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Cover: Erasmo Andrade's *Cabeça de Paixão*, 1986. (Oil on canvas).

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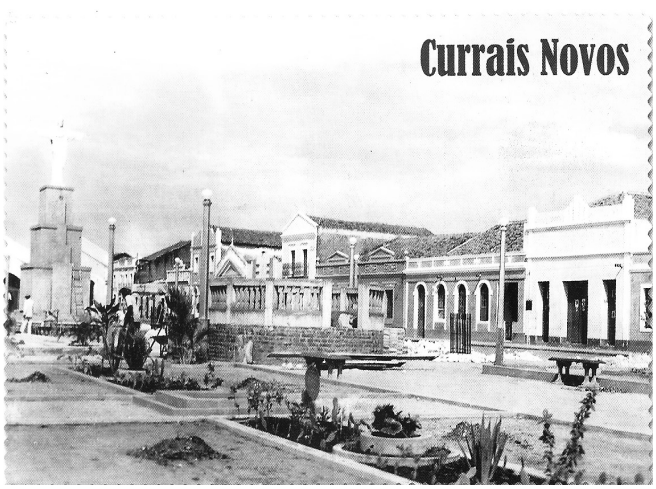
Introduction

The current issue opens with essays on James Joyce in celebration of the ninetieth anniversary of the publication of *Ulysses*. Guest speakers invited by the W. B. Yeats Chair of Irish Studies at the University of São Paulo, including Bruce Stewart and Teresa Casal, kindly authorised us to publish their lectures here. Munira Mutran adds her notes on the famous Brazilian writer Mário de Andrade's marginalia to *Ulysses*, and Francisco Ivan da Silva draws a comparison between Joyce's use of language and that of another canonical Brazilian author, Guimarães Rosa. Joyce's short story "The Dead" is examined by Teresa Casal and Vitor Alevato do Amaral from different perspectives.

Our cover illustration also dialogues with Joyce's work. Brazilian artist Erasmo Andrade's painting, "Cabeça de Paixão" (A passionate head), was part of an exhibition at the Federal University of Rio Grande do Norte during the Seventh Symposium of Irish Studies in South America. Brazilian artists are always invited to interact with the theme of the Conference, which in this case was "Representations of Women in Irish Culture." The painting is an imaginative response to the female perspective, so well represented in *Ulysses.* The artist explains that the composition of his oil on canvas is "a dynamic between colours and lines, which meet to form a visual, tactile and sensual energy... Within this head, ornamented with its flowing hair and wild flowers, there is an angel who infuses with passion the complex feelings of the figure in the painting…"

Nuala Ní Conchúir was also at the Symposium and here talks about her work. In our "Fiction and Autobiography" section, Laura Izarra analyses Colum McCann's acclaimed novel *Let the Great World Spin*, while Tom F. Shea looks at Peig Sayers' autobiography within the context of Blasket Island literature. Paul Durcan's poetry is discussed by Kathleen McCracken, and the relationship between fiction and film is discussed by Robert Savage with a particular focus on Elizabeth Bowen's Ireland.

In "Voices from Brazil", Telê Ancona Lopez discusses the beginnings of modernism, comparing the works of Mário de Andrade and Brecheret.



The *Journal* concludes with reviews of Nuala Ní Chonchúir's *Mother America* and Tony Murray's *London Irish Fictions,* written by Viviane Carvalho da Annunciação and Whitney Standlee, respectively.

The Editors

90 Years of *Ulysses*

Notes on Mário de Andrade's Marginalia to Ulysses

Munira H. Mutran

Abstract: *These Notes have the aim to place Mário de Andrade's comments on* Ulysses *among the early criticism of Joyce's novel.*

Since 1922 James Joyce's *Ulysses* has been the source of innumerable critical attitudes in all languages; throughout the ninety years of its publication, an enormous number of reviews, articles and essays, introductions and books have tried to understand and explain it through different approaches. Among the early reactions in the nineteen-twenties, one can read impressions, perplexities and criticisms on that novel by such writers as Virginia Woolf, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, T.S. Eliot, W. Carlos Williams, Stephan Zweig, Arnold Bennett, Frank O'Connor, Sean O'Faolain, Austin Clarke, G.K. Chesterton and Ernst Curtius, just to mention a few; they have commented on the famous book in short pieces, generally, produced by a first encounter. These writers-critics, by reflecting upon their work or on others', raise questions which are significant for they are based on their experience and anxieties as creators. In relation to *Ulysses*, one topic calls our attention – the difficulty it offers the readers. Stephan Zweig, in an ironic tone, acknowledges the complexities of the text and gives us "directions for use":

> One should first seek a solid support so as not to have to hold the book in his hand forever; this volume is almost 1500 pages long and makes one weak in the knees . . . . Then sit yourself down in an armchair (because it will last a long time) and restrain all patience and judgment (because it will also make you angry) and begin (Deming 444).

In a more serious mood, Ernst Curtius acknowledges the difficulties of "the huge and monstrous work" (available to German readers in 1928), strives to understand its intricacies, and is aware that "time is not yet ripe for a final judgment; only after decades will we be able to measure what Joyce means for our era" (*op. cit.* 447).

Not quite happy after reading the novel, W. Carlos Williams comments briefly in a letter to Sylvia Beach in 1928: "I require a very explicit, limpid, flaringly truthful development of the meaning as contrasted with all more important words – from Joyce" (*op. cit.* 452).

Another point discussed frequently in the criticism of the twenties is the extent in which *Ulysses* would inspire or influence the new generation of writers. Austin Clarke, in 1930, referred to Joyce's "revolutionary art, an influence working, for good or bad, in the minds of younger writers" (*op. cit.* 527). Scott Fitzgerald also realized the impact of the novelties in *Ulysses* when he wrote: "The book makes me feel appallingly naked . . . must listen to conversation style à la Joyce" (*op. cit.* 420). However, in the "Paris Letter" to *The Dial* in 1922, Pound would make it clear that "*Ulysses* is, presumably, as unrepeatable as *Tristram Shandy;* I mean you cannot duplicate it; you can't take it as a 'model', as you could *Bovary*" (Pound 405). Like these, and many other writers-critics who examined *Ulysses* just after its publication, the Brazilian poet, novelist and leading literary critic Mário de Andrade, read it in the French translation of Auguste Morel and Stuart Gilbert, entirely revised by Valéry Larbaud and by Joyce himself. The existence of side-notes as marginalia to the novel was pointed out to me by Telê Ancona Lopez, from the Institute of Brazilian Studies (IEB) at the University of São Paulo while I was doing my research on the reception of James Joyce in Brazil in journals, literary reviews, translations and literary histories. The Institute of Brazilian Studies, now celebrating half a century of its existence, houses invaluable treasures such as the archives of Graciliano Ramos, Guimarães Rosa and Mário de Andrade, the latter one of the leading figures of the "Semana de Arte Moderna" whose objective was to start the modernist movement here in 1922.

In the "Marginália Vária: Acervo de Mário de Andrade", at IEB, six loose small sheets (p. 15-21) register his impressions of *Ulysses* in 1930. His main criticism of the book is based on the problem of realism and truth in art. One is surprised by his concerns with realism since his *Macunaíma* (1928) was criticized because instead of adopting the mimetic tradition, it embraces the mythical and the fantastic; however, let us verify what Mário wrote in the marginalia. The Brazilian critic begins by affirming that the problem of *Ulysses* is not properly the author's value, which is obvious, not even the value of the book. In an objective analysis which refrains from too much criticism or praise, he considers the first problem, whether the artist may say everything in his representation of life. By 1930 *Ulysses* had become notorious for its "indecency." After exemplifying with excerpts from pages 75 and 76 in his French edition, Mário dismisses the charge of obscenity:

> The first impression we have is that Joyce had no half-measures at all – what he had to say, he would say it . . . this impression comes from the belief that so far no one has had enough courage to say what Joyce said. However, the real truth, terrible as it may be, but deeply human, is that Joyce hasn't said everything . . . . There, as in other excerpts, considered equally disgusting or immoral, his language reflects only half-truths, which, however affronting the language might be, this does not mean it isn't half-true […] the first problem casts us in the terrible ocean of good taste or bad taste, something that changes with time.

On the other hand, Mário de Andrade is more concerned with different aesthetic aspects in *Ulysses*, as for example, the realistic approach to art:

> And if the problem of realism in art reaches a more violent intensity in *Ulysses,* this does not mean that Joyce has solved it. On the contrary, he has not moved one step further. Whoever analyses the pages in which he says things one does not say, will arrive to this conclusion – perhaps not very flattering to human beings, but indisputable: Joyce did settle for half measures . . . now, if art allows everything to be said, and still remains artistic, then we have to say everything. Joyce's truth will not go beyond Shakespeare's and Victor Hugo's audacity. Joyce has not solved the problem – he has used violence against it. So here we are.

As to character building, Mário's opinion is that the main method used by Joyce is "interior soliloquy" (his words) which leads to "acuity and detail never achieved before". Have these characteristics helped Joyce find a solution to a new truth? – Mário answers:

> From the artistic point of view I dare say he hasn't. He does not go any further than mme. de La Fayette. On the contrary, he fell behind her; because with him, and also with Proust – though to a lesser degree – characters are not distinguishable. They lose their most prominent traits – external traits, so to speak – which form the character of a psychological being; for such features, specially under Joyce's analysis, having no levels, are of the same importance and intensity as the other features – features that we share with everybody. Now, if heroes – from Shakespeare to Molière – lose their typical characteristics as human reality because of their towering figures, they are still profoundly human, gaining in human values what they lose in human realism.

After reflecting upon these issues, the Brazilian writer-critic goes back to the question of art and truth in character building by arguing that "art will never be aesthetically a realization of truth (for, then, it would be one with it). Would Hamlet be less human than Bloom because Shakespeare's method of characterization is different from Joyce's? Mário concludes: the characters "in mme de La Fayette, in Maupassant, and in Machado de Assis are more artistic and more profoundly human". Why so?

> More artistic because they are not scattered in a vague and fleeting reality. More profoundly human because of the use of levels which stress their essentially human characteristics. Life is not vital; vital is the destiny we arrive at. It is not the man–animal who is properly human but that part of us that makes us different from a horse, a butterfly and Well's most brilhant spider.

The last topic approached by Mário de Andrade refers to the extreme literariness of *Ulysses*:

> There is no denying that the book is most interesting; however, it is also drenched in deep literariness. The first and most obvious reason is that as the movements of reaction, of association (in general), of physiological reflexes are inscrutable, and as we can only determine them within ourselves, not in other people, it follows that the book is about all this in Joyce, not about his characters.

According to Mário de Andrade, the exaggerated literariness of the book results in "the lack of profound life, heart-moving life, tedious life, Life."

A great deal of what Mário de Andrade wrote in those four loose sheets has been here summarized; the quotations are long and numerous since one of the objectives of these notes is to make the critical views of one of Joyce's contemporaries known and to add them among the early reactions to *Ulysses*. Mário de Andrade's reflections raise questions which concern all literature written after 1922, not Joyce's novel alone. As T.S. Eliot affirmed about *Ulysses* in 1923, "all that we can do this time . . . is to elucidate any aspect of the book – and the number of aspects is indefinite – which has not yet been fixed" (198). Eliot was, perhaps, the first author-critic to value the greatness of Joyce's novel: "I hold this book to be the most important expression which the present age has found; it is a book which none can escape" (198). Eliot's statement was so true that criticism from 1922 to the present day has not diminished; it has developed new ways to examine the "super-novel", as Pound defined it (406).

Today it would, certainly, be irrelevant, for example, to discuss whether the book is obscene or immoral. In the twenties, however, this was the main target of its detractors; since then, many other unexplored points have called the attention of the critics to new ways of revealing the greatness and complexity of Joyce's work. If, sometimes, the various approaches seem to be conflicting, they are also provoking and become the source of an intriguing dialogue which does not seem to end the discussions about *Ulysses*. In spite of the new tendencies, Mário de Andrade's marginalia should have its place in the reception of Joyce's contemporaries and – of the utmost importance – writers-critics who, as the Brazilian poet and novelist, voiced their impression on their first reading *Ulysses*, in letters, diaries, reviews, articles and marginalia written shortly after *Ulysses* was known to the public.

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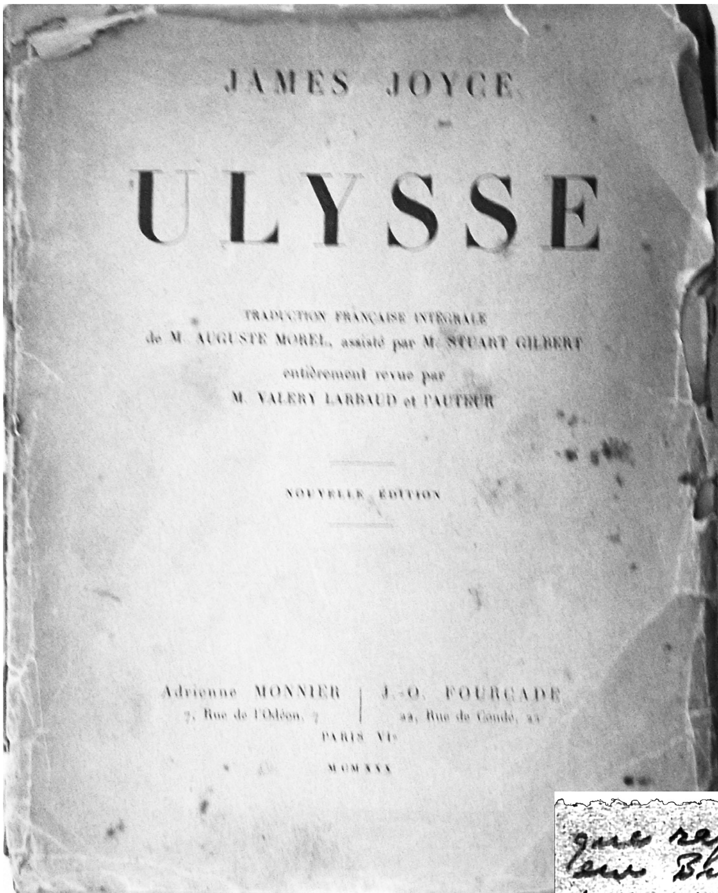
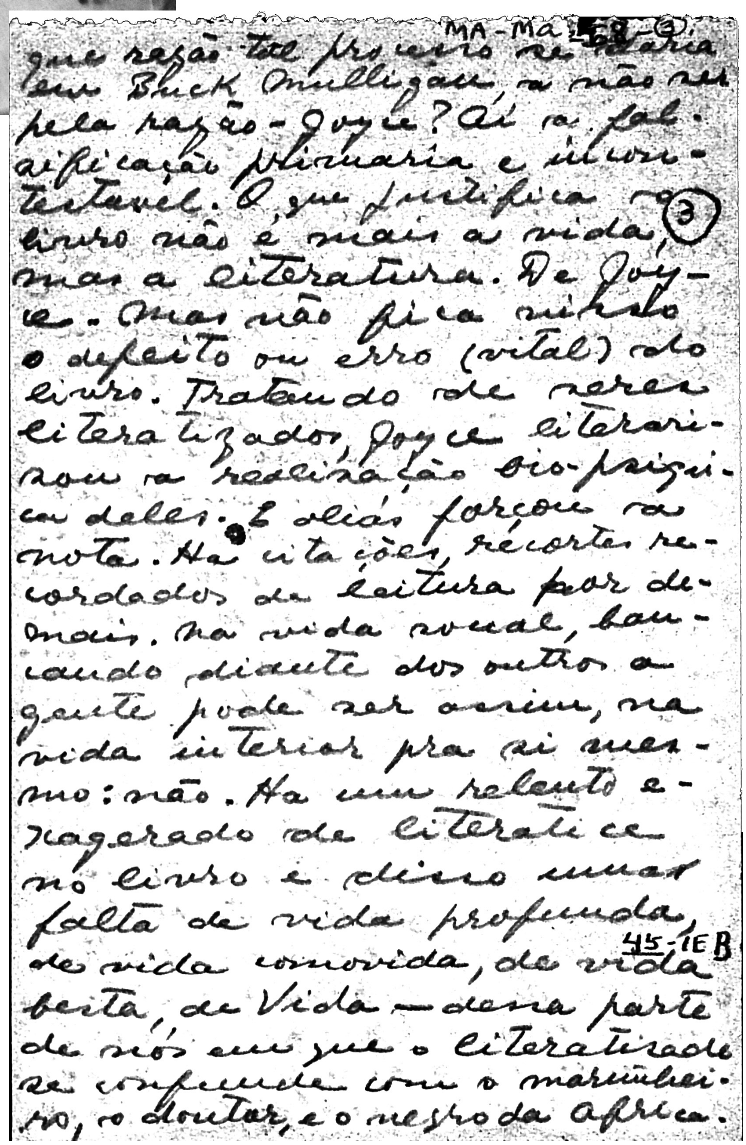


Cover of James Joyce's Ulisse – French translation of Stuart Gilbert revised by Valéry Larbaud and Joyce. IEB Brazilian Studies.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que razão teve [illegible] em Buck Mulligan, a não ser pela razão-Joyce? Aí a falsificação primaria e incontestavel. O que justifica o livro não é mais a vida, (3) mas a literatura. De Joyce. Mas não fica nisto o defeito ou erro (vital) do livro. Tratando de seres literatizados, Joyce literarisou a realização bio-psiquica deles. E aliás forçou a nota. Ha citações, recortes recordados da leitura por demais. Na vida social, bancando diante dos outros a gente pode ser assim, na vida interior pra si mesmo: não. Ha um relento exagerado de literatice no livro e disso uma falta de vida profunda, de vida comovida, de vida besta, de Vida — dessa parte de nós em que o literatisado se confunde com o marinheiro, o doutor, e o negro da Africa.

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One page of Mário de Andrade's margubakua tto James Joyce's *Ulisse.* IBE.

The confluence of James Joyce and Guimarães Rosa[1]

Francisco Ivan da Silva

Abstract: *This paper aims to show the similarities between two novels,* Ulysses*, by the Irish writer James Joyce, and* Grande Sertão*:* Veredas*, by the Brazilian author João Guimarães Rosa. A large number of comparisons have been made between these two novels in the field of literature. They have many things in common, mainly the use of language. It is creation; and, even more, it is poetry, a magic path leading one author to the other, a novel about the other novel; and yet more: the language is the magic magnifying glass that brings readers and authors closer to the solitary journey of the characters. It is in the poetry and expression of these narratives that the readers discover the "spirit" of creation*.

In the history of the world literature, there are rare writers whose genius produce great works of art. Two novels can be brought together due to the similarities in their language aspects: *Ulysses* by the Irish writer James Joyce, and *Grande Sertão: Veredas* by the Brazilian author João Guimarães Rosa. Because they are not purely realistic, they make the reader dig deep into their narratives. A large number of comparisons have been already made between these two novels in the field of literature. Besides language, topics such as good and evil, hell and heaven, passion, monotony of the dry land and nights filled with nightmares, anxiety and reason for living are creatively developed. Whether in that insipid and inconceivable day that Joyce was given to describe, or in the arid and universal lands that Rosa was given to cross, in each case the writers face the same experience from their own perspective. It is understood that this is similar to the aesthetic experience of writing a novel. A novel is the aesthetic expression of a reality, and the expression is language, the same language that is the main element in the plot of Joyce's and Rosa's works. Language is everything in those two novels. It is creation; and, even more, it is poetry, a magic path leading an author to the other, a novel about the other novel; and yet more: language is the magic magnifying glass that brings readers and authors closer to the solitary journey of the characters, in language itself. It is in the poetry and expression of these novels that the reader discovers the "spirit" of creation.

Every comparison between *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, by Guimarães Rosa, and *Ulysses*, by James Joyce, has to be carried out from the point of view of their language,

highly perceived by a sensitive reader of poetry. This occurs because both novels are something essentially created in the field of Literature, novels produced in literature, something totally literary. Novels made of literature, novels which have significant literature itself as their meaningful material. Joyce has been contrasted to Rosa, however, we must keep in mind his specificities. Joyce's novel has a song – Do the mermaids sing? – it is the musicality of the English language that elevates the most stale words to the sublime; Rosa's novel has music, too – the Pan's flute? – it is the orality of the words that come out of the memory to show exactly where things are. But the awareness of the novel is the same in the two writers: from Homer to Joyce, from Joyce to Guimarães Rosa, everything ends in a novel, a literary novel. And something remains: the narrative, made of adventures and misadventures; narrative that is language and language that is, essentially, poetry. Here we are under the breath of the "Spirit", the "Spirit of Literature"; reality is literature itself. And the language created by the writer, who is embraced by the "Spirit", will make the visible reality to be shown in its particularities and peculiarities. Reality, in this case, works only as an opportunity, and literature itself surpasses its fundamentals when it attempts to recreate it. When we are forced to reflect on the reality of these two novels, we are led to see other images in the words, other realities, realities that we feel as the most beautiful ones and that are beyond any space where they could be confined. Both Guimarães Rosa and James Joyce wish to make the reader sense the action of the language they created by using, in many passages, some expressions that are aimed at reflection and epiphany. The strength of the expressions used entails the epiphanic clarity that radiates throughout the narrative, and, in fragmentary form, reverses the beginning and the end of the narrative in order to show, in the shape of fragments, how quickly things are remembered and recapitulated. In the case of Joyce, we have the city, Dublin, in Ireland; in the case of Rosa, there is the dry wilderness of Minas Gerais, in Brazil. City and *sertão*, everything devised for the reader not to forget That our existence is composed of confusion and chaos. *Grande Sertão: Veredas* is the world; *Ulysses* is everywhere. The wilderness of Rosa is the world, it is everywhere. "Sertão é sem lugar... Sertão é dentro da gente..." ["Sertão is placeless … Sertão is inside us"] – Rosa writes. Joyce's Dublin is the *urbe* without *orbe*. The true reality of these two novels in their modern epic conception can only be perceived in language that, as parody, contains the true personality of their characters; characters tattooed with shadows and guilt that only the language of poetry makes it possible for readers to see.

James Joyce, an Irishman considered the greatest writer of the twentieth century; Guimarães Rosa, a Brazilian writer known as far as the Portuguese language can reach and as much as someone could enjoy his novel. Whereas one could argue that James Joyce wrote *Ulysses* in some kind of new English and that Shakespeare would laugh at him in the other world, we can say that, in *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, Rosa created words and wrote in such a different style that Padre Vieira would deride him in his *Grande Sermão da Sexagésima*. We know that, in that sermon, Vieira focuses on one thing: the

way the preachers in his time, the seventeenth century, preach. This sermon is really a theatrical spectacle of language: the words, the repetitions, the quotations and the recitations impose this theatricality on the voicing of the sermon. When writing their novels, both Joyce and Rosa probably knew of the danger that the language used in these works could cause. As great readers themselves, they could not ignore that they were in the forefront, anticipating the revelation of the secrets of the artistic creation itself, because there is not a creator, i.e., a writer, without the knowledge of Science. And herein James Joyce and Rosa coincide. They knew before writing; they had the poetic science and, for that reason, they exposed their own language to the danger and the irony of the parodical deconstruction, epic *par excellence*. Parody is the paradigmatic axis that unites these two great writers, so distant from a geographic perspective, and so close from the point of view of literature. There are writers and philosophers who have been read by Rosa and Joyce: Vico, Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Aristotle, Plato, Cervantes, Goethe, Mallarmé, Flaubert, Dante Alighiere, among others. Writers who make readers get lost in their obscure passages; the confluence of these two writers does not belong to the mere facts of real life, but reaches the order of the myth, only captured through literature.

To compare *Grande Sertão: Veredas* to Joyce's *Ulysses* is not a strange task in the field of comparative literary studies. In these two novels, we find a vast field to discuss. The exotic journey that Riobaldo makes along the crossroads of *Grande Sertão: Veredas* indicates marked coincidences with the journey of Stephen/ Bloom in the streets, alleys and crossroads of Joyce's Dublin on June 16, 1904. These coincidences are essentially expressed in the language and in the procedures of construction and deconstruction in the works of both authors. The epic procedures of construction and deconstruction mean the strength and work of the consciousness of the language that was deposited in these works by providing the reader with a logical understanding of the matter in them. The epic material *par excellence* is epic in the sense of fragmentation of language, which is the fragmentation and erudition of the memory. We emphasize here the epic meaning of the memory. As it is possible to see in *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, the characters Riobaldo/ Diadorim come and go, move around, bringing memories back and forth; reminiscences of animals, streams, places, battles ... In *Ulysses* the same thing happens: its pages are full of recollections; *Ulysses* is the Homeric memory that the reader scrutinizes in all its episodes. In a very clear relation (based on a deep awareness of procedural epic/ parodic language, the epic is a resource of the parody), the memories and the phenomena overlap and intertwine to the point that the resumption of the past brings forth the new, which is so epically deployed in the form of parody. In *Grande Sertão: Veredas* as well as in *Ulysses* one sees everything parodically, in a (de) constructed way: nothing seems to begin; nothing seems to end in the process of these two magical narratives.

We shall return to the time when Joyce's *Ulysses* is first launched, in 1922, in Paris. It is a crucial event for all literatures of Europe and of course for the world literature. It is a time when literature itself is being threatened by the experiences of the vanguards. Certainly, artists and lovers of literature had browsed through Joyce's

book in order to find out "some novelty that mattered". Undoubtly *Ulysses* surprised and disappointed many of them. But one thing is certain: the direct or indirect influence that this work has exercised, and that still exercises, on generations and generations of writers in Europe and America. In Brazil, for example that can be noticed especially in the critique launched by Oswald de Andrade, mainly continued by Guimarães Rosa and Clarice Lispector.

Clarice Lispector was inspired by Joyce. Here it is worth recalling the novel *Perto do Coração Selvagem*, her first book, published in 1944, when Clarice was seventeen. Álvaro Lins, who is regarded as one of the best critics of the country, wrote about *Perto do Coração Selvagem*: "[This is] our first novel within the spirit and technique of Joyce and Virginia Woolf "[2] The title of this novel is taken from *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, whose author used to be so difficult and so familiar among our most radical authors. I would suggest a "synchronic poetic" here among these authors that were contaminated by Joyce's fluent flow of language, marking its specificities, but always perceiving that the human habit of imitation is universal and that James Joyce to us is the great master of the authors who read his text.

The "Concrete Poets" also supported projects and theoretical positions on art and poetry based on Joyce's work. When reading the book *Teoria da Poesia Concreta*, by Decio Pignatari, Augusto and Haroldo de Campos, readers are faced with this truth: true aesthetic emotion. It is full of critical comments and opinions about Joyce's *Ulysses*. Joyce's influence was decisive in the case of the Brazilian "Concretismo", from the 1950s on. The "Concrete Poets" were indeed radical readers of Joyce and they were the first to see Ulysses' language shadows in Rosa's shaded *Grande Sertão*. One cannot forget this: everything started with the 1922 Modernism, especially with Oswald and Mário de Andrade, who read *Ulysses* in the French version. In an anthropophagic insight during which he returned to and resumed viewpoints, in 1964, Haroldo de Campos, in an essay entitled *Miramar na Mira* (a study of Oswald's work in confrontation with *Ulysses*) remarks and recalls, coincidentally, the date of the publication of Joyce's book, which was our modernist writer's concern. I quote:

> In 1922 – a year that would become renowned among us by the outbreak of the Modern Art Week – The Shakespeare and Co. (currently the legendary Publishing House owned by the American Sylvia Beach) published in Paris the first edition of a book destined to change the course of modern fiction: Ulysses, by James Joyce.3

This perspective increasingly confirms and strengthens the hypothesis that *Ulysses* aroused the interest of a strand of modern writers. We can identify in *Mira Mar na Mira* important observations about the style created by Oswald de Andrade, in contrast with the more radical artistic trends that were developed in Europe during the Modernist period. In *Miramar na Mira*, Haroldo de Campos gathered and wrote some amount of data to understand and analyze those trends focused on his creation. He is quoted in Julio Ortega's text in honor of James Joyce's birth centenary:

> ... I do not believe in a bulky repetition of Joyce. The idea of a work with Joyce I had was to be concerned with some precise textual devices, and to deal with the signifiers and parodies on the proliferation of cultures. But I wanted to apply an anti-Joycean device on Joyce, and that device is synthesis. And I picked up that device from the Brazilian experience in Oswald de Andrade, from [his] Cubist prose and short novels made of fragments. For example, the contemporary critique was surprised at Oswald's *João Miramar* because it was a book that seemed a self-anthology, where each fragment was isolated as an anthological piece produced by the book itself -- an anthology assembled in the spirit of the reader. It was already the outline of an open work. I also have this very clear concern on the open work since a theoretical paper in 1955. In this article I speak of a baroque and an open work. Now, my crucial point regarding Joyce was to seize some devices and replace them with the dialectic introduction of an anti-Joycean device -- that was an effort toward synthesis. Therefore, my *Galaxias* are made of condensed pages in which the whole book is on every page. (12-13)[4]

All these comparisons are inevitable. Critics, scholars and researchers were aware of it, they were aware of the influence of Joyce on our writers. Although some have not effectively read the book, *Ulysses*' fame spread all around: a single word mentioned or an extract commented is enough to influence creative writers. In this sense, it is never unreasonable to recall the comments made by Haroldo de Campos in Ortega's text to justify the influence of Joyce on Guimarães Rosa. These words are timely, since they justify the way that influence takes place:

> In Brazil we can see this in a tradition that reaches Guimarães Rosa… despite the opinion of some conventional critics, who think that, to be influenced by *Finnegans Wake*, one must have read it all – when Guimarães Rosa is reputed to not have reached half of *Ulysses*, which does not mean anything, since one can be already contaminated after reading only one page of *Ulysses* or of a review about it.[5]

Notice that, in the title of this article, we used the word "confluence" to avoid the simple ideological conventionality of "influence" of one author on another, in this case, of James Joyce on Guimarães Rosa. Here I worship the "Spirit of Literature" that is in the air and, it seems, brings together writers of different spaces and traditions and makes them contemporary and belonging to the same group of creators. These writers, according to their coincidences, radically define themselves by their own literary heritage; they are heirs of the same tradition. It would be worthwhile to recall here the famous text by T. S. Eliot, "Tradition and Individual Talent", a poetic way of evaluating, comparing and contrasting the work of creation, not as an isolated fact, but in a relation, a form of aesthetic criticism to overcome the historical limits. One must read this well-known text of Eliot, one of the first readers of James Joyce. It is worth mentioning from Eliot's essay:

> Tradition is a matter of much wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year, and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence, the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in the bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. The historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is the same time what makes a writer most actually conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporary. (13-14)

The poet of *The Waste Land* continues, and what an admirable way of ordering the argument of his criticism and what an admirable critical consciousness in the face of the literary creation:

> No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic, not merely historical, criticism.

Therefore, influences and confluences exist and will always exist. Readers who are aware of this will be able to learn how authors, such as James Joyce or Guimarães Rosa, conceived their works. Stepping on a little firmer ground in Brazilian literature, it is easier to understand, for example, the strong foreign (mainly British) influences on Machado de Assis' novels. His creation reflects the broad reading of the English novel; his realism is literary, it does not deceive the readers with the false local realism. A reader or writer outside this tradition cannot establish any relation between Joyce and Rosa. Furthermore, a critic tied to the historical past cannot admit the fruitful influence of Joyce on the major authors of the coming generations. The difficult thing is to understand the universe of its tradition, one of Homeric poetry, full of mythology, which requires an understanding of things anyone hardly knows. This is where Joyce's novel acquires the *Odyssey* characteristics, its language becoming increasingly dense. For example, Stephen is artificially given the name and role of Dedalus; Molly, in *Ulysses*, is Penelope, etc. Joyce proceeds like this throughout his work. He exposes the myth in the form of parody and laughter and involves it in language, leaving it hidden between different images. Likewise, *Grande Sertão: Veredas* is a *Ulysses* twisted with mythologies. Riobaldo is madly in love in the dry lands of mythology; he suffers for love for his mythological Diadorim. This way, these two novels can only be understood by readers that dive in the secret of their language; therein lies the secret of each novel. It has already been said

that the true protagonist of *Ulysses* is not Mr. Bloom, nor Stephen, but it is the language. This one might also say of *Grande Sertão: Veredas*. Its real protagonist is not Riobaldo nor Diadorim, but language.

Joyce and Rosa: two creators connected by a common lineage and tradition, an epic tradition of construction and deconstruction of the novel that broke with the tradition of the novel itself. They have broken with the traditional order and inaugurated a new expression, i.e., they have given a new language to the novel, where the past and present are reunited, the primitive and the scholarly, the vision of East and West, the Greek and the Latin world, authors of different times and literatures, the regional as a local expression and universal quotations, everything highlighting the difficult structure of a new novel with its fragmented narrative technique. All this forms the complex language of Joyce's novel, the complex language of Rosa's novel.

I repeat: *Grande Sertão: Veredas* is a twisted *Ulysses*. Cunningly, Rosa weaves a legendary web that talks about the *Sertão*; ingenious, he spoke of the silence, the desert and the loneliness in his characters. We feel the dryness of the *Sertão* as we feel the insipidity of the urban Dublin in Joyce. The fact that we feel Riobaldo's loneliness and are able to talk about the monologue of Joyce's characters is an aesthetic understanding of the comparison between the two authors. Because of all this, there is a complex view of these complex novels. The reader can observe how these two authors transform all that is real with their metamorphosis on the basis of the fragment and the language. The characters themselves, with their human feelings, are transformed by the strength and nature of the language, fragmented language, but by virtue of his poetic nature, inviolable. Rosa as well as Joyce take this epic fragmentation to the extreme.

Well, these novelists came to me by the similarity in the epic procedure of construction and deconstruction of the language. In one author the language is English and, in the other, the language is Portuguese. Synchronously, we can glimpse Joyce inside the pages of Rosa's book when we face the Devil in the midst of the whirl, where it plays the same role as Goethe's Faust, as if he, Joyce, had known the same secret affinities of a Riobaldo through the crossroads of *Grande Sertão*. How is it possible not to recognize, in the form of the language of Rosa's novel, the decisive trait of Joyce's influence, the poetic heritage that the modern writer has to accept as a companion, to make the novel to continue? This poetic/parodic consciousness defended by a radical tradition of writers is present, also, in another great American writer: it is, for example, in the novel *Paradiso* by José Lezama Lima. At one point in the novel, *Cemí*, the central character, enters a bookstore and approaches a bookshelf where one can hear people talking. When he sees the bookseller, he asks: " – Has James Joyce's *Goethe*, recently published in Genève, arrived yet? – The bookseller blinked at him, since he could notice the jokey tone in your question. – No, not yet, although we are expecting it to arrive these days. -- When you have it, keep a copy for me, asked the person who was talking to Foncion, not aware of the blunder of referring to a book that had never been published" (Lima 237).[6]

Shadows and echoes of Joyce's *Ulysses*! One can see, therefore, how the authors, readers of Joyce's text, are coincidentally related. Connected by a poetic tradition that

makes them contemporary; in all of them the same poetic discourse stands between the writers of the past and the modern writers. The interposition of the memory reflected in epic procedures and in parody is consciously frequent. One can understand the parody as an epic procedure. In the Epic, we see memory printed with all its flaws and faults filled by the interposition of the splendid words of the author and the reader. In this sense, to perceive the trace of an epic text like James Joyce's or Guimarães Rosa's is to recognize structures and specific assembly lines, it is to identify a certain procedure. It means to reveal breaks and detachment from other texts. The epic poet, the rhapsodist, – the name used to call the primitive poet and that corresponds to tailor – is exactly the one who (re)cuts (re)collects and (re)counts the early experience, the thing lived. The epic poet is the one who recites the words and writings of others. The characteristic of the epic text is the cut, the fragmentary, the break, the parodic stitching, between past and present, the said and the unsaid, the gap where the poet/rhapsodist fits parodic texts, fragments and quotes from different sources; gaps where the poet connects texts by authors from unknown times, reports, material of different kinds of genre, etc.

Grande Sertão: Veredas is the ordered space where Rosa tries out his novel, his new *Ulysses*, although he had only heard the echoes evoked by the magical hidden forces in the crossroads of the *Grande Sertão*, the Devil's traps that have no limit. *Grande Sertão: Veredas* has no limits in its reality. The limits are set by the reader who is unable to penetrate the universe of his creation. His language, his images, his speech, his diction, etc. are configured with the same mechanism and procedure with which James Joyce built his *Ulysses*. What simply happens is that these works are situated in a clear atmosphere and in a specific landscape, but they are inspired by an educated reality and connected to others that are linked to others yet, hence the apparent difficulty in understanding them. Among the essays and studies listed in Guimarães Rosa's critical heritage, in Brazil, it is worth highlighting Augusto de Campos's essay, entitled "Um Lance de Dês do Grande Sertão". It summarizes the whole idea of comparative literature. Augusto de Campos is a "concrete poet", a critical scholar of a high critical consciousness and Joyce's translator. He says:

> The affinity that Rosa's novel presents with those of Joyce is, firstly, the experimentalist attitude towards language, which, in its materiality, is lexically and syntactically shaped and reshaped. From this perspective, various techniques used by both novelists can be identified. Thus, there come the alterations, the co-alliterations, the conscious malapropisms, the inner rhymes and so on. Also the syntax, in some aspects, is manipulated identically both in Joyce and Rosa. It is a telegraphic syntax, or, in the words of David Hayman, 'a type of literary shorthand.' (321)[7]

Grande Sertão: Veredas. It is a sumptuous novel, strange, erudite, as Joyce's *Ulysses*, but never unreadable. Both Rosa and Joyce turn simple things into epic ones, the joke, the proverb, the prayer, the popular sayings ….. It seems nothing is being

narrated, breaking up the narrative into parts, endless and meaningless, apparently. Let us take *Grande Sertão: Veredas*. The way that it exposes the language and gives voice to nature itself as baroque authors used to do, like *El Quijote*, for example. And now I say: Baroque is an epic art, the most epic of all arts. This way myth is invented. Remember, in *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, the famous episode, the *Guararavacã do Guaicuí*. We can interpret that as Riobaldo's delusion; cunningly, he swings from Diadorim's green eyes to the bucolic atmosphere of the place: "O vento é verde" ["The wind is green"]. To talk about Diadorim's green eyes, the word *vento* [*wind*] seems too concrete. We feel the colour of the landscape, we see the vast landscape of that place in the *Grande Sertão*, we feel the green of Diadorim's eyes and the greenness of the landscape. There is nothing more beautiful than that! When Riobaldo asks "o vento é verde? ["is the wind green?"], he is revealing something that is very near and very far from reality, as if he were saying "Diadorim's green eyes make reality look green." In love, Riobaldo thinks he is alone in the midst of the green reality that surrounds him in his loneliness. And he hears the wind or sees the wind, hears the sea and, deep inside, these echoes and visions are kept in the most sonorous syllables of his words.

The confluent narrative leaves nothing defined or clear, everything has to be ambiguous; everything has to run like the flow of rivers: the São Francisco and The Liffey. The mirror of these rivers flowing waters does not reflect equal realities; faces close together, intertwined figures; it is the artistic creation that makes you see them like this. The apparent reality merges with the reality created by the artist. High capacity for understanding the myth; on these margins are found the footsteps of classical concepts and ancient legends.

Grande Sertão: Veredas. Beauty is everywhere, from the beginning to the end. What a stunning way to start and finish the novel! "*Nonada"* became famous and caused astonishment, the initial and final word of Riobaldo's narrative that ends up with the symbol of the infinity. And this can be investigated with the same awe and curiosity that James Joyce caused with the famous monologue of Molly Bloom, a Penelope who weaves a verbal web, in the last episode of *Ulysses*. The episode begins and ends with a "*Yes*," said in every way, repeatedly and without a limit. And this monologue sums up the meaning of Bloom's day; it is the badly slept nights and the nightmares of all Joyce's characters. Molly Bloom's language and her expressions follow the same mechanism with which James Joyce creates all his characters. The secret of Penelope is discovered. *Grande Sertão: Veredas* is the narration of a crossing, crossing the dry lands of Minas Gerais; *Ulysses* is the narration of a journey, a journey through the streets of Dublin; a crossing and a journey converted into a strange language of Protean metamorphoses that the astonished reader will take time to see, in different parts, that everything is difficult to decipher. How difficult it is, indeed, in this crossing and journey, to understand the mythological world of its characters. We face two timeless universal narratives, novels whose problem is the problem of literature, the place itself of its reality. *Grande Sertão: Veredas* is not a novel divided into chapters. In this way, it is similar in its totality

to *Ulysses'* last episode, Molly Bloom's monologue, without a beginning or an end, without pauses, following the flow of consciousness, the order of the memory. Rosa's novel follows a continuous flux without any cuts or chapter divisions; Riobaldo narrates everything at once, everything said without pauses, in one breath. In both novels, the reader stumbles and focuses his consciousness on language, in order to better understand the narration that is created out of fragments, out of any possible order, without rules; narration that goes back to the beginning, retaking what has been said, mending and repairing, capturing the reader's attention.

Notes

1 This article was translated by Ana Canan.

2 "Nosso primeiro romance dentro do espírito e da técnica de Joyce e Virgínia Woolf."

3 "Em 1922 – ano que se assinalaria entre nós pela eclosão da Semana de Arte Moderna – era publicado em Paris, pela Shakespeare and Co. (a hoje lendária Casa Editora da americana Sylvia Beach), a primeira edição de um livro destinado a alterar os rumos da ficção moderna: o *Ulysses*, de James Joyce."

4 "... Yo no creo en una repetición voluminosa de Joyce. Mi idea de un trabajo con Joyce era preocuparme con algunos dispositivos textuales precisos, de trabajo sobre el significante, de trabajo paródico sobre la proliferación de las culturas. Pero yo quería aplicar sobre Joyce un anti-dispositivo joyceano y éste es el dispositivo de la síntesis. Y esto yo lo recogí de la experiencia brasileña de Oswald de Andrade, la prosa cubista, de las novelas escuetas hechas de fragmentos. Por ejemplo, del João Miramar de Oswald dijo la crítica contemporánea que estaba sorprendida porque era un libro que parecía la antología de sí mismo, donde cada fragmento era un fragmento aislado como una pieza antológica que el mismo libro producía. Una antología que se armara en el espirito del lector. Era ya el planteamiento de una obra abierta. La preocupación por la obra abierta la tengo también muy netamente desde un artículo teórico de 1955. Hablo en este artículo de un barroco y de una obra abierta. Ahora, mi idea exactamente en relación a Joyce era apropiarme de unos dispositivos y cambiarlos por la introducción dialéctica de un dispositivo – anti-Joyce, que era el esfuerzo de síntesis. Entonces, mis Galaxias son hechas de páginas compactas donde el libro entero está en cada página." (12-13)

5 "... En Brasil tenemos esto en una tradición que va hasta Guimarães Rosa. A pesar de la opinión de algunos críticos convencionales que se imaginan que para tener una influencia del Finnegans Wake uno debe haberlo leído todo, y dicen que Guimarães Rosa no ha llegado a la mitad de *Ulises*, lo cual no significa nada porque con una página de Ulises, o después de leer una página de una crítica sobre *Ulises*, uno se contamina."

6 " – Ya llegó el Goethe de James Joyce, que acaban de publicar en Ginebra? – el librero le hizo un guiño, sabiendo el tono burlón de su pregunta. – No, todavia no, aunque estamos esperando en estos días. Cuando llegue, guárdeme un ejemplar, le dijo la persona que hablaba con Fonción, que no percebía la burla al referirse a una obra que jamás había sido escrita."

7 "O que o romance de Guimarães Rosa apresenta de parentesco com os de Joyce é, em primeiro lugar, a atitude experimentalista perante a linguagem. Esta é, em sua materialidade, plasmada e replasmada, léxica e sintaticamente. Sob essa perspectiva, podem ser identificadas diversas técnicas, utilizadas por ambos os romancistas. Assim, as alterações, as coliterações, os malapropismos conscientes, as rimas internas, etc. Também a sintaxe é, sob certos aspectos, manipulada de ma-

neira fundamentalmente idêntica por Joyce e Rosa. É uma sintaxe telegráfica, ou, na expressão de David Hayman, 'uma espécie de estenografia literária'."

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James Joyce: The Daedalus Connections

Bruce Stewart

Abstract: *In 1904 James Joyce began using the pseudonym "Stephen Daedalus" both as a nom de plume and a signature in letters to his friends. In the autobiographical novel* Stephen Hero*, the name is given to the protagonist while in* A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man *(1916) it is simply contracted to "Dedalus" – the "strange name" that which Stephen recognises as his own and the "queer name" which his college friends attribute to him. Stephen Dedalus lives on in Ulysses and has a mirror-life as Shem the Penman in Finnegans Wake.*
We think we know that Joyce discovered his pseudonym in the eighth tale in Ovid's Metamorphoses from which he took the epigraph for A Portrait. It may not be so. This article explores the Dedalus connections in various works such as Giordano Bruno's writings and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's writings on Bruno.

I

When the editors of a newly-founded Dublin journal *Dana* rejected his high-flown autobiographical essay called "A Portrait of the Artist" in January 1904 (Ellmann 211-18), James Joyce embarked on a novel in the same vein. Whereas the protagonist of the 1904 "Portrait" essay was without a name – presumably as being identical to his author – the central character of Stephen Hero was called "Stephen Daedalus," afterward abbreviated to "Dedalus" in *A Portrait*. From the outset, egoism was an important weapon with which Joyce supplied his autobiographical character as the most effective means of defence and attack in a hostile intellectual world in which he planned to play the role of "first national apostate" which Joyce had assigned himself in the history of Catholicism in Ireland, as he hints sardonically in "Shem the Penman", the self-portrait chapter of *Finnegans Wake* (171). We first hear of it in the 1904 "Portrait": "It was part of that ineradicable *egoism* of which he was afterward redeemer that he imagined converging to him the deeds and thoughts of the microcosm" [SH 39; *my italics*].[1] In *Stephen Hero*, this sentence is reproduced without only one small alteration (Coleridge 202). No wonder that Richard Ellmann has said of the passage in question: "While the writing exhibits both candour and presumption, presumption has the better of it" (150). Throughout *Stephen Hero* we hear of egoism *ad nauseam*:

> His family expected that he would at once follow the path of remunerative respectability . . . . He thanked their intention: it had first fulfilled him with *egoism*; and he rejoiced that his life had been so self-centred. He felt however that there were activities which it would be a peril to postpone. [SH 53; my italics.]

– and again:

> He was *egoistically* determined that nothing material, no favour or reverse of fortune, no bond of association or impulse or tradition should hinder him from working out the enigma of his position in his own way. [SH 214; my italics][2]

Yet this *egoism* must not be thought of simply as a personal failing or even a reaction to the humiliating circumstances brought on by his father's abysmal management of family fortunes which challenged his son to paradoxical feats of self-assertion. For *egoism* is a definite trope within the literary tradition to which Joyce allied himself: the anti-authoritarian tradition of the English Romantics and, more pointedly, the anti-clerical tradition of the Renaissance apostates upon which the Romantics based their own rebellion. It is the purpose of this article to demonstrate that *egoism* was something Joyce discovered in Bruno and which he found elaborated with great force in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's commentaries on Bruno in his *Literary Remains* (1836). More exactly, I want to demonstrate that Bruno's writings as relayed to Joyce by Coleridge supplied the source of the pseudonym, literary alter ego, or *nom de plume* Daedalus/Dedalus which is so closely synonymous with the mentality of Joyce himself as a youthful artist.

II

In recounting the circumstances in which Joyce started writing *Stephen Hero*, Stanislaus tells in his diary for February 1904 that the title was his own suggestion but does not trouble to explain the allusion involved beyond saying that "the title, like the book, is satirical" [CDD 19]. He also tells us that Joyce himself had already decided upon the name "Stephen Dedalus" [sic] for the central character [CDD 12]. Now, Dedalus is, as Stephen remarks in *A Portrait*, a "strange name" [AP 173] – and even, as a fellow pupil less amiably suggests, a "queer name" [AP 25] for an Irishman to have, if only because it is not not actually Irish but rather Greek, without any familial history to account for it. Thus, the Greek artisan Daedalus did not settle in Ireland after the sad demise of his son Icarus and spawn another family there – perhaps the MacDaids, or even "Doodles Family" [FW 299] as a footnote in the *Wake* suggests (McHugh 150).[3] Bloom at least can explain *his* name as a translation of the Hungarian Virag which pertained to his own father Rudolf of that style, born in Szombathely in 1866 [U 797]. Nor was it inevitable that Stephen should be called Daedalus. Joyce once played with the name Murphy –

presumably as a cognate of Meta*morph*osis – and, at the point when he began to revise Stephen Hero as *A Portrait*, he seriously contemplated re-christening the protagonist "Daly" – a credibly Irish abbreviation of "Daedalus" [JJ 274].

By mid-1904 Joyce was signing letters "Stephen Daedalus" [sic], as he did in a note to Oliver St. John Gogarty of 3 June and ditto in another to Constantine Curran of 23 June, varying this with "S.D." in another missive to the latter a few days later (L 54-55). In mid-August 1904 the first story of the *Dubliners* appeared in *The Irish Homestead* under the by-line "Stephen Daedalus".[4] In *My Brother's Keeper*, Stanislaus explains that Joyce was prompted to adopt a pseudonym by "an adviser" other than himself (as he tells us with some emphasis). As to the provenance of the name, "[h]e had taken [it] from the central figure of the novel *Stephen Hero*, which he had already begun" [MBK239], he writes, adding that Joyce was so keen to enforce the identity of author and protagonist in *Stephen Hero* that "he announced his intention of appending the signature *Stephanus Daedalus pinxit* to the last page of the novel" [MBK239].

But why "Stephen Daedalus" rather than any other pseudonym that Joyce could have adopted? We may *think* we know that Stephen is a member of Clan Dedalus on account of the epigraph from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* affixed to *A Portrait* (VIII. 188).[5] This is not without problems. Firstly, Ovid's Daedalus is driven to invent wings to escape King Minos who has taken over his homeland,[6] a scenario that fits the case if King Minos is an allegorical counterpart of the British imperium or the Catholic Church – either of which potentates might be said to steal the island in much the way that Prospero usurps Caliban's birthright in Shakespeare's famously postcolonial play. Secondly there is Icarus who fails to grasp the dangers of flight (*ignarus sua se tractare pericla*) (*ibid.* II.1236). having learnt that fateful art from his father (*damnosasque erudit artes*) (*ibid.* 1215) and consequenty plunges to a watery death observed by insouciant pastoral figures and mournful father. Is this a proleptic glance at the fate of Stephen, the failed voyager in *Ulysses*?

Failure was a very real risk for the artist as a young man when he first left Ireland in 1902, and then left Ireland for good in 1904. At those times he must have thought often of W. B. Yeats's letter of December 1902 in which he warned the younger writer that other "men have started with as good promise as yours and have failed, and men have started with less and have succeeded," (Yeats III. 249-250) and it is something of an answer to that minatory note when Stephen shrugs off the depression of the morning to cry out in the "Circe" episode: "No, I flew. My foes beneath me. . . . *Pater!* Free!" [U 675]. Yet that cry is not more like Icarus in Ovid's fable than Giordano Bruno in a host of sonnets where he rises above his enemies, while the father in "*Pater*!" has as much of something of Christ's words on the cross as Icarus's *cri de coeur*.

III

Joyce read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* for the Intermediate Examination at the age of sixteen and it may be assumed that he learnt a good deal by heart. At the Royal

University he took Italian as an optional course in his second year. In *Stephen Hero*, Joyce tells us that the decision to do so was due to his "desire to read Dante seriously" as well as to escape the "crush of French and German lectures" [SH 174]. It was also a boldly autodidactic strategy which set him free to dictate his own syllabus in ancient and modern literature. The 1904 "Portrait" supplies a brief account of his reading in the newly-acquired language in the immediate wake of his departure from the Catholic Church – a departure triggered in real life by the sudden death of his younger brother George from typhus and peritonitis in April 1902, after which he skipped the Easter Duties for the first time in May of that year [JJ 98]. In the autobiographical essay this is compounded with a pantheistic – or, more likely – a sensual impulse and Stephen is said to leave the Church through the "gates of Assisi" [PSW 214].

> Extravagances followed. The simple history of the Poverello [i.e., St. Francis of Assisi] was soon out of mind and he established himself in the maddest of companies, Joachim Abbas, Bruno the Nolan, Michael Sendivogius, all the hierarchs of initiation cast their spells upon him. [PSW214]

It is highly conspicuous, in retrospect, that Giordano Bruno – who is mentioned here – is absent from the corresponding list in an episode of *Stephen Hero.*

Stephen Daedalus was not the only Irishman who was reading Joachim Abbas at the turn of the century, and the passage which conveys the details of his antiquarian curriculum suddenly refocuses as a bibliophilic narrative in which Stephen finds "on one of the carts of books near the river an unpublished book containing two stories by W. B. Yeats" [SH181-82]. That book was *The Tables of the Law* [and] T*he Adoration of the Magi*, privately printed in one hundred and ten copies by A. H Bullen in 1897 after he had had second thoughts about including such dubious matter in Yeats's collection *The Secret Rose* which he issued in the same year (Marcus 56). To lay hands on it was a bibliophilic triumph indeed. More interesting for Joyce than the volume was its contents, for this is the *locus classicus* of Irish lore about that hieratic medieval prelate Joachim but also, more tellingly, a touchstone for the stylistic development of James Augustine Joyce and arguably the most important influence on the style of the 1904 "Portrait".

> One of these stories was called *The Tables of the Law* and in it was mentioned the fabulous preface which Joachim, abbot of Flora, is said to have prefixed to his Eternal Gospel. [SH 181-82]

To suppose that Joyce discovered Joachim of Flora of his own accord is to invest extraordinary faith in his youthful appetite for medieval arcanity through the medium of his lately-acquired Italian. Certainly, on meeting Yeats, he made it known how much he admired "The Table of the Law" (Ellmann 86-89; JJ 107-8). *Stephen Hero* suggests that Joyce attended Marsh's Library "a few times in the week to read Italian books of the Trecento" [SH 181]. The Library records tell otherwise: his only visits were on two

consecutive days between his final exams on 6 October and the graduation ceremony day at the end of the month, which fell on the 30th October. More likely, when Joyce descended on the library at St. Patrick's Close he had already been led into the ways of heresy by the imaginative flights of Yeats's mystical fiction and more specifically "The Tables of the Law" (1897) which Joyce used to recite from memory to his friend Vincent Cosgrave – the Lynch of *Stephen Hero* [SH 182] – but also to others such as Padraic Colum and George Russell [JJ 85].

In an act of explicit homage in *Stephen Hero*, Joyce makes Stephen Daedalus quote what he calls a "beautiful passage" at the conclusion of Yeats's story: "Why do you fly from our torches which were made out of the wood of the trees under which Christ wept . . ." [SH 184] (Yeats 1995. 101-121; 211). In fact, no work of Joyce's is uncoloured by Yeats's poetry and prose. To take a minor instance, where Yeats's narrator (very like the poet himself) characterises Aherne as "the supreme *type of our race*, which, when it has risen above, or is sunken below, the formalisms of half-education and the rationalisms of conventional affirmation and denial, turns away … from practicable desires and intuition towards desires so unbounded that no human vessel can contain them" (*Ibid.* 201), he is thinking of the Irish Catholic whom he believes to be the possessor of a mystical soul trapped in a feudal body. Those remarks established the tone of Joyce's use of the term "race" in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, where Stephen responds to the liberated conduct of the young woman who "calls the stranger to her bed" in Davin's story of a lonely country road, calling her a "*type of her race and of his own*, a batlike soul waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy . . . . " [AP 186-87; my italics]. Yeats's reaction to Joyce's enthusiasm for "The Tables of the Law" is well known: when he reissued them in a new edition in 1904, he wrote prefatorily that "a young man" he met in Dublin had "liked them and nothing else that [he] had written" (Foster 278). No one has ever doubted that the young man in question was James Joyce.[7]

In Yeats's telling of the matter, Joachim is credited with the possession of an arcane secret to the effect that the artists, not the priests, will bring on the "Kingdom of the Spirit" since they are the "instruments for that supreme art which is to win us from life and gather us into eternity like doves into their dove-cots [sic]" [WBY 206]. This great secret, so close to the hearts of literary types on Bedford Square, was purportedly preserved in a book called *Liber Inducens in Evangelium Aeternum* where "the freedom of the Renaissance lay hidden, until at last Pope Alexander IV had it found and cast into the flames" [JJ 203] according to Yeats's narrator – much as Bruno was bodily cast into the flames in Rome in 1600. It then materialises that Aherne has gained possession of the only surviving copy by fortuitous means (much as Joyce took possession of Yeats's hermetic volume. For Joyce, the idea of substituting artistic for priestly powers so powerfully suggested in this story – whose "atmosphere is heavy with incense and omens and the figures of the monk-errants" [SH 183] contributed significantly to his own strategy as an Irish Catholic who had refused the noviciate because he felt that art and literature had more authority over his spirit. Consequently he harvested Yeats's

language in "Rosa Alchemica" to furnish Stephen with a view of himself as "a priest of the eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everliving life" [AP 225], as we see in Chapter IV of *A Portrait of the Artist*.

IV

Joyce's personal brief for Giordano Bruno is conveyed in *Stephen Hero* in the form of an exchange that shows every likelihood of having actually transpired with his Italian teacher Fr. Charles Ghezzi (here Fr. Artifoni), an Italian whom he took some satisfaction in identifying as one of those Italians who are "unable to associate audacity of thought with any temper but that of the irredentist" [SH 175]. The thrust of the conversation is simple. Stephen makes an "admiring allusion to the author of The Triumphant Beast" [SH 174-75] – that is, Bruno – to which Artifoni answers that he was "a terrible heretic", causing Stephen to retort that he was "terribly burned" [SH 175]. In *A Portrait,* this "wrangle" is given in reported speech amid the closing diary-entries of the novel, and there Joyce reverted to the actual name of Ghezzi even though the priest would reappear as Artifoni for a further brief encounter in *Ulysses* [U 293].[8]

In January 1901 Joyce had a stage-success in an amateur play by his friend Margaret Sheehy, and considered adopting the professional name of "Gordon Brown" should he go on to work as an actor – an obvious clue that he had already developed an attachment to Giordano Bruno by that date (MBK 132). Nine months later, in October 1901, he issued his pamphlet "The Day of the Rabblement" attacking the management of the Irish literary theatre. While the title of the pamphlet itself involves an allusion to the anti-populist mania of the Italian thinker, the opening sentence is culled from the pages of Isabella Frith's *Life of Giordano Bruno the Nolan* (1887) (Frith xii). Thus, where Frith quotes Bruno as saying, "No man truly loves goodness and truth who is not incensed with the multitude," (*Ibid.* 165)[9] Joyce writes: "No man, said the Nolan, can be a lover of the true or the good unless he abhors the multitude, and the artist, though he may employ the crowd, is very careful to isolate himself." (Ellmann 1966. 69). Joyce would obliquely acknowledge Frith's study in his subsequent review of Lewis McIntyre's "The Bruno Philosophy" for the *Dublin Daily Express* on 30 October 1903 (McIntyre. xvi). Whether or not he plucked that book from the editor's shelf unprompted, the commission perfectly suited his affinity with the "heresiarch martyr of Nola," as he calls him in the opening sentence [CW 132-34].

Behind the urbanity of style which marks the review, there is a sense of enthusiastic engagement with the subject, even if the actual judgements are at no great variance from McIntyre's in accordance with the usual method of reviewers. Joyce lets it be known at the outset that he has read Frith's study of 1887, which he calls the only "considerable volume" [CW132] on Bruno to have appeared so far in England, though he dismisses it in the same breath as "a book the interest of which was chiefly biographical" [CW132]. For the most part, that sentence is a reiteration of another in

McIntyre's preface,[10] yet Joyce unchivalrously omits to mention the author's name – strangely enough, given his indebtedness to her for the opening sentence of his 1901 pamphlet. Clearly, at any rate, he is happier with McIntyre whose book devotes "less than a third" of its length to Bruno's life and the remainder to "an exposition and comparative survey of his system" [CW 133]. For McIntyre, Bruno was interesting as a neglected philosopher – at least in England – who epitomised the spirit of liberal humanism at its point of origin. To Joyce, in contrast, the impact of Bruno's life and thought is more strongly felt as befits a reviewer in a nation still in thrall to the tyranny of conscience whose overthrow McIntyre, as a Scot, takes very much for granted.

In his concluding sentence, Joyce writes: "For us the vindication of freedom of intuition must seem an enduring monument, and among those who wages so honourable a war, his legend must seem the most honourable, more sanctified, and more ingenuous than that of Averroes or of Scotus Erigena" [CW134]. To reach this conclusion with him, he asks us to put aside the "vehement temper" and "quarrelsome" habits of the Italian philosopher since these are apt to produce an "inadequate and unjust notion [of the] great lover of wisdom" that he really was. [CW133]. And even if his writings on morality and on memory (after Raymond Lully) are valueless in a modern perspective, while his "idea of an ultimate principle . . . related to any soul or any material thing, as the Materia Prima of Aquinas is related to any material thing" is "unwarranted . . . in the view of critical philosophy" [CW 134], his life and work had the quality of "consistent spiritual unity" [CW133]. Finally, he was "among those who loftily do not fear to die" [CW134] – in a coinage which we can tentatively attribute to Coleridge's view of Bruno since Coleridge speaks of his "a lofty and enlightened piety" in the passage that gives us the name of "Daedalas" [sic].

All of this shows Joyce negotiating the pros and cons of neo-Platonist cosmology with considerable adeptness, but there is surprising little to suggest that Bruno might supply the structuring principle of any of his works, least of all his last. Yet we know that Bruno, along with Giambattista Vico were the main intellectual influences on the design of *Finnegans Wake* (Atherton 36-37). The principle in question is the theory of "Coinciding Contraries" of which McIntyre says: "This is in truth, the key to Bruno's system" (McIntyre 301).[11] Oddly enough, Joyce doesn't mention that theory by name in his review although he quotes Samuel Taylor Coleridge's definition of it at some length. Significantly, at this point, Coleridge's sentence is nowhere quoted in McIntyre – nor in any other commentary available to Joyce, though Isabella Frith alludes to a very different passage on Bruno in Coleridge's *Table-talk or Omniana* in her 1887 life of Bruno which he certainly read before writing the review – probably a year earlier.[12] This suggests that Joyce read Coleridge's thoughts on Bruno at first-hand, if possibly on her direction, or simply because Coleridge was sufficiently well-known as the English writer *par excellence* who shared with Joyce an intense imaginative affinity with the humanist-martyr – although their angles of vision were inevitably different.

V

How deeply Joyce had read in Bruno's works we cannot accurately tell.[13] James Atherton did not not very well at all since Bruno "is one of the most verbose of all writers" (Atherton 37); yet years afterwards, remembering Bruno's theory of contraries, Joyce "[p]robably then looked up Bruno again and found him just what he was needing [when] planning *Finnegan Wake*" (*Ibidem*.). At this point he adds: "It also seems probable, from various hints in the *Wake*, that Joyce also consulted Coleridge's translations of parts of Bruno's works in *The Friend* (1809-10, No. VI: 81-82)" (*Ibidem.*). This is a problematic identification, since No. VI contains a lengthy Latin quotation from Bruno with a translation and some remarks by Coleridge which had no utility and scant interest for Joyce. To complicate matters, No. VI in the original series became Essay XVI of *The Friend* in the 1818 edition, and afterwards remained so in the editions of 1837 and 1863 respectively prepared by Coleridge's nephew Henry Nelson Coleridge and his son Derwent on the basis of papers that Coleridge left to a niece.

In that essay – by whatever name – an extended Latin quotation ("*anima sapiens non timet mortem* …") serves Coleridge as a pretext to sermonise on the folly of fearing our necessary end: "The higher a man's station, the more arduous and full of peril his duties, the more comprehensive should his foresight be, the more rooted his tranquillity concerning [121] life and death" (*Ibid.* 122).[14] In the original journal of 1809 and the first book-form publication of 1812, this is peppered with anti-Catholic asides from Coleridge with his nephew later removed and substituted with his own editorial apparatus. Following quotation and translation, all in a footnote, Coleridge makes his most extended profession of attachment to Bruno, though typically in the form of an unfulfilled promise:

> I purpose hereafter, to give an account of the Life of Giordano Bruno, the Friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and who was burnt under pretence of Atheism, at Rome, in the year 1600, and of his Works, which are perhaps the scarcest Books ever printed.

More is then said about their interest as "portraits of a vigorous mind struggling after truth amid many prejudices [in] the Roman Church," and for their "lively accounts" of "the rude state of London" when he visited it in 1585. Here he trails off with some remarks about his own good fortune in having read six out of the eleven extant titles by the "unhappy Philosopher of Nola" and the probable existence of a complete collection in the Royal Library at Copenhagen: "If so, it is unique".[15]

In fact, the locus of the Coleridgean definition of Bruno's theory of contradiction – or "coinciding contraries" – which Joyce quoted in the McIntyre review is Essay XIII of *The Friend* – the ruminative "weekly paper" which Coleridge issued during his rural sojourn of 1809-10, and afterwards published in London 1812. From the Joycean standpoint, the kernel of that essay – which broadly concerns the relation between justice and charity (or law and religion) – occurs when Coleridge summons Bruno in a lengthy

footnote as a witness to the urgent point that no contradiction need be found between those two principles in contemporary British society. In that context Coleridge writes: "There is, in strictness, no proper opposition but between two polar forces of one and the same polar power" (Rooke 97).

Joyce dares to reproach Coleridge for confounding Bruno's doctrine of contraries according to which everything contains its opposite in the ontological plane, with the purely temporal order of the Heraclitan flux. Thus Coleridge's formula implies *succession* rather than *coexistence*, converting a state of constant being into the similitude of Heraclitus's river which never brings the same thing twice but may very well bring round its opposite in time. While this might make a good plot-line for *Finnegans Wake* – as events would prove – it does not convey Bruno's idea in any pure form.

Hence at the mechanical level Coleridge's definition is perfectly adequate, and it is the one to which Joyce would constantly attempt to explain Bruno to others. Thus in a letter to his patron Harriet Shaw Weaver of 27 January 1925, he revisited this very sentence in an attempt to explain Bruno's part in the design of his latest work: "His philosophy is a kind of dualism – every power in nature must evolve an opposite in order to realise itself and opposition brings reunion &c. &c."(Gilbert 226). (Curiously, he also mentions that Bruno "was quoted in my first pamphlet *The Day of the Rabblement*" and makes no mention of the McIntyre review which was the actual occasion of the Coleridgean quotation.) With that sentence freshly in mind, in any case, he is able to produce a pastiche of it in the fourth chapter of the book which provides a philosophical explanation of procreative relations between HCE and ALP, or any male and female in the *Wake* or elsewhere, in these Coleridgean terms:[16]

> they isce et ille [were] equals of opposites, evolved by a onesame power of nature or of spirit, iste, as the sole condition and means of its himundher manifestation and polarised for reunion by the symphysis of their antipathies. [FW092]

In glossing this, it is worth recalling that the word "symphysis" refers to the anatomical point where the pelvic girdle is bridged by cartilege: Joyce's use of the word therefore suggests that the "antipathies" (or "contraries") of male and female nature are actually resolved when pubic bones meet and – as a bonus – that this is the primary occurrence of "manifestation," or *epiphany* in the phenomenology of human being. And this is the philosophical crux of what Margaret Solomon has called "the sexual geometry of *Finnegans Wake*" (Solomon xi).

VI

Coleridge admired Bruno enough to plan a second volume of the *Biographia Literaria* (1817) in the form of a "critique" – his word – of the man "whom the idolaters

of Rome burnt as an atheist in the year 1600" (73).[17] In a letter of 16 July 1816, he wrote in the same vein: "I had in the *Friend* announced my intention of writing the life of G. Bruno with a critique on his system," blaming the tardiness of J. C. Hare – the biographer of John Sterling – for failing to lend him some rare books necessary for the task."[18] Apart from the brief assertion of an indebtedness "to the polar logic and dynamic philosophy of Giordano Bruno" that he shared with the German idealist Schelling (31), there is actually very little about Bruno in *Biographia Literaria,* and this in spite of the summary of section-titles attached to Chapter IX which reads: "Giordano Bruno – Literary Aristocracy, or the existence of a tacit compact among the learned as a privileged order . . ." (93). Yet Bruno is everywhere in that chapter in another sense since it is centrally concerned with Coleridge's pantheon of thinkers from Heraclitus and Boehme to Kant and Schelling – all of whom bear the news of a "reconciliation" between "Platonic and Baconian principles of investigation," as Henry Nelson Coleridge describes his uncle's philosophical project; in his 1837 edition of *The Friend* (x); and this indeed corresponds to Bruno's peculiar amalgam of neo-Platonism with the Copernican system in earlier times. But Coleridge had another object in mind when he espoused the intellectual cause of Bruno, for Bruno was the flag-bearer for a virulent form of anti-Catholicism which was close to Coleridge's heart especially after his return from Unitarianism to the Trinitarian faith of the Church of England.

It is possible – even probable – that Joyce sent his Catholic apostasy to school equally in Coleridge's and Bruno's classrooms. In fact, *Stephen Hero* is remarkable for the studied ferocity of its author's declamations against the Church, almost as if Joyce were intent on out-doing the anti-Catholic bigots. For Stephen, the "Roman, not the Sassenach [i.e., English] was for him the tyrant of the islanders" [SH 57]. In the most emboldened of several such passages, he compares the Catholic clergy to "the vermin begotten in the catacombs issuing forth upon the plains and mountains of Europe." [SH 198].

VII

Once alerted to the Dedalian allegory of intellectual heroism, Joyce might find it everywhere in Bruno's writings whether he went directly to them or met with them in intermediate sources. He had only to read the Introductory Epistle to Bruno's *De l'infinito universo et mondi* [*On the Infinite Universe and Worlds*] (1584) to meet with this mirror-image of his own hopes and fears:

> Since I would survey the field of Nature, care for the nourishment of the soul, foster the cultivation of talent, become expert as Daedalus concerning the ways of the intellect; lo, one doth threaten upon beholding me, another doth assail me at sight, another doth bite upon reaching me . . . . (Singer 229)

Here is both the Dedalian brand-name and the spirit of paranoia which Bruno and Joyce famously shared, allowing that Bruno had every reason to suspect the animosity of powerful contemporaries as his ultimate fate adequately suggests. In the same text Bruno wrote: "[i]f you would know why, it is because I hate the mob, I loathe the vulgar herd and in the multitude I find no joy".[19] In *Gli eroici furori*, Bruno borrowed a sonnet by Tansillo – which came to be regarded as his own – to frame a prediction of his fate which, quite typically, he sees in Daedalian terms: "Since I my wings to sweet desire do lead / The more the air uprises 'neath my feet, / The swifter on the gale my pinions beat / and earth despising, towards heaven I tend."

> Nor for the son of Daed'lus' guilty end
> Feel I dismay, nay, rather boyant heat
> His deadly fall I joyfull would meet,
> Peer to such a death what life could mortal spend. (Owen 330)[20]

In a book that was available to Joyce at the National Library, John Owen illustrates the Dedalian complex by quoting some other lines by Bruno himself which "we may accept as his own description of his mental career" (*Ibid.* 301):

> Securely to the air my pinions I extend –
> Fearless of all barriers feigned by men of old
> The heavens I freely cleave – to the Infinite I tend.
>
> So leaving this, to other worlds my upward flight I wend,
> Aetherial fields I penetreate, with dauntless heart and bold
> And leave behind what others deem, a prospect without end.[21]

The section on "Magnanimity" in Coleridge's *Literary Remains* falls shortly after another of those lapidary reflections bearing the title "Egoism" where he argues for the necessity of Egoism in "repelling unjust contempt [that] forces the most modest man into a feeling of pride and self-consciousness," adding that this reasoning "holds good of the founder of the Brunonian system, and his great namesake Giordano Bruno" (*Ibid.* 291-92). Egotism, in this sense, is a sign of nobility since "[i]t is scarcely possible for a man to meet with continual personal abuse, on account of his superior talents, without associating more and more the sense of the value of his discoveries or detections with his own person" (*Ibid.* 291). And this brings us full circle to the egoism of Stephen Dedalus.

Notes

1 Viz., "It was part of that ineradicable egoism of which he was afterward redeemer that he *conceived* converging to him the deeds and thoughts of the microcosm." [PSW 212; my italics.]

2 This is a complete census of "egotism" in *Stephen Hero*. There is no overt reference to it in *A Portrait*.

3 The Doodles are the topic of Roland McHugh's *The Sigla of Finnegans Wake* (London: Edward Arnold, 1976).

4 "The Sisters" appeared in *The Irish Homestead* (13 Aug. 1904); rep. in Gifford 289-93.

5 *Metamorphosis* VIII, 188: "*Et ignotas anumum demittit in artes* [And he devoted his mind to unknown arts".

6 Viz., "*Daedalus interea Creten longumque perosus / exilium tactusque loci natalis amore / clausus erat pelago. "terras licet" inquit "et undas / obstruat: et caelum certe patet; ibimus illac: / omnia possideat, non possidet aera Minos*." (*Metamorphosis*, 8, ll.183-85.)

7 Yeats's wrote in account of the meeting with Joyce as the preface for *Ideas of Good and Evil* but then withheld it [JJ 106-08].

8 The fictional name is borrowed from Almidiano Artifoni who was the proprietor of the Berlitz English schools where Joyce was employed in Pola and Trieste. See Gifford, *Ulysses Annotated* [2nd Edn.], 266. (California UP 1989).

9 Cited by Ellmann & Ellsworth, eds., *The Critical Writings of James Joyce* (1966.69) [n.3].

10 Viz., "Apart from The Life of Giordano Bruno by I. Frith (Mrs. Oppenheim), in the English Foreign Philosophical Library, 1887, there is no complete work in our language upon the poet . . . " (McIntyre, op. cit.vii).

11 He goes on: "What to some thinkers might seem contradictions and antagonisms mutually destructive of each other, he regarded as only different musical notes, which combine to make up a broad and rich harmony (symphonia). There is therefore, as you may observe, a close approximation in Bruno's idealism to modern German transcendentalism, which accounts for the peculiar fascination he exercised on all its great luminaries from Jacobi to Hegel. (Idem.)

12 It is an anomaly that, whereas Joyce is presumed to have read Frith in the National Library of Ireland, the copy held there came from the estate of the Irish diplomat and poet Valentin Iremonger in 1991 and does not appear to be a replacement. When I examined it at first the pages were uncut.

13 A list of works on or about Bruno in the National Library in 1900-04 – when Joyce was a reader there – is incorporated in Gareth Joseph Downes's excellent study of Joyce and Bruno. See Downes, "The Heretical Auctoritas of Giordano Bruno: The Significance of the Brunonian Presence in James Joyce's The Day of the Rabblement and *Stephen Hero,*" in *Joyce Studies Annual*, 14 (Summer 2003): 37-73.

14 The supplied translation reads: "A wise spirit does not fear death, nay, sometimes – as in cases of voluntary martyrdom – seek it and goes forth to meet it, of its own accord. [… &c.]". (Citing Bruno's *De monade, &c*.)

15 Coleridge, *The Friend* (London: Gale and Curtis 1812), p.89 [given as "note to page 80 – a probably mistake for p.81, which is the first page of No. 6 [i.e., Essay VI] and therefore the passage to which Atherton's note refers in *Books at the Wake* (1974), p.37.

16 The tryst of Tristran and Isolde in the "Mamalujo" section is the most explicit sexual "scene" in the book: "with a queeleetlecree of joysis crisis she renulited their disunited . . . when . . . . Amoricas Champius, with one aragon throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury, fhshpst the both lines of forward . . . rightjingbangshot into the goal of her gullet." [FW395-96.]

17 *Biographia Literaria* [1817]; Chapter IX. The 1905 edition is a reprint of the 1817 original, with some addition pieces – viz., *Statesman's Manual* and *Lay Sermons*.

18 See *Collected Letters*, IV, 626, quoted in a footnote to *The Friend*, Vol. I, ed. Barbara Rooke (118) Coleridge's excuse seems to participate in the "man from Porlock" syndrome. It is the more ironic since Thomas Carlyle – whom also wrote a life of Sterling in which the eighth chapter is given over to "Coleridge" – seems to have resented Hare's admiration of the poet. (See Anthony John Harding, *Coleridge and the Inspired Word*, McGill-Queens UP, 1985. 115)

19 Idem. He goes on in a more philosophical vein, "It is Unity that doth enchant me."

20 The remarks on Tansillo are his also. In the dialogue, the interlocutors are called Tansillo – who speaks here – and Cicada.

21 Idem. Cf. Paulo Eugene Memmo, *The Heroic Frenzies* (N. Carolina UP 1964): "Since I have spread my wings toward sweet delight, the more do I feel the air beneath my feet, the more I spread proud pinions to the wind, and contemn the world, and further my way toward heaven. Nor does the cruel fate of Daedalus's son burden me, on the contrary I follow his way the more: that I shall fall dead upon the earth I am well aware; but what life compares with this death?" Available online at www.esotericarchives/bruno/furori#contents

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Dubliners *in Brazilian and European Portuguese: The Question of Title Translation in "The Dead"*[1]

Vitor Alevato do Amaral*

> The study of literary titles, even without considering any issues potentially raised by their translation, is a fascinating endeavor in its own right.
>
> Patrick O'Neill (120).

Abstract: Dubliners *(1914), by James Joyce, has had four full translations into Portuguese: two in Brazil and two in Portugal. Translations of individual short stories have also been published in collections and magazines. The aim of this article is to discuss the translation of the title of the last and longest short story in* Dubliners – "*The Dead" – into Brazilian and European Portuguese. The form of the title in English allows a double understanding, that is, as referring to one dead person or to dead people. However, this ambiguity, able to influence the reading of the short story as a whole, is not present in the Portuguese language translations of the title.*

The question of translating titles may be a torturing one. Whether our translation will have made justice to the source text or not, the title alone will appear on the cover of the book or at the head of a short story or poem as a token of the success or failure of our choice. The loneliness of titles, with its tantalizing exactitude, often inspires us just as much as it wakes our diffidence.

Gérard Genette affirms that the title is maybe the most problematic of all paratextual elements (59). According to his reading of Leo H. Hoek, whom he credits as the creator of modern titology,[2] "the title as we understand it today is . . . an artificial object, an artifact of reception or commentary, arbitrarily separated by the readers, public, critics, booksellers, bibliographers… and titologists that we are, or happen to be, from the graphic and occasionally iconographic mass of a title page or a cover" [my translation, 59-60].

The titles chosen by James Joyce do not seem to require so deft a hand from translators – at least not from those who render his works into Portuguese. "Chamber Music", "Giacomo Joyce", "Exiles", "Dubliners", "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man", "Ulysses" are not among the more difficult titles in literature to translate. Even "Pomes Penyeach" is not so challenging. A title such as "Finnegans Wake", however, is more demanding, as one can understand from the words of its Brazilian translator, Donaldo Schüler:

> In *Finnegans Wake*, one hears the sound of the language that united the Occident, the Latin of the Roman Empire: *finis* (end) after *again* in order to announce the Viconian circularity. The Latin component induces the brothers Campos to translate it as *Finnicius Revém*. Passing through French (*rêve* – dream), the translated title keeps the oneiric substance of the novel. The translator romances in the steps of the original. It is suitable to see, in the title, the Latin expression *fines fluviorum*, the mouths of the rivers. Can we ignore *fin* (end), French noun that rhymes with *revém*, sound link of beginning and conclusion? (15-16)

However, simple as they seem to be, Joyce's titles are not transparent at all, and one of the ways of penetrating their opacity is reading beyond their final forms. The following passage from Genette is worth reading:

> We must not disregard, once it is eventually given to our knowledge in the paratext of scholarly editions, the genetic pre-history, or prenatal life of the title; in other words, the author's hesitations about his/her choice, which can last long and be full of richness: the first title of *Les Fleurs du Mal* was *Les Lesbiennes* or *Les Limbes* . . . . No Proustian ignores today that *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* could have been entitled *Les Intermittences du Coeur* or *Les Colombes Poignadées* (!), and it is relevant for our reading, just like being aware that *Un Roi sans Divertissement* was first *Charge d'Âme* – examples out of thousands, even if some of those pre-titles were not more than working titles for the author, that is, provisional titles manipulated as such, like *The Process* and *The Trial*, according to Brod, and probably like *Work in Progress* before becoming *Finnegans Wake*. Even – or most of all – as provisional, an expression is never totally irrelevant, unless it is simply a number". [my translation, 70-71]

Genette emphasizes that titles may have a pre-history full of hesitations and suggests that the knowledge of that background allows us to read the main text differently. For instance, Virginia Woolf started to write *Mrs. Dalloway* under the title of *The Hours*, as one can learn from a moment of self-questioning taken from her journal: "But now what do I feel about *my* writing? – this book, that is, *The Hours*, if that's its name?" (WOOLF 56). That provisional title became so relevant for the understanding of *Mrs. Dalloway* that Michael Cunningham called his 1998 postmodern rereading of Virgina Woolf's novel *The Hours*.

Let us consider the case of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Joyce's 1916 novel is a rewriting of the today incomplete text of *Stephen Hero* – which, in turn, had begun simply as "A Portrait of the Artist", an essay rejected by the editors of the Irish magazine *Dana* in 1904. Joycean readers will have in mind that *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is the result of those two previous texts, and the contrast between Stephen Dedalus as a "hero" and as an "artist", a fact suggested by the titles, will not escape the critics. It is not that the meaning of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* can be fully explained by the titles of its previous versions, but that it can definitely be illuminated by them.

The case of *Dubliners* is even more interesting. In a letter to his brother Stanislaus on 12 July 1905, Joyce declares that it was his "intention to complete 'Dubliners' by the end of the year and to follow it by a book 'Provincials'" (Joyce, *Letters of James Joyce* 2: 92). Joyce never wrote such sequel. In this case, we are not dealing with a hesitation about the form of a title – *Dubliners.* What interests us is that the existence of another title makes it possible for readers to understand how Joyce saw *Dubliners*: a book about Dublin, especially its urban area, not about its counterpart, the rural Dublin, which could have been the theme of *Provincials*, had he ever written it.

One case worthy to note is the subtle difference between the translations of the title of Joyce's first published novel into Brazilian Portuguese. While José Geraldo Vieira, in his 1945 translation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, gives us *Retrato do artista quando jovem*, in 1992, Bernardina da Silveira Pinheiro aptly keeps the indefinite article in her rendering, hence the result is *Um retrato do artista quando jovem*. It is just an article, one could say, but Christine O'Neill sheds some light on the question of articles. First, she comments on the absence of an article in "Two Gallants":

> 'What's in an article?' one might reasonably ask. Translators add or omit them . . . . Admittedly, great mastery of all the target languages would be required to assess properly the subtleties of the usage of the article, both definite and indefinite. Joyce's omission of the article in "Two Gallants" implies that Corley and Lenehan are less exceptional than "The Two Gallants" would make them sound . . . . (65)

Then the author examines the case of the presence of an indefinite article similar to that in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: "'An Encounter,' although indefinite, is more specific than the bald 'Encuentro' [as it appears in Mexican and Argentinian translations], in that it expressly prepares us for an unexpected meeting that is yet unqualified: is it casual, difficult, dangerous?" (O'Neill 65).

In Vieira's translation neither the definiteness of "*o* retrato" (*the* portrait) nor the less specificity of "*um* retrato" (*a* portrait) is rendered into Portuguese. Furthermore, as Theodore Spencer puts it, while in *Stephen Hero* Stephen is "the average undergraduate", in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* he becomes the "all-important Stephen" (12-13). This, in the light of the above quote by O'Neill, justifies the indefinite article in the title creating in the readers an expectation about what kind of artist's portrait Joyce will provide.

As for the translations of *Dubliners*, nine out of the ten Italian translations bear the name *Gente di Dublino*; the other is called *Dublinesi*. The 1926 French translation was entitled *Gens de Dublin*. In 1974, Jacques Aubert's translation came out under the name of *Dublinois*, and Benoît Tadié opted for *Gens de Dublin* in 1994.

The German titles have their own history. In 1934, Alois Brandl published a review of the German translation of *Dubliners* in which he writes that "you cannot call [the stories] *novellen* because they are lacking in plot and also in depth of character", so "mood pictures of human individuals" would be a better characterization (76). Brandl's observation might have been triggered by the fact that Georg Goyert's 1928 translation into German had been entitled *Dublin – Novellen*, unlike the future German translations of 1969 and 1994, both called *Dubliner*. Goyert seems to have chosen this title in the strength of Joyce's refusal to accept his first suggestion. At first, the translator thought of *So Sind Sie in Dublin* ("What They Are Like in Dublin"). In a letter to the translator on 19 October 1927, Joyce disagreed on the title and said he would rather see *So Sind Wir in Dublin* ("What We are Like in Dublin"), although this translation did not please him either. In the same letter Joyce explains to Goyert that "if 'Dubliners' is not possible what about 'In Dublin Stadt" or 'Dublin an der Liffey'?", meaning "In Dublin City" and "Dublin on the Liffey" respectively (Joyce, *Letters of James Joyce* 3: 164).

The Portuguese language has seen four complete translations of *Dubliners* and two different forms, *Gente de Dublin*(*m*) in Portugal and *Dublinenses* in Brazil. Since the aim of this article is to discuss the translations of the title of "The Dead" into Portuguese, let us start to narrow our focus and turn our attention to the problem of title translation in *Dubliners*. José Roberto O'Shea addressed the question of title translation in *Dubliners* in the eleventh issue of the ABEI Journal (2009). His short article "Translating James Joyce's *Dubliners*: Confronting Literalness and Revision" deals with his decisions in translating three titles from *Dubliners* (1993): "Two Gallants" ("Dois galãs"), "Counterparts" ("Cópias") and "A Painful Case" ("Um caso trágico"). O'Shea explains that his translation was non-literal and that he was concerned that Brazilian readers would efficiently receive the stories.

Joyce's letter to Stanislaus on 6 February 1907 is rich of ideas for titles. He mentions "Ulysses", a short story he would later develop into a novel, as well as other titles that never came to light, with the exception of "The Dead": "*Ulysses* never got any forrader than the title. I have other titles, e.g. *The Last Supper*, *The Dead*, *The Street*, *Vengeance*, *At Bay*: all of which stories I could write if circumstances were favourable" (Joyce, *Letters of James Joyce* 2: 209). What is most remarkable in the letter is the suggestion that Joyce started to write "The Dead" from its title, which allows us to confer even more importance to the title of the narrative.

It is necessary to stress that my idea of reading beyond the final form of the title, more than echoing Genette, includes the afterlife of the title through their translations. It is correct to think that the knowledge of the provisional titles of a text can influence one's interpretation. Nonetheless, it is also true that the translated forms of a title, when taken into consideration, can shed light on the meaning of a literary text, if only because it may compel the reader to investigate why that title was translated one way or another.

Patrick O'Neill, in his *Polyglot Joyce*, writes about the relevance of titles:

> Titles may be referentially descriptive, with the primary emphasis variously on theme (*War and Peace*), character (*Madame Bovary*), setting (*Wuthering Heights*), or action (*Murder in the Cathedral*); they may be self-referentially descriptive (*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*), intertextually allusive (*Ulysses*, *Finnegans Wake*), overtly symbolic (*The Trial*, *Heart of Darkness*), or ostensibly nonsignificant (*If on a Winter's Night a Traveler*); or they may be one of multiple possible combinations and shadings of such alternatives. (120)

Although in the above quote O'Neill is not referring to the titles of individual short stories, he turns to the matter eventually. Besides, most of what can be said about the translations of book titles also applies to the translations of individual short stories. According to O'Neill, "the individual stories of *Dubliners* provide a particularly interesting area for the study of literary titles". However, he underlines that despite the "laconic opacity", which generates "indeterminacy" and "unrest",

> some of the titles that are highly interesting in their original form turn out to be relatively uninteresting in a transtextual context, in that they have provoked little or no difference among their translators. This is true of "The Sisters", "An Encounter", "After the Race", "A Little Cloud", "A Mother", and "The Dead". The titles of the remaining two-thirds of the stories, however, offer more than a little room for transtextual reflection. (127)

So the author discusses the translations of the titles of the other nine stories in *Dubliners*, but does not comment on the titles of the six above quoted due to the lack of room for "transtextual reflection", which in his theory means that there is hardly any venue for the analysis of the titles vis à vis their translations. What is intriguing is that unlike what he does with the first five stories of the group – "The Sisters", "An Encounter", "After the Race", "A Little Cloud", and "A Mother" –, O'Neill adds an endnote about "The Dead", which I reproduce here with some editing:

> 'The Dead' is *almost* entirely unproblematical, as suggested by the almost complete uniformity of its translated titles . . . . While one Portuguese translation also has the corresponding "Os mortos" (Trevisan 1964), however, another has "O morto" (Mota 1963), literally "the dead man", suggesting, intentionally or not, that the Portuguese title should be read in a more restrictive sense than the original as referring exclusively to the parallel between Gretta's one-time admirer Michael Furey and her husband Gabriel. (245)

This would be enough for O'Neill to integrate "The Dead" into the other nine stories that he deems richer in terms of title translation. Commenting on the two different translations of "The Dead" into Portuguese in a peripheral endnote instead of in the main body of the book is a decision that fell to the author to make, but his decision

notwithstanding it is necessary to add that Trevisan's translation is not the only one keeping the plural form "Os mortos". José Roberto O'Shea's translation, mentioned by O'Neill (29, 76), and Tristão da Cunha's, which the author does not consider in his study, keep it as well. Another passage by O'Neill must be carefully examined:

> The first translation of any of Joyce's works in Portuguese was José Geraldo Vieira's version of *Portrait*, published in Porto Alegre in Brazil in 1945. This was followed in 1946 by an abridged translation of *Dubliners* (containing just ten of the stories) by Maria da Paz Ferreira in Lisbon. The complete *Dubliners* was translated three times, by Virgínia Motta in Lisbon in 1963, by Hamilton Trevisan in Rio de Janeiro in 1964, and by José Roberto O'Shea in São Paulo in 1993. (76)

José Geraldo Vieira's translation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* was not, as the author affirms, the first of Joyce's works in Portuguese. Before that, in 1942, Tristão da Cunha's translation[4] of "Os mortos" appeared in *Revista do Brasil*, which probably makes it the first translation of Joyce in Brazil. Second, the complete *Dubliners* has been translated at least *four* times, not three, since Isabel Veríssimo also published a translation in Portugal in 1994.[5]

In "Entitled to Translate", Christine O'Neill lists the translations of *Dubliners* into French, German, Italian and Spanish, and supplies the translators' choices regarding the title of the book as well as the titles of all the short stories. So we learn that the three translations of "The Dead" into French bear "Les morts"; the three in German, "Die Toten"; the ten in Italian, "I morti"; and the five in Spanish, "Los muertos".

This is what Christine O'Neill says about the translations of the title of "The Dead":

> 'The Dead' is an accommodating title inasmuch as it is both singular and plural and, indeed, the story does move from a more general sense of all those faithful and faithless departed to one particular dead, Michael Furey, before becoming universal again in the closing paragraphs. None of the languages examined [French, German, Italian, and Spanish] can reflect such doubleness. Forced to forego the pointed ambiguity of the original, all translators chose the plural ('Die Toten,' 'Les morts,' 'Los muertos' and 'I morti'), taking it to the words primary meaning in the story, but the narrowing of meaning, though unavoidable, is regrettable. (71)

In a concise and inevitably shallow way, the story of "The Dead" is the following. The Misses Morkan, Gabriel Conroy's aunts, offers their annual Christmas dinner. At the end of it, before leaving the house for the hotel where he and his wife Gretta would spend the night, Gabriel watches her on the staircase listening to Bartell D'Arcy sing "The Lass of Aughrim". He does not guess at the time what that song means to Gretta.

Only when they are in the hotel room she tells him that "The Lass of Aughrim" is the song that Michael Furey, a young man who had fallen in love with her while she was living with her grandmother in Galway, used to sing. It was winter, she was about to go to the convent in Dublin, and the young man was ill. Because Gretta was not allowed to see Michael, she wrote a letter asking him to wait until she came back to Galway in the summer. However, he did not wait. The night before she left, he escaped under the rain to see her and, already much enfeebled, died at the age of seventeen. Gretta falls asleep and the story ends with Gabriel at the window of the hotel room looking outside. This is the last paragraph of "The Dead":

> A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead. (Joyce, *Dubliners* 223-224)

An ambiguity lies in that the "dead" of the title may refer only to the death of only one person, probably Michael Furey – the name unburied from Gretta's past – or it can assume a universal meaning, embracing all the dead. Since the readers' interpretations may be influenced by the title, which title is the most suitable for a translation: the more limited in scope "O morto" or the further-reaching "Os mortos"? Joyce's aim at "letting Dubliners take a look at themselves" (Joyce, *Letters of James Joyce* 1: 63-64) does not circumscribe *Dubliners* to Dublin. In the same spirit, why should the title of "The Dead" be narrowed to the character of Michael Furey?

There is indeed a tendency to universality in the story. Harry Levin refers to it by convincingly connecting the end of "The Dead" with a passage in the first chapter of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. "The final paragraph . . . sets up, like most departures, a disturbing tension between the warm and familiar and the cold and remote. In one direction lies the Class of Elements at Clongowes Wood [in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*], in the other the Universe (Levin 36). This is the passage from Joyce's novel to which Levin refers:

> He [Stephen Dedalus] turned to the flyleaf of the geography and read what he had written there: himself, his name and where he was.

Stephen Dedalus
Class of Elements
Clongowes Wood College
Sallins
County Kildare
Ireland
Europe
The World
The Universe
(Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* 15)

Chauncey C. Loomis, Jr. divides the narrative of "The Dead" into five sections: "the *musicale*, the dinner, the farewells and the drive to the hotel, the scene between Gabriel and Gretta in their room, and, finally, the vision itself", the latter defined as "Gabriel Conroy's timeless moment of almost supreme vision" in which the story culminates (402-403). Until the end of the fourth section, the narrative presents a constant increase in pace and narrowing in focus, with Joyce bringing Gabriel and Gretta to the center of the scene. In the fifth section, however, when Gabriel's vision takes over and the story assumes a universal reach, "pace simply ceases to exist in the vision . . .; Joyce reverses the process [and] the focus broadens, from Gretta, to his aunts, to himself, to Ireland, to 'the universe'. Time and space are telescoped in the final words of the story: The snow falls on 'all the living and the dead'." (406-407).

Richard Ellmann and Allen Tate contrast the presence of the snow at the beginning and the end of the story in order to show this change from an individual to a universal perspective. According to Ellmann, the snow begins as "desirable, unattainable, just as at his first knowledge of Michael Furey, Gabriel envies him", but, at the end, "it belongs to all men, it is general, mutual. Under its canopy, all human beings, whatever their degrees of intensity, fall into union" (252). Similarly, Tate explains that

> at the beginning, the snow is the cold and even hostile force of nature, humanly indifferent, enclosing the warm conviviality of the Misses Morkan's party. But just as the human action in which Gabriel is involved develops in the pattern of the plot of Reversal, his situation at the end being the opposite of its beginning, so the snow reverses its meaning, in a kind of rhetorical dialectic: from naturalistic *coldness* it develops into a symbol of warmth, of expanded consciousness; it stands for Gabriel's escape from his own ego into the larger world of humanity, including 'all the living and the dead'. (394)

According to *A Comprehensive Grammar of the English Language*, plural noun phrases "with an adjective head referring to a group of people" receive a "generic

'the'" (Quirk et al. 283). This would be the case of the "the" in the title of the last short story in *Dubliners*: "The Dead". However, while in a longer sentence phrases such as "the rich", "the unemployed" and so forth would be understood as having a collective meaning – for example, "The poor suffer in times of crisis" –, in the title of Joyce's short story it grows ambiguous.

In the six translations of "The Dead" into Portuguese: three into Brazilian Portuguese – Tristão da Cunha's (1942), Hamilton Trevisan's (1964) and José Roberto O'Shea's (1993) – and three into European Portuguese – Maria da Paz Ferreira's (1946), Virgínia Motta's (1963) and Isabel Veríssimos's (1994) – both the plural and the singular forms have been used. What is remarkable is that all the Brazilian translations use the plural "Os mortos", while the European ones use the singular "O morto".

Have the Portuguese translators avoided the "narrowing of meaning" about which Christine O'Neill wrote by keeping the ambiguity present in the singular form of the title? After all, singular forms may have plural meanings in the Portuguese language, too. The sentence "The poor suffer in times of crisis" can be translated as "*O pobre sofre em tempos de crise*". Although the singular form "*o pobre*" is used, it is clear that it refers to a group. Yet in the title of Joyce's narrative, "*o morto*" leaves no space for ambiguity. What Christine O'Neill affirmed about French, German, Italian, and Spanish, that is, that it is not feasible to reflect the doubleness of Joyce's title in those languages, is also true for the Portuguese language.

Readers of the Brazilian translation will be, from the beginning, guided towards a universal interpretation, while the readers of the Portuguese translations will have to wait until the very end of the story to see the phrase "the dead" – in "upon all the living and the dead" – finally translated in the plural, creating a contrast between a singular form in the title and a plural one in the end.

Translated texts expose translators' choices, and their choices hint at their own interpretations of the text. The Portuguese translators opted for a singular meaning based on their understanding of the story. They preferred to associate the dead of the title with just one character in the story, probably Michael Furey. But we still have to consider what is behind the translators' interpretations. Is it possible that their interpretations, manifest in their choices, have been biased by previous translations of the title? Patrick O'Neill asserts that literary texts can be read "transtextually", which means to read the source texts and their translations as if they were one text, or, as he writes, "a polyglot macrotext" (10). O'Neill's transtextual model is a "particular form of intertextual reading across languages" (10). If the Brazilian and European translators of "The Dead" accomplished their transtextual readings, at least, in the frame of the Portuguese language, it is possible to believe that their choices have been guided by a certain tradition of translating "The Dead" within their varieties of Portuguese.

In other words, I am suggesting that Virgínia Motta and Isabel Veríssimo may have followed Maria da Paz Ferreira's translation. This could explain the singular form in their translations contrasting with the plural in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and

Brazilian Portuguese. The same may have happened, *mutatis mutandis*, with the Brazilian translators. I do not imply any kind of subservient or uncritical work. On the contrary, reading existing translations of the source text before retranslating it, if in good faith, is itself a sign of critical work.

In addition to the universality of "The Dead", another factor that should be considered is that both the first and the last story of *Dubliners* deal with two sisters and at least one dead person – Eliza and Nannie / Father James Flynn in "The Sisters"; Julia and Kate Morkan / Michael Furey in "The Dead". Therefore, opening and closing the book with plurals, although without Joyce's original ambiguity, reinforces the circularity of the work. As Ulrich Schneider puts it:

> The titles of the first and last stories, in particular, could be easily exchanged. The first story, like the last, is much concerned with death and with the interrelation between the living and the dead; the last story, like the first, is partly set in the house of two sisters. Thus the circularity of the stories is emphasized through the titles. (203)

I conclude that the plural form "Os mortos", adopted by the Brazilian translators, is preferable to the singular "O morto" exactly because it emphasizes the universal dimension of the short story, chiming with the ideas of critics like Harry Levin, Chauncey C. Loomis, Jr., Richard Ellmann, and Allen Tate. It is a fact that, where there was some ambiguity, the translators had to make choices that changed the original doubleness of the title Joyce gave to his last short story. However, translations, like their originals, are made of choices.

Notes

1 I wish to thank Marlene Soares dos Santos and Roberto Ferreira da Rocha, both from the Faculty of Letters of the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro, for reading this text and making so many valuable comments and corrections. Any remaining mistake is, of course, mine.

2 Maiorino claims that Harry Levin coined the term "titology" in "The Title as a Literary Genre" (3), whereas Genette believes it was Claude Duchet in "La Fille abandonée et la Bête humaine, éléments de titrologie romanesque" (59).

3 Luis Gillet, in an important critique on *Finnegans Wake* published in *Revue des deux mondes* on 15 October 1931, calls the work *Types de Dublin* (29). Benoît Tadié explained his decision to me in an electronic message of 9 July 2010. The following quotation is a translation of his words in French, which he authorized me to quote:

> I have chosen *Gens de Dublin* for different several reasons: (1) phonetically, it is better than "*dublinois*", correct but rare in French; (2) it was the title under which the stories have been known in France since the 20's, so I accommodated to an old usage. However, I think Aubert is also right to have chosen *Dublinois*, unarguably more faithful. As his translation came just before mine, my choice was also a way of differentiating from it and offering the readers the two possibilities.

4 Considering the story unbalanced in quality, Tristão da Cunha translated only its second part, that is, from the moment Gabriel sees Gretta on the staircase, just before leaving for the hotel.

5 The printed edition does not bear any date. I am relying on Vivina Almeida Carreira de Campos Figueiredo's "Joyce em Português europeu. As funções dos paratextos em *Dubliners* e *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*".

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"His heart against his ribs": Embodied Tension in "The Dead"

Teresa Casal

Abstract: *This article focuses upon the interplay between the verbal and the non-verbal, cognitive and embodied meaning, as it is rendered in James Joyce's "The Dead." It suggests that one of the subjects enacted in the story is the extent to which dissociation pervades social structures and cognitive frameworks, considers how this is played out in the protagonist's predicament as lover and literary critic, and discusses its implications for the reader's aesthetic experience of, and response to, the story. Finally, it argues that "The Dead" enacts the desire and failure to control the unpredictable, in life, love and art, and submits that its aesthetic power resides in making us experience both our desire for meaning and the potential failure of our effort to make sense of what we, like Gabriel Conroy, "cannot apprehend."*

Introduction

2012 is the beginning of the "Decade of Centenaries" in Ireland, which will commemorate "the most momentous [decade of Irish] modern history,"[1] between 1912 and 1922. This year marks the commemoration of the Third Home Rule Bill, the Ulster Covenant, the sinking of *Titanic*, and the death of Bram Stoker. Testing moments as to how present Ireland relates to its past will include the commemorations of the Easter Rising in 1916, as well as the First World War, the War of Independence and the Civil War. In Joycean terms, this decade culminates in the centenary of the publication of *Ulysses*. Yet, 2012 marks not only the ninetieth anniversary of the publication of *Ulysses*, but also the anniversary of Joyce's last visit to Ireland, at a time when he was trying to publish *Dubliners*, which would happen only on 15 June 1914. During his last stay, Joyce visited the graveyard where he thought that Michael Furey lied buried.[2]

One hundred years later, I will turn to *Dubliners*, and specifically to "The Dead," to take up the challenge posed by the narrator in the very first line, which reads: "Lily, the caretaker's daughter, was literally run off her feet" (*Dubliners* 175). "Literally" is the word I wish to focus upon: what sort of challenge is the narrator setting before us? Does the adverb suggest that we don't always listen to what words *literally* tell us? In that case, the implication is that there may be more meanings to a word than meets the

ear, and that there may be meanings that we identify mechanically and others that elude our mechanical screen and require careful listening. I suggest we specifically focus on the interplay between the verbal and the non-verbal, and on how embodied meaning is conveyed. Ultimately, how does the literal record of life approach what Gabriel "was conscious of, but could not apprehend" (224)? How does what he cannot apprehend manifest itself and how is it worded? And how do we, as readers, engage both with the literal and with what we cannot apprehend?

Verbal and non-verbal

Other critics before me have shown how surface and subterranean meanings are played out in the verbal texture of "The Dead." This geological metaphor is just another way of saying that there may be several literal meanings competing for supremacy, visibility, or acknowledgement in the story, and that their hierarchical status within the text depends on our interpretative radar, on what we tune to or zoom past, acknowledge or fail to acknowledge.

Three essays are of particular relevance to my own approach here today: Margot Norris's "Not the Girl She Was at All: Women in "The Dead"' (1994); Daniel R. Schwarz's "Gabriel Conroy's Psyche: Character as Concept in James Joyce's 'The Dead" (1994); and Greg C. Winston's "Militarism and 'The Dead'" (2004). Margot Norris argues that the story reads as "two texts: a "loud" or audible male narration challenged and disrupted by a "silent" or discounted female countertext that does not, in the end, succeed in making itself heard" (Norris 192). This raises the question of readers' agency and of readers' mirror images in the text, so that readers can choose to "abdicate as critics" (204), like Mary Jane Morkan, or be actively critical, like Molly Ivors.

Schwarz also identifies two competing narratives: the festive one, which is undermined by the silent but pervasive allusions to death and mortality. And Winston similarly shows how the festive narrative is undercut by a martial imagery that indicates conflict rather than harmony. As critics, are we likewise driven by internalised patterns of interpretation that determine what we find salient and ascribe meaning to? Is the invisibility of martial metaphors and death allusions a measure of "buried" collective fears? What brings us back to a text that, as Schwarz notes, "resists (perhaps resents?) the critic's rational efforts to order it because it is allegorical and asyntactical" (123)? Do we look for ultimate mastery, ultimate surrender, or something else? Can the answer be looked for in what the critic comprehends or fails to comprehend in the text? I suggest we engage with what emerges unawares into the literalness of words and see where it leads us.

Let us first consider how words are embodied in "The Dead" and how the body makes itself manifest in words.

"Utter failure"?

The snow and the intimations of death at the end of "The Dead" creep indoors with Gabriel's arrival at his aunts' house. He arrives "as right as the mail" (*Dubliners* 177), "scraping the snow from his goloshes" and "scraping vigorously" (176-7), but just as the snow lies on his overcoat, so do death metaphors trip to his own and his aunts' words: "my wife here takes three mortal hours to dress herself" (176), explains Gabriel, while his aunts worry that she "must be perished alive" (177). These seemingly inadvertent slips of the tongue bring mortality into the Misses Morkans' annual dance, or perhaps simply spell out its presence, for not only is the story entitled "The Dead," but we are told early on that the aunts inherited the house and took charge of their only niece Mary Jane following their brother's death (175). That death might visit the house again soon is intimated before Gabriel's arrival: "old as they were," we are told through Lily's perspective, Mary Jane's aunts "did their share" (176). In fact, life and liveliness are repeatedly conveyed in an adversative syntax that seems to underplay the intimations of age and death, while registering them: "Julia, *though she was quite grey*, was *still* the leading soprano in Adam and Eve's, and Kate, *being too feeble to go about much*, gave music lessons to beginners" (176; emphases added). Lily registers both the official version about the sisters' active routine, and the visible signs of old age and impending death; the adversative syntax presents the old ladies as subjects of their actions, but also as subjects to death.

Just as intimations of mortality trip to the lips of those intent on celebrating life, so do emotions ripple unawares in the voice and in the body, making us wonder whether emotions belong to the same unacknowledged layers of reality as death. We notice early on that emotions set the tone of voice, as instanced in Gabriel's encounters with various others, beginning with Lily, whose "bitter retort" discomposes him and turns the exchange into what he rates as an "utter failure" – we cannot but notice the double meaning of the word "utter" and how Lily's voice conveys not just words, but emotions. Gabriel experiences Lily's retort as the first of several assaults on his patriarchal status. Indeed, if Freddy Malins is the source of trouble that everyone fears and one of Gabriel's roles is to "manage him" (176), unpredictable feminine behaviour will prove to be even more disconcerting insofar as it deviates from Gabriel's solid expectations and does not offer a specular confirmation of the patriarchal role which he dutifully tries to perform. As Norris argues, Lily's retort is the first of a series of "female back answers" that repeatedly disrupt "a male voice" (Norris 193). And if back answers are "the only thing [the Misses Morkans] would not stand" (176), just like the snow and the intimations of death, they are audible in the narrative and their disruptive effect can be assessed by their impact on Gabriel's behaviour. The opening exchange with Lily spells out patriarchal gender and social expectations, and a critical resistance to both: whereas Gabriel expects Lily to get married "one of these fine days" (177) now that she has finished school, she articulates "with great bitterness" what she perceives as the exploitative nature of gender relations: "The men that is now is only all palaver and

what they can get out of you" (178). The aunts' anxiety and Gabriel's "restless eyes" (178) thus seem to indicate a subliminal awareness of existing tensions in a precarious state of affairs. Gabriel's nervousness contrasts with seemingly positive emotions such as frankness and heartiness, which are first associated with the aunts' behaviour and then even more so with Molly and Gretta. In the process, we are left to wonder whether frankness of heart may be at odds with the status quo.

Molly is described as "a frank-mannered talkative young lady, with a freckled face and prominent brown eyes" (187), attributes that point to liveliness rather than to standard beauty. Her tone of voice ranges from "abrupt" (187), to "grave", "blunt," "frank" (188), and then "friendly" (189) and "warm" (190), while her challenge for Gabriel to "keep in touch" with Irish is repeatedly accompanied by "a warm grasp" and "a soft friendly tone" of voice (189), and her suggestion for the Conroys to join in "an excursion to the Aran island" comes "suddenly" (189), seemingly impulsive rather than planned. Faced with his reticence, she adds gestures to words, reiterating the invitation and "laying her warm hand eagerly on his arm" (189). The motif of touch is echoed in the phrase chosen by Gabriel to justify his holidays on the continent, "it's partly to keep in touch with the languages and partly for a change," which prompts Molly's query about whether he "do[esn't] have [his] own language to keep in touch with – Irish?" and Gabriel's famous disclaimer: "if it comes to that, Irish is not my language" (189). Rather than perceived as a dialogue, the exchange is permeated by martial allusions and is experienced by Gabriel as a "cross-examination" (190) and an "ordeal which was making a blush *invade* his forehead" (190; emphasis added). He is not the master but at the mercy of his emotions, and the assault on his sense of mastery comes both from without and within: it comes from his interpersonal exchanges with others whom he had rated as intellectually or socially below him; and from his exposure to his inner physical and emotional turmoil, that is, to that within him that he likewise considered inferior to his intellectual aptitudes. Much as he tries to conceal his emotions by avoiding eye contact and engaging in activity, this becomes increasingly ineffective. After all, his power and self-possession rest not only on a social hierarchy, which depends on others playing their own part and acknowledging his leading role, but on an inner hierarchy as well, according to which the mind tries to rule over the body and emotions, and the eyes over the other senses. Patriarchal as it is, this is a gender-based hierarchy, and it is therefore no surprise that the threats from without should come via women or emasculated men such as Freddy Malins, and the threats from within should come from what eludes rational control such as emotions and touch.

Gabriel's "cross-examination" with Molly is followed by his cross-examination with Gretta, who wants to know "[w]hat words [he had] with Molly Ivors" (191), whose behaviour is perplexing not only to Gabriel (who refers to Molly as "that girl or woman"), but also to Gretta (who perceives Molly as a "comical girl") and Mary Jane (who wears "a moody puzzled expression" when Molly leaves). Despite their differences, Molly, Gretta, and Freddy share some common traits: Gretta also speaks her mind "frankly"

(196), and resorts to touch to express her enthusiasm, as when she "clasped her hands excitedly and gave a little jump" (191) upon learning of Molly's suggestion that the Conroys visit the Aran islands in the summer. The emotional temperature between the spouses is conveyed by the voice: whereas Gretta's excited jump and clasp is accompanied by a cry, pleading to go to Galway, Gabriel "coldly" replies, "You can go if you like" (191), which prompts her to "[look] at him for a moment," say to Mrs Malins, "There's a nice husband for you" (191), and leave the room in tacit defeat. In his puzzlement, Gabriel fears warmth and companionship and longs for cold and solitude: "[His] warm trembling fingers tapped the cold pane of the window. How cool it must be outside! How pleasant it would be to walk out alone (…). How much more pleasant it would be than at the supper table!" (192) He is "unnerved" at the thought that he will be exposed to Molly's "critical quizzing eyes" (192) and rehearses a criticism of the "new and very serious and hypereducated generation" (193); this is meant to target Molly, as if Gabriel is unaware that it might just as well apply to him, for Molly is his only intellectual equal, although her enigmatic, unmarried and politically engaged life is perplexing, since, like Lily's retort, it deviates from prevailing social mores.

"Expressing in words what my feelings are"

Gabriel, in turn, complies with the patriarchal role expected of him. Anxiously awaited by his aunts to preside at the table and manage Freddy Malins, Gabriel dutifully obliges while feeling superior to those under his charge. Yet, the unpredictable flow of emotions that prompted Molly's invitation and Gretta's willingness to accept it make him long to evade human scrutiny, hence the appeal of the outdoor cold and snow. When time comes for him to take "his seat boldly at the head" (197) of a table laden with exquisite delicacies and described in precise martial terms,[3] he "meet[s] a row of upturned faces" (203) and announces that he will "endeavour to express to you in words what my feelings are on this occasion" (203), although "his ten trembling fingers on the tablecloth" (202-3) strive to conceal what the narrator's words reveal. If interpersonal exposure had triggered Gabriel's sense of vulnerability and precipitated his intrapersonal struggles, this scene shows how his self-possession likewise relies on interpersonal nurturance, so that when a "hearty murmur of assent ran round the table," the thought of Molly's absence infuses him with confidence, while the martial metaphors used indicate the private battle unfolding in Gabriel's mind: "It *shot* through Gabriel's mind that Miss Ivors was not there and that she had gone away discourteously: and he said with confidence in himself" (204; emphasis added).

Gabriel's stated aim is to celebrate "the tradition of genuine warm-hearted courteous Irish hospitality" (204), but his speech becomes more of a private verbal duel with absent Molly than a dialogue with the present company. With Molly in mind and seemingly unaware that both belong to the same "hypereducated" (204) generation,

Gabriel criticises a "sceptical" and "thought-tormented age" and a new generation lacking in "those qualities of humanity, of hospitality, of kindly humour which belonged to an older day" (204). In adversative syntax, he grants that this generation is "actuated by new ideas and new principles" and driven by an "enthusiasm" that, "even when it is misdirected, is (…) in the main sincere" (204). Earlier he had wondered whether Molly's "enthusiasm" was "sincere" and whether she had "any life of her own behind her propagandism" (192). In a speech intent on praising old-time hospitality and critiquing present-day scepticism, Gabriel's words seem prey to his own admonitions. If his is a "thought-tormented age," his overt praise of hospitality is shot through with thoughts of hostility; if his aim is to express feelings in words, he sounds sceptical of both words and feelings. Indeed he seems to epitomise the age that he critiques, championing "affections" (204) of the heart but being tormented by the claims of the mind, doubting the sincerity of displays of enthusiasm, but letting "his voice [fall] into a softer inflection" (205) as he evokes "sad memories" (205), only to claim that "were we to brood upon them always we would not find the heart to go on bravely with our work among the living" for "we have all of us living duties and living affections which claim, and rightly claim, our strenuous endeavours" (205). Yet, brood he will.

What is the reader to make of this? Is the reader to be as sceptical of Gabriel as Gabriel is of Molly, wondering whether his feelings match his words or his words betray feelings that he seeks to conceal from others and possibly himself? If we follow Gabriel, are we to become what Sedgwick has called "paranoid readers", driven by suspicion alone?[4] In his speech Gabriel challenges his audience to "find the heart to go on bravely with our work among the living" (205). Let us then see where his heart takes him after his initial confrontations with Lily and Molly, followed by his apparent consecration at the head of the supper table.

Gabriel's confrontation with Lily's back answer and critical Molly is followed by his exposure to the no less perplexing Gretta, whom he aestheticises, "transform[ing] her both into a beautiful painting (…) and into beautiful prose" (Norris 195). Gretta arrests Gabriel's gaze when he sees "[a] woman" on the staircase listening to music. He "was in the dark" (210) "gazing up" (210, 211) at the woman "in the shadow" (210), her face hidden from view and only the panels of her skirt in sight. "It was his wife" and she "was listening to something" (211). She is arrested by sound, he is arrested by sight. As readers, we share in Gabriel's experience, follow his sensorial perceptions and cognitive interpretations, and accompany the process whereby his wife is perceived as a mysterious stranger with "grace and mystery as if she were a symbol of something" (211) and is accordingly reframed as if she were a figure in a painting entitled *Distant Music* (211). What exactly does he frame: the object and/or the subject of the gaze? Where does his aestheticising impulse come from: fascination and/or fear? How approachable or remote is the woman on the staircase? How do the male gaze and the female listening feature in the painting?

The male gaze seems to remain in the dark outside the picture – yet it is the male gaze that frames the picture. Does Gabriel's hiding add to his power? By remaining unseen, he refrains from stepping into the scene and avoids both exposure and interaction. The fact that he "gazes up" at her indicates a distance that seems to be flattering to Gretta, yet the aestheticising distance precludes reciprocity. Besides, the impetus to aestheticise seems as much driven by what is in the picture as by what remains outside it: Gabriel captures Gretta as she is absorbed in listening to a song sung by someone outside the picture frame. Gabriel's impulse seems to stem from his urge to contain what eludes containment, to familiarise as symbol what threatens and seduces him as foreign. The painting may thus be more representative of Gabriel's cognitive procedures than of Gretta's reality. In fact, as Gabriel's hyper sensitiveness to the power of the gaze indicates, his gaze and Gretta's listening may suggest distinct modes of relating to and apprehending reality. As Rita Felski reminds us, "It is the ear, rather than the eye, that epitomizes receptivity and vulnerability, as an orifice that can be penetrated from all directions, that cannot be closed at will, that can be invaded by the sweetest and the most unspeakable of sounds" (Felski 71). Yet, if hearing is passive, listening involves active attention; and if gazing involves power, being gazed at involves exposure and vulnerability, as Gabriel repeated senses. As Gabriel and Gretta prepare to meet as husband and wife, the question is how they relate outside the aestheticised pictorial frame, and outside their everyday routine: do they see and listen to one another? To what extent do the pictures in their minds frame their perception and shape their interpretations? Ultimately, does Gabriel's propensity for aestheticising Gretta enable or prevent him from relating to the woman who is his wife? Does Gretta's "romance" with Michael Furey enable or prevent her from relating to the man who is her husband?

"His own heart against his ribs"

Absorbed as she is in the memories triggered by *The Lass of Aughrim*, Gretta is unaware of Gabriel's mental painting of her or indeed of the thoughts crossing his mind or the emotions rioting in his body. As he will later realise, he is likewise ignorant of the longings going through her mind, but this does not deter him from interpreting her behaviour according to his expectations. Entranced by the sight of his wife "under the dusty fanlight," Gabriel notices "the rich bronze of her hair," "the colour on her cheeks" and her eyes shining when a "sudden tide of joy went leaping out of his heart" (213) – this tide of joy is then his heart's response to what his eyes saw in Gretta. On the way to the hotel, however, "[s]he had no longer any grace of attitude but Gabriel's eyes were still bright with happiness. The blood went bounding along his veins; and the thoughts went rioting through his brain, proud, joyful, tender, valorous." (214) "Moments of their secret life together burst like stars upon his memory" (214), and the dullness of quotidian life is redeemed by a secret narrative of adventure and romance that celebrates

"moments of ecstasy" and "long[s] to make her forget years of their existence together" (215). As the romance unfolds in Gabriel's mind, words from the past visit Gabriel's mind "[l]ike distant music" (215) while rhythmic prose conveys the pace and the tone of this adventure until the touch of her body sends through him "a keen pang of lust":

> She leaned lightly on his arm, as lightly as when he had danced with him a few hours before. He had been proud and happy then, happy that she was his, proud of her grace and wifely carriage. But now, after the kindling again of so many memories, the first touch of her body, musical, strange and perfumed, sent through him a keen pang of lust. (*Dubliners* 216)

As Gretta fails to play her part in the romance being rehearsed in Gabriel's mind, his arms tremble "with desire to seize her and only the stress of his nails against the palm of his hands held the wild impulse of his body in check" (217). He can hear "the thumping of his own heart against his ribs" (217), and the more "abstracted" she is, the more he trembles "with annoyance," realising that "[t]o take her as she was now would be brutal," although he "longed to be master of her strange mood" (218). Romance becomes a battle, a struggle for mastery and self-mastery, with the chivalrous lover caught "in a fever of rage and desire " (218), longing to possess the lover and struggling to control his own lust; "fearing that diffidence [might] conquer him" (218), he strives "to restrain himself from breaking out into brutal language" though he "longed to cry to her from his soul, to crush her body against his, to overmaster her" (218). At last, she seems to play her expected role in his script when she looks at him "strangely," kisses him, and tells him that he is "a very generous person" (218). After all, "she had fallen to him so easily," he muses. "Perhaps she had felt the impetuous desire that was in him and then the yielding mood had come upon her" (219) – his impetuous desire thus requires her yielding mood, and just as he is not the syntactical subject of the desire in him, neither is she the subject of the yielding mood required by his impetuous desire: as at the party, musical metaphors are laden with martial ones and love is not a dance but a battle, not an encounter but a wild struggle between conquest and surrender.

When Gabriel realises that Gretta's thoughts were not "running with his" (219), a "dull anger" gathers "in his mind and the dull fires of his lust (…) glow angrily in his veins" (220) – he is at the mercy, rather than master, of an angry mind and body. His voice, previously "kinder than he intended," now becomes ironic (220), but as Gretta reveals the course of her thoughts, he feels "humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead" (221). "A shameful consciousness of his own person assailed him," he "[sees] himself as a ludicrous figure," avoids exposure to Gretta's gaze "lest she might see the shame that burned upon his forehead," and "trie[s] to keep up his tone of cold interrogation," although his voice is "humble and indifferent"(221). When Gretta casts Michael Furey as a tragic lover – "I think he died for me" (221) – a "vague terror seize[s] Gabriel" (221). Feeling under the attack of "some impalpable and

vindicative being" (221), Gabriel "[gathers] forces against him" and "[shakes] himself free of it in an effort to reason and continue[s] to caress [Gretta's] hand," although "she did not respond to his touch" (222). Upon hearing the rest of the story, Gabriel "held her hand for a moment longer, irresolutely, and then, shy of intruding on her grief, let it fall gently and walked quietly to the window" (223).

Tragic as Michael Furey's premature death is, at no time does Gabriel question Gretta's story of sacrificial love: did Michael die for her or did he die of illness? "[Did he] not want to live" (223) so that she could live, or did he not want to live because he could not have her? If Gretta resorts to the frame of sacrificial love to interpret Michael's death, Gabriel promptly endorses it and relegates himself to a secondary role in her life: "So she had had that romance in her life: a man had died for her sake. It hardly pained him now to think how poor a part he, her husband, had played in her life" (223). Sacrificial love is rated as the epitome of love, so that living with your lover can never match dying for her. Sacrificial death becomes the ultimate "moment of ecstasy" that wipes away years of "dull existence together" (215). Doubtful whether she "had told him all the story" (223), Gabriel concludes that it is "[b]etter to pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age" (224): boldness, glory and passion are thus "moments of ecstasy" that involve opting out of the life cycle, which is perceived as inevitably degrading and humiliating. The last image of Gabriel and Gretta is intriguing: he lies down beside her, thinking "of how she who lay beside him had locked in her heart for so many years that image of her lover's eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live" (224). They lie down side by side not in amorous rapture but each locked in his or her body, mind and heart, sharing neither the memories of their life together nor of present passion, but the image of the sacrificial lover who now presides over a marital bed that has become an altar to sacrificial love – is all that awaits them in their marital bed to "fade and wither dismally with age"?

Yet "[g]enerous tears filled Gabriel's eyes" and are deemed the sign of a feeling that "must be love" (224). If the eyes hold the power of the gaze, how does vision change under the influence of generous tears streaming from the soul? The tears that cloud Gabriel's vision, and the sleepiness that dulls his alertness, allow him to "[approach] that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead" (224) and approach a liminal state between consciousness and subconsciousness:

> He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey and impalpable world: the solid world itself which these dead had one time reared and lived in was dissolving and dwindling. (224-5)

Gabriel's gaze shifts from his wife's sleeping body to the call of an outdoor world devoid of human presence, passion, or heat, devoid of what he had both feared and been

attracted to. No living body is in sight; the only human presence lies buried in the snow, but resuscitates with full force in humans' minds; and the only body in sight is Ireland's, where snow is "general" (225), with the plural meanings the word carries (Winston 125), and the "dark mutinous Shannon waves" (225) are the only liquid undercurrents in an otherwise solid scenario of "treeless hills" and "barren thorns" (225). Is the mutinous Shannon that runs between the east and west of Ireland akin to the blood streaming in Gabriel's body, a fluidity that is as passionate as it is threatening? Is the snow about the impossibility of love, of an intimacy that is not about mastery and surrender, but about encounter and co-existence? And how do we readers experience the last words in "The Dead", when a mimetic, analytic prose focused on sight gives way to a synaesthetic, rhythmic prose that blends incantatory vision with incantatory sound: do we succumb to its spell or try to master it? Do we respond with our sense or with our senses or perhaps with both?

"Dissolving and dwindling"

To conclude, I would like to bring together Gabriel the lover and Gabriel the literary critic, his experience as character and ours as readers. Schwarz notes that "[d]iscursively, the last sentence [in "The Dead"] makes little sense," though he grants that perhaps sense is not what we are to look for in it and it is to be experience as performative "discourse not story" (Schwarz 122):

> [A]s discourse it shows us what Gabriel needs and lacks: song, lyricism, metaphoricity, escape from time into the non-rational, passionate states of being, a loosening of the bonds of self-consciousness. (Schwarz 122)

Analytical critics that we tend to be, is Gabriel's need our own? Gabriel's swooning and Schwarz's comment strikingly resonate with Rita Felski description of listening to music, which "is often associated with a decentering or displacement of the self, a loss or blurring of ego boundaries, a sense of oceanic merging in pre-oedipal bliss" (Felski 71). If this may account for Gabriel's experience, it would suggest that the "dissolving" of his identity entails a revision of previous cognitive and affective procedures, including of the aesthetic procedures centred on analytical mimesis that are abundantly displayed in "The Dead." What happens when prose dissolves into lyricism, the visual makes room for the aural, word edges on music, and we border on what we sense but cannot apprehend?

In *Uses of Literature*, Felski proposes "four modes of textual engagement" that identify "certain affective and cognitive parameters" shared by lay and academic reading: recognition, enchantment, knowledge, and shock (Felski 14). Enchantment and shock are the two that more overtly concern the affective components of aesthetic experience, and the language used by Felski uncannily echoes "The Dead." Not only

does she refer to the ear's receptivity in the chapter on "Enchantment," but she discusses "enchantment's association with passivity, submission, and surrender" (75) in terms akin to Gabriel's experience, noting that "the knowing, self-possessed critic" will hardly acknowledge what Barry Fuller calls the "swoonier, more embarrassing" motives for reading, discarded as attributes of the "gullible, naïve reader" (75). Yet, there is a long "history of aesthetic, erotic, and religious practices that evidence a longing to loosen the fetters of consciousness, to experience the voluptuous and sometimes vertiginous pleasures of self-loss," although these are not to be taken as purely passive for "any form of engagement with a work of art requires a modicum of interaction" (75) between the power of the text and the power of the reader (76). In her chapter on "Shock," Felski's words on "the somatic register of responses" (117) to Achiles' story resonate with the process undergone by Gabriel, although Joyce's story is never evoked:

> Art that disturbs or appals can trigger a spectrum of physical reactions. (…) Our body may react even before our mind registers what is at stake, underscoring the extent of our emotional suggestibility and physical vulnerability. (…) [W]e feel ourselves stirred by forces we only vaguely apprehend. The protective shield of the psyche is broached; our sense of autonomy and separateness is bruised; we are no longer in full command of our own response. We find ourselves in the realm of the abject, floored by the sheer physicality of our reactions, newly conscious of being stranded on the perilous border of nature and culture. (Felski 117-8)

It is precisely because "the act of reading fuses cognitive and affective impulses, [and] looks outward to the world as well as inward to the self" (Felski 132) that I think Gabriel's predicament as a critic and as a lover are not to be dissociated. And if subject takes precedence over aesthetics in our response to "The Dead," as Schwarz argues (Schwarz 123-4), I would add that one of the subjects enacted in the story is the extent to which dissociation pervades social structures and cognitive frameworks – dissociation between cognitive and affective knowledge, surface and subterranean knowledge, what we acknowledge we know and what we do not acknowledge. This is as relevant to Gabriel the lover as it is to Gabriel the critic, or to us. Joyce's story thus invites readerly modes of textual engagement that acknowledge sensorial, affective and cognitive forms of knowledge, as well as the unpredictability of what we don't know.

"The Dead" enacts the desire and failure to control the unpredictable, in life, love and art, and its aesthetic power resides in making us experience both our desire for meaning and the potential failure of our effort to make sense of what we "cannot apprehend." As readers, we are first introduced into the narrative through Lily's perspective, which gives way to Gabriel's once he arrives on the scene. He is supposed to keep disorder at bay; she is the first to voice an element of dissonance at the Misses Morkans' annual dance. We access Gabriel's thoughts, but are confined to his external perception of others' words and gestures; like him, we are left to interpret their behaviour,

and may be tempted to interpret his – and yet, we realise that we may be as mistaken as he is, over and over again. And no matter how attentive we are to the multiple meanings inadvertently released by words, to the "gaps, contradictions, silences [and] what is *not* said by the narration" (Norris 192), we are not spared Gabriel's perplexities, rather are locked in them to the end. For the ending faces us with "the solid world (…) dissolving and dwindling" (225), just as the prose resists the critic's "rational efforts to order it because it is allegorical and asyntactical" (Schwarz 123). We reach this moment after witnessing Gabriel's repeated rational efforts to master the world without and within, all the while incurring in a succession of interpretative failures that culminate in his feeling "humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead, a boy in the gasworks" (221). When irony, that supreme exercise in verbal and emotional mastery, backfires as humiliation, his internalised interpretative frameworks are shattered: can he trust words when his speech sounds "foolish" in hindsight and he can only find "lame and useless" (224) words as he anticipates Aunt Julia's death? Can he trust "his riot of emotions" (224), which now seems ill-founded and hard to trace? Rather than animated by his passionate emotions, he lies down beside his wife with his shoulders "chilled" by the air of the room (224), while "generous tears" filled his eyes and his soul "approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead" whose existence he "was conscious of, but could not apprehend" (224).

In his psychoanalytic reading of "The Dead," Daniel R. Schwarz points out how "the mimetic code inserts itself when basic emotions like love and death are the subject" (123), adding that "our aesthetic sense itself is more likely to be pushed aside and relegated to the back burner when we are engaged by issues that matter to our human feelings – notably, issues of the human psyche" (123-4), so that "most of us will be engaged mainly by the representation of emotions that interest us" (124). Greg W. Winston's more recent approach to Joyce's story seems to corroborate Schwarz's argument about the precedence of subject over aesthetic experience as he seeks to assess the extent to which "the conceit of militarism in "The Dead" continues to underscore a pressing concern for modern civilization, both in Ireland and in the rest of the world" (Winston 132). He concludes by noting that,

> If "The Dead" helps us to understand what is at stake in the larger battle between war and peace, between violence and diplomacy, it is perhaps by demonstrating how that battle begins at the complex level of a single human heart. As the egos of nations and individuals continually reassert and redefine themselves, one hopes they might first, like Gabriel, confront the battle within, before engaging the battle without. (Winston 132)

And yet our engagement with the subject is not dissociated from our aesthetic experience of it – if anything, it may be prompted by it. If Gabriel is the critic's mirror image in Joyce's "polished looking-glass" (*Letters* 90), his confrontation with "the

battle within" comes about as his interpretative mechanisms and aesthetic procedures fail; similarly, our response to the emotionally compelling subjects in the story is not dissociable from our aesthetic experience, which, as Rita Felski reminds us, activates cognitive no less than affective responses. Gabriel's concluding vision strikingly differs from his mental painting of Gretta listening to *Distant Music*: whereas earlier he had confidently captured and entitled the image of his wife, now his and our aesthetic experience entails the absence of such an assertive interpretative frame. Both Gabriel and the reader are thus left experiencing the potential battle between our desire for meaning and our perplexing confrontation with what eludes our grasp and mastery. If Gabriel is our most obvious mirror image in "The Dead," since he embodies what Norris calls the "loud" or "audible male narration" (Norris 192), it will be interesting to see whether the various "silent" voices that partake of Joyce's "critique of patriarchy" but do not fully "succeed in making [themselves] heard" (Norris 192) will become more audible as Ireland commemorates the past, assesses its relevance to the present, and tries to envision the future.

Notes

1 Jimmy Deenihan TD, Minister for Arts, Heritage and the Gaeltacht, quoted in http://www.ahg.gov.ie/en/PressReleases/2012/April2012PressReleases/htmltext,16417,en.html. See also: http://www.taoiseach.gov.ie/eng/News/Government_Press_Releases_2012/National_Commemorations_Programme_Decade_of_Centenaries,_2012-2022.html; and http://www.northernireland.gov.uk/news-ofmdfm-060812-junior-minister-mccann

2 For a "James Joyce Chronology, 1900-1922", see http://modernism.research.yale.edu/ulysses/chronology.php (accessed 01.06.2012).

3 For a detailed analysis of the military imagery in "The Dead", see Winston.

4 Sedgwick argues that a restrictive understanding of Ricoeur's "hermeneutics of suspicion," which was proposed as "descriptive and taxonomic rather than mandatory" and did not preclude a "hermeneutics of recovery of meaning," has led to "the methodological centrality of suspicion to current critical practice [and the] concomitant privileging of the concept of paranoia" (Sedgwick 2003, 125). She adds that, "To recognize in paranoia a distinctively rigid relation to temporality, at once anticipatory and retroactive, averse above all to surprise, is also to glimpse the lineaments of other possibilities" (146). One such possibility is "reparative reading", which entails engaging with surprise: "to a reparatively positioned reader, it can seem realistic and necessary to experience surprise" (146). Surprise is precisely what Gabriel is meant to keep at bay at the party and yet cannot escape from.

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The Writer

Memoirs

Nuala Ní Chonchúir

When I was 10 years old, my favourite auntie asked me: "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A bus conductor," I said.

My mother laughed. "Some bus conductor you'd make – your head's always stuck in a book."

It was true. And if I wasn't reading there was often a pen in my hand. I had already decided – as a child and in spite of myself – to live a life devoted to books.

The nuns who taught me at secondary school often talked to us about vocations; they were hoping, I suppose, that some of us would veil up and replace them. One nun told us you would know you had a vocation because it would be whispered in your ear. I waited for that whisper: the idea of being a nun appealed to me as much as it appalled me. All that solitude! All that *solitude*…The call from Jesus or whomever never did come my way, but from a young age, someone or something persistently whispered in my ear: "You want to write." Someone or something was handing me my vocation: "You want to write."

When I grew up, I worked in theatre, in a book shop, in a library, and at a writers' centre. Despite working in bookish jobs, it would take 18 years from the bus conductor conversation for me to fully realise that what I really wanted to do, above all else, was write. And, moreover, to realise that it was possible to do it.

I started with poetry but soon discovered in short fiction a truly comfortable and exciting place for myself as a writer. Though I continue to write poetry – and novels now too – the short story has become my home, my preferred mode of expression. Short fiction suits modernity; it suits contemporary life – it captures the here-and-now extremely well.

In a country of rapid change, like Ireland, with women's roles and position changing more than anyone else's, the short story, in particular, is the perfect medium for chronicling big cultural shifts. It is useful for examining power struggles and for focusing on contemporary issues such as the juggling of work and motherhood; relationships between lovers; divorce and isolation; and the collapse of the church. As an immediate art form, the short story, for me, is the ideal conduit for what I want to say.

At the start of my serious devotion to writing, the more I wrote, the more I discovered that my writing explored the body – the physical body – and that I was attempting to make this exploration a visceral experience for the reader. I wrote about – and continue to write about – women's physical relationships with lovers; pregnancy and miscarriage; and attitudes to the body in various societies but, mostly, in an Irish context.

In a Rumpus interview, author Lidia Yuknavitch, who shares this ambition to get the reader experiencing the body in her fiction, put it this way: "...the chief reason I try to get the reader to feel their own body while they are reading, is this: we live by and through the body, and the body, is a walking contradiction. I love the walking contradiction of the body. I want to make corporeal characters, corporeal writing; I want to bring the intensities and contradictions and beauty and violence and stench and desire and astonishing physicality of the body back into literature."

As I set out on my journey as a writer, I was not just that but a reader too; I read, hungrily and without discrimination. And, for a time, through reading, I wondered about the notion of writers influencing other writers. If I enjoyed another writer's work – say Eavan Boland's or Éilís Ní Dhuibhne's – did that automatically mean I was influenced by them? I preferred to think that I engaged with and enjoyed their work, rather than that I was influenced by it. If influence is really a form of homage or even imitation, is that why I resisted the idea of it? I think I wanted my work to stand on its own and be original without acknowledging the influence of any other writer. It took me a while to realise I was fooling myself. A woman writer needs foremothers and, as it happens, I am blessed with mine.

I distinctly remember the sharp intake of breath when I first read Eavan Boland's orgasm poem "Solitary" where no one sees the narrator's "hands//fan and cup" as they bring her to a point where she is "animal/inanimate, satiate." I had a similar reaction to Mary Morrissy's story "A Lazy Eye," where the narrator, Bella, suffers a messy period in a sleeper-car on a train and is expelled from the train as a direct result. When I read these works, I was struck by their matter-of-fact, bodily and sensual honesty.

When I read Irish women's literature of love, lust and the body – by Eavan Boland, Mary Morrissy, Anne Enright and many others – I didn't instantly think, "I could do that," but I did absorb the fact that women can write frank and sensuous work about their own experience of the body and sexual love; I recognised brave and beautiful literature that I identified with. And it wasn't, I think, until I fell deeply in love myself that the spark of their tender and raw writings lit a fire under my own work, in both poetry and fiction.

In her keynote speech, delivered at an Irish Studies Conference in Ontario in 1981, Lorna Reynolds contested that "the women of Ireland, whether we look for them in legend, literature or life, do not correspond to the stereotypes that have, so mysteriously, developed in the fertile imaginations of men."

That same conference deliberately did not focus on women's present, rather they made the decision to look at Irish women in writing "less in response to contemporary feminist concerns than in recognition of a firmly established tradition; Irish writers, musicians and painters have consistently represented Ireland in female form – as revered goddess, enchanting princess or pitiable old woman; even, in disillusionment, as an old sow capable of cannibalism." What, I wonder, was wrong with the concerns of women writing in the eighties that they could not be discussed and explored? There was too much

reality involved, perhaps: too many leaking bodies and cries for equality. The "firmly established tradition" sadly had few women's voices in it; that is, women talking about women from their own experience.

Ireland was a late-blossoming place: in the nineteen-sixties and -seventies, a young woman writer was more likely to be getting married and starting a family, than weaving flowers in her hair and indulging in free love. She may also have been reading a diet of older works, mostly written by men. Our society was repressed by both State and church, and women's sexuality was ignored, at best. Single mothers were locked away in institutions, for example, and contraception was illegal.

Eavan Boland opened up Irish poetry to women's lived experience in the domestic setting, from kitchen to bedroom. By celebrating and giving voice to women's very real sexual lives, she chipped away at the wall of ignorance and un-acknowledgement about something that was real and present. In her fiction, short and long, Edna O'Brien wrote frankly of the sexual awakening of teenage girls and her books were banned as a result. I am grateful to Eavan Boland, Edna O'Brien and others for their pioneering work. As Eavan said in her essay "A Kind of Scar," women's move from being the subjects and objects of Irish poems to being their authors, was "a momentous transit."

I became a teenager in the 1980s so luckily, for me, the transit was already underway by the time I began to take writing seriously. But there can be, even now, a lingering question mark over women who write about the body and sex as they experience it; it's a subject that still has the power to shock and surprise. Indeed, I lately provoked the ire of a letter writer to the *Irish Times* because of a short story of mine that was published in that paper in July. The story featured a couple in Paris who were based on Christ and Mary Magdalene. The letter writer said: "The contrived subject matter was little more than porn, a sacrilegious parody that was totally reprehensible, the sex connotations totally tasteless and unnecessary. Or did the author think all this clever?"

I can't say that I think I am especially clever but the story was lovingly written and there is very little in it that could be construed as pornography. But it illustrates that in Ireland, in matters of the body, perhaps particularly where religion is invoked, there are still those who want to keep everything under wraps, in literature as much as in life.

Flaubert said, "Our subjects choose us." Women's bodies belong to women and often I choose the body as subject matter when I write, or it chooses me. Male writers have revered and delighted in women's bodies, but being a woman, inside a woman's body, is complex and not easily understood from a male perspective. We menstruate, we lactate, we give birth. We take in, we give out. The womb is central to our lives and bodies but we never see it, so there is an element of unknowing, even of our own selves.

Catherine Bellver wrote: "The female body is not for woman an external, discrete object, an alienated Other, or a reflection of her unconscious desire. Her feelings toward her body may be ambiguous and strained...When her body speaks, it becomes a speaking subject, an expression of desire, and a generator of meaning." So the body is seen and felt from the inside out and not the other way around; it is this experience of the flesh

which I then transcribe into fiction and poetry, whether as the loved and celebrated, or awkward and uncooperative body of its owner.

There is great freedom, indeed, in talking about the body through fiction and poetry, choosing the right words and set-up to explore personal and intimate moments. Language is something I take care with when I write. I came to fiction through poetry, with all the attention to language that entails, and I had a bilingual childhood: English at home, Irish at school. My first stories were concerned with telling things lyrically.

Traditionally, Irish people have had a fickle but loving relationship with language; we embraced English in favour of our native Irish language, but bent it to suit our own tongues. As both reader and writer I am in love with language on many levels. Like all writers I delight in it, enjoying both stylists such as John Banville, and the clean, clear sentences of the likes of Claire Keegan.

My childhood was steeped in language – my father was (and is) an accomplished oral storyteller. He is unafraid of both the colloquial and the learned phrase, and all of it is put to use in the stories he tells and invents. I used his language – my family's language – especially in my novel *You* which was set in 1980 and told from the perspective of a 10 year old girl; a girl on the cusp of adolescence who embodies all that is awkward and funny about that age. Her own body intrigues her and she talks about it with a limited store of knowledge, using, often, invented words. For me, finding the right language to express all that the human body is and does can be a challenge but it is a welcome one.

Metaphor, of course, is always useful in talking about the body and sex, especially in poetry – for example, orchids for male body parts, pomegranates for female. (I've used both). But ambiguity in poetry also reminds me of my frustration as a schoolgirl as yet another teacher attempted to explain yet another impenetrable poem: "If that's what he *means*, why doesn't he just *say* that?" was our collective cry in class.

There are those, of course, who don't shy from using real words for body parts and/or sex. In her second poetry collection *Gethsemane Day*, Dorothy Molloy spoke candidly of pubic hair, breasts and buttocks. And in *Philomena's Revenge*, Rita Ann Higgins wrote gleefully of sparking nipples and the full tongue that would make the narrator "burst forth/pleasure after pleasure/after dark."

In the late eighties British artist Helen Chadwick, who had been criticised for using her own body in her works, decided to no longer represent her body in her art. She said: "It immediately declares female gender and I wanted to be more deft." I can sort of understand that impulse to want to appear sexless – so as to be on an equal footing with male artists or writers – but I did wonder what real value there was in wanting to appear gender neutral? Women *are* different, and it's our very different approach to our bodies, and the sex we have with them, that makes our art relevant. Not better, not worse, but good and important. Of course Helen Chadwick did say she hoped to be "more deft" and, in fact, she continued to comment on the body through her art until her death.

In an interview about my poetry collection *Tattoo ~ Tatú,* I was asked – by a male interviewer – whether sexual poetry was the domain in which I found most inspiration

as a poet. The question surprised me, though he did also say that he found my collection broad ranging. Still, it was the poems of the body that, for him, stood out. (He actually said they "sprung out"!) In my answer to him I said that a lot of my work is informed by visual art, and women's place in history and in society, and that the body and love are to the forefront as part of that. I also said that for a woman reader it can be really affirming to read poems about sex that are not from a man's point of view.

My short story collection *Nude* excited some reviewers with its possibilities. *Verbal Magazine* said: "The stories about nakedness, impure and complicated, are erotic but, if I may be allowed the paradox, decently so. Of all literary genres, writing about sex is the most difficult, having to find a path between the gross and the comic." And a recent *Sunday Times* review of my latest collection of stories, *Mother America*, stated: "...in the difficult task of writing about sex, the author shows particular flair."

French writer and feminist Hélène Cixous believes that because feminine sexual pleasure has been downgraded throughout history, women need to reclaim it by writing about it. "Write yourself. Your body must be heard," she urges.

As a woman writer who turns to her own body, as well as others' bodies, for inspiration, I try not to fictionalise, mythologise or glamourise but, rather, speak openly and honestly of all that my body means to me and what I find there. I write about the body not so much as a way of reclaiming the supine, silent woman of some writings, but as a method of exploring the sometimes solipsistic, sometimes unfriendly relationship women have with their bodies; and, importantly, as a way of celebrating through words the joy and pain inherent in what it means to be a woman inside a woman's body.

Notes

1 Nuala read 'Scullion' and the poems "Die Schwangere," "A Sort of Couvade," "Sien," " Frida," "The Cat and the Man."

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Fiction and Autobiography

Let the Great Narrative Spin: A Poetics of Relations

Laura P. Z. Izarra

Abstract: *Contemporary art is at a turning point, questioning crystallized systems of representation and intersubjective relations in order to reconfigure the imaginative framework of people at multiple cultural intersections. Literature is a space which consists of various fractured spaces of knowledge which are simultaneously interconnected. Based upon the renowned physicist David Bohm's proposal (1992) which points out the way in which thought shapes our perceptions, significations and daily actions, I will analyse Colum McCann's narrative in Let the Great World Spin (2009) to understand how the writer explores the contemporary "shadows" of the present (Agamben 2006), which manifest themselves in a constant flux of relationships that are triggered by memory and grasped at different levels of perception. I will only focus on the opening of the novel and the closing chapters of the four books, which function as interchapters or intermezzos of the episodes in the lives of the various characters which are narrated in between; the life of Corrigan seen mainly through the eyes of his brother Ciaran is the main line of the narrative which is intersected by other narratives. Colum McCann's art of writing discloses a different treatment of literary elements and concepts in transition, requiring a theoretical approach that apprehends contemporary literature in its complexity. Édouard Glissant's "poetics of relation" (1990) - both aesthetic and political - helps to understand McCann's literary strategies of telling, connecting and constructing parallel consciousness of self and surroundings in order to transform mentalities and reshape societies.*

Literature is the space of memory and imagination that reveals suspended narratives which are linked to the past and the present, to subjectivity and to cosmopolitan forms of human experience. If we see literature with fresh eyes as a *translocation*, consisting of fractured concepts that are related to a network of interconnected spaces of knowledge as if it were a constellation of stars that are linked to one another, McCann successfully explores the literary space representing simultaneous interconnections of spatial perception. For example, the novel opens describing the effect that the image of a man standing at the edge of a tall building provokes in the people below in the

streets. “Those who saw him hushed” (3). An unknown, unnamed man, at an unnamed building though perfectly identified is at the sight intersection of many people standing at any street: “On Church Street. Liberty. Cortlandt. West Street. Fulton. Vesey” (*ibid.*). And the writer continues some lines below: “Up there, at the height of a hundred and ten stories, utterly still, a dark toy against the cloudy sky” (*ibid.*) In this way McCann accessed the collective memory of his readers referring to the memorable event in the life of the World Trade Center in the summer of 1974, while the still-unfinished (and largely unrented) towers were at risk of a financial disaster and facing architectural and social criticism. The young Frenchman Philippe Petit and a few of his comrades committed an unexpected and illegal action that stopped the regular course of people living in New York downtown. Skilfully, McCann portrays from the social, political and economic perspective of large cities the streets and the people rushing to their jobs in the early morning. In the very first paragraph, he defamiliarises New York when astonishment is expressed through “silence that heard itself, awful and beautiful.” Disbelief in what is being seen is explained through an illusory effect: “a trick of the light, something to do with the weather, an accident of shadowfall.” Dismissal of the grandeur of an act is represented as if it were a perfect city joke: “stand around and point upward, until people gathered, tilted their heads, nodded, affirmed, until all were staring upward at nothing at all, like waiting for the end of a Lenny Bruce gag” (3).

At exhilarating speed, marked by a narrative made up of short sentences which reach the extreme of having only one word, McCann brings his readers to the turning point of finding themselves in the interstices of old and new memories, of the past of preserved old memories and “retrograde amnesia” (facts related to the high-wire walker of the World Trade Center and a truck bomb detonated below the North Tower in 1993 which were partly forgotten) and the new memories of “anterograde amnesia”, the impaired formation of new memories in the future[1] (the traumatic effects of the 1993 bomb and the 9/11 terrorist attacks distort future memories of historical causes). McCann’s readers share memories in two temporal directions and contradictory perceptions of the real, shaped by collective thought, occur when the young trespasser is recalled.

McCann’s short statements represent the constant movement of the eyes being directed either upwards to the sky or downwards to the streets not only to reflect New Yorkers in their regular jobs in a convex manner, but also to create many simultaneous levels of consciousness through the power of imagination. This effect can be compared with Escher’s self portrait (“Hand with Reflecting Sphere” or “Self-Portrait in Spherical Mirror,” lithograph, 1935) painted as if on a three-dimensional crystal ball reflecting the image of himself sitting at his desk, holding the reflecting sphere in his hand looking at his own distorted reflection. His “real” hand sustaining the sphere is in the centre foreground of the picture in order to make it clear that the whole totality is indeed designed on a two-dimensional space (a sheet of paper) while its aesthetic effect creates the illusion of a three-dimensional object which is also observed from the outside by the artist’s eyes as well as the observer’s. The room and his own body are somewhat magnified in

their distortion; the end of the room and back walls are seen perfectly in the depth of the perspective, while the foreground objects and figure become deformed by the convex reflection, especially the artist's hand, which projects itself into the "real external hand" (also a visual illusion) holding the crystal. In his novel, McCann produces the same aesthetic effect in his portrayal of the lives of New Yorkers and the way a large city moulds and distorts their characters. He creates the illusory three-dimensional convex narrative space where his characters move: the Irish priest living on the outskirts of New York, Corrigan (the distorted figure in the foreground), and his recently arrived brother Ciaran, who is seen clearly through the perspective of the narrative as if he were the real hand holding the whole story and trying to understand its distorted reflections.

This great world narrative in movement is told through the dynamics of episodes as if each life were isolated. It is divided into four books, each of the first two ending with a chapter on the high-wire walker while the third opens with a chapter referring to the grandeur of his adventure as seen through the eyes of Judge Soderberg, which link the walker's "stroke of genius" (248) to the history of the city that "lived in a sort of everyday present." He takes into account the unknown man's six years of planning and learning everything about the buildings during the construction of the World Trade Centre in order to perform his walk: "It wasn't just an offhand walk. He was making a statement with his body" (249). There is a temporal gap between the first three books and the last one, whose events takes place thirty-two years later, in 2006, when Jaslyn, the youngest of Jazzlyn's daughters who were raised by Gloria and Claire after their mother's accidental death, is on a plane on her way to see Claire on her deathbed. She is holding a photograph which was taken on the same day her mother died; she carried it with her because of "the sheer fact that such beauty had occurred at the same time":

> A man high in the air while a plane disappears, it seems, into the edge of the building. One small scrap of history meeting a larger one. As if the walking man were somehow anticipating what would come later. The intrusion of time and history. The collision point of stories. We wait for the explosion but it never occurs. The plane passes, the tightrope walker gets to the end of the wire. Things don't fall apart. (325)

Just before the last chapter of the second book McCann includes the photograph taken by Fernando Yunqué Marcano on 7 August 1974 (237), which focuses on the moment the walker was about to start his crossing, revealing his state of mind, the "sense of losing himself. Every nerve. Every cuticle" (241). However, the photographer's deed is narrated in the first chapter of that book by the same third-person narrator. This movement of the narrative which first triggers the retrograde amnesia of that (forgotten) photograph, which revives the past memory of the tightrope walk, is linked to the anterograde amnesia – the distorted new memories of the 1993 truck bomb – and the very fresh memories of 9/11/2001. However, it is beauty that matters, a beauty at "the collision point of stories" (*ibid.*).

Each chapter within the four books has a different narrator and presents a different perspective of the city of New York. Some of the secondary characters are constructed through their own voices: the prostitutes of the Bronx, Tillie and Jazzlyn, mother and daughter, who were also good mothers who shouldered the responsibility for raising their family (Jazzlyn's two little girls, Janice and Jaslyn); the nurse Adelita from Guatemala, who had two children, fell in love with Corrigan and made him break his vote of chastity; Gloria, the black woman from the Bronx who lost her daughter, represents the politics of the approximation of the high upper-class and low-class, arising from meetings with other mothers who had lost their sons in the Vietnam War; Lara and her partner Blane, two alternative artists, who went to live in the countryside in order to give up drugs, alcohol and other temptations of a large city; the anonymous hackers from California who invade telephone lines to receive detailed live news of the tightrope walker on the World Trade Center. Other characters are only heard in the distance, through the voice of a third-person narrator: Gloria's friend, the Jewish Claire who lost her son in the Vietnam War and her husband, Judge Soderberg, who presided over the court when Tillie and her daughter Jazzlyn were accused of robbery and the tightrope walker was tried after his great deed. However, all the characters are linked to each other in a meaningful constellation of enchained lives, aesthetically bound together by the hand of the writer. He twists the fibres of the various stories and makes the narrative "spin for ever down", like the walker's mind when planning his feat (157).

The opening of the novel represents the spirit of the city at that specific time and place, at around midday, when watchers look up at the manshape in the sky in bright daylight. The narrator expresses their dilemma: "they didn't want to wait around for nothing at all, some idiot standing on the precipice of the towers, but they didn't want to miss the moment either, if he slipped, or got arrested, or dove, arms stretched" (3). The citizens in the streets are described in a contrastive economic division of labour – "Lawyers. Elevator operators. Doctors. Cleaners. Prep chefs. Diamond merchants. Fish sellers. Sad-jeaned whores. All of them reassured by the presence of one another. Stenographers. Traders. Deliveryboys. Sandwichboard men. Cardsharks." (4) There were some that ignored the fuss showing indifference, while others stopped and "introduced themselves with a *Wow* or a *Gee-whiz* or a *Jesus H. Christ*" (*ibid.*). The brevity of these encounters, typical of a large city, reveals the impersonality hidden behind swearwords – "there would always be an expletive in a New York sentence" (249) – whispers, laughs and the sound of the city growing louder, when "perfect strangers touched one another on the elbows" (5) and turned to one another and began to speculate. They establish interrelations that the writer represents by creating aesthetic effects just as Escher did. According to the German sociologist Georg Simmel (in a lecture given in 1903), the inhabitants of large cities have an intellectualist character when compared to the emotional character of the citizens of small towns. The people living in large cities react with their intellects – an intensified level of consciousness. They react as individuals and are reserved people. Indistinctness, apathy and strangeness are their main qualities.

Dissociations and distortions of the cosmopolitan vernacular (Bhabha 2000; Santiago 2004) go beyond the experience of a "liquid modernity" that configures the individual's identity in a transitory dynamic, as Bauman affirms. McCann reveals the truth of the people's conscious understanding of the situation:

> what they really wanted to witness [was] a great fall, see someone arc downward all that distance, to disappear from the sight line, flail, smash to the ground, and give the Wednesday an electricity, a meaning that all they needed to become a family was one millisecond of slippage, while the others – those who wanted him to stay, to hold the line, to become the brink, but no farther – felt viable now with disgust for the shouters: they wanted the man to save himself, step backwards into the arms of the cops instead of the sky. (6)

"The waiting had been made magical." The watchers, despite their indifference and reservation, experience a brief moment of communion with the other; they "pulled in their breath all at once", configuring an illusory unity: "[t]he air felt suddenly shared." At this point in the narrative, when the man steps out, he and the people, down in the streets, live a certain "oneness and totality, or wholeness, constituting a kind of *harmony* that is felt to be beautiful" (Bohm 3). This kind of perception is explained by the physicist David Bohm, who refers to beauty as the result of dynamic, evolving processes that consist of order, structure and harmonious totalities (Bohm xviii). One's own mind perceives the razor's edge of dualisms such as intellect and intuition, absolute and relative. Thus, McCann's readers engage in creative perceptions for which we currently have no definitions as we are immersed in a routine that does not allow us to discover new orders. The coherent interplay of the elements of McCann's narrative results in an aesthetic perception of the wholeness of that specific moment when the city stops in order to look up at the sky, an experience that is not strictly subjective. His narrative shows the inner and most hidden reactions of the people, their impulse to stay and see more. Various perspectives are clearly identified, just as in Escher's portrait, where details of the sitting room in the background are clearly recognisable in their harmonious proportions. The city life represented in *Let the Great World Spin* is a unified totality within a dynamics of the transitory moment when senses become null due to strong antagonistic reactions to the unexpected – "they really wanted to witness a great fall" versus "they wanted the man to save himself, step backwards into the arms of the cops instead of the sky" (6) In each book, death is the ever-present shadow which is rendered visible through words. For example, the group of women who lost their sons in the Vietnam War and meet regularly to purge their sorrow, have a *blasé* attitude to the news of the tightrope walker. For them, death becomes banal with his act. On the day of Claire's gathering, her friends coming to her home saw him and brought the news. The reaction was a distortion of death:

> But death by tightrope?
> Death by performance?
> That's what it amounted to. So flagrant with his body. Making it cheap. The puppetry of it all. His little Charlie Chaplin walk, coming in like a hack on her morning. How dare he do that with his own body? Throwing his life in everyone's face? Making her own son's so cheap? Yes, he has intruded on her coffee morning like a hack on her code. With his hijinks above the city. Coffee and cookies and a man out there walking in the sky, munching away what should have been. (113)

Indifference and rage become part of the mothers' dualistic perceptions. The states of their mind condemn the local reification of heroism in counterpoise to the value of death in war; spaces and distances are compressed and time is enlarged, bringing past, present and future to the intersecting point of contemporary uncertainties. McCann's novel is a new reading of humanity in movement; he represents the orders of structures that are emerging and makes the readers perceive new orders of relationships which hinge on sensitivity to difference and similarity. According to David Bohm, the "genuinely creative perception" is the power of the concept, since all experience can be structured through the use of concepts in an unlimited array of similarities and differences.

The representation of the cosmopolitan experience in the city of New York through various stories of lives that represent different ethnic groups, brings new "perceptions of place", triggered consciously or unconsciously from the individual sense of place and sense of identity in relation to their pasts, either linked to their land of origin (as in the case of Corrigan, his brother Ciaran and some of the old Irishmen that Corrigan took care of), or to their family histories (as in the case of the prostitutes and the orphan girls), or to their religious, moral and social beliefs (as in the case of the priest's repressed love for Adelita, or the artists who provoked the car accident that killed Corrigan and Jazzlyn).

Tensions create bonds of affiliation and loyalty, and the act of narrating them depends on the relationship between experience, perception and textuality. David Bohm demonstrates that different orders are constructed from creative insights which lead to conceptual structures with a broad application in many fields of thought and experience. The basic orders are the relationships based on similarities or those on differences (or both), on the internal or external relations of historic precipitousness (the confluence of histories that Édouard Glissant has referred to). However, other higher orders of relationship can be established, like the relationships between external and internal elements of cultures and their histories, which provoke new structures of order; and finally, the orders of relationships between these new structures which lead to new totalities. The perception of new orders and the creation of new structures of knowledge is always evolving (Bohm 17). A coherent interplay between all these relationships, like those established by McCann between the various structures of experiencing, perceiving and thinking in the city, results in an aesthetic perception of wholeness which is not

strictly subjective. Beauty is the result of this dynamic process that consists of order, structure and harmonious totality. Another lithograph by Escher, "Bond of Union" (1956), helps to explain these bonds. Inspired in the story of the invisible man, he represents the bond of union of a couple (his wife and himself) whose heads, floating in darkness in the infinite space of the universe, are formed from a single spiralling strip of cloth (with neither beginning nor end, like a Moebius strip that represents the infinite). The infinity of time and space is suggested by the planet-like spheres hanging in front of, behind and inside the heads. McCann's novel unites all the stories which construct different world views in order to inquire and learn how they fit reality; he suspends them in the infinite bifurcating line of the main story to overturn crystallised ideas and preconceptions of his characters. This action of learning, according to Bohm, is "the essence of real perception" (5).

In the various episodes which make up *Let the Great World Spin*, creativity lies in the self-sustaining confusion in the mind of the characters. Instead of running after the utopian thought of the successful self-made man, the characters run away from it. Their minds are trying to escape the awareness of the conflict that afflicts them in order to avoid perceiving the fact rather than to find a solution. That is why McCann represents through a poetics of relations the uncertainties of his characters, either caused by external or internal forces, to create an order within chaos on a higher level of perception, an order that equals a reflexive state of dullness, in which the natural agility of the mind is replaced by torpor and meaningless mechanical fantasies. The simple perception of this new structure would generate a creative act, a by-product of the mind that focuses on the breakdown of a "correspondence" to something that was apprehended through "the comparative, associative or symbolic method of responding mainly in terms of something similar that was already known earlier in the past" (Bohm 44), the traditional view of reality.

Thus, it is my understanding that the chapters on the unknown walker in the sky become a metaphor of McCann's world-view narrative. He links and relates the various histories calling upon imagination in order to sense contemporaneity, a network of perceptions. According to Glissant, a poetics of relation is a synthesis-genesis that is never complete. In a metaphorical way, like the lateral ropes at the top of the unfinished buildings that are linked to the central one in order to maintain the correct tension for the high-wire man to walk along it and perform his greatest challenge to death, McCann's narratives, told either through first-person narrators or a third-person narrator, intersect the central narrative, the man in the sky who equals Corrigan's state of mind. All the narratives are of great importance. Their function is to keep the principal narrative spinning around the main subject, which gives a higher level of order to chaos: beauty. Though the act of the walker is a challenge to death, the confluence of lives below and above while the world spins *is* beauty, the beauty of experiencing life, perceiving it and learning from it. Like the man up in the sky, McCann's readers and characters step along the wire and walk till they succeed in their enterprise despite their hidden losses. This

meaning is embedded in the title of the single chapter of Book IV "Roaring Seaward, and I go." It echoes Tennyson's last verses of "Locksley Hall": "Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow,/ For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go" (http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/174629). From a metafictional perspective, the underlying relatedness has the function of showing paradigm alterations in the grand narrative and creating a coherent true beauty in the cosmopolitan city of New York through other narrative criteria of symmetry, elegance and simplicity:

> The core reason for it all was beauty. Walking was a divine delight. Everything was rewritten when he was up in the air. New things were possible with the human form. It went beyond equilibrium.
> He felt for a moment uncreated. Another kind of awake. (164)

McCann's narrative represents the awakening to a cosmopolitan kind of wholeness. According to Pollock *et al.* (2002), cosmopolitanism is a way of living in terrains of historic and cultural transition. Transitional territories have to be negotiated while "a minoritarian modernity (as a source for contemporary cosmopolitical thinking) is visible in the new forms of transdisciplinary knowledges" (Pollock *et al.,* 6). Literary narratives create a potential space of tangential encounters of memories in which knowledges and perceptions "touch" slightly provoking turning points in the processes of representation. The writer's translational process of in-between cultures acknowledges a confluence of perceptions rather than "a transcendent knowledge of what lies *beyond* difference, in some common pursuit of the universality of the human experience" (Pollock *et al,* 6-7). Contemporary narratives are related to what constitutes social and cultural identities and different modes and histories have been the source of aesthetic concerns for many writers, artists and social scientists.

In the introductory essay "Cosmopolitanisms", Pollock *et al.* affirm:

> it is understood that the cosmopolitanism of our times does not spring from the capitalized virtues of Rationality, Universality and Progress; nor is it embodied in the myth of the nation writ large in the figure of the citizen of the world. Cosmopolitans today are often the victims of modernity, failed by capitalism's upward mobility and bereft of those comforts and customs of national belonging. Refugees, peoples of the diasporas and migrants and exiles represent the spirit of the cosmopolitical community. (Pollock *et al.,* 6)

Our sense of contemporary place discloses a mental spacetime-like interval of convergence through language. Édouard Glissant's 'poetics of relation' (1990) – both aesthetic and political – helps us to understand McCann's literary strategies of telling, connecting and constructing parallel consciousness of self and surroundings in order to transform mentalities and reshape societies. *Let the Great World Spin* is a renewed way of considering the literary space as *a space of confluence and connections*, in which the

representation of different kinds of knowledges, orders of perception and people is more a matter of recognizing that there is a different kind of totality "in movement" where frontiers are invisible and crossings, even imaginary, are possible when the twisting story-threads that make up the great narrative let it "spin forever down".

Notes

Special thanks to Peter James Harris for revising this text.

1 Hans Markowitsch refers to the retrograde and anterograde kinds of "amnesia" suffered by people who have had a traumatic experience or have been under great stress: parts of their memory could be affected in two temporal directions, towards the past (old memories) or the future (deficient formation of new memories). (Galle *et al.* 2009).

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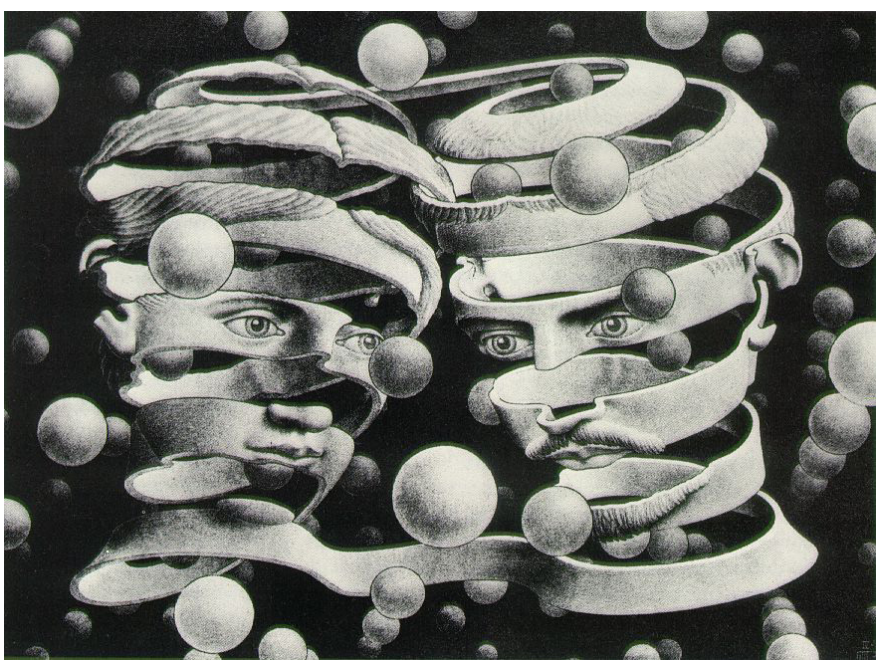

Maurits Cornelis Escher. “Bond of Union” (lithograph 1956).

Peig Sayers: Religious Subversions, Covert Withholdings, and Undaunted Mettle

Tom F. Shea

Abstract: *The autobiography Peig A Scéal Féin (1936) inaugurated a new breakthrough in Blasket Island literature. Only a few years after its original publication, the autobiography was usurped as a teaching tool by the nascent Irish Republic being shaped by the De Valera government. A school edition, carefully edited and sanitized, was published in the 1940s and Peig became a textbook incorporated every third year as part of the school Leaving Certificate. As part of an effort to explode a patriarchal, sanitized myth, I want to re-examine the life story Peig in the context of Sayers's larger oeuvre, including* An Old Woman's Reflections *(1939), and radio presentations for the BBC (1947). A fuller appreciation of these written and oral performances reveals a hidden and much more intriguing Peig Sayers who saliently invalidates the stereotype on three fronts: creatively manipulating her religious heritage to serve her own egocentric and duplicitous ends; demonstrating a proclivity for privacy that leads to strategic suppressions and covert maskings; contravening any image of pious docility when she repeatedly celebrates female rumbustious audacity and the pleasures of insurgency. The tales she selects to narrate, and her own actions within several stories, demonstrate an undaunted mettle as well as a predilection for passionate rebellion that should be spotlighted rather than suppressed or censored.*

With the publication of her autobiography, *Peig A Scéal Féin* (1936), Peig Sayers inaugurated a new breakthrough in Blasket Island literature. The male-dominated versions of Blasket island life and culture presented most ably by Tomás O'Crohan and Muiris O'Sullivan were now augmented by a very different perspective – that of a woman. Although born on the mainland, Peig Sayers spent the majority of her life – fifty years – as an integral member of The Great Blasket's community and culture. Little did Peig realize, however, how quickly her life's story would be appropriated and warped.

Only a few years after its original publication, the autobiography was usurped as a teaching tool by the nascent Irish Republic being shaped by the De Valera government. A school edition, carefully edited and sanitized, was published in the 1940s and *Peig* became

a textbook incorporated every third year as part of the school Leaving Certificate. With a mission of reviving the Irish language and presenting role models of national origin, the Department of Education cut over 23% of the original text as it sought to promote *Peig* as an ideal personal narrative.[1] In "Rereading Peig Sayers," Patricia Coughlan notes that the autobiography soon became a standard for teaching not only the Irish language, but Catholic virtues as well:

> During the 1970s… [*Peig*] figured among a list of six prose texts, of which students had to be conversant with two…. Peig was, as we might put it, promoted as a role model for girls, and her piety, purity and allegedly unquestioning acceptance of suffering agreed very well with the dominant ideology of the De Valera years. (62)

Thankfully, *Peig* was removed as a Leaving Certificate text in the 1990s, but the damage was already done, and done well. Generations of Irish teenagers learned to detest the stereotypical image Peig Sayers had been fitted into – an image that has become ingrained as part of Ireland's national tapestry and cultural psyche. This stereotype features traditional domestic virtues including feminine submissiveness, patient endurance of life's travails, and a piously Catholic adherence to the Ten Commandments.

As part of an effort to explode such a patriarchal, sanitized myth, I want to re-examine the original *Peig* in the context of Sayers's larger oeuvre, including *An Old Woman's Reflections* (1939), and radio presentations for the BBC (1947). A fuller appreciation of these written and oral performances reveals a hidden and much more intriguing Peig Sayers who saliently invalidates the stereotype on three fronts. First, we see Peig creatively manipulating her religious heritage to facilitate self-indulgent and duplicitous ends. She demonstrates that she is fully capable of torquing Catholic tenets as she enlists God's aid for errant transgressions. Second, Peig demonstrates a proclivity for strategic suppressions and covert maskings. These skills in posing affect her narrative designs most tellingly when she creates a provocative palimpsest that exposes unresolved volatilities in her relationship with her father, Tomás Sayers. Third, Peig decisively contravenes any image of pious docility when she repeatedly celebrates female rumbustious audacity and the pleasures of insurgency. The tales she selects to narrate, and her own actions within several stories, demonstrate an undaunted mettle as well as a predilection for passionate rebellion that should be spotlighted rather than suppressed or censored.

Religious Subversions

The image of the religiously obedient, docile novice is radically upset early in *Peig* when the author describes herself creatively contorting her religious training as she perpetrates "the very first roguery that entered my head" (35). The scene commences innocently enough: as a fledgling schoolgirl, Peig needs three pence to purchase a highly

desired new schoolbook. Following her father's advice, Peig is to bring six eggs before school the next morning to an elderly neighbor, "Ould Kitty," and receive the threepence book money in exchange. All goes well until Peig spies a freshly baked sweet-loaf beckoning from a cupboard shelf while Ould Kitty is distracted, searching for her pennies. Needless to say, Peig steals half the loaf under the cover of a very smoky cabin interior. What I find so fascinating, however, is not the theft itself but Peig's savoring of the details of the temptation and the exuberant pride she exhibits in revealing the crime to her best friend, Cait-Jim:

> While she [Ould Kitty] was groping for the pennies – this because if a finger was poked into your eye you wouldn't see it with the smoke – I spied a loaf of bread inside on a shelf on the cupboard. It was a cake made of snow-white flour with apple filling in the middle and sugar on the top. I was taken by an unmerciful desire to taste the cake and straightaway the temptation struck me to snatch some of it. (34)

Fifty years later, this minor peccadillo is augmented into a storytelling event by an "Ould" Peig Sayers in her sixties, still relishing each feature of her childhood temptation. The "snow-white flour" (a decided luxury in 1880s West Kerry), the "apple filling in the middle," and the sugar coating which crowns the achievement are savored *even now*, as Peig narrates the episode to her son Mícheál, verbally embellishing and delighting in her own delivery.[2]

Once the cake is eaten, however, the expected pangs of guilt and contrition begin to emerge. When Cait-Jim reassures Peig that they will never get caught because Ould Kitty wasn't watching, the little thief responds:

> 'She wasn't,' I said with a kind of remorse beginning to come over me just the same, 'but there was Someone looking at me and I'd prefer now not to have touched it. . . God save my soul, Ould Kitty will be all out cursing me and my father will be far worse to me if he comes to hear of it.' (35)

The valences of the superego include communal as well as familial retribution but they center on the religious implications of sin. Here, however, Peig piquantly discharges any stereotype of submissive piety subsequently concocted for her. Cait-Jim offers the perfect antidote for remorse and reparation, one which Peig enthusiastically espouses:

> 'Cut the Sign of the Cross on yourself,' said Cait-Jim, 'and ask God to protect you from her.'
> 'Oho,' said I, 'isn't it fine and easy you have the cure?' (35)

As a temporarily guilt-ridden child – and as an elderly story-maker – Peig spotlights the inventive subversion of religious principles. The "Someone" above witnessing the breaking of His Seventh Commandment can easily be bribed and enlisted as protector

from retribution. All one has to do is warp a religious ceremonial gesture of making the sign of the cross on one's body, morphing a reverential action into a magical talisman.

Throughout her life, including her career as storyteller, Peig demonstrates her potent attraction to outlaws such as Muiris O'Shea and Séamus Pléasc – the type of person who has earned appellations such as "rascal" or "polished trickster" (123). In this respect, she strikingly recalls John Millington Synge's Pegeen Mike who would love nothing better than to share the company of "the like of Daneen Sullivan knocked the eye from a peeler, or Marcus Quin, God rest him, got six months for maiming ewes …" (*Playboy* 100). Not only does Peig celebrate legendary "crookedness" and "conspiracy" in her selection of stories, she often models her own behavior after such outlaws (123, 121). In doing so, she tellingly belies the image promoted by the Irish educational agenda, that of a humble, obedient disciple of the Virgin Mary. For instance, during her second stint "in service" on a farm outside Dingle, Peig takes great pride in flouting her employer's rules and regulations. Of all the orders she is given, one is sacrosanct – always make sure the cows are securely tethered in the byre before retiring. The farmer has an interesting set up in his cow-house: one long overhead beam, running from gable to gable, has a series of large metal brackets, or staples, in it with a thick rope descending from each staple to tether the cows individually. They are spaced apart carefully to give each cow adequate room, to prevent any kicking or biting. When Peig awakens one morning to find a cow wandering around in the back garden, she knows she has been remiss and fears the worst. Sure enough when she enters the byre one of the cows has been severely hurt by the free one and is lying hunched on the ground, bleeding profusely, looking "as if she were about to die" (135).

What to do? Wake the master and face the music responsibly? Not Peig Sayers. Her first reaction is to turn to God for assistance – not as the source of Christian virtues but as an accomplice to aid and abet her in duplicitous subterfuge: "'Almighty God!' I prayed, 'help me to think of some plan that'll save me from this calamity!'" (135). Her desperate supplication apparently elicits 'divine inspiration' because Peig suddenly hits upon a scheme to redirect liability and free her from censure. If she could only pull the large metal staple free from the beam of the cow byre, then tie the rope around the neck of the escaped cow, "no one would ever be the wiser but that [the cow] had pulled it free" (136). With all her strength, however, she can't budge the metal staple from the beam above. Fortuitously 'divine inspiration' seems matched by 'divine intervention' a la Samson at the pillars of the Philistines' temple. Peig credits "God . . . even stronger than all expectations" with interceding to give her the adrenaline and the brawn to dig her heels into the dirt floor, tug and tug with all of her body weight and, after what seems an age, surprisingly succeed:

> I was now in full fettle so I put all my strength into the job on hands, and the dickens take me, it was a wonder my brains weren't dashed out against the wall when the staple gave! ...'Thanks again and again to God,' I said,
> 'who relieves every hardship.' (136)

After tying the rope with the extracted staple to the fugitive cow's neck, Peig wakes the master, feigns naïve innocence, and informs him that a cow is loose out back. Assessing the crime scene, the farmer falls for the ruse, blaming the cow herself for escaping, exclaiming "I don't know from Adam how she pulled it free…I'd have sworn that it was so firm that the Great Eastern Cableship wouldn't have pulled it loose!" (137). Ah, but Peig with her torquing of Catholic tenets is aided by a force more powerful than even the largest steamship of the era: "He wouldn't have said that if he only knew all the puffing and blowing I had trying to pull it. But then again, I admit that it wasn't I pulled it, but the power of God when He saw me in the trouble" (137). That's a new God for most – one never extolled in any Catholic church of Ireland (or elsewhere). Given the right circumstances, Peig's God seems more of an outlaw from the Holy Trinity – a rascally accomplice who always has her back.

Covert Withholdings and Narrative Suppressions

Like James Joyce's Mrs. Mooney who runs "The Boarding House," Peig is "quite able to keep things to herself" (Joyce 71). Peig's covert withholding skills lack the cunning malice of a Mrs. Mooney, but they definitely affect her narrative style. Her renditions appear provocatively strategic when we consider her multiple accounts of being sent into service for the first time at the age of thirteen. She establishes the contexts of her banishment piecemeal and very subtly. Her eldest brother Seán's marriage to Cáit Boland is presented as a logical stepping stone to enable sister Máire to engage in matrimony. With Peig's mother an invalid, Máire has overseen the female domestic responsibilities of the household since she herself was quite young. Máire cannot possibly wed and move out until one of the older boys marries and brings his new bride into the house to take over. The progressive marriages of Seán, Pádraig, then Máire are presented calmly and logically as "nature taking its course" with only the hint of a caveat:

> A short time after [the marriages of the older brothers] my sister Máire married a Kennedy man from the parish of Ventry. Every one of them now was doing for himself or herself but I was still a charge on my father and he had his hands full for he was a hard-working labouring man. (25)

This idea of being "still a charge on my father" opens the door to the crucial tension that now mushrooms. When Seán's bride, Cáit, takes over as "woman of the house" in the Sayers family, frictions develop and become progressively more volatile:

> From the day my brother Seán married, I think my father knew little peace of mind for his daughter-in-law Cáit was fiery tempered and apt to flare up on occasions. . . . My father, however, was a quiet, sensible man with no mind whatsoever for trouble or wrangling and because of this he often turned a deaf ear to his daughter-in-law when she was in a tantrum.

> I often listened to them and I had pity for my father when I heard the tongue-lashing she gave him. What I've come to understand now and I think it true, is that it was for my sake and for the sake of my mother who hadn't her health that he put up with so much of this lacerating. (25-26)

Of salient interest are the several explanations Peig offers for her father's submissive acquiescence. She explains that her father "had his hands full" as the main bread winner in the household and that his "quiet" sensibility and antipathy toward any sort of "trouble or wrangling" were enabling skills, allowing him to tune out Cáit's diatribes (26). Finally, she states that her father's refusal to engage and assert himself was actually a defensive posture designed to protect both his incapacitated wife and his youngest child, Peig herself. As he makes plans to send thirteen-year-old Peig into service in Dingle Town, Tomás Sayers offers the following explanation to his neighbor Old Muiris:

> What else could I do? . . . . I'm convinced that if [Peig] were out of the house I'd have more peace of mind than I have. They [daughter-in-law Cáit with son Sean acquiescing] consider the old woman in the corner no small charge on them besides carrying the expense of the girl too. (36)

Peig's presentation of her father's rationale for uprooting his daughter and sending her into servitude, however, proves to be a red herring. Re-constructing this traumatic event from the vista of an elderly storyteller, Peig has been leading us up the wrong path while she engages in subversive suppression. Only in the last quarter of her autobiography, does Peig reveal the true cause of her banishment into service for four years in her early teens. Much later, married to Peats O'Guiheen on the Blasket and and about to give birth to her first child, Peig returns to Vicarstown to be near her mother during the delivery. Describing this return trip, she provocatively re-writes the narrative as presented a hundred or so pages previously. In the curragh leaving the Blasket, she muses:

> I was facing for my native townland again but this journey was unlike any other journey I had ever made before. I wondered if the wrangling still went on between them at home or if Cáit, my brother's wife, now ruled the roost. If that was the case, it was a certainty that the angel of peace would walk among them! . . .
>
> *Erra*, man alive, it wasn't the same house at all! I never thought I'd see Cáit as pleasant as she was for she almost pulled me asunder with sheer affection. I knew at once what had happened.
>
> 'Thank God,' I said in my own mind, 'the dispute is over. The sallow lass has won the race and she's boss at last.' (165-66)

Finally, three quarters of the way through her reconstruction of her life, Peig reveals a disturbing discernment that she has been aware of for decades but has kept *sub rosa*.

Cáit Boland's antipathy toward her young sister-in-law was not centered on a rejection of Peig herself or any genuine concern about putting food on the table. Between the time Sean married and the time she was exiled to service, Peig had become a pawn in a strategic power struggle between Cáit Boland and Tomás Sayers for dominance in the Vicarstown household. Tellingly, she does not wonder if her *father* has finally bested Cáit; rather, she wonders if *Cáit* "now ruled the roost" – a vantage that Peig had seen coming since her childhood. Through the act of narrating, Peig is finally coming to terms with the real source of Cait's rejection of her. The unspoken maneuvers for ascendancy, rather than merely another mouth to feed, were always the cause of Cait's animosity.

This surprising about-face in the narrative constitutes a crucial palimpsest that partially erases and partially writes over the earlier accounts which rationalized her father's passivity as a product of his quiet temperament. The earlier accounts of the family friction and this later one remain in tension and bespeak an intriguing, unresolved volatility in the text. Earlier, in the first quarter of the autobiography, Peig had said "What I've come to understand now and I think it true, is that it was for my sake and for the sake of my mother who hadn't her health that [my father] put up with so much of this lacerating" (26 emphasis added). The "now" she refers to occurs as she narrates her autobiography in the mid 1930s, probably within a few weeks or months of the subsequent revelation which countermands this previous, supposed "truth" excusing her father's acquiescence. The ongoing tension revealed through this palimpsest attests to an extremely ambivalent response to her father whom she adored – especially as a master storyteller – and covertly felt great disappointment in – as the patriarch of the family who banished young Peig into servitude far from home.

Such skills of surreptitious withholding and private strategizing are also evident when we listen to some of the radio broadcasts that Peig taped in later life for the BBC. The first of these broadcasts, taped in 1947 from her hospital bed back on the mainland in Dingle, reveals Peig provocatively suppressing her skills with English as she serves as advocate for the Irish language through her gifted storytelling. The radio interviewer, W.R. Rodgers, who himself had no Irish, asked Peig a series of questions or prompts in English which she had no trouble understanding and immediately responding to. Here are two examples of the type of question posed to her in English: "Rodgers: *Now Peig, have you any story about St Brendan you can tell us?"* and "Rodgers: *Do you remember the time your father wasn't able to finish the story, the story of the red ox?"* (Almqvist, *Peig Sayers* 203, 209). With these and all other questions posed in English, Peig does not miss a beat, quickly responding in Irish, always providing a substantial, entertaining story. After recording a series of folktales from Peig in Irish, the BBC interviewer coyly asks, "*Peig, can you tell us a little in English about who you learnt your stories from?*" (Almqvist, *Peig Sayers* 211). Her response, now in English, proves a classic in irony and subterfuge:

> I am sorry I cannot, sir. I have very bad English because there was no English going on by my time when I was young. And another thing, I was too much given to the Irish, and I inherited that from my father. I rather prefer the Irish stories and Irish songs and everything in Irish because I had no English. And then we thought it better to pick up the Irish than the English at the time. So I am no good for telling stories in English. (Almqvist, *Peig Sayers* 211)

With more than tongue in cheek, Peig eloquently denies her abilities in English. This well-wrought refusal demonstrates a superior vocabulary as well as an ease with English syntax, sentence structuring, and verb tenses. She proves comfortably experienced with causal relationships established by connectives such as "because" or "so," and she ably controls chronological relationships with conjunctions and adverbs such as "when" and "then." Without any punctiliously parsing of syntax or grammar, Peig's denial of her abilities in English also demonstrates that she deftly interconnects independent and dependent clauses with practiced precision.[3] As we shall subsequently witness, Peig often keeps her skills with English to herself, feigning complete ignorance of the language when it strategically suits her.

Undaunted Mettle

In her storytelling as well as her life, Peig displays an attraction to and a penchant for female rumbustious audacity which flies in the face of religiously prescribed, turn-the-other-cheek passivity. Her celebration of staunch, physical opposition is brought to the forefront in an episode of *Peig* titled "A brave woman protecting her husband," when a Dingle woman named Cait, described as "a powerful**,** closely-set mallet of a dame," physically defends her husband from being attacked in Curran's store (97). Having downed a couple of glasses of whiskey on the sly underneath a staircase, Cait hears her husband being threatened out in the front of the store by "a huge long legger of a countryman" (98). She breaks off the end of the pipe she's been smoking, uses the bowl of the pipe to fortify her fist, and challenges her husband's would-be assailant:

> 'You'll strike him, is it?'
> 'Strike him I will and belt the lard out of him too.'
> With that Cáit hits him above the eyes with the pipe-head she had in her hand and lifts him clear and clean off the ground. He falls head first against the counter.
> 'There you are, you devil! Who's atin' the clay now?' she asked.
> 'Mop up that!' she said then, for a stream of blood was flowing down the big fellow's cheek. (99)

This is precisely the type of scene that the Irish Department of Education took exception to and scrupulously deleted because it spotlights Peig Sayers extolling dauntless

rebellion rather than decorous acquiescence. Some of the other sections that The Educational Company of Ireland, Dublin and Cork fastidiously excised from Peig's autobiography include the drunken festivities of the Ventry Races, the legendary Father Owen contravening the Fifth Commandment as he punches and flattens the Protestant parson, and all of the scurrilous shenanigans, thefts, and subterfuges of Séamus Pléasc to whom Peig devotes an entire chapter. As stated earlier, over 23% of the autobiography was expunged when the Education Department offered its bowdlerized version of Peig Sayers to Ireland's secondary school pupils. Although critics such as Ciaran Ross persist in focusing on "Peig Sayers' romanticized Christian ethos, an ethos that is always foisted on misery and tragedy…" ("Blasket Island" 139), we are much better off listening to Bo Almqvist reminding us that Peig was more "festive and mirthful" than she is usually given credit for, and intrinsically inclined toward "pranks, dishonesty, petty theft and other acts that are hardly typical of model behavior" (*Peig Sayers* 167-68).

Another example of Peig's predilection for daring defiance features the storyteller herself as protagonist. This one, from *An Old Woman's Reflections*, takes place on a religious pilgrimage from the Great Blasket all the way to a rural area a few miles outside of Tralee. Curiously the "Wethers' Well Pilgrimage" is allocated an entire chapter not for any religious significances but for the travelers' stories which animate the entire trip. The three mile row from the Great Blasket to Dunquin, the twelve mile hike between Dunquin and Dingle, the train trip from Dingle to Tralee, and then the horse-drawn wagon trip from Tralee to the holy well are all celebrated for the myriad folktales and communal banter that make the going and coming such an unforgettable adventure. The pilgrimage proper – a series of stations around a sacred well, the supposed culmination of the entire endeavor – is actually elided in a few oblique sentences. In an extensive chapter of over 4,500 words, Peig dismisses the devotions themselves in a mere one-half of a sentence – a narrative maneuver that emphatically contravenes any image of a reverential role model.

It is rather the train trip back from Tralee to Dingle that receives the spotlight – as it should – because the return trip showcases Peig's unflinching and intrepid mettle. When the Islanders board the train for their return to Dingle, they find every carriage so full that "a wren wouldn't find room on any of the seats" (77). Peig, however, spies a bench with a man's expensive overcoat draped across its entire length. Although her companion, Kate, warns her not to touch such an expensive article of clothing, Peig takes charge, picking up and folding the overcoat into the size of one seat and taking the rest of the bench for herself and Kate:

> But after a couple of minutes two men came into the box. One of them was a nice middle-aged man from Dingle and the other a big fat strong man who had a basketful of a stomach. A watch in his pocket and a yellow chain across and the appearance on him that he was a fine gentleman.

He stood in front of us and asked in English who folded his overcoat like that. Nobody answered him. Then the Dingle man spoke in Gaelic and asked who moved this good man's coat.

' 'Twas I moved it, good man,' said I.

'Where did you find it in yourself to do the like?' said he, and anger in his voice.

'Because I understood the overcoat to belong to one person and that by right it deserved only one man's space, and if you haven't your entitled space, righteous man, I will leave this place to you. Though there's good bulk in you, I think you have enough room, because I have bought this seat as well as you. There was no bad penny in my money when I paid for it.' (78)

Although further from home than ever before, and entering a train for only the second time in her life, Peig is anything but passively acquiescent when confronted with a novel predicament. There is obviously a class difference being asserted here, with the quality of the overcoat, the gold watch and chain, and the well-fed girth of the coat's owner attesting to a supposed hierarchical superiority that ought to be deferred to. This superiority is also manifested as the "gentleman" imposingly stands over the two seated women, confronting them in the English language. Although Peig knows English quite well, she remains silent as if unable to comprehend the rebuke issued in the foreign tongue. Peig strategically uses this type of subterfuge when it suits her, here waiting to be addressed in Irish by the local man from Dingle before she takes up her verbal cudgel. When her impertinence is challenged, she responds with even more audacity, flaunting her wit and abilities with, what Blasket Islanders refer to as, "cross-talk." One overcoat logically belongs to one man deserving only one seat. The money she paid for her fare is just as good as anyone else's, and any attempt to assert a class hierarchy is emphatically undercut by the sarcasm of phrases such as "righteous man" and "though there's good bulk in you." Needless to say, Peig carries the day. The two men wind up sharing one seat, alternately sitting on each other's knee for a spell. As an accomplished storyteller with skillful timing, Peig can't help but include a closing fillip as a finishing touch: "'Didn't you always hear,' said the Dingle man to the fat hulk, 'that nobody ever got the better of women?'"(78).

This caliber of resolute, assertive opposition also anchors another chapter of *An Old Woman's Reflection*s titled "The News of the 1916 Revolution: the Black-and-Tans' Visit." During the War of Independence (1919-22), news reaches the Islanders that Dingle Town is being burned by the British. Even worse, the Black and Tans are set to invade the Great Blasket because they suspect that the island is being used as a haven to hide arms for the Irish Volunteers. Everyone on the Blasket seems to be panicking over fears that "blood is being spilled at our door at last" and "the island [will be] blown up in the sky and everything in it burnt…" (116, 118). As the fearsome mercenaries invade the village and begin ransacking each house for evidence of insurrection, Peig accentuates her calm poise during the chaos and her steadfast refusal to knuckle under to the threat.

> I was sitting by the fire, drinking my cup of tea, as usual, when Eileen my daughter ran in the door and terror in her.
> 'Oh! God with us, Mammy, all the soldiers and guns that are about the hamlet – and what are you doing?'
> 'I am eating, my girl,' said I. 'If it's death itself for me it's a great thing to be strong for the long road.' (118)

As a creative narrator, Peig shapes a scene worthy of legend, promoting the storyteller herself as exemplar of tenacious intractability. Unlike the men of the Island, even her husband, Peats, Peig refuses to act in a subservient manner for the marauding Black and Tans:

> . . . Patrick, my husband, the blessing of God with his soul, came in, and mad rushing on him.
> 'For God's sake,' said he, 'have you no anxiety only eating and drinking, and your eating and drinking to be ended immediately. Hurry and take down those pictures on the wall!' (118)

The pictures that Peats is so anxious to conceal honor the martyred leaders of the Easter 1916 Rising, images that would surely ignite the Black and Tans' lethal wrath. Peig, however, has her nationalist hackles straight up, and she refuses to capitulate:

> 'Musha, defeat and wounding on those who fell them!' said I. 'They felled them without mercy and they alive, and it seems I have to hide the pictures from them now, and they dead! But may I be dead and as dead as a stone if I'll take them down in fear of any Stranger wretch! ...' (119)

Pointing specifically at a large picture of Thomas Ashe, a celebrated Kerry rebel who captured four R.I.C. barracks during the Rising, Peats insists:

> 'Take it down!' he said angry.
> 'I couldn't, I say. It will have to be left where it is, and if it's the cause of our death, it's welcome. They fought and fell for our sake, and as for Thomas Ashe's picture,' said I, 'I can't hide it from anyone.' (119)

Gainsaying any stereotype of proper female submissiveness, Peig adamantly refuses to demonstrate dutiful subservience to her husband, even when he barks the same order at her twice. She also refuses to humble herself before the invading mercenaries and alter her home to present a domestic tableau fit for British approval. Instead, she demonstrates a passionate rebelliousness when confronted by gun-wielding troops, repeatedly welcoming death rather than hide the tributes to honored Irish revolutionaries. Fortunately the powder keg never ignites because the Black and Tans are circumvented by a seemingly insuperable language barrier. Peig (again) strategically feigns ignorance

of the English language so that "we had no understanding each other only deaf and dumb talk, and it's very little of that was going on" (119). Adopting a pose that "I had nothing to do but take it easy," Peig frustrates every overture by the Black and Tans so that "they went their way without doing harm or damage…" (119).

To conclude, I would like to turn to an intriguing evaluation presented by Colm Toibin in a book review concerning the fiction of E.M. Foster. Commenting on the critical perception that the novel *Maurice* is Forster's "only truly honest novel," Toibin states:

> … *Maurice* is, while fascinating in its own way, also his worst. Perhaps there is a connection between its badness and its "honesty," because novels should not be honest. They are a pack of lies that are also a set of metaphors; because the lies and metaphors are chosen and offered shape and structure, they may indeed represent the self, or the play between the unconscious mind and the conscious will. . . . . (9)

Considering such statements, one is reminded that any autobiography or memoir is also filled with creative fiction. By selecting which life episodes to narrate, settling on particular words, orchestrating sentence structures, or developing organizational progressions, authors necessarily impart an inventive design to any life. To fully appreciate Peig Sayers's many performances and the provocative "play between the unconscious mind and the conscious will," we need to understand that the patriarchal stereotype of Peig, developed to support the new Irish Constitution of 1937, has been a chauvinistic lie from the very start. Patricia Coughlan astutely appraises the iconic image of Peig as "the quintessential holy Irish mother, who has suffered and is resigned. . . .she endures femininely, emulating the Virgin Mary" (62). Such a warped stereotype is long overdue for demolition. A fuller appreciation of *Peig*, *An Old Woman's Reflections*, and her various personae as storyteller dramatically manifests that Peig Sayers – as a schoolgirl, teenager, and grown woman – was rarely, if ever, inclined to bow her head and say "be it done unto me according to thy word."

Notes

1 Máire Ní Mhainnín and Liam P. Ó Murchú, editors of *Peig: A Scéal Féin* (1998), explain that the original edition, published by Talbot Press, Dublin in 1936, includes 251 pages in 27 chapters. The subsequent school edition, published "sometime after 1945, when guidelines on standardized spelling were issued," only included 193 pages of text. Chapters 4, 5, 10, and 14 were deleted as were episodes within chapters that were deemed unfit. The episode "A Brave woman defending her man" from chapter 11 was cut as was "How the two old men saw two moons in the sky" from chapter 21. Over 23% of the original text was excised for the school edition. I graciously thank Dáithí de Mórdha of the Blasket Centre, Dunquin, Ireland for his translation from the 1998 edition of Máire Ní Mhainnín and Liam P. Ó Murchú.

2 Encouraged by visiting Dubliners Máire Ní Chinnéide and Léan Ní Chonalláin, Peig began narrating her life story to her son Mícheál (An File) in the mid 1930s. Ironically, although a champion of oral Irish, Peig could neither read nor write her own language.

3 Peig could read and write English very well. For an example of her English writing skills, see a letter from her to Kenneth Jackson dated "Blasket Isle, 5 January 1933" available in Bo Almqvist, "Kenneth Jackson and Peig Sayers: The creation of *Scéalta ón mBlascaod*," 101-102.

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Poetry

Paul Painting Paul: Self-Portraiture and Subjectivity in Durcan's Poetry

Kathleen McCracken

Abstract: *In a significant number of Paul Durcan's poems, a 'character' named Paul Durcan makes an appearance. Part autobiographical trace, part fictional construct, what does this enigmatic persona have to say about authorship, subjectivity and the potential for self-portraiture via poetic form? This article examines the multiple implications of Durcan's apparent self-inscription in light of Barthes's notion of the death of the author, Foucault's author function, and Durcan's own perception of the poetry collection as a verbal picture gallery.*

In his most recent novel, entitled *Invisible*, Paul Auster allows one of his narrators a knowing aside: "(writers do, after all, sometimes inject characters who bear their own names into works of fiction)" (Auster 79). In common with an eclectic range of modern and postmodern authors, Borges and Nabokov, Jack Kerouac and Haruki Murakami among them, Auster is noted for creating characters whose names are identical to, or can be closely identified with, his own. In this regard, he is part of a self-conscious, anti-illusionist literary "tradition" of apparent self-inscription that stretches back at least as far as Cervantes who, in *Don Quixote*, makes an entry as a captive soldier called Cervantes.

Readers of Paul Durcan's poetry will be well acquainted with this practice. While fully acknowledging Banville's anagrammatic appearances, Heaney's Sweeney and Muldoon's namesake games, it is fair to say that Durcan, more consistently than any other Irish writer of his own or previous generations, has experimented with the possibilities inherent in fashioning personae, or presences, who are named Paul Durcan. Startling and intriguing, challenging and sometimes disorientating, this kind of intervention problematises the normal relationship between reader and poem. It draws our attention to the textuality of the poem and at the same time directs our focus on to issues of identity, our own and that of the writer. Clearly the appearance of Paul Durcan in poems by Paul Durcan indicates the poet's concern with questions of authorship and autobiography, of the reflexive possibilities of writing, and of the often serious implications of comedy and self-parody. As a strategy it may have its source in literary models as diverse as Fernando Pessoa's heteronyms, Brian Friel's Gar Public and Gar Private, or what H.

Porter Abbot has identified as Beckett's tendency towards "autographical action"; in terms of inter-art examples it owes a debt to the self-portraits of Francis Bacon, R.B. Kitaj and Lucien Freud or the cameo appearances of Hitchcock or Godard. But, as I argue here, this particular form of self-referentiality is closely bound up with fundamental elements in Durcan's poetics. Approached in this way, the presence of Paul discloses much about the importance for Durcan of concepts such as the multiplicity of identity and the extinction of the ego, the understanding that "life is a dream" (*Russia* 11) and "in reality fiction is all that matters" (*Daddy* 71) (implicit in which is the acknowledgement that experience, and our accounts of experience, are subjective, creative constructions), and the crucial vitality of "the mixture," specifically the mixture of poetry with visual and dramatic art. In exploring why Durcan adopts personae bearing his own name and how he deploys these figures within his poems, this article offers some suggestions as to what the technique discloses about this poet's perspectives on issues of identity and subjectivity, authorship and the construction of the poet.

When in 1967 Durcan co-published with Brian Lynch his first collection of poetry, *Endsville*, he opened it with a poem entitled "Animus Anima Amen." In it, a man called Paul falls at first sight in love with a girl called Katherine; they stay together "for about a year or so" before she goes "back to the fellow in the bloody moon" (5). (That the poem also appears, with minor revisions, in *O Westport in the Light of Asia Minor* 61 and (rev. ed.) 82, and in *The Selected Paul Durcan* 1, indicates something of its intrinsic importance for Durcan, as well as his eagerness to foreground the presence of Paul in his poetry). The piece combines prose sentences and poetic lineation, a third person speaker and ten lines of spare dialogue. It also marks the first time someone called Paul appears in the poetry and the effect is unsettling. What is the nature of the relationship between Paul in the poem and Paul Durcan, the author of *Endsville* and, more specifically, this poem? Is this the same Paul whose name appears on the cover of the book? Does the poem describe an autobiographical experience or is the name a coincidence, the encounter one the poet overheard or heard about and is simply reporting? And what does the title of this 'threshold' piece suggest not only about soulful connections between lovers but between the writer's inner, imaginative life and the fictional selves he may create?

This early poem raises questions which have proven increasingly pertinent with each new collection. What it indicates is that from the outset of his vocation as poet Durcan was prepared, if not eager, to insert his own name into his poems, that he was unafraid to implicate his 'author self' in the writing. As Auster put it when asked about his brand of "disguised autobiography," the impetus seems to be "to take my name off the cover and put it inside the story. I wanted to open up the process, to break down walls, to expose the plumbing" (*The Art of Hunger*, 308). While Durcan himself claims not to have been consciously aware of implementing this technique until it was drawn to his attention by Donal McCann, who had read some of the poems which were to be published in *Greetings to Our Friends in Brazil* (Durcan, Interview), the presence of Paul does occur increasingly frequently across the volumes leading up to *Christmas*

Day (1996), *Greetings to Our Friends in Brazil* (1999) and *Cries of an Irish Caveman* (2001), where it reaches a crescendo before tapering off in the recent collections *The Art of Life* (2004), *The Laughter of Mothers* (2007) and *Praise in Which I Live and Move and Have my Being* (2012). For instance, in the 1983 collection *Jumping the Train Tracks with Angela*, "The Problem of Fornication on the Blarney Chronicle" proffers a scathing satire on irresponsible reporting and replies to criticism of Durcan's poetic responses to 'The Troubles.' Here, "Horse-Face Durcan" is shunned as a sentimental editor who would rather run a front page "tear-jerker" about the IRA's murder of an unemployed Protestant man than focus his attentions on who's doing what to whom in the reporter's room and the typists' pool (17). The Durcan who shows up in the comic, self-parodic "Madame De Furstenberg" is chastised by the eponymous speaker for continually failing to pull up his trousers and for tending "to take a grip of somebody else/Rather than to take a grip of yourself" (*Angela* 22).

These glimpses evolve into the more complex sightings afforded in "Doris Fashions," "Family Planning Clinic" (*Going Home to Russia*, 1987), "Paul," "Hommage a Cezanne" (*Daddy, Daddy*, 1990), "The Levite and His Concubine at Gibeah," "The Knucklebone Player" (*Crazy About Women* 1991) and "Woman Washing a Pig" (*Give Me Your Hand*, 1994). Of these "Doris Fashions" and "Paul" lend perhaps the sharpest insight into how these appearances problematise the notion of a single, unified sense of subjective and/or authorial identity. In "Doris Fashions" the speaker is a prisoner on parole who, while he waits for a prison van to collect him and then return him to jail, catches sight of his reflection in the window of a shop called Doris Fashions:

> I glimpsed a strange man whom I do not know
> And whom on the odd occasion I have glimpsed him before
> I have not warmed to – his over-intense visage,
> Hurted, hurtful,
> All that ice, and all that eyebrow.
>
> All my life I've dreamed of having a motto of my own –
> My own logo – my own signature tune.
> Waiting for the prison van to collect me,
> In the window of Doris Fashions I see through myself
> And adopt as my logo, my signature tune,
> Doris Fashions –
> Trying it out to myself on the road out to the prison:
> Doris Fashions Paul Durcan – Paul Durcan Doris Fashions. (*Russia* 51-2)

The persona here is deeply self-alienated and acutely aware of the gulf between how he perceives himself and how he is perceived by others. His realisation, though, that because "Doris Fashions…there is that much/To be salvaged from the wreckage of the moment" coupled with his seeing through himself is an acknowledgement of the constructed or

"fashioned" nature of identity and, by extension, of poetry. Whether we construe Doris as a variety of female deity or everywoman reader, what the "logo" or "signature tune" seems to imply is that Paul Durcan, the Paul Durcan in the poem, is an author self, an 'embodiment' of Barthes's author entering into his own death through writing (142-8) or of Foucault's "author function" (101-20). In other words, Paul's presence serves to remind us that, paradoxically, the poet is not identical with his poem or even *in* it in the autobiographical way he may appear to be, but rather that the relationship between writer and writing is one of estrangement shot through with the sense of a complex multiplicity of selves. As Borges puts it, in "Borges and I," a contemplative parable on precisely this subject, "I am not sure which of us it is that's writing this page" (324).

A comparable scenario to that in "Doris Fashions" occurs in "Paul," the opening poem of Durcan's 1990 collection *Daddy, Daddy*. Here, the first person speaker is unexpectedly invited by a priest to act as a mourner at the funeral of a stranger. "'He was about the same age as yourself,/All we know about him is that his name was Paul'," which fact has been verified by a 'dear John' letter presumably found on the dead man's person. Kneeling alongside the coffin, the speaker feels like a new mother "With her infant in the cot at the foot of the bed," which contrasts with his subsequent intuition at the graveside "that the coffin was empty;/That Paul, whoever he was,/Was somewhere else" (172-3). Reading these lines we get the unnerving impression that the speaker (whom we are encouraged to believe might also be called Paul) has somehow given birth to his own death, or been compelled to bear witness to the displacement, if not the erasure, of his own identity. Here, the presence of Paul draws attention, once again, to the multiplicity and the fragmentation of the self, and in particular to the disappearance, or perhaps more accurately the dispersal, of the writer into writing. As Durcan describes it in "Faith Healer," apropos of ecstatic entrance into the aesthetic experience of Friel's play, "To be wholly alive is to be wholly dead" (*Snail* 242).

One way of reading the presence of Paul Durcan in these and in subsequent poems is to regard it as an expression of how Durcan sees his identity as a poet. He is named in the poem not to close the gap between poet and poem or to merely document autobiographical experience, but rather to widen the gap between author and text, to emphasise how no 'self' is singular, how one's identity is necessarily performative, and that what we are reading is a "logo," a "signature tune" fashioned as much by the reader as the writer. We are reminded in this of Durcan's enthusiasm for what, referencing Richard Rorty, he describes as "the casual role of the self" and the desirability of multiple shifting and evolving identities as opposed to a single identity, (Interview with the author) as well as his endorsement of Isaiah Berlin's argument for the manifold over and against the tyranny of the one (436-98). These seminal perspectives dovetail with Durcan's repeated emphasis on the importance to writing of the extinction of the ego, a philosophy inherited from Buddhist thought via Kavanagh. He has spoken in interview of contemplative moments, such as prayer or daydreaming, when "you let your ego melt away, and then you begin to see things and become aware of things…other than one's

self," (Interview with Mike Murphy) an observation akin to the Paul of *Christmas Day's* declaration "Poetry's another word/For losing everything/Except purity of heart" (40) and his feeling that he is "Replete with emptiness, the right kind of emptiness" (76-7). It is to this end that the speaker in "A Goose in the Frost" implores "Let my ego die" (*Christmas* 85) and that the lover in "The Toll Bridge" answers the question of what it means to be a writer with "To be a writer is to be nothing" (*Snail* 249). All of which are ways of saying that, far from being an expression of extreme egotism, the presence of Paul tells us just how willing and able this poet is to argue that "The poem is the true story./The true story is a lie" (*Christmas* 57) or, as he so eloquently has is in "Around the Lighthouse," "In reality fiction is all that matters" (*Daddy* 71). These are the creations of a writer who is fully cognisant that to be a poet is to relinquish any notion of unified self or 'authorhood' into the work, to accept as one's motto the epigraph from Arthur Hugh Clough which prefaces Durcan's recently published collected works, *Life is a Dream*: "I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect stranger present" (np).

Running parallel to those poems in which Paul Durcan makes an appearance are two cognate subsets of pieces in which, as in "Doris Fashions," speakers regard their reflections in mirrors and windows (for example, "Antwerp, 1984," "Exterior with Plant, Reflection Listening," or "Meeting the President"), or which are either explicitly designated "self-portraits" in their titles ("Self-Portrait," "Self-Portrait, Nude with Steering Wheel," "Self-Portrait 95," "Self-Portrait as an Irish Jew"), or might qualify as such by virtue of their verifiably autobiographical content ("Ark of the North," "Christmas Day" and "Give Him Bondi," the marriage breakdown and Russia sequences in *The Berlin Wall Café* and *Going Home to Russia*, the "Cries of an Irish Caveman" sequence, the father and mother sections of *Daddy, Daddy* and *The Laughter of Mothers*, and a large proportion of *Greetings to Our Friends in Brazil*). The relationship of these strains of self-portraiture to the Paul poems is significant. Across his collections Durcan has shown himself to be what some critics might perceive as inordinately invested in regarding himself from a variety of angles, and under a range of diverse guises. "Durcan, Paul, visiting poet" (*Mothers* 68) is depicted as everything from a parodically deflated "epitome of futility" (*Cries* 13) to a comical, herbal tea drinking "exotic creature" (*Christmas* 45) and the chronically lonely "Paul – in the door of his cave pawing air" (*Caveman* 160). Durcan himself has suggested that the many self-reflexive poems, and particularly those which feature his actual name, "could be regarded as, amongst other things, self-portraits. They express the same attitude as the painters, the ones who were doing an awful lot of self-portraits" (Interview with the author). His engagement with the visual arts, not only painting but sculpture, photography and film as well, is evidenced throughout his oeuvre. A large number of poems make ekphrastic responses to visual works, while some have incorporated cinematic or painterly structural and compositional techniques. Together they contribute to the inter-art aesthetic – one aspect of his ethical adherence to the pluralist notion of "The Mixture" (*Snail* 264) – Durcan has cultivated and promoted. That he should undertake a type of literary self-portraiture, especially

one that involves naming himself as the subject, seems both natural and inevitable. In the Foreword to *Life Is A Dream* he writes, "For as long as I can remember I have regarded the publication of each volume of my verse as being akin to an exhibition" (xix). Integral to these "exhibitions" is the distinct line of self-portraiture running from *Endsville*'s "Anima Animus Amen" and "Self-Portrait" through to the Paul Durcan who, in *The Laughter of Mothers*, receives a tortoise's blessing: "after all these multifarious years/You are entitled indeed to call yourself a poet" (68).

That the inscription of a persona called Paul Durcan constitutes a kind of self-portriture is most consistently evident in the long poem *Christmas Day* (1996), and in the influx of such occurrences in the immediately subsequent collections *Greetings to Our Friends in Brazil* (1999) and *Cries of an Irish Caveman* (2001). In an RTE Radio interview with Mike Murphy shortly after the publication of *Christmas Day*, Durcan commented on this aspect of the poem:

> As I was writing this piece over two years or so, I had a particular self-portrait by Lucien Freud in my mind right from the start, and then other self-portraits came and went, such as Stanley Spencer's self-portrait in the Tate in London. And I was trying consciously in language to do what painters do in painting, to maintain the unflinching gaze…to 'tilt' it so as to write about things like loneliness without self-pity, to write about other than one's self, to get out of the trap of one's self into the whole wide world and try and make a picture a portrait. (Interview with Mike Murphy)

That effort to "write about other than one's self, to get out of the trap of one's self" is fundamental to why Paul Durcan appears in Paul Durcan's poems. To "tilt" one's vision so radically as to slip the subjectivity of ego, to shift the focus from documented 'reality' on to the fictional, to acknowledge the textuality of the poem and the multiplicity of identity are objectives most effectively realised through the presence of Paul Durcan, a persona which for Durcan is a distillation of his fundamental aesthetic concerns.

In the course of *Christmas Day* the narrator regards himself from a number of angles and perspectives, often to comic, self-deflating effect, but equally with brutal honesty and enviable acceptance. Paul, as he is portrayed by Paul Durcan, is by turns courteous and romantic, deeply alone and painfully woman-hungry, an anxious, hilarious, stuttering oddball outsider and an eager-to-be-elated fifty year old child. He is "'The Tinker Durcan' – One of life's travellers" (35) and in company with Frank one of a pair of Russians, of "Dostoys./Old Believers./ Grasshoppers. Crickets./…Dubliners" (42-3). He is "Paul 'Juan Fangio' Durcan" (49), "a stoat…an ould saint/With barely the price of the busfare" (62).

This cubistic yet essentially consistent depiction evolves into the diversity of serio-playful self-portraits concentrated in *Greetings to Our Friends in Brazil* and *Cries of an Irish Caveman*. "Self-Portrait '95'" invokes a humourously Whitmanesque "Do I contradict myself?":

Paul Durcan would try the patience of the Queen of Tonga.

When he was in Copacabana he was homesick for
Annaghmakerrig;
When he got back to Annaghmakerrig
He was homesick for Copacabana. (*Brazil* 119)

Humour is the baseline in the self-portraits, as is readily apparent in "Televised Poetry Encounter, Casa Fernando Pessoa, Lisboa." Here "The Irish poet Mr Paul Durcan" tells his interviewer, "'To be the Irish poet of the twentieth century…Is to be an Irishman playing for England in Brazil!'" It is significant that this "encounter" should take place in the *casa* of the Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa, for as the interviewee discloses, he shares with Pessoa a cultivation of heteronyms:

I write
Under the pen name
Paul Durcan
But my real name –
Like Balthus
Or William Trevor –
Is Tinkerly Luxemburgo. (*Brazil* 28)

Like the compensatory need "to become Patrick Kavanagh myself" (*Brazil* 138) or the assumed names Tulip, The White Ox of Foxrock and Malodorous in the "Cries of an Irish Caveman" sequence, this flirting with heteronyms contributes to Durcan's portrait of the poet as multi-dimensional, poly-vocal, fluid rather than fixed, his identity capable of "emptying out" and dextrously metamorphosing into multitudes. Tinkerly Luxemburgo is a particularly apt alias in this regard. A comic rewriting of Wanderley Luxemburgo da Silva, the famous Brazilian football manager and former football player, the name conjures Durcan's great affection for radio, his "tinkering at the dials" to bring in, in his youth, Radio Luxemburg. It also recalls the "Protestant Tinker" and the oppositional disposition which has fuelled Durcan's vision; while like the maligned "travelling tinker" his ways may raise the ire of the "settleds," his liminal location favours him with fresh sight-lines, glimpses of the lux of knowledge. Tinkerly is a trickster, thus his amusing antics and his "Wilde" fantasy in "Tinkerly Luxemburgo" (Brazil 105-7) are at once pure play and serious statement. As the repeated refrain "*If you are going to be lonely/be lonely in style"* conveys, being Tinkerly is not just a game, it is a vocation.

In her study of Shakespeare, Marjorie Garber observes, "The search for an author . . . reveals more about the searcher than about the sought" (27). The presence of Paul Durcan in the poems unquestionably has a "special relationship" with Paul Durcan, poet, part of which may be to dramatise key aspects of his poetics, in particular a confluence or "mixture" of verbal and visual practice. As "searchers," though, we are well advised to avoid the temptation of reading that presence as straightforward autobiography. Subject to our own subjectivities, however we choose to regard Paul's paintings of Paul, we must bear in mind the opening stanza of Durcan's "Notes Towards a Supreme Reality":

Because the supreme reality in life is fiction
It is vital not to meet the writer in person.
There is no necessary linkage between the egotist who is overweight and vain
And the magic connections, dreams, constructions of his brain.

(*Brazil* 112)

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Film

Elizabeth Bowen's Ireland? Film, Gender and the Depiction of 1960s Ireland

Robert Savage

Abstract: *At the start of Ireland's transformational decade of 1960s, the American network CBS contacted Padraig O'Hanrahan, the Director of the Irish Information Bureau in Dublin. They were interested in gaining government assistance for a program being planned for its popular television series The Twentieth Century. The episode envisioned would address social, political, economic, and cultural developments in the country and provide an accurate portrayal of everyday life in Ireland. The Dublin government readily agreed but was unaware that the Irish novelist Elizabeth Bowen, a writer with very distinct cultural and political prejudices, had been hired to write the script for the program. The narrative of the film produced by Elizabeth Bowen is revealing as it allows the viewer a unique perspective into a society undergoing significant change. The film addresses a wide array of issues including the evolving role of women in Irish society at the start of a decade characterized by rapid change. What at first may seem like a rather awkward American effort to 'capture' the real Ireland, warts and all, was a more complex effort, strongly influenced by a remarkable Irish writer. The program is also revealing as it deeply upset an Irish Government concerned about its image and desperate to present itself in the words of Taoiseach Sean Lemass as 'a progressive nation seeking efficiency'.*

In Ireland the 1950s are often referred to as the "lost decade" because of the severe economic problems confronted by Irish society. Many argue the term is overly simplistic because it fails to take into account the innovative cultural production that characterized the period (Fallon 1998). However, there is no doubt that Ireland was challenged by a stagnant economy, high levels of unemployment and relentless emigration throughout the 1950s. During this period, a variety of governments proved incapable of dealing with an economic and social crisis that threatened the viability of the state.

This began to change in 1959 when Eamon de Valera stepped down as Taoiseach and was replaced by Sean Lemass. During his tenure as Taoiseach Lemass introduced a number of critical reforms that initiated significant economic, political, and social change. His economic schemes were, in an Irish context, a radical shift from previous government

policies as they reduced tariffs, encouraged foreign investment, and recognized the need for the state to take risks in order to realize economic growth. Conservative, even protectionist policies that had held sway were discarded and the country began a lengthy process of fully engaging with the global economy. The turnaround of the economy was uneven but, given its dire state in the postwar period, remarkable.

In the 1960s, Ireland became a more modern consumer society as the economy expanded, emigration slowed, and a modest prosperity developed. In this new environment, suburbs grew, and cars, extended holidays, and new forms of entertainment such as rock and roll became features of Irish life. External reforms added to a genuine sense of progress that was palpable at the time. For example, Vatican II contributed to an easing of the authoritarian nature of Irish Catholicism, in spite of the resistance offered by some high-ranking clerics. Ireland was not immune to the vibrant youth culture that embraced a questioning of authority resulting in widespread unrest in university campuses across Europe, America and much of the world.

Opposition to the war in Vietnam, support for civil rights and equal rights for women resonated in Ireland among a generation determined to confront issues of social justice both at home and abroad. Although the sexual revolution of the 1960s may have been slowed by the strength of the Irish Catholic Church, traditional attitudes towards sexual conduct were evolving. Later in the decade the publication of the papal encyclical, Humanae Vitae, reaffirming the Church's prohibition on birth control, proved a watershed in Catholic Ireland. For many it appeared the Vatican was returning to an authoritarian past where rigid rules were applied with absolute certainty. This stimulated public debate and helped provoke a major challenge to the Catholic Church from Irish women. It also helped to usher in a period of activism that witnessed the opening of the first family planning clinic in the capital in 1969, highly publicized protests and the founding of the Irish Woman's Liberation Movement in 1970. Writing about this period the political historian Tom Garvin observes that these changes were "foreseen with nervousness, anger and foreboding by some of the older generation of leaders and very obviously, by many traditionalists" (203).

It should be emphasized that the economic, social, and cultural transformation Ireland experienced in the 1960s was gradual. Although great strides were made in improving the quality of life for many citizens, there were still serious social problems that plagued the country throughout the decade. Many less fortunate citizens continued to live in poverty and in sub-standard housing in both rural and urban areas, where employment and educational opportunities were lacking. In spite of the profound change taking place, Irish society remained a deeply conservative one where the Catholic Church continued to be a powerful force. Ireland's "great modernizer" Sean Lemass shared many of the concerns of his mentor Eamon de Valera. Both men possessed an innate social conservatism and an unyielding conviction that Fianna Fáil was the only party fit for government.

A key ingredient in the transformation of Irish society through the 1960s was television. Telefís Éireann made its debut on a wintery New Year's Eve in 1961 opening wide an exciting yet often, unsettling window on the world. It enabled citizens direct access to news, information, and an unrelenting popular culture bypassing traditional intermediaries, including the church and the local and national press. Put simply it quickened the pace of modernization that began when Sean Lemass became Taoiseach in 1959.

The arrival of indigenous television was especially problematic for political, religious, and cultural elites. Many were upset with what they viewed as the medium's pronounced lack of deference. The first reaction of many politicians and senior civil servants to aggressive reporting by news and current affairs programmes was to try to control, discipline, or even censor broadcasters, insisting that they serve the state rather than broadcast programmes critical of it. Many politicians were slow in realizing that the Broadcasting Act of 1960 was a genuinely liberal document that offered a considerable amount of protection to the new television service.

Like Eamon de Valera, Sean Lemass did not have much patience for the political opposition and because Fianna Fáil dominated the decade, he and many of his colleagues regarded criticism by broadcasters as proof that those operating Irish television were political opponents intent of undermining government policy. Lemass became a vociferous critic of television, lashing out both publicly and privately at perceived slights from the station. In a famous debate in the *Dáil*, he defined Irish television as an "instrument of public policy" suggesting it should serve the government. The Taoiseach considered television a potential threat to his government well before Telefís Éireann began broadcasting Lemass in 1961. When plans were being developed to establish an Irish television service he made it clear that he believed the government should have a firm voice in deciding what should and should not be broadcast. His concerns about the power of the medium to undermine government policy were confirmed by an encounter his government had with an American network in 1960.

In the summer of that year, Isaac Kleinerman, the Executive Producer of the American television series, The Twentieth Century, visited Padraig O'Hanrahan, the Director of the Irish Information Bureau and a close confidant of Lemass. Kleinerman told O'Hanrahan that his network, the Columbia Broacasting Company, was interested in gaining government assistance for a program he was planning. CBS wanted to film a documentary that would introduce contemporary Ireland to a large American audience. Kleinerman made it clear that he would address social, political, economic, and cultural developments in the country and provide what he described as an accurate portrayal of everyday Irish life. He told O'Hanrahan that plans had been made to interview a number of "principal people" in the country indicating that the network hoped to interview both the Taoiseach Sean Lemass and the President, Eamon deValera.

Kleinerman pointed out that The Twentieth Century had an audience of eleven and a half million informed and educated Americans. He proudly explained that the

program was a prestigious, critically acclaimed series that had developed a well-deserved reputation for excellence. The program's presenter, Walter Cronkite, was a highly respected professional in the field of television journalism. The series had begun broadcasting on Sunday evenings in 1957; by 1960 over one hundred programs had been produced addressing issues that explored the turbulent history of the twentieth century.

The request by the American network was greeted with a degree of scepticism by the Director of the Government's Information Bureau, who advised Kleinerman that the Irish Government would be happy to cooperate if the program was "serious and responsible" (NAI, S16882, O'Hanrahan to Kleinerman, 5 July 1960). O'Hanrahan asked Kleinerman to forward an outline of the proposed program detailing the topics the network intended to cover. CBS complied in a correspondence that caused a great deal of consternation in government circles. The response to the network's proposal and subsequent negotiations with CBS offer valuable insight into the Lemass's attitude towards the medium. It also reveals how he hoped to use television to present an image of Ireland both at home and abroad as a "modern vibrant nation seeking efficiency."

The government was alarmed with the outline that CBS presented believing that it was seriously flawed. Government officials argued out that the network was starting off on the wrong foot by opening the program in a Dublin public house. According to CBS Walter Cronkite would open the program in Moody's Pub in Dublin to observe the Irish at "two of their favourite occupations – talking and drinking" (*Ibid.* Kleinerman to O'Hanrahan 11 July 1960). CBS also hoped to have Cronkite interview an IRA "volunteer," a proposal Lemass found not only insensitive but insulting. In 1960 the IRA was actively engaged in raids into Northern Ireland that resulted in a number of deaths and the destruction of property. Lemass believed any such interview would lend legitimacy to an illegal paramilitary organisation actively involved in unlawful acts and dedicated to the overthrow of the state. The network also wanted to explore the peculiar demographic situation it believed existed in rural Ireland by filming what it described as "Square Dance scenes showing long stag line(s) because of the girl shortage" (*Ibid.*).

This was not the image Lemass wanted projected to the affluent, educated American audience that Kleinerman had described. He was convinced that the film as outlined would portray Ireland as a backward peasant nation plagued by unemployment, political violence, relentless emigration, alcoholism, and an insincere effort to force an archaic language "down the neck" of an uninterested populace (NAI DT S14996D). It should be pointed out that Lemass and the Secretary of the Department of Finance TK Whitaker were designing a five year economic program that they hoped would stimulate economic growth and both men looked to the United States as a critical source of external investment. Lemass was therefore interested in trying to revise if not rewrite the outline that the network had submitted. With significant input from the Taoiseach, O'Hanrahan drafted a letter to CBS explaining that substantial changes would have to be made in the film if the network wanted to gain access to Lemass and de Valera. The government made it clear it objected to the network's desire to open the program in a public house

and defined as unacceptable the proposal to interview a member of the IRA. Other issues that were seen as objectionable included the networks proposed treatment of rural Ireland, its crtitique of the state's language policy, and the desire of program makers to concentrate on emigration.

After receiving the letter a distraught Isaac Kleinerman met informally with Frederick H. Boland, Ireland's Ambassador to the United Nations to complain about the government's criticism of his planned documentary. He made it clear that he intended to film the program with or without the co-operation of the state. After meeting the American producer Boland contacted Lemass directly telling him that Kleinerman was "very upset by the comments on his proposed film" (NAI DT S16882, 10 August 1960). Boland argued that the government should find a way to work with CBS, maintaining that without the involvement of the state the program could be injurious to the image of Ireland. Boland emphasized that The Twentieth Century was a reputable series, concluding, "it would be a pity if we missed the opportunity of having Ireland presented in as good a light as we can" (*Ibid.*).

A short time later Kleinerman wrote a concilliatory letter to O'Hanrahan, maintaining that he intended to portray Ireland in a manner that was "true and relevant. . . . . We have no desire to alter, distort, or in any other way create a false or misleading impression" (*Ibid.*, 12 August 1960). Kleinerman agreed to accept the government's recommendations maintaining that he would make a number of substantial changes in the program. He promised that no attempt would be made to interview the IRA and agreed not to address issues the government had objected to. However, the network remained committed to opening the program in a Dublin pub but now "with a view to dispelling the half-truths and myths which exist about Ireland today" (*Ibid.*).

Kleinerman's letter convinced O'Hanrahan that CBS had made a commitment to correct what he considered flaws in the original shooting schedule. He wrote to Lemass, explaining, "I have come to the conclusion that his intentions are good and that by and large the finished project should not give rise to any really serious objections. The film may not be an ideal one from our point of view but on balance I feel the advantage will lie in our participation in it" (*Ibid.* O'Hanrahan to Lemass, 12 August 1960). Lemass reviewed Kleinerman's letter and accepted O'Hanrahan's advice. He agreed to be interviewed by the network, as did Eamon de Valera. The program was broadcast on two consecutive Sunday evenings, 29 January and 5 February 1961.

The Irish Ambassador, T. J. Kiernan reported that the film projected a depressing image of as "a poverty-stricken country riddled with backwardness, unemployment and emigration. (observing) There was a general air of fatalism and decay" (NAI DT S16882B/61, Kiernan memorandum 6 February 1961). The consulate in New York also produced detailed reports for Dublin that concluded Ireland, The Tear and The Smile was a terrible film that denigrated Ireland. They condemned the film arguing that it reinforced offensive stereotypes that damaged the image of Ireland.

Throughout the negotiations with the American network the government had not been aware that the Irish novelist Elizabeth Bowen, a talented writer with very distinct cultural and political prejudices, had been hired to write the narrative for the program. The writing of Elizabeth Bowen and the work of camera man and associate producer Bob Monks underscores the Irish influence brought to the project. Both were interested in addressing a number of serious social, economic and political problems that confronted the Lemass Government at the start of the 1960s. The consul general's office in New York reported that when its staff attended an advanced screening of the film it strongly protested arguing that parts of the program were inaccurate and even offensive. At the screening Kleinerman dismissed these objections pointing out CBS "had relied upon Miss Bowen, who was Irish, for accuracy in her text and he regretted that it was not possible to effect any changes in the script at that late stage" (three days before the public telecast) (*Ibid.*).

The first half of the program concluded on January 29 with what was described by embassy staff as "a long drawn out tearful emigration scene . . . . The background was a women singing 'The Hills of Sweet Mayo'" (*Ibid.*). It is ironic that this portion of the film is one of the most moving as it captures families painfully separating at Shannon Airport. The program captured the pained expression of the faces of men and women as they departed for the United States. The fact that the network addressed emigration, a sore spot for Lemass, was major a point of contention for his government. A week later the second part of The Tear and the Smile was broadcast and once again reviewed by embassy and consulate officials in Washington and New York. In reporting to Dublin it was agreed that the second program was more hopeful than the first.

However, the film was criticised for the way a number of topics were handled. In this segment the network concentrated on the role of women in Irish society asking if women were treated as equals. Bowen's narration, read by Cronkite, asked: "How does the woman fare in this predominently rural, puritan and slumberous society where change has lagered? . . . traditions from an earlier day linger. Men tend to exclude women from their gatherings for drink and talk often the sexes separate through habit at beaches and in church. Is Ireland truly a man's country with the women relegated to a secondary and unconsidered place?" (Bowen's transcript). To answer this question the film first turned to women from a variety of socio-economic backgrounds. It first interviewed Barbara Dickson the editor of the woman's page of the *Irish Times*. She maintained that while Irish women may envy their American counterparts it was wrong to think of Irish women as second class citizens. Irish Government officials complained about her apperance in the film, dismissing Dickson as "very artificial and affected, (who) explained that Irish women envied American women in the comfort of their bathrooms and kitchens and said any well-to-do Irish woman who had a washing machine was lucky" (NAI, S16882B/61, Kleinerman memorandum 6 February 1961).

Barbara Dickson was not the only woman featured in the film as Bowen and Monks were careful to consider the experience of women from other segments of Irish

society. Republican Socialist and political activist Senator Nora Connolly O'Brien, the daughter of James Connolly, is perhaps the most elequent and articulate of all the people who were interviewed in the documentary. Her working-class sensibilities are a world removed from the concerns of Barbara Dickson especially when she addresses the changes Ireland had experienced since independence. Although she argued that great strides had been made for all citizens Connolly O'Brien made it clear there was still much that had to be done noting "Irish women don't push themselves forward in public life" but pointing out that Irish women played a key role in the struggle for independence (Bowen's transcript). The film then switches to the Georgian elegance of Dublin's Merrion Square to interview the famous designer Cybil Connolly. As a model shows off a stylish ballroom gown Connolly observes in a very refined accent "I wish women could spend all their lives in ballgowns" (*Ibid.*).

The film then makes a jarring transition and moves to the rural west of Ireland considering the role of the mother in the Connemara Gaelteacht. This part of the program is beautuifully filmed and succeeds in addressing rural life at the start of a transformational decade. It is clear that Bowen and Monks were determined to sympathetically feature an Ireland that many would argue had disappeared. The film portrays the family of fisherman Coleman Casey as they gather for breakfast in their home and follows the children as they head off to the nearby national school under the watchful eye of their mother. In the narration Cronkite explains: "The family unit is still the hard core of Ireland, the mother a power especially in the rural home. Some attribute the low marriage rate to this matriarchy, the mother's traditional dislike for any girl her son shows interest in. But until sons and daughters reach the marrying age, late often not until their thirties, the mother is usually supreme" (*Ibid.*). The film concludes with a traditional *caili*, again in the west of Ireland. Men talk nervously on one side of the hall, women on the other while the band plays and young couples dance. The "segragation of the sexes" that CBS agreed did not exist closes out the program.

Sean Lemass was unnerved by his experience with CBS and by the film that it produced. He was offended by segments of the program that failed to present the image of Ireland he wanted shown to an international audience. His efforts to present Ireland as a dynamic nation engaging with the modern world were undermined by a film that honestly addressed the challenges that confronted Irish society, including those faced by women. The Taoiseach was convinced that his government had been misled by the American network, which he believed had given false assurances about the content of the program simply to gain access to government leaders. His Secretary Maurice Moynihan was ordered to write a strong letter of protest to Isaac Kleinerman "letting CBS know of our disappointment and surprise at the contents of the film" (NAI, S16882B/61, DT, 16 February 1961). Lemass approved the letter of protest that was sent to Kleinerman in March of 1961. The letter expressed the Irish government's profound concern at the "distorted image of Ireland which the film presents" (*Ibid.* O'Harnahan to Kleinerman 23 March 1961). Kleinerman was told that the Irish government was deeply offended by the film.

The American producer responded that he was "both surprised and shocked" by the government's complaints. "On the basis of our research, our discussions with the people of Ireland, and our examination of all sources of material available to us, we feel that we covered the main points of the story of Ireland today" (*Ibid.* Kleinerman to O'Hanrahan 6 April 1961). Kleinerman explained that it had not been the intention of CBS to "do another travelogue on Ireland," explaining that he had made "an effort to examine Ireland today as it is, not as it might be or as people imagine it to be" (*Ibid.*).

The controversy the film provoked fifty years ago offers an opportunity to consider a society in transition and illustrates the tensions that challenged Ireland at the start of the 1960s. The film may have been flawed in places but overall it is a wonderful portrait of Ireland at a critical moment in its contemporary history. Elizabeth Bowen and associate producer Bob Monks succeeded in addressing a number of difficult issues and their effort to present a variety of voices from Irish women is in itself remarkable. Telefís Éireann itself was slow to promote programming designed to address woman's issues through much of the 1960s. Programming that began to explore the politics of gender equality would only slowly gain attraction in current affairs broadcasts in the 1970s. The program provoked a great deal of discomfort within the government and served as a warning to Lemass and his colleagues. They understood that the medium could be subversive and that there would be trouble ahead with the iminent arrival of Telefís Éireann.

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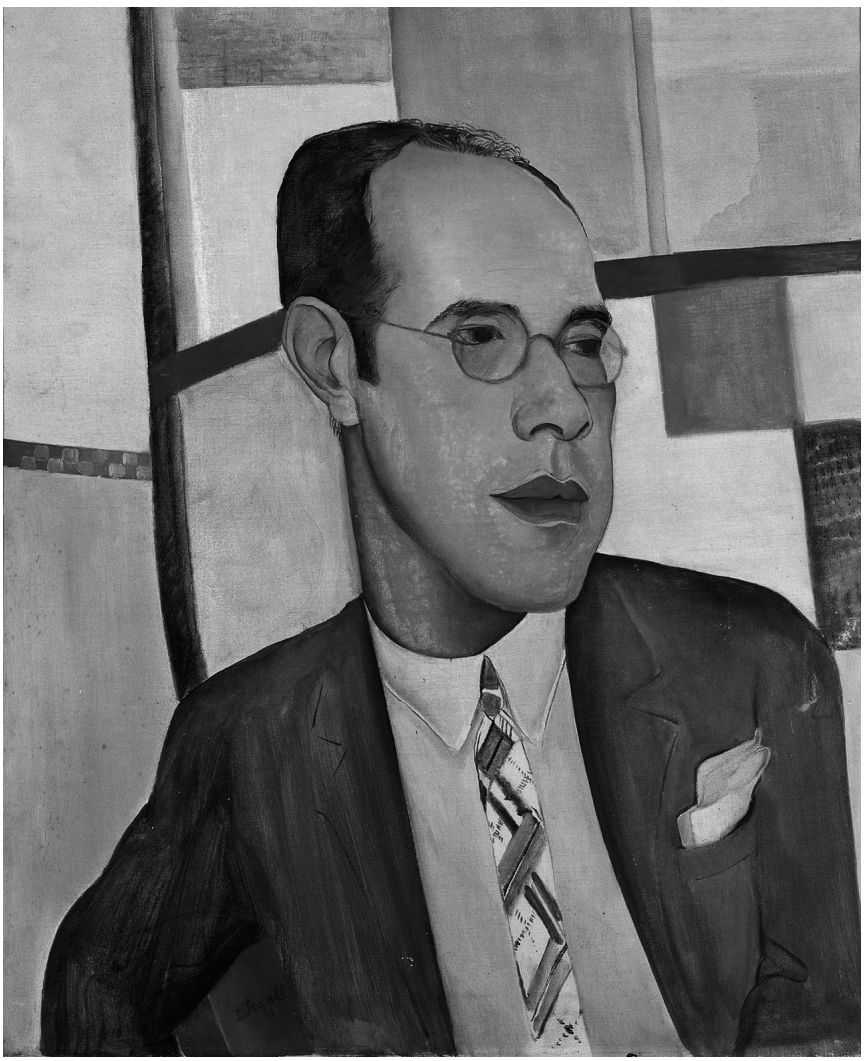
Voices from Brazil



Lasar Segall (1891-1957), Retrato de Mário de Andrade (1927).
(oil on canvas). Coleção MA, IEB.

Mário de Andrade and Brecheret: The Roots of Modernism

Telê Ancona Lopez

For Marcos and Tatiana

Mário de Andrade (1893-1945), the renowned polymath in Brazilian literature and culture, has an immensely rich trajectory as a journalist. Comprising articles, chronicles, essays, poems, short stories and novel excerpts, his journalistic production revolves around São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, in the wider press and in specialized periodicals; it does not spurn tabloids and branches out into occasional contributions to newspapers of other Brazilian cities. His journalistic production may be found in every journal of our Modernism; it takes up sections and columns, and also flourishes in newspaper series. His death on February 25, 1945, however, brought all this to an end. In the present essay – part of a longer one about the chronicles related to the creation of *Paulicea Desvairada* [Hallucinated City], in 1920-1921, I intend to focus on the strategies designed by those who aimed at celebrating the centenary of the Brazilian Independence, in 1922, endowing São Paulo Capital with a landmark of Modernism, the *Monumento às Bandeiras*, by sculptor Victor Brecheret.This goal is fostered by Mário de Andrade's journalistic texts, and they have been preserved in the archive as well as in the library that he organized.[1]

The beginnings in the documents of an archive

Mário de Andrade's journalism started as early as 1915 when he was a student of the Conservatório Dramático e Musical [Drama and Music School] and where he was already teaching. In the writer's archive, two bulky albums of cuttings – in black leather and fabric-binding – classified in the series designated Features, taken from journals, preserve a small but meaningful part: critical reviews of literature and music, chronicles, short stories and poems, all written between 1915 and 1935. Opening this file in the first album there is a small article, " No Conservatório Dramático e Musical – Sociedade de Concertos Clássicos" [At the Drama and Music School –

Society of Classical Concerts], printed anonymously. The author, writing in black ink on the margin of the cutting, restores a timid initial "M" and points to the São Paulo newspaper *O Commercio,* of November 11, 1915; an isolated manifestation, it is followed subsequently, in July 1918, by the novice's acting as a music reviewer and a chronicler at *A Gazeta.* The previous year Mário de Andrade had published under the *nom de plume* Mário Sobral, *Há uma gota de sangue em cada poema* [There is a blood drop in every poem], a pacifist and Christian-oriented book, where he sketched melodious verses and some innovating solutions. And that same 1917 he had been to Anita Malfatti's modern painting exhibition, a turning point which consolidated in him the importance of the avant-garde movements in the arts in the twentieth century. Other cuttings, pasted in some chronological order on the album pages, reveal the gradual affirmation of a name and the opening of room for him in the 1918-1921 period. "Mário Moraes de Andrade", "Mário de Moraes Andrade", "Mário de Andrade" – or some such pen names as "Don José" – sign poems, chronicles, critical reviews and articles which come from black and white pages of large and small newspapers and often from colour printed pages, with *art deco* framings, or from magazines published in São Paulo, such as *Miscelânea, O Eco, A Cigarra, A Garoa*, and from Rio de Janeiro, such as *Ilustração Brasileira.* However, the texts taken from these magazines do not represent the writer's full participation in them; in fact, a much larger number of his contributions can be found there during those years.This sampling, represented by the cuttings, confirms the pioneering research carried out by Mário da Silva Brito em 1955, in *História do modernismo brasileiro*, which places Mário de Andrade among the São Paulo *avant garde* writers, through the intense jornalistic militancy starting in 1929 and intensifying in 1921, in favour of the Brazilian artistic renewal. Mário de Andrade – just like Menotti Del Picchia, Oswald de Andrade, Guilherme and Tácito de Almeida – undertakes the task of spreading the ideas that culminate in the Semana de Arte Moderna [Modern Art Week] in February 1922.

In the album, Mário de Andrade moves towards the São Paulo *avant garde* struggle can be traced in three chronicles in the series entitled "De São Paulo", published between November 1920 and May 1921 in *Ilustração Brasileira*, a journal which is not a part of the author's collection library.[2] The three of them focus on Brecheret; in the first one, in November 1920, the modernist, who in this case figures as a modern art researcher, knows how to bridge the art of the past in the same way that, in another series of the same year – 'Religious art in Brazil', published in the *Revista do Brasil*, when moving into the realm of the baroque, he embraced modernity. Absent from the black album, this first set of essay-type texts, written by one who will turn out to be an oustanding figure as a historian of our arts, stems from the research kindled by lectures given by architect Ricardo Severo in 1914-1915, at Sociedade de Cultura Artística. Such a hypothesis is founded on the separate text *A arte tradicional brasileira: a casa e o templo* [Traditional Brazilian Art: the house and the temple], with an authograph by the author,[3] and kept by the young journalist, who in June 1919, no doubt after much reading, had taken up the baroque of Minas Gerais. He had trodden churches, convents

and chapels; in the town of Mariana, he had assured Alphonsus de Guimaraens that he was getting ready to become a lecturer.[4] In November 1st, 1919, the *Cigarra* (the sixth issue, no. 123) had published "O Triumpho eucarístico de 1733 . . . (An extract from a lecture to be given at the Congregação da I[maculada] C[onceição] de Santa Efigênia)", a paraphrase of a seveeteenth century text which, repeated in January of the following year, introduces the four-article series in Paulo Prado's and Monteiro Lobato's journal. In these articles, the impressions of an imaginary traveller are mingled with a meticulous analysis, advancing that which in the 1940s the author would refer to as critical chronicles; in fact, they consist of an essay split into four parts – numbered 49, 50, 52 and 54 – of *Revista do Brasil*, issued in January, February, April and June 1920.

"Religious art in Brasil" is similar to the "De São Paulo" chronicles as regards the plethora of scholarship and some eagerness to draw the atttention to a fresh modernist stance – flamboyant in the use of the Portuguese spoken in Brazil and in his valuing of our nationality. In this sense, besides defending the neocolonial Project, advocating less affected constructions and some adjustments to the climate, all this grounded in Severo's lesson about our architecture, the series also criticizes the mixture of styles, an inconvenience which would give the Hallucinated City the looks of a European city. The columnist shows his interest in Gaudi's projects and those of other contemporary European artists; at the same time he rejects the tacit imitation of the German secessionist geometry or the Italian Futurism. Later, perhaps wishing to republish, Andrade crosses out parts of the texts in his copies of the journal editions.[5] And on a side note of the first article he comments:

> It is absolutely inconceivable how late and slow my intellect grew.This horrid lecture was written in 1918 ou 1919. I was already 26 or 25 years old. But what I see here is pedantic, heavy high-school writing, uncultured, but read with some dim sparkle of the original critical spirit, at the age of sixteen and the attendant pimples. (Kronbauer 15)

A dim sparkle for the merciless critic of himself, but a meaningful stage in the path of a modernist who, in February 1921, in the second chronicle "De São Paulo", published in number 6 of *Illustração Brazileira*, reiterates the ideas he had expressed in "A arte religiosa no Brasil" and his support of the campaign for the neocolonial style launched by Ricardo Severo.

Sculptor Brecheret in *Papel e Tinta* magazine

Graphically very well devised, *Papel e Tinta* came to life in May 1920 and lasted until 1921. In São Paulo, it assembles writers and plastic artists, eager for contemporaneity, fraternizes with *Revista do Brasil* and also considers itself a periodical from Rio de Janeiro, the then Brazilian capital. *Papel e Tinta* is managed by Sociedade

Editora Non Ducor, Duco, or rather, friends who organize meetings and, together, write, illustrate, select paintings to be reproduced, and dig for advertisers. It acknwoledges no editorial body and counts on Menotti Del Picchia for being its main 'lever'. In literature, it relies on Del Picchia, Oswald de Andrade, Mário de Andrade, Guilherme de Almeida, who are modernized themselves, despite their style, undercut by strong marks of the past. Acclaimed names such as Gonzaga Duque, Cláudio de Souza and João do Norte (Gustavo Barroso) win readers. The magazine, which prints academic paintings and expands into *art nouveau*, *deco art,*chooses Becheret's sculpture as its modernist "banner". He is entrusted with the creation of the magazine's logo. In 1920, the magazine reasserts the ideals of transformation in the constant presence of pictures of the works of *Eva'*s sculptor. Such images coexist with illustrations by Paim, which ennoble the pages though they do not overshadow the *art nouveau* element.

In number 2 issue, of June 1920, an article signed by Ivan, "Victor Brecheret", in the Arts section, analyses sculptures; some pages further show *Eva*, *Ave Maria* and *Dorso;* no mention is made to *Monumento às Bandeiras*. Ivan claims state pension, or rather, a span of time in Paris to improve his skills and adds Brecheret to the "'round of innovators"– Mestrovic, Bourdelle, Carl Millès and others. For Mário da Silva Brito (94),[6] the pseudonym conceals Oswald de Andrade. I, for one, think it has its origin in Mário de Andrade. This hypothesis of authorship is supported by the style, by the epigraph collected in Friar Luís de Sousa, by the sound knowledge of Art History, by the name Michelangelo being brazilianized to Miguel Anjo [Michael Angel] and, most importantly, by the religious sense that it conveys.

While the newspaper writer has selected the epigraph from Friar Luís de Sousa – "Nature has never been a miser in creating great talents, but many a time, the world lacks people to understand them", in an allusion to the hostile reception given to Brecheret's art – the São Paulo poet offers, along with another excerpt by the great Portuguese fifteenth-century writer, a poem of his own making, "Inspiração", which counts as an invocation of his 'muse' in *Hallucinated City*, a landmark in Brazilian Modernism, in 1922. The epigraph "Where even in the power of summer there were gales and cold spells of freezing winter" sanctions the oscillations/contradictions of the São Paulo weather as a metaphor for the paradoxes and contradictions of this microscosmic city, which are transfigured in the poem written between 1920 and 1921:

> São Paulo! The emotion of my life ...
> All my affections are original blossoms...
> Harlequin-like! ... losenge-patterned garment ... grey and gold ...
> Light and haze ... oven and tepid winter ... (v. 1-4)
> . . .
> São Paulo! The emotion of my life ...
> A gallicism howling in the deserts of America! (For Mário da Silva Brito 94, v. 8-9)[7]

In Modernism, Friar Luís de Souza's presence corresponds to a prizing of the past as a "lesson to muse on, not to reproduce", according to the "Prefácio Interessantíssimo" [A Very Interesting Preface] to *Hallucinated City* – a manifesto-like preface.

With Ivan, the manifestations of religiosity, carefully arranged in the text, can be approached to the lines of "Religião", which in *Hallucinated City*, exclaim: "God! In Thou I believe! In Thy Scripture I believe!//Not that I could explain it myself, / for I received it from the hands of those who experienced the illuminations!"and condemn the hypocrisy of Catholic religious practice. In the 1920 article, Brecheret is announced as follows: ". . . for a couple of months back from Italy, where he went to learn the catechism of art," and in the sequence, the analysis of one of his works, *Cabeça de Cristo* [Christ's Head], done within the scope of the religious imaginary in Art History, culminates in an act of faith:

> In that pensive stillness, in those preternatural lips, in the mouth rictus, in the ancient tresses, the artist succeeded in capturing with consummate skill the tragedies, the hopes, the divine sacrifice – a whole calvary of horrifc immolations. Brecheret's Christ is indeed God!

One may retort that Oswald de Andrade was also a Catholic. Religion, however, till that time, in 1920, had had no place in his writing – Differently, Mário de Andrade, in expressing his lyrical self in his book *There is a blood drop in each poem* and in the small articles in the Ecclesiastes column of *Miscelanea* magazine, in 1917; or in "Conto de Natal" [Christmas Story], of 1918, which was released in 1926, in *Primeiro Andar* [First Floor], stresses his Catholicism, guided by the notion of Charitas. And in "Prefácio Interessantíssimo" to *Hallucinated City* he states: "Those who cannot pray should not read / 'Religion'."

A diligent reader of Art History and Aesthetics, of which his library provides good evidence, Mário de Andrade, seeking support in the primitiveness professed by the European *avant garde* art movements, closes his considerations about Brecheret's "*Monumento às bandeiras*": "It is not a mirror; it is a living source of creation, astonishing in the coherence with which he merges the eloquent stylization of the symbol with the healthy innocence of the primitive people."

As to the garish Michelangelo, translated into Miguel Anjo [Michael Angel], it is worth remembering Oswald de Andrade's Christian name, brazilianized to Oswaldo in the " De São Paulo" chronicle of March 1921, and the names of Johan Sebatian Bach, Jean Epstein and Émile Bayard entered as João Sebastião, João e Emílio, respectively, in "Prefácio Interessantíssimo".

Finally, to unveil Mário de Andrade, under the pseudonym of Ivan, suffice it to say that he was the very author of the commended piece in *Papel e Tinta,* as we may infer from his 1942 "The Modernist movement" lecture. In this sound balance of the achievements and the pitfalls of the renewal that was carried out, lies the acknowdgement of Brecheret's art as the "trigger" that had brought "*Pauliceia desvairada/Hallucinated City* to light." The testimony restores (or stages) this story: the poet had succeeded the hard way, financially speaking, in having Brecheret change into bronze the *Cabeça de Cristo* [Christ's Head], the plaster version of which had thrilled him. A euphoric

modernist, when he presented it to his family, he was disappointed with the reception and, indignantly he could at last put pen to paper and write the modern poems which he had meant to write about his city and find the title for the book – *Hallucinated City.*

After I published such cogitations in 2004, in the issue of the chronicles *De São Paulo* chronicles, which I had organized, I expanded them in 2012, the first version of the present research in *Revista da USP.*[8] Later on, my colleague Tatiana Longo Figueiredo found out and sent me the document supporting such chronicles: the "Mário de Andrade" filing card, where the author enters all the titles he had published in *Klaxon* and *Papel e Tinta* magazines, but does not mention pseudonyms and signatures, besides sketches and poems.[9] Thus, by linking "Brecheret and pianists" to number 2 of *Papel e Tinta,* he becomes himself both as Ivan and the Mário Raul who in "Três personalidades diversíssimas" [Three very diverse personalities] is busy with recitals.[10]

In *Papel e Tinta,* the journalist does multiply himself. He comes to readers through his chronicles, sketches, plastic arts, cinema, literature and music reviews; he is Ivan, Mário Raul, Pedro de Alencar, Antonio Cabral, Sacy Pererê,[11] Mário de Andrade, Morais Andrade and a nameless author, the uthorship noticeable either through the style or in autobiographical mentioning.The burden of the transition affects especially the chronicles and articles, in which advanced ideas, usage of Brazilian Portuguese, and neologisms merge into "belle époque" constructions or into clearly Parnassian over-refinement.

Indeed, Brecheret is useful to the promotion of the modernists considering the impact the presentness of his art had caused on them . Menotti Del Pichia, who, in *Correio Paulistano*, of January 15, 1920, had informed about that sculptor, who had been working all by himself in Palácio das Indústrias – still being built – in July 1920, focuses on him, especially in *Papel e Tinta.* In the third isssue of the magazine, in the Arts section, the miniature model photographed confirms the descriptive memorial "O Monumento", signed by Victor Brecheret, but, in fact, written by Del Picchia. The sculptor's macaronic Portuguese required some stealthy working, and it was identified by Mário da Silva Brito, in *História do modernismo brasileiro* (106).

At that moment, the São Paulo scholars, who praised the invigorating force shown by Brecheret and had charged him with the task of devising some interpretation of the expeditions undertaken by the "trailblazers", insist in the press so that the model could become stone and bronze, for the celebrations of our Independence.The motif, acclaimed in by Olavo Bilac's poem "O Caçador de Esmeraldas" [The Emerald Hunter], reappears at Museu do Ipiranga in 1920. It is the object of a lecture by the institution diretor, Afonso de Taunay, who entrusts Luigi Brizzolara, a renowned academic artist, with making two statues of the trailblazers and an allegory of the Tietê river. At this very moment, the modernists, striving to produce genuinely national art, talk to Victor Brecheret and participate in the creation of the *Monumento às bandeiras*, a modest project, but a revolutionary one in terms of Brazil. In *Papel e Tinta,* the descriptive memorial does not hesitate to involve Taunay, an ally in the correlation of forces.

> In the rear end, we place the Amphora which will hold water from the Tietê river, celebrated by the glory of the "monsoon' expeditions. It was Mr. Afonso de Taunay who gave us the suggestion for this topic:
>
> 'To the national pattern which conjures up the glory of the "Trailblazing Expeditions" the presence of the Amphora with the Tietê waters shall bring the most powerful and most poetic note.'

Therefore, the journalist/editor and spokesman of the modernist ideals plays the double role of the analyst and the virtual creator by attributing to Brecheret the recognition of Taunay as a matrix for the creation of a part of the *Monumento.*

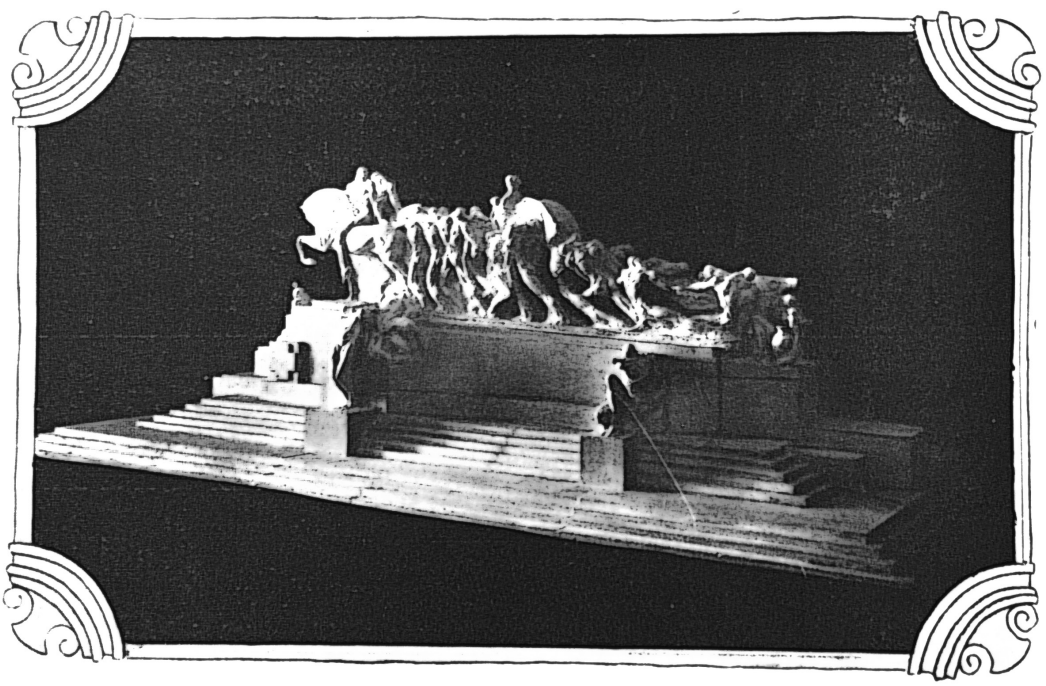
Modernism and an eclectic magazine

Illustração Brazileira (with *ll* and *z*), the monthly magazine from Rio de Janeiro, with subscribers living beyond the Rio-São Paulo axis spreads the São Paulo modernist movement. Owned by the Sociedade Anônima O Malho, it makes a comeback in September 1920, its eighth year, after a break in February 1915, caused by World War I; it is limited to an urban Brazil and disregards social contradictions; its Secretary Director is Álvaro Moreira, who, in the sphere of Modernism, will make the Teatro de Brinquedo in 1927. An examination of the pages of that periodical neatly printed in coated paper detects in 1920 and 1921 a variety of sections, plentiful use of photographs, exquisite illustrations, many advertisements – some of them full-page ones, such as those of the children's magazine *O Tico-Tico* and La Reina cigarettes – nicotine-free – trumpeted by a plump female beauty. In the twentieth century, progress is restricted to people at the beach, women wearing bathing caps and discreet swimming suits, girls in cotton dresses, fond of target practice; aviator Edu Chaves' feat, the Ford and Studebacker automobiles, or similarly amenable events. Pedro II, the deposed emperor, King Albert from Belgium, queens and generals photographed – all this warrants the news; studio portraits of very elegant young ladies and ladies as well, of well-bred children guarantee a place for *Illustração Brazileira* in the slice of society which it is addressed to; they spread the lustre of high society parties and give the "voyeur" reader a chance. As an art and culture monthly magazine, it is eclectic and timidly dates with the new century. In literature, it blends Parnassians and Symbolists. In the two years which I focus on, it is Álvaro Moreira, among the Rio de Janeiro writers that figures there, the one who takes risks with changes. As far as music and plastic arts are concerned, a Gallet'score coexists with pictures of Italian and German opera divas, full-page paintings by academic artists such as Lucilio de Albuquerque, Rodolfo Amoedo or Navarro da Costa, interspersed with the *art nouveau* of the magnificent drawings by Chin; in May 1921, a drawing by Di Cavalcanti is displayed. The space for the reproduction of a work by Rego Monteiro is minute.

In Rio, with Mário and Brecheret

In September 1921, the relaunching issue of *Illustração Brazileira* displays the picture of the miniature model of Brecheret's *Monumento às bandeiras*, which had been released in *Papel e Tinta* in July 1920, but was now in blue toning bath.[12] A descriptive memorial text in a new version and no signature, serves as its caption:

> The central group, rhythmically driven so as to imply a trailblazing expedition moving on. The São Paulo members, led by Paes Leme, Antônio Pires, Borba Gato, move toward the mysterious back lands...[13]



Papel e Tinta – Monumento das Bandeiras 1

The inclusion of this feature mirrors in the Federal Capital the spreading of the 1920 campaign into *Correio Paulistano*, *Papel e Tinta*, *Revista do Brasil,* under Picchia's, Oswald de Andrade's, Di Cavalcanti's, and Lobato's pen; it even won the conservative Raul Polilo, as Mário da Silva Brito reports.[14]

The *Hallucinated City* avant-garde writers view *Monumento às bandeiras* both as a representation of the heroic trailblazing expeditions of the past and a synonym for a city and a state committed to modernity, ready to proclaim this syntony all over the country on the occasion of the Independence centenary. They want the miniature model to be made so as as to convey the message of a renewal in a public monument as was

the case in Europe. They are anxious to defy in this way the dominant conservatism in Sâo Paulo society, which had officially validated the bronze-making of the *Monumento à Independência*, signed by Ettore Ximenes, the winner of the competition which in 1919 had lured only academic sculptors. In 1919, though they do not evoke it, our modernists had undoubtedly been to the exhibition of Impressionist artists paintings and Bourdelle, Rodin and Henri Laurens sculptures, which Paulo Prado, Freitas Vale and the French consul had organized in the lobby of Teatro Municipal (Camargos 107).

The author of *Hallucintated City* must, therefore, acclaim Brecheret's merit: he does not give up hope of seeing the *Monumento às bandeiras* challenging, in the city, Ximenes' work; it is crucial to secure some financing with the bourgeoisie. As the correspondent chronicler signing as "Mário de Andrade", he starts, as it is known, in November 1920, the "De São Paulo" series, which is published until May 1921, in *Illustração Brazileira*.The long articles blend ironical report with analysis; they report and discuss History; they decode "purposes" – to extol the modern city, to urge a renewal in arts and literature. Irreverently and gracefully facts about the city and their explicit commitment are filtered in their impressions, and they make their commitment explicit.

In November 1920, the first "De São Paulo" is in its no. 3, eighth year, of *Illustração Brazileira,* adorned with a vignette and an enhanced "B" in "belle époque", setting the decorative standard of the series. This is boldly done, without any fear of defining the city as "hermaphrodite". The events prove a large number of sensations and impressions in an attempt to convey through the listing – a prevailing resource – the urban dynamism which enthrals the chronicler. These are texts by one who, although he is enamored of the city, does not ignore the cultural problems and who, along the series, will sharpen his criticism, yet without seeking the social contradictions, as does the poet of *Hallucinated City*, at that moment absorbed in the writing of his 1922 book. For the time being, the chronicler has found the semantic intensity of the adjective"hallucinated", in capturing the plurality of sensations, in the synesthesias. In *Illustração,* he expresses his fascination for the twentieth century, with the metropolis which he belongs in, a "modernolatry" full of pride for São Paulo, free from worries about human suffering in modern cities, a main motif in Verhaeren and the German Expressionism, readings which, running in parallel, rouse the poet's awareness. The first "De São Paulo" blends an affectionate and lyrical contemplation with an analysis which feeds on Brecheret's memorial:

The whole São Paulo is excited about the approaching centenary celebrations.

> Monuments spring up here and there, a flowering of heroic gestures; promenades have the ground painted with wide green towels, and gardens harmonize in engaging patterned sets of poetry and perfume. São Paulo is gracefully arrayed. São Paulo wants to be beautiful and appreciated. At last, the city has been inspired with a wish to please – and it really should be so.
> The city of Amador Bueno is aggressive and mysterious; just like its heroes; its hidden beauties; seldom can a foreigner raise the heavy cloak of secret behind which it hides itself. With a traditional pride it has always guarded

> itself – rudely, medievally – like some Italian churches which under a weird and awkward appearance, conceal the austere sweetness of a Cimabue, of a Piero dela Francesca or the rainbows of the Byzantine mosaics. Yet it is curious, vibrant, unique; and for its inveterate dweller, who loves and beholds, it offers such unprecedent suggestions as Mallarmé's lines. It is said to be aloof ... It is said to be melancholy and dark ... But at this moment, when I am writing, November advances outside, hallucinated with perfume and flowers of many hues. I know of forsaken parks where the violin of the winds performs the saraband to which rose gardens respond with a wild dancing... I know of wonderful, unique things, which Pauliceia shows no one but me, her incorrigible lover and one who admires her hermaphrodite character... I will try to unveil her look, her gestures, so that she can be contemplated and understood. I might not be very successful. I start fantasizing that my land is like Olavo's stars ... hard to understand...

An educated chronicler, the author makes reference to the old Italian art as if he had actually been in Italy; yet he did not even risk going beyond Santos, Itanhaém, the historic towns of Minas Gerais state and few other places in São Paulo countryside. This strain of the one who travels around his reading makes the "testimony" full of life.[15] Both a penumbra lover, who plays with Parnassianism, and a modernist who practises loose sentences, who thrills to the flavour of elipses and musically approaches the poetics of *Hallucinated City,* built in the "Prefácio Interessantíssimo" at the end of 1921, the impressionist report starts from the outer space of the gardens and parks to introduce the anthropormorphized city, the Pauliceia. In it, the monument might celebrate the glory of the trailblazing expeditions, thus reinvigorating the artists Chagas, "Aleijadinho", Master Valentim – leading figures in the Brazilian sculpture field, and join the master hands of such art in the European modernity – "Bourdelle, Lembruck, Carl Millès and Mestrovic".

The informing mode is the forming mode. Brecheret's Project does not undergo technical description; the chronicler does not photograph for his readers the exact distribution of the mass; he seeks the conception and, through the impressions which the miniature model unleashes in him, he does not spare adjectives to unfold, narrator that he is, the images that the composition arouses in him, and with simplicity blending it with the contribution of the critic.

Moreover, it is interesting to think that the São Paulo dweller who acclaims the "epopee" outlines, but does not deepen the contradictions of the trailblazing and monsoon expeditions; incidentally, Bilac, in the first part of the "O Caçador de Esmeraldas" recalls the Indian villages razed by the European conqueror. Commenting on the Victory, an allegory in the monumental group, the chronicle draws to a close:

> And above the whole hover the mighty wings of glory, which knows neither fashion nor transience, but is eternal; for while there is one Brazilian in the backlands of this country, it will not forget these daring people who in the

> green and black of the forests once undertook the enterprise of marking with an indisputable blood trail our vast inner boundaries.

In November 1920, Mário de Andrade, the chronicler, still had not attained the bitter and modern irony with which he would, as a poet, shape the overpowering lines of "Tietê", in 1922, on the idealization of the trailblazer; lines which view Brecheret's monument as a closure of the past and a sign of the present in the Brazilian metropolis of the twentieth century. Meanwhile, the chronicle mode is content to practise sarcasm targeting the academical sculptor and the monument which would irremediably represent the Independence in São Paulo capital: "The illustrious Mr. Ximenes, who came from afar, will disgrace the Ipiranga hill with his colossal Sèvres china centerpiece"

Brecheret in the São Paulo letters

It is in December 1920 – issue number 4, year 8 of the magazine – that the "De São Paulo Chronicles", defined as "letters to *Illustração Brazileira*", reveal their clear purpose of persuading, of publicizing the Modernist movement. As an epistolary form of narration of the events, they had approached the public just like Coelho Neto's "reminders" in the past, or the Letters to Crispim, by Helios (Del Picchia's pseudonym), since the beginning of October that year of 1920, in *Correio Paulistano*, centered on personalities of the modernist milieu[16]. An active correspondence, though, neither does it distinguish an interlocutor nor expects a direct reply. Written with a collective, anonymous addressee in mind, it aims, with such expedient – like Saint Paul's epistles – at associating each reader of the magazine to one type of audience, an ideal community fragmented in an enlarged space – "this extremely wide Brazil" –, in its wish to stretch the reach of the message.

So it happens that the December chronicle, by reporting the Pauliceia's cultural effervescence, opposes the contribution of those who are for a renewal to the response provoked in the provincial milieu; and it highlights Brecheret's monument:

> Now it is Mr. Taunay who shows up at the bookstores with his studies about the city's early days, written in genuine Portuguese (the rococo-oriented ones hiccup); now it is Brecheret, in his turn, who displays the project for the "Monumento aos Bandeirantes"; the people's national anthem (the Canovas-oriented stomp) is sung; now it is Di Cavalcanti who shows his *marionettes*, and, like a new Rops or Lautrec – ironic and brutal – he watches the day by day of those who live ... at night (the past-oriented yell)

There is a lot to tell in this short and ordinary story of Modernism, prepared at the eleventh hour for the Brazilian readers. It is thus that the third chronicle, in March of the following year, in *Illustração Brazileira* (year 8, issue no. 7), refers back to a key date:

January 9, 1921, when the movement was publicly launched in São Paulo. The journalist covers a the Trianon banquet at the launching of a de luxe edition of *As máscaras* [The masks], poetic prose by Menotti Del Picchia, with *art nouveau* illustrations by Paim. In this particular venue the poet's bronze portrait – *Máscara* –, signed by Brecheret, hovers as an expressive counterpoise. The tongue-in-cheek and sarcastic irreverence, a harsh social chronicle, coexists with a defence of the artistic renewal when Mário de Andrade calls to mind Oswald de Andrade's salutation to the poet then being honoured, announcing our Modernism. Known as "Manifesto do Trianon" [Trianon Manifesto], his speech sounds thrilling "not just the *avant garde* listeners".

The journalist subtly identifies the forces which are confronted there. He highlights this opposition by quickly alluding to Brecheret's work – its tacit value – and by dodging a long analysis of Del Picchia's work. He keeps from defining *As máscaras* as a modern book as well as dealing with the elasticity of the ideals which sustain the on-the-spot publicity carried out by Helios. Del Picchia relies on the acceptance of a placid public because he moves in a danger-free zone – the pathetic regionalism of *Juca Mulato*, the Parnassian versification and a *belle époque* motif, with Pierrot, Columbine and Harlequin, which do not trespass the Commedia dell'Arte stamp. By resorting to his strategies as a modernist, Mário de Andrade goes on to praise his fellow poet; he is fond of alliterations:

> . . . And I said beautiful things too, in a musical prosing of rare brilliance. To my mind the *Moisés* artist handles prose much better than verse . . . . His sentences surface in an undulating melody; His closings of them spread long, slow, languid like small waves of January tired ties ... And a stunning rhythm, always diverse, always original ...It is in his prose that Menotti has sung his best verses – those which his poetics still has not allowed him to sing, secluded as it is in the prison house of alexandrine rules.

The values espoused and the contradictions apprehended are unmistakable. The chronicler kindles several fires: he stresses the grotesque of the party, he shoulders the marginality of one who renews, who extols Oswald de Andrade, without summarizing, though, the content of the manifesto. As for language, boldness, irreverence, telegraphic sentences go hand in hand with over-refined terms and a high-sounding elegance in sentence-building, all this typical of transitional times.

By closing the chronicle with the metaphor "green tear" he ratifies his awareness of the disarray; at the same time – in the figures of Pierrot and Harlequin – a furtive opposition can be traced – *art nouveau* penumbra atmosphere and modernism or the dialectics of the old and the new going hand in hand. In the "vertical audacity" we may place Oswald de Andrade and the *Hallucinated City* poems, which are born under the sign of Harlequin. The chronicle comes to its closing lines:

> As I lagged behind, in the now bare area, I noticed that on the sensual lips of Helios' bronze mask lingered a green tear, shed by eyes half open... And I

sensed that still for a long time the wordsmith will sprinkle a touch of Pierrot-like melancholy on the vertical audacity of the Harlequins.

The green tear, on which the chronicler's frustration is projected, carries the sense of corrosion, verdigris; it is a metaphor for decay, as in "O rebanho" [The herd], a bitter satire on the politicians in the 1922 book:

> And the hopes of seeing everything salvaged!
> Two thousand reforms, three projects ...
> Dark futures emigrate ...
> And green, green, green!...
> Ah! my hallucinations" (Andrade 1922, lines 13-17)

Or in "Os gatos" [The cats], in his more mature poetry, as well as in "A costela do Grã-Cão" [The Great Dog's Rib], of 1933, a blend of eroticism and scatology:

> Enfolded by the torrents we go
> Where bodies float, where the dead float,
> Where thousands of putrefied cats slip along ...
> Off houses untruths fall
> And along the torrents we go
> With the sheer innocence of the earth phenomena,
> Voluptuously dead,
> We, cognizant of nothing but that
> Life is horrendous by wishing to be, by raising its tails
> Behind the night, in society with the millions of green cats. (Andrade, *Poesias completas*, lines 27-36)

In the grim and surrealist *avant garde* tone of the furtive "green tear", lies the skepticism of a chronicler who does not intend to disturb adjustments in times of publicity of the emerging movement.

Notes

1 The archive, library and the collection of plastic arts comprise Mário de Andrades's collection, at the Instituto de Estudos Brasileiros [Institute of Brazilian Studies] heritage at the University of São Paulo, since 1968; the three parts have been indexed and are open to consultation.
2 A series retrieved in the album by its author and in the collection of the Yan de Almeida Prado library periodical – at IEB-USP collection.
3 The publication, kept by Mário de Andrade in his shelves, belongs to the Sociedade de Cultura Artística, in 1916; he was a co-founding partner of this São Paulo-based entity,in 1911.
4 Refer to note no. 27, by *Mário de Andrade/Manuel Bandeira: Cartas a Alphonsus de Guimaraens Filho* [..], edition organized by the latter. São Paulo: Duas Cidades, 1974, p.29. The organizer transcribes an excerpt of the letter of July 15, 1919, where his father tells him about the young poet's plans, who had visited him in Mariana.

5 The nex text, which comes from adding the amendments to the printed matter, is presented by Claudete Kronbauer in "Mário de Andrade: Um Texto de juventude" [A Youth Text], in the critical edition produced in 1993.

6 It is interesting to think that the pseudonym Ivan may have derived from the Christian name of the great modernist sculptor Mestrovic, with whom Brecheret was compared.

7 ANDRADE, Mário de. "Inspiração". In: *Paulicéia Desvairada*; in *Poesias completas*, v. 1. Edition of text selected,annotated and added to with documents, prepared by Tatiana Longo Figueiredo and Telê Ancona Lopez. Rio de Janeiro: Nova Fronteira (in print).

8 ANCONA LOPEZ, Telê. "Mário de Andrade cronista do modernismo [Mário de Andrade: a chronicler of Modernism]: 1920-1921". In: ANDRADE, Mário de. *De São Paulo*. Edition organized by Telê Ancona Lopez. São Paulo: Senac, 2004 and Mário de Andrade and Brecheret in early Modernism. *Revista da USP*, no. 94, File "90 anos da Semana de Arte Moderna" [90 Years of the Modern Art Week]. São Paulo, June-July 2012, p. 29-38. My first public approach to the *De São Paulo* series was with the article "Preludes to Modernism in Brazil". Translated by Peter James Harris. *ABEI Journal: The Brazilian Journal of Irish Studies*, no. 4. São Paulo, June 2012, p. 169-179.

9 In the magazines mentioned, the signature varies– Mário de Andrade, M. de A., Mário Raul – as well the pseudonyms. The filing card still includes the poems "Nature" and "Paysage", translated by Sérgio Milliet and published in the magazine Het Overzicht, no. 20 (Amsterdam, January 1924, p,.130-131); they can be found in vol.2 of *Poesias completas* by Mário de Andrade.

10 Tatiana Longo dos Santos, a postdoctorate scholarship student at IEB-USP, found the information in the course of her research, in which she surveys and analyses the presence of Brazilian literature in the *Fichário Analitico*] of Mário de Andrade, a sort of encyclopedia organized by the author for his own use.Refer to card 2300, folio 3739 of the manuscript. There is a transcript of the filing card in her report to FAPESP (São Paulo, September 2012).

11 The unveiling of Antonio Cabral pseudonym is connected to the mentioning of Barra Funda in the text, and that of Sacy Pererê is in Mário de Andrade's handwriting, in his collection of *Papel e Tinta.*

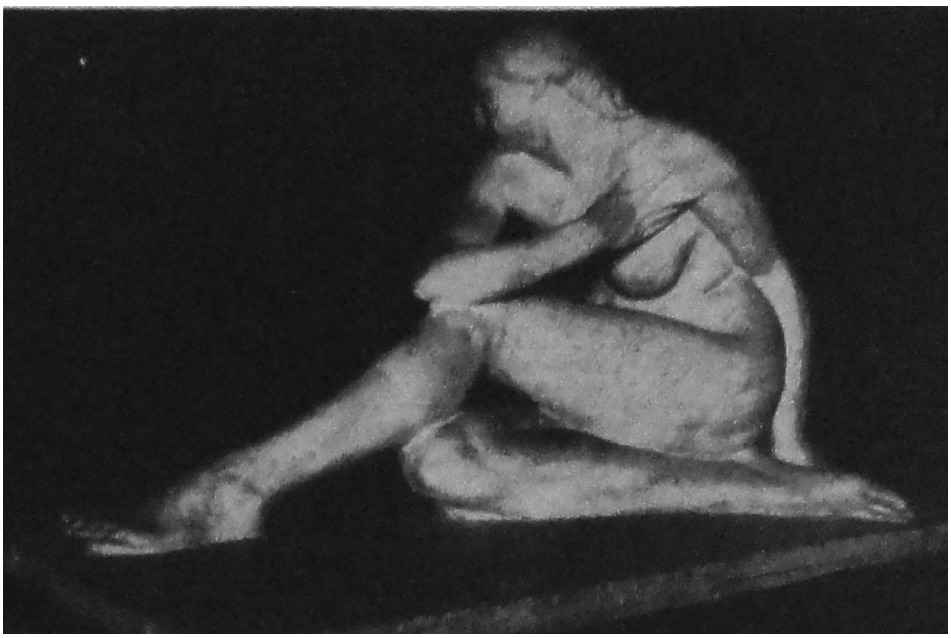
12 Page not mentioned, as the magazine's pages are not numbered.

13 In *Papel e Tinta*, in the Grupo Central description the following entryis made: "The momunental group, which is the monument's 'dorsal column', was thythmically driven (movid0 so as to suggest an 'entrance'. The large processional mass, led by the 'Geniuses'" – Paes Leme, Antônio Pires, Borba Gato, advances towards the remote and unknown backlands."

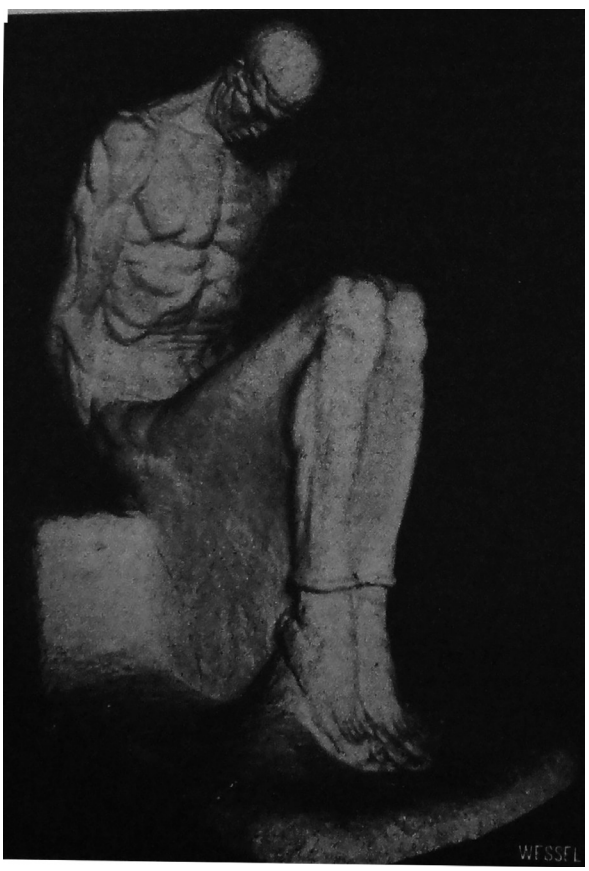
14 BRITO, Mário da Silva, op. cit. The historian tracked in São Paulo newspapers of 1920-1921 all the titles which, for him, could show the development of the modernist struggle.

15 In the 1930s, at the *Curso de Filosofia e Hisória da Arte* [Philosophy Course and Art History], Mário de Andrade, to no detriment to the analyses he develops, lends his description of the monuments he visited in books this impressionist hue. He writes, for instance, like someone who had really visited the Canterbury church, which he never did.

16 The "Letters to Crispim", amounting to 12 letters, in the *Correio Paulistano,* cover the period of October 4 to December 21, 1920. (Refer to BARREIRINHAS, Yoshie Sakyiama, org. *O jornalismo de Menotti Del Picchia: 1920-22.* Research: fac-simile of the texts. Setor de Arquivos [Archives Sector], IEB-USP.



BRECHERET. *Eva.* Coleção MA, IEB.



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Reviews

Ní Chonchúir, Nuala. *Mother America***. Dublin: New Island, 2012.**

In order to describe the specific language she applied when writing short-stories, Virginia Woolf used the term "little language", one that would echo "the old and humble common voice singing out of doors." In the essay "Craftsmanship" Woolf went as far as to state that words "like us to think and like us to feel, before we use them; but they also like us to pause; to become unconscious. Our unconsciousness is their privacy; our darkness is their light" (*apud* Kemp VII). This assertion draws a parallel between the economical but revealing language of the short story and the psychological state of mind of its characters. The importance given to language and the faith in its power to describe the psychological and geographical states of the mind is what characterizes the Irish poet, novelist and short fiction writer, Nuala Ní Chonchúir's latest collection, *Mother America*.

Faithful to the ordinary language of contemporary Ireland, Ní Chonchúir's characters express their repressed desires, their longings, frustrations and hopes. From the nineteen short stories of the collection, seventeen are first-person narrators. These narrators are women who have to carry the full burden of a failed marriage and the frustration of not being able to excel in their daily activities as mothers, professionals and lovers. *Mother America* is not simply a feminist book; rather, it presents the contemporary distresses of the modern woman, coming to grips with betrayal, illusion, intimacy and love. However, at the same time the author exposes the modern distresses of women, she also deals with themes that are precious to universal literature such as history, religion, aging and familial bonds. The importance of place is also heightened in the stories: they are usually set in Ireland, but there are several that take place in both European (Paris, Rome) and American (New York, Boston) cities. Even when set in different locations, the stories always depict Irish immigrants or travelers trying to find their identity – be they mother, son, lover or artist.

The first story of *Mother Ireland*, "Peach", which received the Jane Geske Award and was nominated for the Pushcart Prize in the United States, is faithful to Cortazar's idea that a short story is similar to a knock-out. Starting with the unsettling sentence "There was a pregnant woman getting drunk in the back lounge" (1), the narrator, Dominic, tells of his relationship with Maud, a woman whose son is taken away from her. Exploring the depths of human loneliness, the narrators of "The Egg Pyramid" and "Letters" describe, respectively, a woman whose sister had an affair with her husband, and an old lady who is left alone by her son in New York and eventually receives his

letter. The command of language is so powerful that Ní Chonchúir makes utterly different characters, such as an old lady, a divorced man and a betrayed woman, appear not only credible but fully alive to the reader. Also to be noted is the delicate way with which she approaches older characters: even in their senile isolation, they seem complex and full of life. Such is the case of "When the Hearse Goes by", in which the elderly Bernard visits his brother's widow in Paris and ends up having a short affair with her – in spite of saying he was not fond of either of them.

The stories "When I go Down, Go Down with me" and "Moon Hill", told from the point of view of an omniscient narrator and a first-person protagonist respectively, deal with the theme of betrayal. In both cases, the women found out about their husbands' affairs. In the first, Máire has fantasies of affairs with other men and being the mother of a celebrity child. In the second, Audrey discovers on a day on the beach, that her sister is carrying her husband's child. Even with similar plots, both stories present peculiar nuances with a view to showing how some women, through inertia or fear of being alone, bear the pain of staying with men that do not love them anymore.

In addition to loss, Ní Chonchúir deals with the relationship between mothers and sons. This is the case of "Mother America", "Spelunker" and "Queen of Tatoo". The first is told by Chris, a boy who runs away from home and meets a mysterious woman when he hitch-hikes; and the second is told by an unnamed narrator who works on a strange gallery in the underground of Paris. Both characters love their mother and show their affection through rebellion and art. The third story, "Queen of Tatoo" is a gloomy, dark tale that describes Clyde, a rapist who asks his mother to tattoo him, since he has to run from criminals who are persecuting him. There is an unexpected turn and the mystery of the grim tonality of the descriptions and the relationships suddenly comes to light. Aligning with the theme of mothers and sons, there is the story "My Name is William Clongallen," which is the continuation of the story "Scullion." Here, William, after being brought up in the United States, flies to Ireland in order to discover about his origins – which the reader already knows from reading "Scullion," that comes before that in the collection. The two stories deal with history, imagination, belonging and identity in such an astonishing way, that both characters – Mary, the mother, and William, the son – remain true to each other, and more important, similar, in spite of the separation.

In a slightly lighter tone, there are also stories that deal with hope and forgiveness, like "Easter Snow," and "From Jesus to the Moon," that talk about a couple's first ultrasound scan and a narrator who returns to Rome – the place where her husband and her decided to marry – after her divorce. She finally succeeds in reclaiming or redeeming the city of Rome through an act of prayer, in which she finally forgives her husband and herself for the mistakes they have made. Religion also figures elsewhere, in "Passion d'Avril" and "Moongazer," which touch on Christianity and primitive rituals. Moreover, the intersection of fiction with reality is also present in *Mother America*: the story "Cri de Coeur" is about the relationship between Ted Hughes and Sylvia Plath. Apparently, it is told by a woman with whom Hughes had an affair and who runs to Ireland in order

to have a safe life. She describes Irish landscape through mixed feelings of security and contempt.

In short, *Mother America* is a collection that deserves attention and praise not only for its author's mastery of her craft, but also for its poignant language and complexity of human bonding. Reliability lies in the dichotomy between darkness and light or revelation and obscurity that Woolf so well identified in short story language – and which is a major source of strength for Nuala Ní Chonchúir.

Viviane Carvalho da Annunciação

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Much academic interest in diasporic narratives derives from the logical assumption that it is an intrinsically significant narratological decision for a migrant author to tell tales about migrant subjectivity or to speak his/her story in the voice of a migrant. Proponents of diaspora literary theory have often suggested, at many points compellingly, that in creating diasporic narratives, migrant authors can be seen to engage in what Theodor Adorno once described as the writer's attempt to "set up house." "For a man who no longer has a homeland," Adorno explained in *Minima Moralia* (1951), "writing becomes a place to live." Creating through their texts refracted images of their displaced, unsettled, psychologically homeless selves, migrant writers are seen to engage in the act of constructing homelands within the boundaries of their written narratives. These narratives thereby become "places to live"; spaces to which they (or, more accurately, their images) can belong.

To date, relatively scant attention has been paid to the writing of Irish authors who have chosen to emigrate to England. This is almost certainly because the Irish diaspora has popularly been figured as a mass movement from Ireland to North America, and migration statistics prior to the Second World War support these preconceptions. Between 1841 and 1921 approximately 4.5 million Irish people – more than half the population of Ireland – emigrated, the vast majority of them to America. Far lesser known and perhaps less willingly acknowledged is the fact that, as Tony Murray informs us in his excellent new study, by the middle of the twentieth century Britain had "overtaken the United States as the primary destination of Irish migrants" (39). Although the title of *London Irish Fictions: Narrative, Diaspora and Identity* does not make clear that this is a study of *post-war* London Irish writing, the migration statistics Murray cites offer sufficient reason for his concentration on texts written after 1945. Considering these statistics alongside the paucity of work on literary texts written by and about the Irish in Britain, it is obvious that *London Irish Fictions* is both a pioneering and imperative study.

Throughout the book, Murray draws regularly and usefully on the work of the foremost commentators on the relationship between Ireland, Britain and diasporic identity, including Bronwen Walter, Liam Harte and Aidan Arrowsmith. Most importantly for his purposes here, he also locates a compelling point of synthesis between the work of Avtar Brah on "diaspora space" and that of Paul Ricoeur on "narrative identity" which allows him to account for a multitude of ways of defining, describing and explaining the experience of being both Irish and an inhabitant of London. This dichotomous and often psychologically irreconcilable position is consistently negotiated, Murray argues, in what

he conceptualizes as the "narrative diaspora space" of London Irish writing, a concept through which he is able to expand his interpretations beyond ideas and experiences which are common or shared. As a result, instead of repeating the generalizations and simplifications which have sometimes led commentators on Irish migrant narratives to conflate the terms "diasporic" and "exilic," Murray draws essential attention to the underused and implicitly unacceptable idea that emigration from Ireland has often been configured in texts, especially those authored by female writers, as a desirable means of escape rather than as an unwelcome imperative.

Murray opens his study with a pragmatic and, particularly given the volume's limited word count, relatively comprehensive account of the history of the Irish in London which is interwoven with an illuminating if all too brief discussion of Irish London writing. Thereafter closely grouping texts under the headings "The Mail-Boat Generation," "The Ryanair Generation" and "The Second Generation," Murray draws important attention to the relationship, consistently evoked in these narratives but often overlooked in extant studies, which exists not only between migrant and receiving community, but also between migrant and sending community. By comparing and contrasting the London experiences of, for example, John McGahern's female protagonist, Elizabeth Reegan, in The Barracks with those of Moran's sons and daughters in Amongst Women and That They May Face the Rising Sun's Johnny, Murray convincingly demonstrates that McGahern's works afford a means of "transforming our understanding of migration... from an essentially linear and autonomous process to one of dynamic interdependence between individuals and communities both at home and abroad" (96).

The volume is impressive in its discussion of the variety of experiences and viewpoints that these texts display: there can hardly be more disparate subject positions than those revealed through the overtly masculinized "navvy narratives" of writers such as John B. Keane, Timothy O'Grady and Steve Pyke and those that emerge through the portrayals of escaped feminists in the works of Emma Donoghue and Sara Berkeley. Yet Murray also demonstrates that even as subject positions and narrative focuses alter, the search for personal identity that diaspora engenders remains a constant. Thus, while Joseph O'Connor and Robert McLiam Wilson explore in different ways the "postmodern pastiche" of London Irish spaces, they also conduct shared narrative investigations into the familiar but uneasy territory of the "double exile" (124): a form of emotional homelessness in which a sense of belonging is unattainable both in the place in which the migrant resides and in the place from which he or she originates.

In such a modestly apportioned volume, omissions are a necessity, but some here are more pronounced than others. Gendered configurations of identity are given precedence to good effect in the chapter devoted to the aforementioned "navvy narratives," in which Murray ably delineates the "milieu where unspoken social codes and practices of masculinity, imported from rural Ireland, are refigured in an urban ethnic context" (43), and his subsequent discussions of Edna O'Brien's novels co-exist well with his welcome and long overdue research into the "Gendered Entanglements" of Margaret Mulvihill's texts and the works of Donoghue and Berkeley, which deal

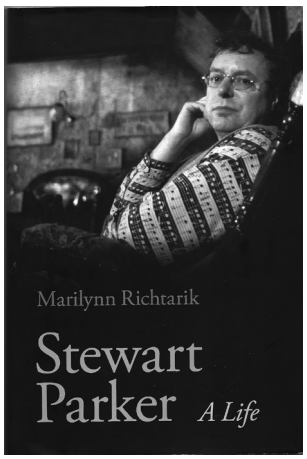
centrally with themes of lesbianism and incest. Yet the volume sidesteps a comprehensive interrogation of the gendered anomalies evidenced by these texts. It is also curious that the third segment of a study focused on Irish fiction is devoted primarily to second generation memoirs. While the resulting analysis confirms Murray's assertion that texts by second generation Irish writers have consistently but regrettably failed to achieve the prominence that London narratives by migrant writers from other ethnic backgrounds have experienced, this portion of the book points to the necessity for a study which accounts more fully for the reasons for this discrepancy. Yet, if his obvious enthusiasm for second generation narratives reveals a personal bias (Murray admits in the volume's conclusion to being a second generation Irish Londoner himself), his decision to focus on these types of texts is understandable for three reasons. Firstly, it allows space for a discussion of an iconic work such as John Healy's The Grass Arena (1988), a tour de force of literary autobiography and one of the finest texts to concern itself with Irish London subjectivity in its bleakest forms of discontent. Secondly, his discussion of three memoirs of upbringing among the Irish cockney working class poor, and the pairing of John Walsh's and Gretta Mulrooney's narratives, both of which deal with subject of the return from London to Ireland for the purpose of nursing a dying mother, reveal a surprising and revealing depth of consanguinity between second generation Irish London texts. Finally and most importantly, the many merits of this segment – the most fascinating in the book – ably serve to negate concerns about its conceptual irregularities.

As the presence of second generation narratives indicates, Murray often chooses in this study to favor eclecticism over discrimination. The merits of such an approach are ably demonstrated through his deft use of Fintan O'Toole's embracing concept of "elastic Paddies" to counter the exclusionary "plastic Paddy" stereotypes which gained currency in the 1980s, a process which serves to blur and interrogate the boundaries of Irishness just as Murray's acknowledgement of the literary qualities of autobiography and the autobiographical qualities of fiction disrupt traditional boundaries between literary texts. In doing so, he laudably challenges the adherence to narrow and stilted definitions of what constitutes both "literature" and "Irishness."

In his introduction to this volume, Murray offers a rather complicated reasoning for his inclusions and exclusions, a process of justification which serves to highlight precisely how original his work is at the same time that it signals the degree of research still to be done. Referring to John Walsh's texts later in the volume, Murray suggests that Walsh's project is "to reflect as fully as possible the many nuances and gradations of cultural allegiance wrought" by the duality of experience inherent in being Irish and inhabiting London (174). The same could be said of *London Irish Fictions*. One can only hope that the attempts to cover the topic "as fully as possible" do not end with this absorbing and necessary study.

Whitney Standlee

Books Received



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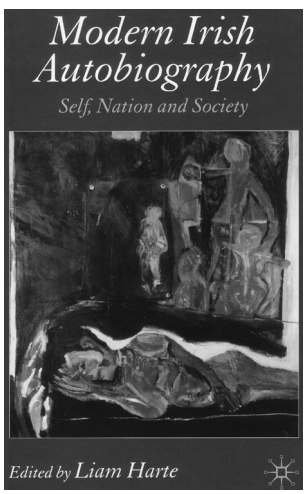

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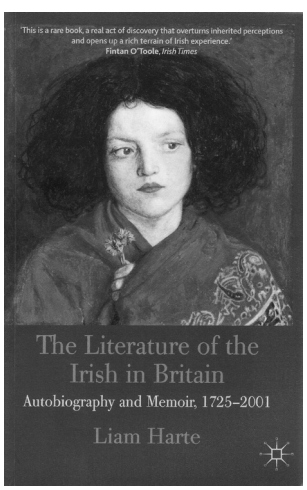

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Contributors

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