". While they were shocked by what had occurred, most in the parish wanted to move on quickly.

"As was common at the time, many decided that if the priests had been killed they must have been 'involved' somehow," says Zubizarreta.

"The general response was not to seek revenge or investigate what happened, but instead forgive," recalls Young. This was an attitude the Catholic hierarchy encouraged.

But Zubizarreta's father and brother were part of a small minority who demanded justice for their parish priest and his colleagues. They daubed graffiti on walls by the neighbourhood's train station, demanding answers.

Although he did not yet know Zubizarreta, Young saw his father's slogans and the events of 1976 always stayed with him. In 2001, in film school, he staged a play about the massacre and invited along fellow student Zubizarreta. They discovered their mutual connection with the case and resolved to investigate it and make a documentary about it.

It took them six years. With no funding, they made the film in their spare time between jobs, begging and borrowing equipment from friends and colleagues. But today, they say this worked in their favour, as much new evidence came to light between the start of the project and March 2007, when they finally managed to finish it.

The result is a meticulous investigation which has none of the partisan rancour that still colours much of the debate in Argentina about the dirty war. In forensic, often chilling, detail the film attempts to discover who carried out the attack and, more importantly, why. The murders occurred during what was perhaps the worst week of the dirty war between the military dictatorship and left-wing groups.

Following the coup of March 1976, government death squads went on the offensive against the country's left-wing guerrillas and extended their net to round up anyone considered "subversive". Thousands disappeared, never to be seen again; others had their bodies dumped, mutilated, by the side of the road or in cemeteries.

The massacre in San Patricio took place amidst this maelstrom of violence. The movie attempts to understand why priests were targeted. After all, Argentina's Catholic hierarchy backed the military coup, whose guiding ethos was an extreme brand of Catholic nationalism. Some priests helped relieve through confession the consciences of military officers working on a conveyor belt of death at secret killing centres around the country.

While several prominent guerrilla leaders were of Irish descent, the Irish community, prosperous and conservative, was by and large a firm supporter of the military's efforts to prevent what it saw as the "Cuba-isation" of Argentina. But, as the movie shows, the dirty war revealed splits within the country's Catholic community. By the 1970s, many Argentinian Catholics were followers of liberation theology, the movement formulated by South American theologians and widely popular in Latin America, which emphasised Christ's social teachings. The hierarchy saw liberation theology as creeping Marxism and, in fact, the country's biggest guerrilla group, the Montoneros, grew out of Catholic youth groups.

This was often seen as enough justification for the military's killers to target critics of the regime within the church. Shortly before his murder, Fr Kelly had denounced parishioners for attending auctions where the property of people "disappeared" by the military was sold off. As a result, several members of the congregation denounced Kelly as a communist, which in 1970s Argentina could be a death sentence.

It is therefore not surprising that many in Buenos Aires are uncomfortable about going over the events of July 4th once again.

"The church and many even in the congregation of San Patricio were not keen on the film," says Young.

In 2006 the primate of Argentina put the five murdered men on the path to sainthood, but he seems far less concerned with pursuing the killers through the courts, a course of action now possible following the lifting of an amnesty law for military officers in 2004. "Today the Catholic Church fights for canonisation. But it will not fight for justice," says Zubizarreta.

Obviously the film is not a substitute for justice. But thirty-two years after the events in San Patricio church, it does at least hinder the efforts of those who would rather forget the circumstances that led to the July 4th killings, or at least leave them wrapped in an uncomfortable silence.

Note

* © Saturday 26 de April, 2008 *The Irish Times*.

[1] The directors, Juan Pablo Young and Pablo Zubizarreta, land-rights activist and former St Patrick's priest Bob Kilmeate, and writer Eduardo Kimel, on whose book the film is based, were present at the event.

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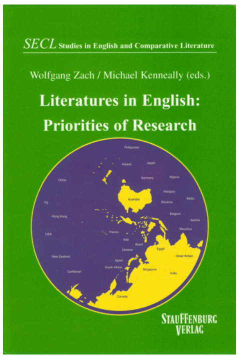

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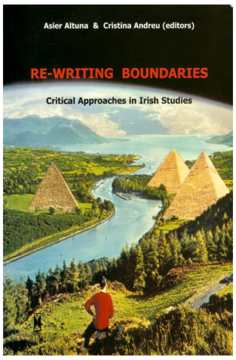

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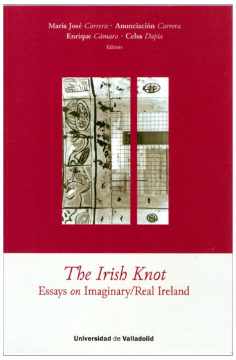

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Contributors

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ANNUNCIAÇÃO, VIVIANE CARVALHO has her MA on Seamus Heaney's *Station Island* from the University of São Paulo and is at present a PhD student on Irish poetry. She is a member of the Associação Brasileira de Estudos Irlandeses (ABEI), Associação Brasileira de Literatura Comparada (ABRALIC) and Associação Brasileira de Professores Universitários de Inglês (ABRAPUI), having delivered communications in its respective Conferences, and is the webmaster of the *Symposia of Irish Studies in Latin America*. She is a poetry translator and English teacher at St. Nicholas school.

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BASTOS, BEATRIZ KOPSCHITZ has an M.A. in English from Northwestern University, a PhD in Irish Studies from the University of São Paulo and has recently concluded a Post-Doctoral research stage at Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina and a Visiting Scholar research stage at Trinity College Dublin. She has published articles on Irish Literature and Drama, particularly on Denis Johnston's work. She taught at the Federal University of Juiz de Fora and is currently teaching in the lato sensu graduate program at the University of São Paulo. She is also Director of ABEI and the representative for Brazil in the IASIL Bibliography Committee

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Impressão do miolo e acabamento	Gráfica FFLCH
Número de páginas	183
Tiragem	200 exemplares